

Western Electric News

Vol. VII. No. 1

Complete

March, 1918

Vol 7-8th

Mar 1918 - Jan 1920

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U.S. Index 1918



*Our Sixth
Birthday*



"Yes, our coal bill is lower and our home is more comfortable"

Western Electric Heat Regulator

It replaces the human element in heat regulation—makes it electrical, automatic and helps you cooperate with the United States Fuel Administrator.

Saves Fuel

When the drafts are open and your house temperature rises above 68 degrees—the standard set by the fuel administrator—then you are wasting coal and losing heat through the open windows and up the chimney.

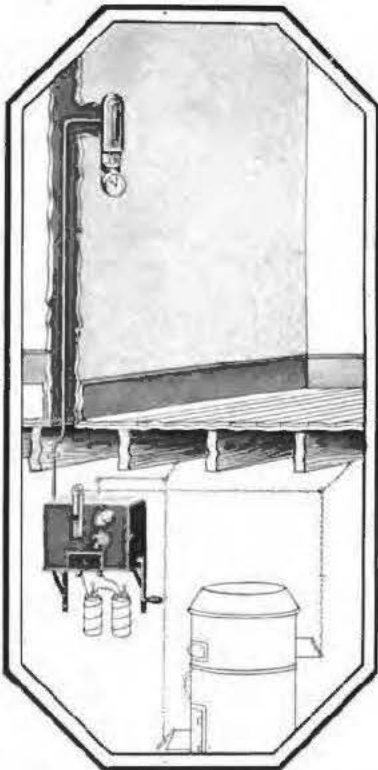
This Heat Regulator automatically adjusts the dampers for an even temperature all day long. A variation of one degree in the room temperature regulates the drafts, giving you comfort and saving considerably more than the asked-for shovelful each day.

Morning Comfort

With this Heat Regulator, you can set the indicator and clock for a lower temperature at night and 68 degrees for morning, then your home will be warm, but not overheated. The dampers open automatically. No more shivering trips to the cellar to coax heat from a low fire.

The No. 100 outfit has a spring motor and costs \$38.50; the No. 200 outfit has an electric motor and costs \$55.00. (Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.) Buy from your electrical contractor; he will install it in a few hours' time, at a reasonable cost.

Write for your copy of the new booklet No. "Temperature—As You Like It."



Easily installed on any type of home heating plant.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY
INCORPORATED

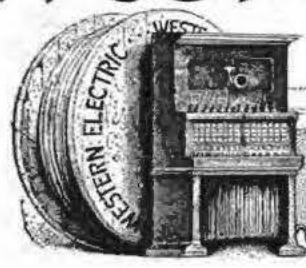
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Western Electric News



BOARD OF EDITORS

Editor, P. L. Thomson
Associate Editors: W. F. Hendry, W. E. Leigh, S. W. Murkland, E. C. Estep, H. D. Agnew, S. S. Holmes, F. W. Willard, M. A. Curran
Assistant Editors: William Jabine and Reed Calvin

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VOLUME VII

MARCH, 1918

NUMBER 1

How the News is Made

TALKING about itself is something that the News has consistently kept away from during the six years of its life. Its job is to talk about others, but this being its birthday, it is going to celebrate by talking about itself.

Before telling about "How the News is Made," which, after all, is largely a mechanical process, it might be a good idea to start at the beginning by telling "What the News is Made of." All the ability in the world to make a magazine would go for naught if there were nothing to put in it. The first step in determining what the News is made of is to read its name, and ponder thereon. Its name means just exactly what it says—"WESTERN ELECTRIC NEWS"—an up-to-date chronicle of the doings of the Western Electric men and women, who now number about 30,000.

Its first duty therefore is to find out what these 30,000 employees are doing, not only in their working hours, but outside of them. All work and no play would make the News a dull

boy, indeed. As Hawthorne is the place where Western Electric employees are found in the largest numbers, special attention is devoted to Hawthorne, said special attention answering to the name of Reed Calvin, Assistant Editor. Most of the articles and items from Hawthorne which appear in the News show the influence of his pen, including, of course, the monthly "Who's Who in Hawthorne," that little bit of rhymed prose that is an integral and enjoyable part of each issue. He really writes that himself, but a large portion of the other news from Hawthorne originates with the rank and file of the employees. Boxes for the receipt of News contributions are placed in the various departments.

In addition to Mr. Calvin, Hawthorne has three representatives on the Board of Editors, H. D. Agnew, S. S. Holmes and F. W. Willard, who are Associate Editors, but who do not meet with the other members of the Editorial Board who are all in New York. They get together at Hawthorne and, with



The Board of Editors in New York considering contributions. Those around the table are (from left to right): E. C. Estep, S. W. Murkland, P. L. Thomson, W. F. Hendry and William Jabine. Those whose pictures are inserted are: W. E. Leigh on the left and M. A. Curran on the right. This photograph is part of a motion picture which many of the readers of the News may soon have a chance to see

Mr. Calvin, determine what Hawthorne news shall be sent to News headquarters at the general offices at 195 Broadway, New York.

The contributions from the distributing houses are sent in by correspondents, whose duty consists chiefly in keeping their eyes and ears open for things which they think are worthy of publication in the News. And before going further it might be a good idea to call attention to the fact that neither Mr. Calvin at Hawthorne nor the various correspondents can see or hear everything that goes on in their respective bailiwicks. Without the help of their fellow employees they can accomplish little, and they always will welcome suggestions and ideas from their associates. If you know something that you think ought to be published in the News, go to your correspondent and tell him about it, or better still, write it down yourself.

Everything that is sent to the News has to be passed upon by the Board of Editors in New York before it is accepted or rejected. The members of this Board are P. L. Thomson, the Editor, and the following Associate Editors: W. F. Hendry, W. E. Leigh, S. W. Murkland, E. C. Estep and M. A. Curran.

The Board is so made up that practically every department is represented. This makes, on the one hand, for intelligent criticism of articles, and on the other, to keep the News closely in touch with every phase of the Company's activities. The Board holds two meetings each month, which last for three or four hours. The first meeting is known as the planning meeting. At this session the cover design generally is submitted and approved, the make up of the forthcoming issue is discussed, the order in which the principal articles are to be printed, and various other details. Whatever material is at hand is read over, and plans for future numbers also are considered.

At the second meeting, held about the 14th of the month, the Board sits in solemn judgment upon what has been submitted for publication in the sacred columns of the News. The photograph shows the Board assembled at one of these sessions caught in

the nefarious act of turning down a contribution.

In its consideration of articles and contributions the Board exercises no merely nominal interest. It is a pretty good item that gains unanimous approval, the poorer ones evoking a sharp discussion by the opposing members. Those who like an article pooh-pooh the objections made by the other camp, and after both sides have had their say, the Editor calls for a vote. Thumbs down means rejection, and the members who object generally register their disapproval most emphatically. Those in favor usually are a little milder and better tempered about it. Once the vote is taken, however, an armistice is declared,

which lasts until another article divides the house. These periods of peace and harmony sometimes last as long as two minutes.

All this argument is useful, however, because it insures careful consideration of everything that goes into the News. It is merit, or, in other words, conformity to the standards which the Board has set for the News which determines whether any article shall be accepted or rejected. Where or from whom it comes matters not at all. For example, suppose that a contribution from a high official and another from one of the Company's office boys should come before

the Board at the same meeting. If the high official's item did not measure up to the standard it would be rejected although a moment later the office boy's little write-up might be accepted without a moment's hesitation.

Just what are these standards? That is a question which is easier to ask than to answer. First of all, a contribution should be of such a nature that it will be of interest to every reader. That, of course, is not an iron-clad requirement—it would be absurd to make it so—but it is an ideal which the members of the Board keep before them. The perfect issue of the News, of course, would be one in which every article or paragraph would prove of interest to each and every employee on the Company's roll. Perfection isn't possible in this war-ridden world, so the Board probably will have to wait many long years for that millennial issue of the News.

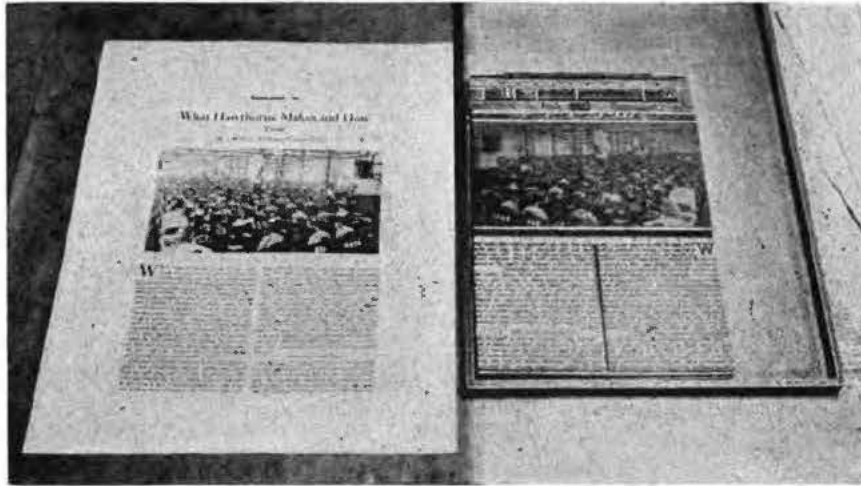


The Hawthorne members of the Editorial Board

The material which "gets by" the Board without serious injury is then handed over to William Jabine, Assistant Editor, at New York, to be prepared for the printer. Each accepted article must then be read over carefully, all mistakes corrected, the size and kind of type to be used plainly marked, and the heads written.

While the printer is setting up the type on his linotype machines, the engraver is making cuts of the photographs which are to be used. A half-tone cut, the kind most used in the News, is a reproduction of a photograph made in reversed position on a copper plate, and a description of the method of making it would provide material for an article by itself. Interesting as it is, there is not room enough for it here.

When everything goes well, proofs of the type and the cuts are finished at the same time, and the work known as "making up" begins. Making up consists of inducing about twenty-five galleys of type, and from seventy to ninety cuts, to dwell together in peace and harmony within the confines of the thirty-two pages of the News. The weapons used are a pair of shears and a pot of paste. Each page is represented by a blank sheet or "dummy," on which is ruled off a space exactly the size of the actual page divided into two columns. Each galley proof is numbered every inch or so in order that when the printer gets the dummy and begins to put the pages together he can tell at a glance just which galley contains the type he is looking for. (A "galley," by the way, is a sort of tray in which the type is kept by the printer after it is set up. A complete page in a galley



A page of type in a galley on the right, and on the left a proof of the page

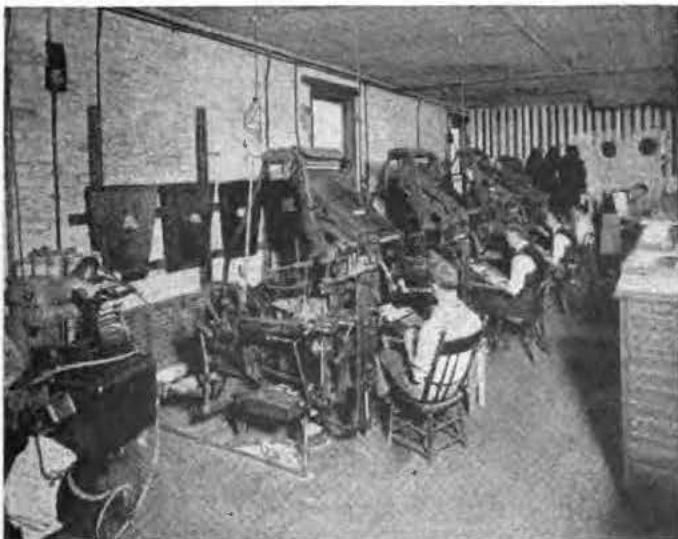
is shown in the illustration at the left.) These proofs are pasted on the dummy pages, the proofs of the various cuts are put in their appointed places, and the proper amount of space is allowed for the larger heads and titles which do not appear on the galley proofs.

This job, so reminiscent of childish scrap-book making, is a slow one. It takes an average of about fifteen minutes to make up each page, and thirty-two times fifteen minutes mean about eight hours of work. It usually is spread out over a day or two, so it isn't so bad.

When eight or ten pages are made up, the dummies are sent to the printer, and a couple of men begin to assemble the type and cuts in page form. This is a kind of work which requires much more skill and exactness than the average person would be likely to imagine. The men who do it have to know their trade from A to Z, and it is a fascinating sight to watch a good workman put a page together. Sometimes a paragraph will be a line too long; at others, even one little word will make a readjustment necessary.

After the last page is made up, proofs of the entire thirty-two are made or "pulled," and are submitted to the Editor for his approval. He goes over each one carefully, suggests changes here and there, catches a typographical error or two which have eluded the proof-readers and finally O. K.'s the page proofs subject to the alterations which he has indicated.

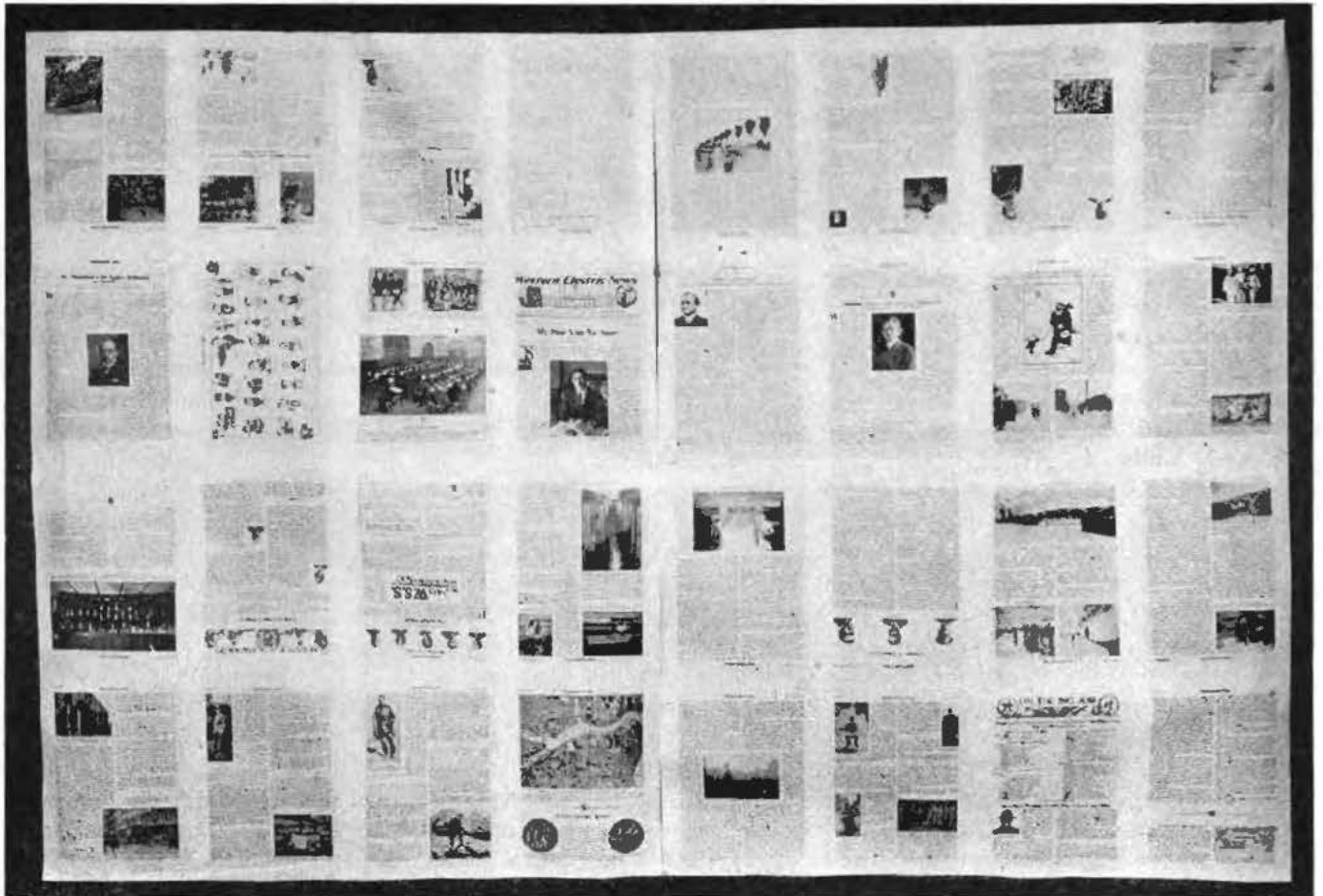
Here the printer takes up the burden, and puts in about a week of work. The pages of type are locked up in two big forms, each holding sixteen pages. All of



The Knotype machines with which the type used in the News is set



Putting together the pages of the News



The thirty-two pages of the February News as they looked when they came off the press. Two sheets are shown as each of them is printed on both sides. The four cover pages are shown below, two of each side.



the News, except the cover, is printed on one big sheet, with sixteen pages on each side, so arranged that when it is folded and cut the pages are in their proper order, all ready to have the cover put on.

Two Miehle flat-bed presses are used for this work. Each holds one of the sixteen-page forms, and while one press is busy printing the pages included in one form on one side of the sheets, the other press is engaged in printing the other sixteen pages. The illustration above shows what they do better than any explanation could. They work at the rate of about 1,000 copies an hour. When the run is completed, the sheets from the first press are transferred to the second, and vice-versa. The number of copies in this issue is 39,200; enough so that every Western Electric man or woman, at home or abroad, can have one. Every man in military service also will receive a copy. Hawthorne gets about 21,000 of the copies, but the rest are distributed over a wide area. Some are sent as far away as Iceland, Cape Town, and Sydney, Australia. A limited number go to friends of the Company each month.

From the press the printed sheets go to the bindery, where they first are folded, then cut and trimmed, and finally stitched in order to hold them together.

A few words about the covers may not be amiss. Work on the cover has to begin ahead of everything else, because artists and the makers of color-plates cannot be hurried except at the expense of good work. The proposed design for the cover is discussed at one of the Board meetings of the previous month, and the details or general scheme agreed upon. An artist is engaged, and in the course of a week or two he turns up with the completed painting, which is shown to the various Associate Editors. They all say what they think of it, sometimes ask that slight changes be made, and when these are finished, the painting is sent to the engraver.

Most of the covers used for the News are what are known as "three-color covers." This means that in reproducing them so that they will appear like the original, three colors must be used, in most cases yellow, red and blue.

A negative is made for each of these colors: the yellow



and blue is filtered out of the red negative by photographing through a colored screen or filter placed before the lens. The red and yellow is taken from the blue negative in the same manner, and the red and blue from the yellow negative, a different colored screen or filter being used for each negative. The three negatives must be absolutely correct or various patterns will be created when the combinations are printed one over the other.

Printing a three-color cover also is a triplicate process. The first step when the three plates are delivered to the printer by the engraver is to make electrotypes of them, as the covers are printed from two sets of plates—the originals and the electrotypes. The advertisements used on the back and inside of the covers are locked in the forms with the front cover, and all are printed together, except that the front cover has to be printed three times, first from the yellow plate, then from the red, and finally from the blue. Yellow ink is used, of course, when printing from the yellow plate, red ink with the red plate, and blue with the blue. These inks blend in such a way that they will reproduce all the colors to be found in the average painting.

Such is the story of the making of the News. The merely mechanical part of it always will remain about the same, but the character of the contents of the News

Western Electric News
Vol. VII, No. 1 March, 1918



Western Electric News



These two photographs show the development of the cover of this issue of the News. Cover used is a combination of these two

undoubtedly will change from time to time. If as a magazine it is to be worthy of its name it must not lay down any hard and fast rules for its own governance. The News must, first of all, print what the employees want to read. For six years it has striven to do so. And it also must adapt itself to the many changes which sometimes come almost without warning. What

seems like interesting news one year may be dull and flat the next. The News must live up to its name.

For the measure of success which has been achieved thus far, the employees themselves are primarily responsible. Contributions have been received from hundreds of employees who have been willing to take of their busy hours the time necessary to write something for the News. This variety in the sources of news has helped materially to make the magazine of interest. True, many things which have been sent in could not be

used, and every now and then the Editor learns of a case of this kind where no word of rejection or its reason has reached the writer. But these are exceptions, for the rule has been to turn down nothing without a note of explanation to the author.

This issue begins the seventh volume, and the Editors can say now, as they said in an editorial for the first number, "The Editors aren't going to make the paper. It belongs to the employees. Its future, therefore, is in your hands."



The presses on which the News is printed

The Good Old Days Have Gone

W. B. Minch of Hawthorne was a recent visitor. When asked for an impression of our San Francisco house, Mr. Minch, who evidently uses Bret Harte as a periscope for his Western outlook, remarked that he saw no spittoons in the sales department.

—C. L. H., San Francisco.

A New Use for the News

Commercial High School,
Albany Ave. and Dean St.,
Brooklyn, Feb. 12, 1918.

EDITOR WESTERN ELECTRIC NEWS:

Dear Sir.—Will you kindly send me a copy of as many of the back numbers of "WESTERN ELECTRIC NEWS" as you can spare. I desire to use them in teaching correspondence to my classes.

Respectfully yours,
MORRIS MOSKOWITZ.

OVERSEAS



Tokyo's Typhoon

[This particular one happened in October, but the mails from the Orient are slow, and D. F. G. Eliot's letter arrived only recently.]

PROBABLY two or three million people in Tokyo and Eastern Japan were awakened at about 2 A.M. on October 1 by one of the worst typhoons that the country has seen in 50 years or more. We could give you statistics of how hard the wind blew, and how many tiles were blown off the roofs, but they don't make good reading—so we merely say that upwards of a thousand people throughout the country lost their lives



A Japanese Maiden, a Bicycle, a Shop, and Last, But Not Least, Douglas F. G. Eliot, the Writer of This Article, Who Modestly Hides His Face

and many thousands were left homeless, by wind, storm and flood.

I am living in a small Japanese house—fortunately well protected—and to say it shook would be rather mild. It was worse than most earthquakes. I lay awake for about an hour, with the house shut up tight, and listened to the sticks, branches, tiles and various other things beat against my wooden shutters.

Mr. Spiller is fortunate enough to be living in a



One of the Many Trees Which Were Uprooted by the Wind



A Police Box in a Tokyo Street After the Typhoon. No One Criticized the Policeman For Leaving His Post

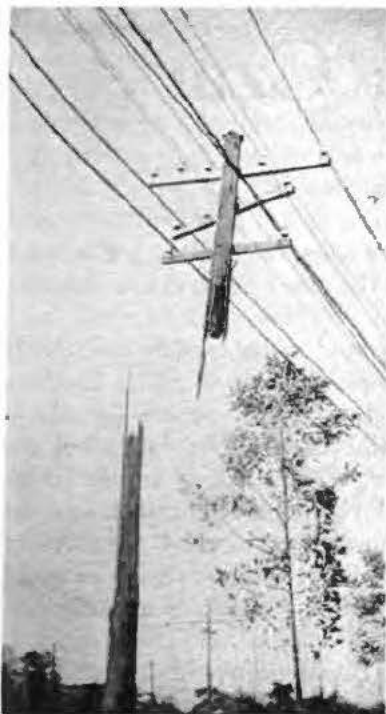
staunch, foreign-built house, "The Far Eastern Manager's House," which belongs to the Company, but he spent a good part of the early morning hours trying to blockade his windows, several of which were broken by the force of the wind or by flying tiles from neighboring roofs. Fortunately, no serious damage was done, except to the fence, which was blown down completely. You can still see, however, a piece of slate tile embedded



The Shore of the Sumida River, Tokyo, Showing Boats Driven Up on the Bank

in the clapboards of his house, where it landed after a precipitous flight from somebody's roof.

The Nippon Electric Company's buildings stood up well and suffered but little damage, except the blacksmith shop, the cupola of which was lifted off bodily, as shown in the accompanying picture. We also lost some pieces of roofing here and there, and some of our fences



Telephone Pole On One of Tokyo's Main Thoroughfares Snapped Off, by the Wind

were blown down. Business was discontinued for the day, as many of our employees had suffered from the storm and most of them had been up all night.

Mails, railroads, telegraph and telephone lines were interrupted—passengers from the west coast were, in some cases, forced to disembark from the trains and travel across the flooded rice fields in boats. The force of the storm and its effect on overhead lines are well illustrated by some samples of lead cable sheath which we were able to obtain through the courtesy of Dr. F. Ono, of the Eastern Communications Bureau, Tokyo. These were cut by flying pieces of glass, sheet metal, stones and tiles, and considerable damage was done in this way.

The accompanying photographs were snapped about the city, and they will give some idea of the wreckage. Tokyo didn't suffer as severely as Yokohama and some of the seacoast towns, where the wind was helped by the full force of the sea, but I have not been able to get any pictures from other points.



Mr. Hirata Holding a Piece of Copper Sheathing Ripped Off the Roof By the Storm



Where the Cupola Was On the Blacksmith Shop of the Nippon Electric Company



Another View of the Wrecked Roof of the Blacksmith Shop



Visitors from Overseas

The Company has been honored with a visit from Mr. Kyushiro Kambara, Secretary to the Imperial Japanese Government Department of Communications. Mr. Swope gave a luncheon at India House, on February 6, in honor of Mr. Kambara. Those present were as follows: Mr. Kambara, Hajime Kabashima, electrical engineer to the Imperial Department of Communications of Japan; Messrs. Seko and Shinzo Takaki, of Mitsui & Company, and Messrs. Thayer, Halligan, Swope, Sidley, Salt, Minor and Leigh.

J. E. Kingsbury, one of the Directors of our allied company in London, spent a few days in New York in February on his way here from South America.

H. C. Mitchell, Manager of our Buenos Aires house, arrived in New York on February 8 for a short visit. He probably will write something for the News about conditions in his part of South America which will be published in a future issue.

Soldiers and Sailors Welcome

A cordial invitation is extended to those former employees of the company now in military service who may happen to pass through the Atlantic port at which the General Departments of the company are located, to visit the offices of said General Departments. They will be sure of a welcome and the best wishes of their fellow-employees as they start on their voyage to France.

Getting On Without the Czar

By A. E. Reinke

[This is the second of a series of three articles on the Russian Revolution written by Mr. Reinke.]

AS it became clearer from day to day that we were witnessing a revolution successfully carried through and not a riot, our feelings of satisfaction and sympathy with the Russian masses were mixed with one of anxiety as to the future. The police were killed and dispersed. Soldiers in the large towns had broken ranks and had no thought of returning to barracks except for meals and sleep. The workmen were heavily armed, and refused to return to the factories except with large concessions. All traffic had ceased,



How the Russians Sleep When They Cannot Find Hotel Accommodations

and there were wild rumors of a famine. People of the better classes—distinguished by a white collar and a shave—were scarcely seen in the streets. There was no law, no authority—the mob was in complete control.

The first signs of a return of order were the taking down of the heavy shutters of the retail stores. When the echo of the rattle of the machine-gun has died away, the Russian trader goes back to work.

In the chaos that followed immediately after the revolution there stand out in my memory two events that gave me keen satisfaction at the time: a troop of about a hundred wild-looking Cossacks on their shaggy ponies singing a weird Cossack song, and a long line of drays loaded with nothing more useful than cement pipes, but testifying to a welcome return of the daily grind of life.

The street life gradually reassumed a normal aspect. Business men on their way to their offices began to appear in the crowds of laborers and soldiers who thronged the streets. Processions of soldiers with red banners flying, and usually led by a military band, became a daily sight. The banners carried inscriptions of all kinds, from demands for an immediate distribution of land to the request for the prompt trial and execution of the

Czar. No banner seemed complete without the word *Svaboda* (freedom). On the other hand, there were few references to the war.

The signs of a restoration of order rapidly multiplied. The street car service was resumed. Long lines of drays laden with flour told us that the threat of immediate famine was removed. Militiamen began to patrol the town and maintain order. The citizens in the large apartment houses formed vigilance committees and received arms to protect themselves against the attacks of bandits disguised in soldier clothes. Soldiers could be seen again drilling as usual. Theaters and cinemas were operating as before the revolution.

In April I made a trip to Moscow and found conditions far more normal than in Petrograd. Factories were going and trade was brisk. There were few red flags and few evidences of the revolution except the absence of the police. Moscow is without a doubt the "heart of Russia," its hundreds of Byzantine churches with their gilded towers, its historical Kremlin, its mixed population where all the forty-eight races of Russia seem to be represented, its cobble pavements and crooked streets—all testify to this being the real home of the Slav Russian.

The workmen of our Petrograd factory returned to



The Petrograd Factory

work, after having obtained the concession of an eight-hour day and increased wages. Production rapidly rose to about 80 per cent., against 40 per cent. in most of the Russian factories. That we were spared the riotous and often bloody labor disturbances of other factories is the best evidence of the cordial relations that have always existed between the workmen and Mr. Joseph, our manager, and his shop superintendent, Mr. Cook.

Our Petrograd factory employs approximately 1,000

persons, about 25 per cent. being women. The factory manufactures telephone material and in addition telegraph instruments and marine signaling and cannon-fire control apparatus. The apparatus produced is of a high grade, exceeded in none of the Western Electric Company's shops. The quality of the material is an excellent testimony to the ability of our Russian engineers and to the skill of our Russian mechanics. In going through our factory in April it was hard to believe that these busy workers had just participated in the violent overthrow of the world's largest autocracy.

When I left Russia in May it seemed to us that the Duma leaders had the situation well in hand, and that the Russians would get on a new basis with an ease that would astonish the world. They did astonish us, but not exactly as anticipated.

My trip back to Christiania at that time was free from excitement except for a dispute with the Russian authorities at Torneo over my departure from Russia. It looked for several hours as though I were scheduled to stay in Russia longer than anticipated, and under less agreeable circumstances. Making "mistakes" was a traditional habit of the Russian, and my turn seemed to have come. Ultimately I got my release, and a happier man never crossed the Torneo river towards the Swedish frontier town—Haparanda. That Finnish driver, who resembled an Esquimaux, and his rig consisting of an antediluvian horse and a box sleigh stuffed with hay looked to me as good as any Cadillac.

The guardian angel of telephone engineers seemed dissatisfied, however, with the extent of my Russian experience, and events shaped themselves so that in July I was again headed for the land of the Bolsheviks, via Haparanda. The Bolsheviks had just finished their July riots, and Norwegian newspapers were filled with startling reports of bloodshed and anarchy. I knew of several places far more attractive to go to than Petrograd, and Broadway was one of them.

As happens so often, and in Russia more than elsewhere, there is a large discrepancy between newspaper headlines and the actual facts. Petrograd looked normal enough. Retail stores were doing regular business selling the few articles of merchandise still obtainable. Schools were regularly attended. Banks, factories, business offices were open as usual. Theaters and cinemas were open and well attended. Soldiers rode free on the street cars and many rode for pleasure. The cars were always jammed like the New York Subway at

"sardine time." Crowds were usually good-natured. At congested points where the cars stopped the crowds automatically lined up awaiting patiently their turn to board a car.

Soldiers had taken up many lines of occupation. The edges of the sidewalk along the Nevsky were lined with soldiers selling cigarettes, fruits, buttons, playing cards, etc. At the station they took over porters' duties and carried satchels, sometimes to points that the trusting traveler was never able to locate.

The Kornilof counter revolution in August brought many days of uncertainty and apprehension. Kornilof and his regiments proceeded to besiege Petrograd according to all the rules of the book of strategy. He cut off one railroad line after another, and in the meantime gradually approached the town along the railroad lines captured. To us in Petrograd it looked for days

like an organized effort to starve the town into submission. Rumored reports of fighting between the government troops and those of Kornilof did not increase the general cheerfulness. A large glow in the sky one evening in the direction that Kornilof was operating made people dread the worst, and thousands left town the next day in an indescribable panic, along the only railroad line still available.

The railway stations were usually crowded with common people moving their complete holdings. I never saw such heaps of boxes and bundles piled up in rows with the owner and

his family squatting on the pile as comfortably as possible. The line zigzagged through the station rooms, and people moved forward slowly as the baggage was checked at the head of the line. Each family shipped its own baggage. There were usually a roar of voices, children crying, bells ringing, dogs barking, and porters yelling in that thick atmosphere. There was little illumination except from the large and elaborate altars at each end of the room with hundreds of burning candles placed there by the believers to insure the safe arrival of departing friends. People used to get their tickets in advance at the city ticket office. I have seen lines there that extended almost entirely around a large city block.

Soldiers usually rode free on the trains. They took the best accommodations and lay down on the seats, while officers stood in the corridor. A ticket for a berth in the sleeper was good until some soldier contested the place. The civilian always came out second best. Sometimes all baggage was thrown from the baggage car by



General Kornilof in Petrograd Before His Unsuccessful Revolt



With Every Inch of Space Occupied, the Train is Ready to Move. Note the Soldiers Squeezed in Between the Two Cars

the soldiers, to make more traveling room. When there was no room inside the soldiers rode on the roofs of the cars. Many rolled off and were killed.

All through September and October the reports of labor disturbances and peasant riots from all parts of the country thickened. The general anarchy radiated from Petrograd through all parts of the country. Conditions grew worse day by day. Thousands fled into the Crimea looking for peace, only to find all living facilities crowded, food prices rapidly increasing, and the general wave of crime spreading even to these distant points. When Riga fell many Riga residents in Petrograd at the time went through the lines left open for four days as fast as possible to get back into Riga. The German domination seemed heaven alongside the Russian anarchy.

As one grew accustomed to walk on the thin crust of this boiling volcano, much happened that was reminiscent of excellent comic opera. Employees everywhere had organized committees to help the managers of concerns run their business along new and improved lines. The Petrograd Telephone Exchange in this way produced some good material for a libretto. The exchange



Russian Soldiers Swarm All Over the Trans-Siberian Trains

is owned and operated by the city, and serves 56,000 lines connected to a single office. The operators and trouble men organized a union early in the game and promptly discharged the manager and chief engineer. These easy jobs were then turned over to a couple of linemen, elected to the position. A week later they resigned, completely satisfied with the experience. A wireless expert next came forward. As to qualifications, he advised the union that he carried the usual number of ears, eyes, fingers, toes, etc., making an interview unnecessary. When asked by the union whether he wanted the job, he spoke of his wish of long standing to want to sit on a keg of powder. That clinched the proposition. A few weeks satisfied both his desire and curiosity. A third candidate was found with great difficulty, and ejected with ease. In October a young cable tester, fortunately with a technical training, was elected chief engineer, for how long can be surmised. What became of the service while operators were experimenting in setting up various forms of self-government within the building may be imagined.

The operators of the Moscow Telephone Exchange threatened to strike if the chief operator was not discharged. The exchange mechanics at once threatened to strike if she were. The subscriber patiently waited, while the telephone forces were settling their private feuds.

The City Council of Petrograd had great trouble to pay its employees on account of the continuous lack of funds. The conductors of the city-owned street cars nobly met the situation by deducting their wages daily from the fares collected and turning in the balance. The manager of the Petrograd office of an American company wanted to move to Moscow. His personnel refused to let him move the files until they had been paid compensations for their dismissal. The discussions lasted a month.

At a powder mill the workmen held a meeting and loudly applauded a speaker advocating an eight-hour day. The next speaker advocated a six-hour day, arousing equal enthusiasm. The director—a canny Dane—next begged for permission to speak and offered a much better proposition. They need not work at all, but call regularly on Saturday for their pay envelope. And when the money was all gone and no powder made, the Germans would be in Petrograd. That speech won the day, and the men got down to talking reason.

A company of soldiers that had hastened to Petrograd from Oranienbaum found life pleasant and settled down. The order came to return, but was ignored. Next, Goutchkof, the Minister of War, made a rousing speech to the regiment, and got the men's consent to return. That afternoon they changed their mind. Next, Kerensky made a still more rousing speech, appealing to the men's patriotism, and left with their promise to return. That afternoon the men insisted on a free man's right to reverse his decision and the regiment stayed. It was months before they returned. The story comes to me from an officer of the regiment.

A regiment at Rostov was ordered to the front. The

regiment committee studied the order, and decided that it was of sufficient importance to warrant investigation. A committee was appointed to proceed to the front and study the needs of the case. The committee returned, reporting unfavorably, and the regiment still breathes the delightful atmosphere of Rostov.

The large insurance companies quoted rates on furniture stored in warehouses—of 60 roubles per thousand while the Russians were in possession of Petrograd; and 50 roubles per thousand after German occupation.

The food conditions through the summer and fall grew worse day by day. Long lines of people who patiently waited to buy bread, meat, sugar, eggs, etc., could be seen everywhere. Lines of a hundred people or more were common. Bread was black and soggy, and sure to give indigestion. I found that by drying it hard as a stone and nibbling it carefully, I could fool my digestive tract into believing it was bread. Eggs, butter, tea, coffee, sugar, etc., disappeared for weeks at a time. Milk was handed out only on a doctor's prescription. The quality of the staples was wretched. The limited facilities for cold storage and the lack of family ice-boxes caused meats to develop queer tastes and unpleasant odors. Dishes in the restaurants had to be passed up at times by the diner for this reason. Game birds could be eaten by avoiding the dark spots that had an unhealthy taste.

Meals in restaurants were costly and of poor quality, ranging from \$5 to \$10 for a regular dinner, and up to \$25 for a meal *à la carte*. There was a sameness of poor quality to the meals that made it necessary for the diner to try one restaurant after another. Any bread left over was usually carried away in the pocket for the breakfast next morning. Butter was so rare that, when served exceptionally in a private home, one refused to take any, realizing the struggle it meant for the housewife to get that small piece. In the hotel room I always had a small stock of dried bread and sugar, and so was able to build up some kind of a breakfast when the waiter came, as he often did, with nothing but black coffee and the information "*bolche njet*" (There is nothing else this morning). In October I almost never was able to get the complete combination of the five materials that I still called essentials: Coffee, milk, sugar, bread and butter. Such frivolities as eggs, or oatmeal, or bacon were long before struck from the list.

When one combines the scarcity of food with the rise in prices shown in the following table, it is clear why the Russian housewife has no time for afternoon teas:

| | 1914 | October, 1907 |
|------------------|-------|------------------|
| Black bread..... | \$.02 | \$1.15 per pound |
| Butter | .24 | 4.00 " " |
| Coffee | .80 | 3.50 " " |
| Sugar | .09 | 1.50 " " |
| Chocolate | .50 | 10.00 " " |
| Soap | .05 | .25 " " |
| Beef | .10 | 1.75 " " |
| Tea | .80 | 5.00 " " |
| Potatoes | .50 | 22.00 per sack |
| Eggs | .30 | 1.50 per dozen |
| Apple | .02 | .80 apiece |

A tailor-made suit of men's clothes cost \$250. A pair



Some Russian Boys Who Will Be Heard From. Give Them An Education and They Will Do Wonders.

of shoes \$50 to \$65.00. Many Russians wore their clothes to the unwearable point and then had the cloth turned by a tailor to get 100 per cent. more wear out of the other side. A piece of leather sufficient to sole a pair of shoes cost \$15, and it was treasured as a great find by the lucky individual. Our Russian engineers ordered from London some cloth for clothes a year ago. One shipment was torpedoed, one lost, and the third replacing lot was, when I left, no further along than reported to be ready for shipment.

One day a soldier set up a stock of six pairs of ladies' shoes on the sill of one of the hotel windows, and offered them for sale. The buyer measured a selected shoe by holding it against her own, and if approximately right made a purchase without further trial. Mr. Moschkovitch, our Petrograd Chief Engineer, bought, through a lucky circumstance, about thirty very lean, though very live, chickens. As Russian apartments are as yet not provided with chicken coops, he kept them in his kitchen. Here they were fed back into their normal shapes, after which they gradually disappeared into the family stew pans.



Soldiers Riding On Top of the Trains, Which is Better Than Being Left Behind

Our Petrograd managers are making large efforts to assist our employees in solving the food problem. The company is operating a bakery where employees are able to get their allotment of bread, one-half pound per day per person. Sometimes flour runs short and then there are hardships. The company also operates a retail store, where employees can get their share of such lots of meat, soap, eggs, sunflower seed oil, etc., as can be scraped up in the wholesale market. There is enough for only a fraction of the requirements—but every little helps.

The one worry of the Russian housewives is the problem of getting together enough food of any kind for a meal. Choice has long ago ceased to be a factor. It means that the women stand in line for hours. They keep up close relations with other families to exchange commodities. They import small lots of food from the outlying farms through the kind assistance of railroad conductors willing to carry things through the lines of the city embargo. They have been forced to discover a hundred ways for getting a little food. The conversation at dinner turns on the one topic: the difficulty of procuring food. Some families were able at times to obtain supplies through soldiers who called privately in the daytime to take orders for meat and flour and delivered the goods late at night—no embarrassing questions being asked.

The workmen generally received increased wages and could stand the strain of increased food prices. But how office employees managed on the old-time salary and a small war bonus is a mystery. One department head told me: "It is simple enough after all. Sugar costs ten times as much, and we now use one-tenth the quantity. We eat cheap fish instead of beef, bread instead of cake, and cabbage instead of potatoes. Chocolate, fruit, cocoa, milk, butter and eggs we simply call luxuries, and we manage without them. Theaters, cinemas, concerts have long become fond memories. We patch our clothes and shoes and underwear and stockings while they are patchable. My wife manages somehow, by practising a thousand economies, and we keep up a cheerful front." Are these words of praise sufficiently expressive for the self-denial, the willingness to endure, the good cheer and the domestic skill of that man's wife? And there are hundreds of thousands like her in Russia, who maintain a front of respectability on a starving margin.

When I remember how the Russians manage without complaint under such difficult conditions, Hoover's requests for food conservation in this country seem almost absurd—as they impose no hardship worthy the name. He asks for nothing more than the substitution of one kind of food that is plentiful for another that will be needed by our boys at the front. We are in the war, but we are far from realizing the hardships of war, nor the sacrifices that can be made, and must be made, to avoid a future calamity.

Money was never so plentiful among the laboring classes. The peasants had so much in their chests that

they refused to sell any more wheat. The Russian government is printing three billion a month to meet expenses. To economize printing press space, the new 20 and 40 rouble notes (\$10 to \$20) have been made only about one-fifth as large as the old one rouble note. The illustration shows bank notes of 1, 8, 5 and 10 rouble denominations of the Old Regime; these are elaborate in design, of several colors and works of art. The new 20 rouble note, on the other hand, is very simple in design, without serial number nor signature nor government guarantee, and printed on cheap brown paper. The small bills in the picture are for one and five kopeks ($\frac{1}{2}$ and $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents). The postage stamp type of money shown is by far the most popular form of small change. It comes in 10, 15 and 20 kopek sizes. A stamp lasts from three to six months, and is redeemed when badly soiled. There is no metal money whatever.

Conditions in Petrograd in October were not exactly congenial for other than food reasons. A wave of crime had spread over the town. There were over 400 cases of burglary, hold-up and murder reported daily. The militia seemed helpless. Retail stores were burglarized in broad daylight. Palaces were burglarized and millions of roubles' worth of art treasure were taken. Hold-ups were common. I found it desirable at night to carry 30 roubles in my hand, ready to hand out to a hold-up man in order to avoid a painful and messy interview. Few pedestrians were seen after eleven. Women had their shoes taken from their feet; men had their clothes removed in the street. Three men entered a fur store opposite the hotel; one began to pack up some valuable furs he had not paid for; the owner called for help, which brought an angry mob; the three men were quickly surrounded by the mob and beaten to death; it afterwards developed that two were innocent customers. A friend of mine had his necktie pin removed on the Nevsky in broad daylight by a soldier, who ran and was lost quickly among hundreds of other soldiers similarly dressed. His mother had her leather bag taken from her lap while seated in a street car by a soldier; the latter turned at the door playfully threatening her with his finger, as one might a child, and jumped off. A guest from our hotel disappeared and his body was found a week later in the river—minus a large sum of money he was known to have carried. A lawyer was stabbed and robbed in a doorway a few doors from Mr. Otto's home by a couple of marines. A man was stabbed on the Nevsky because he did not develop the standard of speed in turning over his money. The simple process for the thief, who always wore a soldier's uniform and carried a rifle, was to stop a person and ask for his passport. This one couldn't refuse, for he might be officially instructed to do so. The soldier, once started, proceeded to clean out the pockets of the victim. People spent their spare time inventing ways for protecting their homes against burglars. Revolvers sold for \$125 apiece.

When I left on October 30 people were thoroughly disgusted with the situation, with not a ray of hope



Some Specimens of Russian Money. The Most Valuable One of the Lot Is the Modest Looking 20-Rouble Note in the Center

ahead; the daily struggle for food, the threat of famine, the insecurity of life and property, the reports of peasant riots and labor disturbances from all parts of the country, the crumbling away of army discipline and of all government authority, the threatening uprising of the Bolsheviki and the prospect of civil war, the anticipated German occupation of Petrograd—all that was jumbled in the mind of the Russian into a horrible nightmare without an awakening. It is little wonder that the war was rapidly forgotten in the daily struggle to get food and protect one's family and safeguard what little property one possessed. One must have lived through the chaos and joined the hunt for food to realize how the Russian is forced back to first principles—the instinctive preservation of self and family.

In that daily physical struggle for existence, political ideals, international obligations and national ambitions

soon cease to be a factor. One hundred and seventy million people, of whom 75 per cent. can neither read nor write are violently struggling toward the light—towards some form of democracy. The sympathy of every American believing instinctively in the ultimate triumph of democracy should be generously extended to the Russian in that struggle. That the Russian deserves such sympathy and assistance I shall try to show in my next article.

My trip across Siberia was uneventful after my stay in Petrograd. At the larger stations mobs of Russian soldiers attempted to rush the trains and get a free ride; many succeeded. Some windows were smashed in this friendly endeavor. Food on the train was badly cooked and wretchedly served. Fortunately the railway stations gave us better fare, which improved visibly the deeper we got into Siberia. At the



Some of the Types Snapped by Mr. Reinke's Camera Along the Route of the Trans-Siberian Railway

the supplies of chocolate, mildly sugared cake, white bread, hard-boiled eggs, roasted chickens, etc., were simply grabbed up by passengers. The fever to hoard it was so great we bought far more than we could possibly use, and later fed it to the masterless dogs.

The Siberian train rambled along at the rate of 15 miles an hour, held back by three soldier trains. The soldiers refused to let our train pass, the theory being that while our train was behind them, the soldier trains would be dispatched more rapidly from station to station and thus reach their Siberian homes sooner. A station master at one station was persuaded to let us pass the train ahead. The soldiers, on discovering it, nearly beat the station master to death, then ordered our train held at the next station until their train could again take its proper place.

At tea time, and in Russia it is always tea time, the Russians would run to the "Kipiatok" building, found at every Russian railway station, to fill their tea pots with boiling hot water. It's the only warm thing that

many of the soldiers got on the trip. The tea habit has saved the Russians effectively from typhoid, as cities only rarely are provided with germ-free drinking water.

The trip was long and monotonous; the scenery is like that through Dakota late in fall. After eleven days we finally reached Harbin, 50 hours late. We arrived early in the morning and found the low and stuffy station rooms jammed with luggage and peasants of many races. They were sound asleep, huddled up in every conceivable position and using up every available square foot of space on bench and floor. The sight was so usual it scarcely interested us any more.

We reached ultimately Chan Chung, the first railway station in China. It was the surprise of the trip to drop unexpectedly into this modern station, a large, beautiful, clean, airy and well-lighted building that might have been constructed by an American. And I shall always remember the wonderful quality of Chinese cooking and the liberal supplies of food. The trip to Peking and from there to Tokyo gave a glimpse of a

world of another kind. My stay was limited, but it was interesting to trace to these Asiatic sources some of the peculiar Russian character traits that puzzle westerners.

In Pekin I finally met Mr. Swope, with whom I then returned to America. The trip was uneventful; after

the Siberian journey life seemed tame and tranquil again. I returned with the determination to tell Americans something about the Russian as he really is—about Russia's problems and opportunities.

(Mr. Reinke's third article will appear next month.)



The Pearl of the Antilles

By J. J. Gilbert

HAVANA, the capital of Cuba, is only a five or six-hour boat trip from Key West, but it is difficult to imagine a more decided change in scenery than is revealed on entering the harbor. On the left is staid old Morro Castle, looking exactly the same as it has for years, with the exception that you see the tall steel towers of one of the most powerful wireless stations in the world.

On the right you see the city of Havana—probably one of the most enchantingly tropical cities of the western world. In the part of the city adjacent to the waterfront few new buildings have been erected in a great many years, so the old Spanish Moorish style of architecture and variegated color schemes still predominates. The sidewalks and streets are very narrow and were designed in that way to block out the intense rays of the tropical sun. Some of the streets are covered with awnings, reaching from one side to the other. The vehicular traffic is heavy and, to minimize congestion, traffic goes north on one street, south on the other, east on one, west on the other. This system was installed in Havana long before we used it in the downtown streets in New York City.

Be not deceived by the thought that Cuba, as some of our self-acknowledged North American humorists, who probably gained their Latin-American experience by attending correspondence school would lead us to believe, is in any sense a "mañana" (tomorrow) country. The sad awakening to this fact comes early in the experience of any one who has any business dealings with the merchants, corporations or government departments. One of the Havana readers of the WESTERN ELECTRIC NEWS, who by the way told me he looks forward to its receipt with the same keen interest he does for his other papers from the States,

and who is in charge of one of the important government bureaus, probably will long remember the expression on my face when we adjourned a conference at his office at 7:30 on a Saturday night and he suggested continuing it the next morning at 8:00 o'clock. I, of course, immediately suggested that he meant Monday, but he calmly said he meant Sunday and that he always worked on that day until noon and sometimes considerably later.

All of the electrical supply houses open at 7:30 A.M. and close at 6:00 P.M. This does not mean that these are the hours for the warehousing and shipping forces only, but that every one from the owners down strictly maintains them.

Cuba, as we all know, is now associated with the Allies in the Great War, and the people are taking it just as seriously as we are in the States, if not more so. On my

return from Havana by way of Key West I met the commandant of one of our large battleships and he told me the Cubans were doing wonderful work in patrolling their own coast and working in conjunction with our fleet. They are going to try, if possible, to send men to the front in France and have now in training with our own men at Key West a regiment of infantry and detachments of cavalry and artillery. There are large bodies of our own men in training in Cuba to be sent to France later. I visited two of these cantonments and the only fault our boys had to find was that they were being held in Cuba instead of being sent to the front. Cuba's standing army is 17,000 men—it lacks about 5,000 of its full complement. It is very likely that President Menocal will sign a conscription act, something similar to our own, between the time I am writing this and the time it goes to press. This shortage of men is not due to the fact that there is a likelihood of Cuba sending troops abroad, but because there is no



The Central Telegraph Station and Post Office at Matanzas, Cuba. Much of its equipment was made by the Western Electric Company

guarantee that the men will be sent if they enlist.

The raising of sugar and tobacco are the principal industries of the island. It is estimated that Cuba alone will ship to the States between 25,000,000 and 30,000,000 bags of raw sugar, each containing 325 pounds, but people who are in a position to know believe there will be a general shortage of sugar here in the States and that it will sell at a high price until the war is over. As German beet sugar took care of most of the European countries, together with that shipped from Java, and as none of the countries can obtain sugar from Germany, and as ships are not available for shipping from Java, our Allies are absolutely dependent on us for this commodity. Sugar was selling for 25c a pound in Havana and it was just as hard to get there as it is here. There is only one small refinery on the island, so that the raw sugar is shipped up here, refined, and returned to Cuba. Raw sugar is the crystallized juice of the sugar cane, and its appearance is not appetizing.

Butter, which is imported from the States, was selling at 90 cents a pound, and lard, of which there was a general shortage, was selling at \$1.00 a pound.

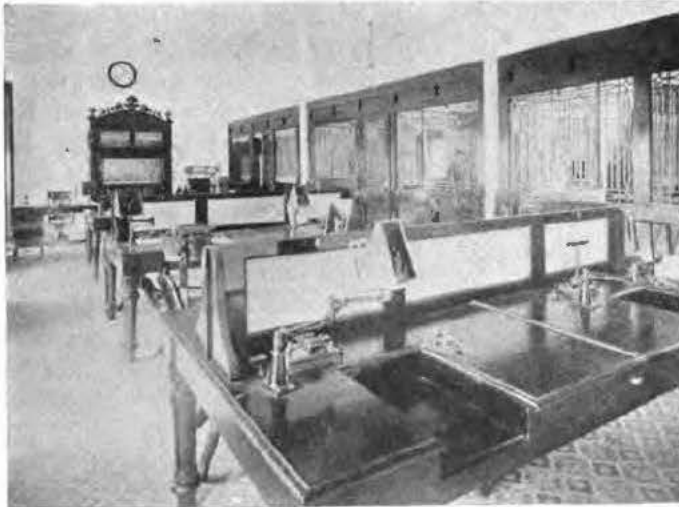
Freight trains on the entire island are receiving as much consideration as they do in the United States. The run from Havana to Santiago used to be made in 24 hours. The time this year was extended to 30 hours,



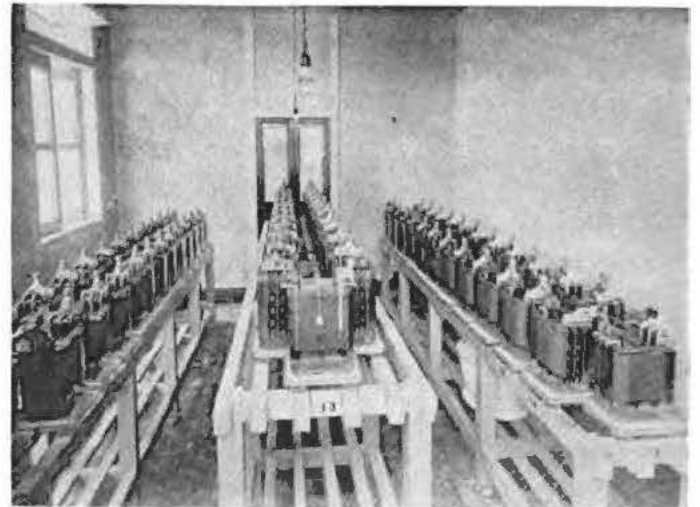
A Western Electric charging plant in the Central Telegraph Station at Matanzas

and the train I was on was four hours late, we being sidetracked all along the line so as not to interfere with the movement of sugar cane. A ride from Havana to Santiago reveals probably better than any other way the prosperity Cuba is now enjoying. The cane cutters and men in the sugar mills who had a minimum wage of 90 cents a day, and a maximum of \$1.50, are now receiving anywhere from \$3.00 to \$4.50. The old huts in which these people used to live, consisting of mud walls with thatched roofs made out of palm leaves, have been replaced by houses made of boarding with, in some places, tiled roofs. Candles have been replaced by electric lights where houses are in or near a large town, and in other places by acetylene gas.

The pictures which accompany this article show the telegraph station in the new postoffice building in Matanzas. The telegraph equipment of this exchange, together with the motor generator set shown in one of the other pictures, was designed and furnished by us. This is only one of the many stations in Cuba using Western Electric equipment. The telegraph service on the island is under government control, the head of the department reporting to the Postmaster General, who, as here, is a member of the President's Cabinet. The Department of Telegraphs is ably administered and the service is second to none. The postoffice service also is excellent.



The operating room in the Matanzas Telegraph Office using all Western Electric apparatus



Some Western Electric accumulators in the Matanzas office

Some Service!

On a recent railroad order calling for 25 No. 200 Jacks, our typist wrote the purchase order as 25 No. 200 Tacks, and factory filled the order with 25 No. 20 Milonite Nails.

J. H. S., Minneapolis.

Minneapolis Has a Visitor

Mr. Rockafellow visited Minneapolis January 23 and 24. Restaurants have notified their customers that the supply of Ham Hocks and Sauerkraut is now exhausted.

J. H. S., Minneapolis.

TALKING IT OVER

TWO LETTERS

ANY comment upon the letters which follow would be superfluous. They are published because this is the birthday issue of the NEWS:

195 Broadway, New York,
14-1-18

DEAR MR. THAYER:

May I not congratulate you and your editors on the strikingly handsome cover of the January NEWS.

By all odds it is the most effective display of printing that I have seen.

While I am on the subject let me also say that the NEWS is top hole.

Sincerely,
NEWCOMB CARLTON.

H. B. Thayer, Esq.,
New York.

January 31, 1918.

MR. P. L. THOMSON, New York:

Dear Mr. Thomson.—I was very much gratified to learn by the attached letter that my opinion of the NEWS is shared by as good a critic as Mr. Carlton, free from the bias which might naturally affect my judgment, but in order that you may not be too proud I suggest the thought that you have an advantage in the Company and personnel you chronicle. We have a history of nearly fifty years, during which, outside of the telegraph and some minor applications of electricity, the electrical business has had its growth.

Our business is wonderful in the variety of its activities and problems and our people are pretty well scattered over the civilized world.

These things give the business an unusual interest, and give the NEWS a wide range of field and subject.

I congratulate the staff on making the best of an exceptional opportunity.

Yours very truly,
H. B. THAYER, President.

"TOP HOLE"

EVEN though comment be superfluous, a word or two of explanation of a point in the first letter may not be amiss. Firstly, Mr. Carlton, the writer thereof, is the president of the Western Union Telegraph Company. Secondly, he is British born. Thirdly, the phrase "top hole" is a current bit of English slang, which means excellent, great, all to the good, etc., etc.

FROM A SOLDIER

A SENTENCE from another letter in the mail-bag of the NEWS last month helped to make this a happy birthday. It came from a soldier and says:

"It sure did seem good to read the good old NEWS once again."

MAKING THE NEWS

IN its leading article this month the NEWS tells about its own construction, and there are two main reasons why that particular subject was selected. The first of these is that the editors felt that a story of the making of a magazine such as this would prove of interest to its readers, practically all of whom are engaged in entirely different lines of work, and so have little opportunity to learn much about the rather fascinating job of magazine making.

The second, and more important reason for the story is that the editors thought that it would help to bring home to the readers the fact that the NEWS belongs to the employees of the Company, and has been published for the last six years because the employees have supported it loyally. It would be hard to find a magazine of like character which so seldom has to go outside of the ranks of its readers in order to obtain material to fill its pages. It is a rare thing for the NEWS to print anything that was not written or contributed by a Western Electric man or woman.

It is to be hoped that the same loyal support, in fact even more of it, will be extended to the NEWS in the future by the employees. It is yours and yours alone: you can make it what you will.

A CHANCE FOR THE WOMEN

THE women workers of the Company are going to get special attention in the April issue of the NEWS. Of course special, or even marked, attention is nothing new to most of them, so the NEWS will not be doing anything particularly radical by giving over to them a goodly portion of its columns. It will merely be giving them their due.

And that the men will like to read about their feminine co-workers goes almost without saying. They will find plenty to read about, too, because the women workers in the Company's ranks have much to do and do it well.

Western Electric Men Who Are Helping the Government

THERE are more ways than one of helping to win the war, and W. H. Graham has been lucky enough to be engaged in several of them. Every once in a while, the Government borrows him from the Company, and after using him for a while returns him only to discover later that his aid is still needed.

Just at present he is in Washington working with the Shipping Board. He is endeavoring to get that rather complicated organization into smooth running order. This involves a survey of the entire office organization followed by a



W. H. Graham

systematic reinforcement in places where it is weak, improvement in methods, and other changes which will make the Board able to perform its functions efficiently.

The Shipping Board is only one of several Government organizations which Mr. Graham has helped. During the last five or six months he has worked at one time or another with the Engineer Corps, the Medical Corps, the Quartermaster's Department, and the Council of National Defense. When peace comes again perhaps the Western Electric Company may get a little of his time.



More Government Work for J. W. Dietz

J. W. DIETZ, whose activities in connection with the task of sorting out the men in the draft were described in the January issue of the *News*, has been summoned by the government again. This time he has been made a member of a committee of eight men, three Army officers and five civilians, created under the jurisdiction of the War Department, and known as the Committee on Education and Special Training. The other members of the committee are Col. Hugh S. Johnson, deputy provost marshal general, Col. Robert I. Rees, of the General Staff; Major Grenville Clark, of the Adjutant General's department; Dr. Charles R. Mann, of the Carnegie Foundation and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Dr. James R. Angell of the University of Chicago; James P. Munroe of the Federal Board for Vocational Education, and Dr. Samuel B. Capen, a specialist in higher education. The five civilians are called advisory members of the committee, and Mr. Dietz was selected as a representative of the corporation schools of the country.

The text of the War Department order creating the committee explains the nature of the work which will be performed. It is as follows:

"Under the direction of the chief of staff the functions of the

committee shall be: To study the needs of the various branches of the service for skilled men and technicians; to determine how such needs shall be met, whether by selective call, special training in educational institutions or otherwise; to secure co-operation of the educational institutions of the country and to represent the War Department in its relations with such institutions; to administer such plan of special training in schools and colleges as may be adopted."

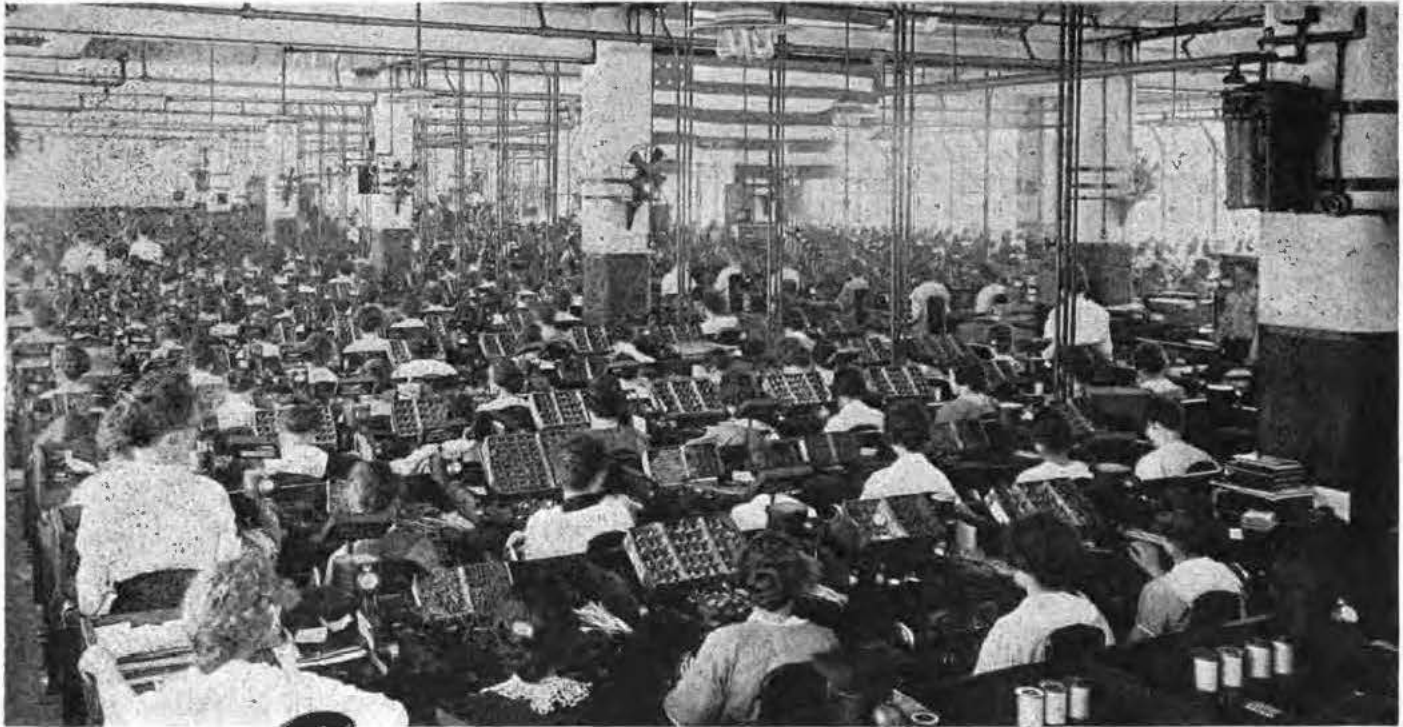
Within the next six months it is expected that from 75,000 to 100,000 men will receive intensive training in schools and colleges. These men will be selected from the ranks of the armed forces of the nation, from the training camps and from those registered under the selective draft. Most of those picked for technical training probably will be chosen from among those who are registered and are awaiting the call to the colors.

In making its selection the committee will use the information contained in the draft questionnaires, the records of colleges and the classification of the men already in the training camps which was made by the classification committee headed by Dr. Walter D. Scott.

The main duty of the committee will be to mobilize the skilled men of the nation for military service in the shortest possible time. The colleges and schools such as that which has been conducted by the Company at Hawthorne under the direction of Mr. Dietz will be called upon to do their share of the work.

What Hawthorne Makes and How Coils

By F. P. Poole, Hawthorne Planning Division



Wiley's Winders

WHEN turns of wire are wound around a piece of soft iron and a current of electricity is then sent through the wire, the iron becomes a magnet and will attract iron or steel just as the more familiar, permanent horseshoe magnet does. But a wire-wound piece of iron differs from a permanent magnet in that it ceases to be a magnet as soon as the current is turned off. Also it becomes a stronger or a weaker magnet as the current increases or decreases. These peculiarities make "electro-magnets," as they are called, valuable for many things in telephone work. Millions of them are in constant every-day use. They must be properly designed and carefully made to meet the delicate service requirements often imposed upon them. One of the important details in their manufacture is winding the wire upon the iron cores (or, in some cases, upon spools into which the iron cores are inserted later). The wire wound electro-magnet is commonly called a "coil."

Coils used in telephone work vary in size from big ones, half a foot in length and diameter, to tiny ones, about half an inch long and half that in thickness. The wire used may be big as the lead in a pencil or it may be finer than a hair. Sometimes small coils take large wire and sometimes the largest coils take very small wire.

Some coils take only a few turns of wire, while others take more than fifty thousand. We make some coils which have more than two miles of wire each. The wire usually is copper or German silver, and while sometimes wound bare, it generally is insulated with cotton, silk or enamel before it reaches the Winding Department.

The cores are of various shapes—round, square and flat. The spool heads, which are made of fiber, paper, wood, rubber, phenol fiber, etc., are held on the cores either by shoulders on the cars, by a tight or forced fit, by riveting over the core, by glue, or by wax. The two ends of each winding are usually brought out through holes in the spool heads and are either attached by soldering to metal terminal posts or punchings, which are fastened to the spool head, or left hanging loose out of the holes in the spool head, to be attached to other apparatus later on.

Insulation Comes First

The first step in winding is to cover or "insulate" the iron core and the metal parts which are mounted on the spool head in such a way that the wire can not touch them. The insulating operations are performed in the spool assembly department before the core and spool reach the winding department proper. The insulating

material is usually paper, silk, or linen which has been impregnated with wax or varnish. These materials are cut into sheets, which are wrapped around the cores and cut into washers, which are placed next to the spool heads. The importance and cost of the insulating operations are not generally appreciated. In the spool assembly department about 125 people are continuously engaged in this work. The core and the spool head washers must come together snugly in the corners of the spool in order that no crack may be left for the wire to drop into, and touch or "ground" on the metal core. This means that accurate dimensions must be held on the spool and insulators, and that the core cover must be wrapped on very smoothly and carefully.

After the coils are completely wound and inspected, a good many types go back again to the spool department, where another group of about 200 more people are engaged in "covering and finishing." The "finishing" consists chiefly in fastening and soldering the ends of the wire windings to the terminal posts, stamping code numbers, etc. "Covering" consists of applying, on top of the winding, several layers of either cotton threads, called "serving," or paper, plain, waxed or varnished, or cloth or hard rubber shells. Many of the coils are painted with one or two coats of shellac, particularly after serving.

Some Staggering Statistics

To convey the idea of size of shop output, custom demands figures and the Winding Department has some interesting and attractive ones, as is to be expected in a department consisting of 500 young women. The yearly output is 10,000,000 to 12,000,000 coils. When working on some kinds of coils, which are wound with fairly strong wire, an operator can wind about 1,000,000 turns per day, roughly 20 miles. Of course, the next figures follow logically: 500 operators, 10,000 miles a day, 3,000,000 miles or 16,000,000,000 feet a year, or roughly, 120 times around the earth in a year; to the sun in 80 years, etc., etc. (This ought to cause the cable shop statisticians to hesitate when boasting about their "conductor feet.")

Heat coils, although made in the coil departments, are not covered in this article, because they were described recently in the News. They are not "magnetic" coils. About fifty operators are now turning out three and one-half million heat coils per year.

Winding Machines

There are several kinds of winding machines in use at Hawthorne, each driven by an individual electric motor. These machines are all of Western Electric design and make. The simplest is the "hand" machine, which, however, is the most difficult to operate, especially when used for winding fine wire evenly in layers.

The "hand" winding machine has a motor, a spool holder, a foot speed controller, a reel holder, which is mounted on the back of the operator's chair, a revolution or turns counter, and an exasperating tendency



Fig. 1—Hand Coil-Winding Machine

either to break the wire, or to wind unevenly—or both!—unless the operator is a past master at guiding the wire by hand. Perhaps it would be better to say "past mistress" instead of "past master," for it did not take long to find out that natural delicacy of touch and carefulness made women much better winders than men.

Hand winding, that is, guiding the wire from the reel to the coil by the hand without any mechanical aid, and winding it smoothly and evenly in layers, is the most difficult kind of winding, and although it has come to be generally believed that expert hand winders are born and not made, yet their training by the company's skilled teachers plays an important part in their development. Only those girls who are thought to be fitted by nature for the work are chosen as hand winders. Their training generally covers a long period and they usually are graduates from the easier grades of winding. When they are to go on high-grade work, winding operators are very closely supervised, instructed, and drilled in winding methods by the department's teaching supervisors, who help them to acquire the knack in the shortest possible time.

In addition to careful and expert handling of the wire at high speed, the hand winding machine operator has the added "mental hazard" of determining when just enough turns of wire have been wound on the spool. This means that when the coil is nearly full, the operator has to keep one eye on the turns counter, and the other on the wire, so as to stop the motor at just the right number of turns. It is usually required that a coil shall have no less than a given number of turns and that enough more turns shall then be added to bring the electrical resistance of the entire winding between

given limits. The means for determining the resistance is an electrical measuring device called the "Wheatstone Bridge." Since the electrical resistance of a wire increases in direct proportion to its length, this "bridge" measurement is a means of getting the length of the wire wound on the spool. In making the resistance measurement, the operator stops the machine and attaches both ends of the coil to the terminals of the bridge and presses a lever. If the little needle of the indicating device swings as much as a hair's breadth, the operator starts the machine again, adds on a few more turns and retests, keeping this up until the needle does not quiver.

The full automatic winding machine practically takes care of itself when once started. It automatically spaces the wire and winds it in layers, winds approximately the desired number of turns, signals the operator when to put insulating papers between layers, maintains an even tension on the wire, stops if the wire breaks and stops when the desired number of layers are completed. In fact, it is self-operating to such an extent that it is possible for one operator to run more than one machine. This practice is not usually economical except for coils which have a very large number of turns, for the reason that one or the other of the machines is idle too much of the time during the day because, of course, the machine does not run while the operator is changing spools. On account of breaks in the wire and other irregular stops, the operator finds it hard to prevent the two machines from each finishing a coil at the same time. Then one has to wait idle while the other is being started on a new coil. The full automatic machine is especially suited to the class of coils in which the allowable resistance variation is sufficiently wide to make unnecessary the adjustment

of resistance by adding turns, as explained under the hand machine.

A cross between the "hand" winding machine and the "full automatic" is the "semi-automatic," which is hung under the bench, as is the hand machine. It operates similarly to the hand machine except that it mechanically aids the operator to guide the wire, making it possible for a new operator to wind simple coils with much less training than on the hand machine.

Practically all our winding machines can turn the spools at about 5,000 revolutions per minute. The speed is under the control of the operator and the machines are run at as high a speed as the skill of the operators and the size of the wire permit. You have escaped one of "life's little irritations" if you have never had to get a winding machine up to full speed without breaking the wire, or winding unevenly.

Splicing and Insulating

Most fine wire coils have stranded wire cables or leads, which serve as terminals. The leads are attached by twisting and soldering to each end of the wire winding. These terminals, i.e., the ends which are brought out of the finished coil to be connected to the apparatus when the coil is installed in outside service, must be strong enough to withstand handling. For this reason, this joint or "splice" is made inside the coil near the spool heads, where it is not subject to mechanical disturbances after the coil is wound. An electrically heated soldering iron is part of each operator's equipment. It requires considerable skill to twist, solder, and insulate a joint without burning off or breaking the fine wire, or leaving any fine ends sticking out to push through the insulation which protects some other part of the wire or spool.

The operator frequently comes to the end of the piece of wire which she is winding on the coil. This means a splice must be made. Accidental breaking of the wire while winding, especially if the wire is fine, has to be guarded against constantly, as every accidental break means another splice. Every splice, due to any cause, has to be carefully insulated in the fold of a small piece of waxed "onion-skin" paper. Incidentally, splicing almost assumes the frequency of a habit until you learn not to break the wire when starting the motor.

Precautions Against Corrosion

The subject of winding coils so as to avoid corrosion after they get out in service might take a chapter for itself. The Company spends a great deal of money on this problem. The worst effect of corrosion is the "rusting" apart of the copper wire inside the coils. Some of the precautions already mentioned are taken to avoid coils "opening" in service. Another precaution taken is to insert varnished paper washers between fiber spool heads and the windings, as the fiber might contain some traces of acid.

Fear of corrosion accounts for other expensive refinements, such as impregnating wound coils in hot wax;



Fig. 2—The Full Automatic Coil-Winding Machine



Fig. 8—The Semi-Automatic Coil-Winding Machine

also in some cases for the use of rubber spool heads instead of fiber spool heads; also for using rosin-core solder instead of a corrosive flux to clean the wire so that the solder will "take." Even the powder which the girls dust on the ends of their fingers to aid in twisting the wires together while making a splice, may, if corrosive, cause the joint to rust open later on. It was formerly our practice to use powdered chalk for this purpose, but it was found to have a tendency to absorb and hold moisture; consequently powdered rosin was substituted. Our operators cheerfully use the rosin for twisting splices, although it makes their fingers black and sticky, since they understand that the clean white powdered chalk may lead to trouble.

Personnel of Winding Department

The organization of the Winding Department differs from that of some of our other shop departments in that the proportion of supervisors and teachers, to the actual productive operators, is several times larger than that of the average department. The high proportion of instructors enables each operator to receive a large amount of individual attention and instruction, for it is in the interests of all concerned that the operator shall acquire as quickly as possible the degree of skill needed by a good winder.

One of the Western Electric Company's veteran manufacturing men, S. C. Wiley, is in charge of the Winding Department, and it is right here "at the top" that skill and long experience in the work begin to make themselves felt in the product. Mr. Wiley has been winding

coils for the Company for more than thirty years,—eighteen years at Clinton Street and the rest at Hawthorne. His earlier work was on the coils for power apparatus.

Including the foreman, assistant foreman, and ten section heads, there is an organization of between 50 and 60 men and women employed in a supervisory capacity, besides the 500 operators. About twenty-five of the former group are instructors or teaching supervisors who assist the ten section heads. There are four clerks and three departmental inspectors and investigators and the usual departmental complement of machinists, electricians, stockkeepers, etc.

Probably few of us realize that there are more than one thousand people directly engaged in producing coils at Hawthorne (175 of these are inspectors). This thousand are in addition to those indirectly engaged; these latter are working in other departments than the coil or the spool assembly departments and some of them are producing the component parts of the coil such as wire, cores, heads, terminals, washers, etc.; others are assembling, connecting and adjusting the coil in the apparatus and making final inspections and tests.

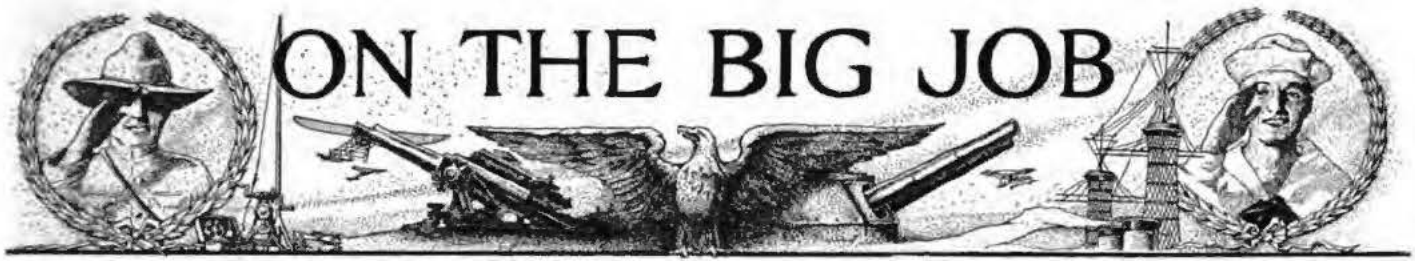
The inspection department keeps its eyes on coils very closely. Each individual coil is inspected and electrically tested at least three times before it leaves the shop, once after winding, once after finishing and covering, and once after assembling and adjusting it in the apparatus.

On account of all the careful work required in their construction, coils are expensive to make; without it they are expensive to buy—at any price. Defective coils may disrupt telephone service at any time. Such an occurrence is always annoying, generally costly and sometimes disastrous.



S. C. Wiley

So during one of the few times you ever think to give your telephone credit for the many good turns it does for you, think twice and add an extra vote of thanks for Wiley's winders.



Employees Whose Names Have Been Added to the Honor Roll Since the Last Issue of the News

General Sales Department—New York

New York

HORTON, R. D., Aviation Section, Signal Corps.
 KELLER, C. A., Aviation Section, Signal Corps.
 MOORE, I. H., Quartermasters' Reserve Corps.
 SMALL, C. A., U. S. Army
 TAYLOR, R. N., Forest Engineers' Reserve.

General Sales Distributing

New York

COMISKEY, E. J., Ordnance Reserve Corps.
 GREEN, E., Quartermasters' Reserve Corps.
 HABERMANN, R., National Guard.

Richmond

BOULIGNY, R. H., Signal Enlisted Reserve Corps.
 FINEGAN, J. J., Aviation Section, Signal Corps.

Chicago

PROCUNIER, O. A., National Guard.

Cincinnati

COSTELLO, E. J., Aviation Section, Signal Corps.
 TANNER, B. P., National Guard.

St. Louis

PENNYCOOK, E. R., Canadian Army.

Kansas City

BROWN, L. R., U. S. Army.
 NEARING, H. R., U. S. Army.
 SWITALA, W., U. S. Army.

Denver

COWAN, L. R., National Guard.

San Francisco

GAUZZA, A. JOS., National Guard.
 GREGG, W., Engineering Corps.
 JONES, A. F., Aviation Section, Signal Corps.
 KANOUSE, C. A., Aviation Section, Signal Corps.
 MARTIN, C. F., Aviation Section, Signal Corps.
 McPHERSON, C., National Guard.
 NICHOLS, C. H., Aviation Section, Signal Corps.
 UNMACK, E. McD., Engineering Corps.
 WALLACE, J. F., Aviation Section, Signal Corps.
 WALLACE, H. E., National Guard.
 WILLIAMS, C. D., Aviation Section, Signal Corps.
 WILLIAMS, H. W., Engineering Corps.

Seattle

SORRENSON, J., Naval Volunteers.

Engineering Department

BACHRACH, E., U. S. Army.
 BELTON, M., Naval Reserve.
 BLAKESLEE, E. D., National Guard.
 BRYSON, F. O., Ambulance Corps.
 BURLINGAME, B. O., Reserve Signal Corps.
 COKELEY, H., U. S. Navy.
 EIDSWAAG, C. B., Ordnance Reserve Corps.

FERRIS, H. E., National Guard.
 FINCH, H., National Guard.
 GERMER, L. H., Aviation Section, Signal Corps.
 GORDON, H., National Guard.
 HOFFMAN, H. C., Reserve Signal Corps.
 LILLY, G. B., National Guard.
 MALONE, J. F., U. S. Naval Reserve.
 McCARTHY, F. W., U. S. Army.
 MILES, H. C., Aviation Section, Signal Corps.
 NELSON, E. W., Naval Reserve.
 SHEPPARD, E. J., Reserve Signal Corps.
 SMITH, A. O., Reserve Signal Corps.
 STINE, C. N., Ordnance Reserve Corps.
 WAGNER, J. O., Signal Officers' Reserve Corps.
 WILLIAMS, C., U. S. Navy.

General Manufacturing Department

Hawthorne

EUSTACE, O. J., Aviation Section, Signal Corps.
 FICHTEL, H., Aviation Section, Signal Corps.
 GRAETER, G., Reserve Signal Corps.
 HENDRICKS, W., Aviation Section, Signal Corps.
 HOLENSADE, D. M., Signal Officers' Reserve Corps.
 KADISON, A., Naval Reserve.
 KOSACK, E., National Guard.
 KRISTUFEK, L., U. S. Navy.
 KUKLINSKI, T. P., U. S. Navy.
 MAGUIRE, H. W., Ordnance Reserve Corps.
 MARTIN, D. W., Aviation Section, Signal Corps.
 MOJZIS, O., Aviation Section, Signal Corps.
 NAPRSTEK, F. J., Reserve Officers' Training Camp.
 REHOR, R. A., Quartermasters' Reserve Corps.
 REICHEL, R. E., Quartermasters' Reserve Corps.
 SANDS, W. C., Ordnance Reserve Corps.
 SNOOKS, L. O., Aviation Section, Signal Corps.
 VAN WYE, C. T., Ordnance Reserve Corps.
 VIX, A. B., Reserve Signal Corps.
 WALDRON, J., U. S. Navy.
 WHITEHEAD, L. S., Signal Officers' Reserve Corps.
 WILKE, C. H., U. S. Navy.
 WILSON, H. E., Aviation Section, Signal Corps.
 ZIMMERMAN, C. H., Aviation Section, Signal Corps.
 ZUMSTEG, C., National Guard.

It's Lieut.-Colonel Jewett Now

THE Company's Chief Engineer was advanced recently from the rank of Major, which he has held since last spring, to that of Lieut.-Colonel. The promotion shows that the army officials appreciate his services. Col. Jewett's host of friends in the ranks of the Company's workers will be glad to learn of his advancement.



Lieut.-Col. F. B. Jewett

News from Western Electric Men in Camp and Field



Herschel Godfrey

IN its issue of last December, the News told its readers that Herschel Godfrey, who formerly was employed in the loading coil inspection department at Hawthorne but who later enlisted in the United States Army, was on the first list of "captured or missing" sent home by General Pershing when the American forces went into the trenches.

One of the sentences in the article read thus: "We hope later reports will show that young Godfrey escaped uninjured and has merely been taken prisoner."

That hope now has been realized. Early last month word was received from France that six of the Americans captured in the first trench raid had been located in a German prison camp at Tuchel, West Prussia. One of the six was Herschel Godfrey. The Red Cross was the agency which found out what had become of the missing Americans.

Although life in a German prison camp is reported to be anything but agreeable, the news that Mr. Godfrey is still alive is most welcome. He undoubtedly will have an interesting tale to tell when he gets back after we have won the war.

A former News correspondent, Overdown Whitmire, of the Atlanta house, has received his commission and is now a First Lieutenant stationed at the Signal Office, Hoboken, N. J.



A Western Electric Telephone on the Rifle Range at Camp Logan

J. A. Laurent, another Atlanta employee, entered the Navy and is doing radio work on the U. S. S. Virginia. He says:

"My coming aboard the U. S. S. Virginia was the first time I had been to sea, and I surely had my share of sea sickness on my first cruise, but am getting real salty now, and I think I can stand a hurricane.

"Am doing splendid in my radio duties, and am sure it shall help me a lot when I return to the W. E. Co. after the war."

It took R. L. Crandell, of the General Auditor's Department in New York, only a few minutes to get acquainted with the rigors of military life when he reached Camp Wadsworth at Spartanburg, S. C., as a member of the Headquarters Company of the 107th Infantry, U. S. N. G., formerly New York's famous Seventh Regiment. Here is what he has to say about it:

"My first real work as a soldier was given to me the moment I stepped off our train as I was detailed with eight other men to load trucks with the equipment, etc., for our company. After loading a truck one man was sent back with each load to see that nothing fell by the wayside.

"As soon as the truck was unloaded, some one put an axe in my hands and said, 'If you want to sleep in a tent tonight, get busy and help cut down some of these trees and pull out the stumps.' It took us about four hours to clear enough ground for our tents. The blowing of 'Taps' that night was a waste of breath on the part of the bugler as far as our company was concerned.

"It took three more days of good, hard labor to get the ground around the tents and company street in shape and then I started my training in the awkward squad. You can well imagine my trials and tribulations for the following few weeks."

Marcus Jordan, who was employed in the Service Department in New York, is now in France with the Gas Defense Service. He says:

"I am getting along fine. We are situated in a wonderful country, fine climate and plenty to eat. I wish I could give you a description of the camp, country and present outlook, but we have a censor as you probably are aware, and I shall have to withhold all comment until I am back in New York."

Lieutenant Harry G. Pierce, a former Hawthorne employee, who is now at Camp Logan, Houston, Texas, with the 132nd Infantry, U. S. N. G., sends to the News the accompanying photograph of a Western Electric telephone in use on the rifle range. He recently was promoted to a First Lieutenancy and assigned to his old company in the regiment, Company I. Last, but by no means least, he says that he always discovers "something interesting" in the News each month.



Lieut. H. G. Pierce

Charles Powell, of the Omaha house, gives the Company representation in a branch of the military service that thus far has been neglected in the columns of the News. He is in the Army Balloon School at San Antonio, Texas, and in a letter to a friend in the Omaha house describes two flights in a balloon.

"Since a typical Texas sandstorm prevents us from taking our recreation on the gay white way, a few bulletins regarding our progress here might be in order. Have had two flights so far. The first one was very uneventful; no thrills of any kind. The day was too clear and still for excitement. The balloon rose lazily in the air, drifted off to the S. E. over cultivated country, and our landing was perfect—not even a jar.

"Yesterday was an entirely different story, however. We went directly west over a wild, barren country, covered with cactus and mesquite. A strong wind was blowing, so we moved rapidly, varying in elevation from 200 to 5,000 feet. We passed directly over Medina Lake, which was one of the prettiest sights I have ever seen. At times when we were near the ground we saw deer by the dozens and jack rabbits by the million. The deer became frantic at the sight of the balloon, and ran in every direction.

"All country in that direction is very monotonous, and we couldn't find a landing-place. We had to land, however, as our ballast was about gone, and we sure had some party. We bounced from one tree to another and finally ripped at forty feet. It was the greatest sport I have ever experienced. And to think—the Government pays us \$100 a month for doing it.

"I forgot to mention that yesterday we landed in the mountains about 60 miles from San Antonio and 25 miles from a railroad. We had to telephone San Antonio for a truck which didn't get out there until 11 P. M., and we arrived home at 4 A. M. today, after riding five hours, standing in a truck, over the worst roads you can imagine. Great sport!

"Our quarters here are good, and our meals are much better. We are all getting fat. Our work begins at 6 A. M., but we are usually through by 5 P. M. No passes are necessary, but we are expected to be back before 11 P. M. You can see several dozen aeroplanes sailing around almost any time you look up."

Private H. Pomford, who is in France with a hospital unit from Philadelphia where he was employed by the Company, has written to the News expressing his appreciation. "A recent cover," he says, "makes your mouth water as 'hot dogs' are unknown here. You can see lots of tents but no sideshows attached, and believe me, a 24-hour sunshine plant would brighten up more than a farm."

J. C. Maxon, formerly of the New York Distributing House, who enlisted in the Naval Reserve Force last September, has been commissioned an Ensign and has been assigned to the U. S. S. Jupiter.



Some Hawthorne boys at Camp Grant. Back row (left to right): Sergeant J. J. Predovich, Department 6821; J. J. Noble, 6815; Corporal V. A. Demski, 6035; F. Rudar, Installation Branch; W. B. Hopps, Installation Branch. Front row: Corporal J. Dunne, 6823; William Kapschull, 6825

There is more than one way to make yourself understood in France, according to Sergeant C. C. Graves, who writes to thank his friends in New York for his Christmas box. "We are very well treated here, but my arms ache sometimes from making signs, as I find that method better than trying to talk French when trying to buy anything," is the way he puts it.

The three sergeants from the New York Radio Company who were detached from that command at Camp Sherman and sent to the Signal Officers' Training Camp at Leon Springs, Texas, have been heard from. Harry Kloth, W. J. Gates and J. J. Gahan were the trio who were thus honored and Mr. Gahan has written to the News describing the trip to Texas. He also sent along the accompanying photograph which shows the three Western Electric boys standing under a Western Electric telephone fastened to the wall of the historic Alamo. A short extract from his letter follows:

"We have been kept very busy since our arrival here studying such things as Military Map Reading, and Sketching, Manual of Courts Martial, Field Service Regulations, and Sanitation, through which they hope to make Lieutenants of us. The longer I am here the more I realize what a nice job a Sergeant has."



A Western Electric Telephone On the Wall of the Alamo With Three W. E. Men Under It. They Are (from left to right) J. J. Gahan, H. W. Kloth, and W. J. Gates, Formerly Sergeants in the New York Radio Company, But Now Learning to Be Officers At Camp S. F. B. Morse



Sergt. C. H. Shaifer

Supply Sergeant Carl Henry Shaifer, Jr., attached to the 115th Infantry at Camp McClellan, Alabama, has written to thank his former fellow-employees in New York for the Christmas box which he received. Sergeant Shaifer has this to say about his work:

"The training here is very rigorous and one does not have very much leisure time, but it is all in the game and we must have a good knowledge of the new tactics for the work 'Over There.'

"The News has been coming to me quite regularly and I am glad to see that so many of the Western Electric men are coming to the front."



Edward F. Sundt and Edward C. Trieb, two Hawthorne Boys at Camp Grant

In the letter enclosing their picture which is printed herewith, Edward F. Sundt and Edward C. Trieb, formerly of Hawthorne, but now at Camp Grant as members of B Battery, 333rd Heavy Field Artillery, have this to say:

"Like all former Western employees we cannot forget our place of employment and naturally are interested in getting first-hand information and opinion from those who are still with the Company."

Lieutenant Bert Kaufmann, formerly of the Atlanta house, has written an interesting description of the kind of work

in the Army for which his training with the Company has fitted him.

"I have been busy installing a telephone system on the rifle range at this camp. It is a range of 200 targets and required an eighty-telephone unit. There are three firing lines—100-yard, 200-yard, 300-yard, and then the pit. Each section required twenty telephones and arranged so that the men at telephones on the firing line could talk to men at the telephones in the pit just opposite, and to no other phone. In other words, there are twenty independent lines. There is also a system in the pit running into a twelve-line switchboard so that lateral communication can be carried on, as the pit is 1,400 feet in length.

"Another range of 500, 600 and 1,000 yards was as follows: The 500 and 600-yard lines are on one range and wired with twelve terminals, while the 1,000-yard range has two phones: one at the firing line and one at the pit. I used all Western Electric material in carrying out this work, and fifty camp telephones of W. E. make are used to communicate.

"The range has been operating for two weeks, and I am required to see that all lines are in operation each day before firing commences."

Forrest Wall, who is at Camp Gordon, has written to his friends at the Atlanta house and tells them in his letter that he always enjoys reading his copy of the News.

Richmond is represented this month in the Soldiers' and Sailors' Department by a letter from one of the latter clan, C. H. Clarke, who is in the Naval Reserve and is stationed on the U. S. S. Maggie at Cape Charles, Va. He writes about life in the Navy in an interesting manner.

"We get up every morning, except Sunday, at 6 A. M. and have exercise, or, as we call it, 'monkey drill.' At 7:30 we have breakfast, and at 8 o'clock we have muster; then to work until 11:30. At 12 we have dinner and at 1 we muster again; then to work again until 4:30. At 5 o'clock we have supper.

"After that time until 9 o'clock, when we have to turn in or to bed, the time is ours. We wash or mend our clothes, write letters or anything we wish to do.

"Washing clothes is not a bad job after all—not half as hard as I thought.

"We sleep on a large house-boat and work on the island, which is about a mile and a half from the mainland. We have a large Y. M. C. A. building here on the island, where we have entertainments, books to read, writing material and moving pictures about three nights every week. If there were no Y. M. C. A. or Red Cross things would not be quite as bright for us fellows as they are, for they both try to make everything like home as near as possible.

"We also have a small store here, run by (Old Man Sam) the government, where we can buy candy, tobacco, soap—in fact, most anything we need that is not furnished us.

"The officers here are all as nice to us as they can be. We get liberty to go to the mainland every other night when there is good weather, but of course we have not had much liberty for the last month on account of the ice."

Gus Otto, who was employed in the Pole Department at 195 Broadway but who now is a seaman on the George Washington, one of the German liners which were converted into transports, visited the General Offices in New York one day last month. He had just returned from a trip to France, and said that although he had to work hard he managed to enjoy life in the service.



C. H. Clarke



A trio of Western Electric soldiers from the Cincinnati house. On the left, H. J. Springmeier, Co. E., 808th Engineers, Camp Sherman, Ohio; in the center, Clem. Schwendeman, 386th Machine Gun Battalion, Camp Pike, Ark.; and on the right, C. H. Hamilton, 136th Field Artillery, Camp Sheridan, Ala.





De Long Murray

First of all Pacific Coast Western Electric men to land in France is De Long Murray, formerly of the San Francisco Central Stock Department, more recently doing his bit at Camp Lewis, Washington, and at present serving with the 2nd Engineers, United States Regular Army, "over there." Or *la bas*, as Dee would say, for it was his acquired and inherited knowledge of French that put him in the vanguard of Western Electric men in actual service. Here is his last letter, headed by the thrilling "Somewhere in France":

"I am now in France with the Second Engineers, and find it very interesting. Had a very rough trip across the Atlantic, but managed to eat every meal without feeding the fish.

"We stayed in New York for two weeks only, and was glad to leave it. The weather seemed much colder there than here in France, where there are snow and ice. I will never forget the *prize* winds that blew across Long Island."

Corporal Charles L. Caprata, Company C, 348rd Infantry, Camp Grant, who used to work in the piece part scheduling department at Hawthorne, tells an interesting yarn which he says is extremely popular with the boys at Camp Grant. Here is the story, followed by a few words about himself:

"Here is a joke which is very popular: 'A company of colored soldiers were standing in line and did not execute a certain exercise properly, and the officer in charge was heard to say: "Now, when I say 'Eyes Right' I want to hear all dem eyes click.'"

"In civil life I have been somewhat of a drummer, and played with many bands and orchestras in Chicago. A short time ago I played with our 348rd Infantry Regimental Band on account of the regular drummer's absence. I have submitted my name and qualifications to the 811th Field Signal Corps Battalion, and if I am accepted I know it will be due to my four years' experience with the Western Electric Company."

E. A. Brehm, who formerly was a First Lieutenant in the Equipment Division of the Ordnance Department, has been advanced to a Captaincy in the same branch of the service.

His experience with the Company is helping Private Fred A. Gritzner, of Battery A, 809th Heavy Artillery, at Camp Dix, N. J. He is a former Hawthorne boy and writes as follows:

"The News is quite welcome, as I still have the interests of the electrical game at heart, especially in the branches of telephony and wireless telegraphy, the latter being my hobby. As I was assigned to heavy Field Artillery, I decided at first to immediately transfer to the Signal Corps, but upon a thorough investigation I found that there is more of a chance of getting into the electrical branch of the service by being in the battery commander's detail than I might when placed 'somewhere' by the Signal Corps. We have not gotten our six-inch Howitzers yet, but are practising on three-inch guns, and it sure does keep the B. C. detail working just to get the signaling and firing data so as to 'speak the language fluently.' While the detail is not formed as yet, I am acting buzzer operator No. 1, or telephone corporal, and, of course, with my 'Western' experience, coupled with my electrical studies and amateur radio work, I expect to do things along this line after a while."



F. L. Gritzner

R. Z. Silcock, formerly of the Engineering Department in New York, writes from a southern training camp. He tells how his Western Electric Christmas box introduced him to one of his chums.

"I received the Christmas box and the News some time ago, but am sorry to say that I haven't had time to answer or acknowledge them. It sure did seem good to read the good old News once again. The box was a dandy one, and brought smiles to many faces.

"You may wonder at this last statement of mine, so I will explain. Of course it is needless to say that my face was the first to break the smile. You know that I do not use tobacco, so rather than store it up I passed it around. As I did so I explained where it came from. One fellow, William Schultz by name, exclaimed as I told him: 'Oh, so you are one of the "Bell" boys, too?' That was all the introduction necessary. And, as I understand it, he is employed by the Bell Telephone of Philadelphia.

"It is strange how you seem to feel so friendly toward the fellows of the good old Company. Schultz and I have had many good times together, and often sit talking of the different things of interest in both houses. We do sort of relay work. First he will tell me of something in the Philadelphia house, then I will tell him of the West Street house. We sure are good company for one another. This life is a fine one. The longer I stay the better I like it."

Five of Hawthorne's Soldiers

Four of the five are members of infantry regiments at Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill., the National Army cantonment for the district which includes Chicago. The fifth man in the group, S. S. Flaga, is enrolled in the Second Company of Military Police at Camp Logan, Houston, Texas.



Frank Miller



Corp. C. L. Caprata



S. S. Flaga



Sergt. H. E. Beggs



H. H. Sheckler

Five More Soldiers from Hawthorne



Sergt. E. E. Maager,
481st Infantry



Capt. J. E. Dolan,
Medical Res. Corps



E. F. Schulthess,
124th Field Artillery



Lieut. A. S. Bailey,
Medical Res. Corps



Corp. R. H. Schwab,
Ordnance Department

Two Western Electric men from Hawthorne, Corporal Robert H. Schwab and William H. Johnson are members of Company L, Det. Div., A. O., B. D., F., at Camp Dodge, Iowa. The following excerpts from a letter from Corporal Schwab may help the readers of the NEWS to discover what all those symbols mean:

"I enlisted in Chicago December 7th in the Ordnance Corps for the Base Depot in France. Was sent to Columbus Barracks, Ohio, where they issued me clothes and gave me a few scratches in the arm, also a nice jab in the back, as the boys call it, which is known as vaccination and inoculation to give idea how it is to be stuck with a bayonet. After staying in Columbus a week was finally ordered to move, and the place designated was Camp Dodge, where I am now for the time being, where I also received three more jabs in the back and another scratch in the arm. Outside of that am all right. But it has me thinking now that they must have thought I enlisted as a human pin cushion.

"When here a few days was made an acting corporal on account of previous service down the border with Company K in the Second Regiment. I do not think there will be any permanent appointments made, as is said, until we get to our permanent camp, which, as far as I know, is in France, according to my enlistment papers, which stated American Ordnance, Base Depot, France. In other words, signed up for a boat ride across the big pond, which is coming to me when Uncle Sam gets ready to give it, for like all camps of this kind, it's the same thing: some drilling, sleeping and eating, which, after a while becomes monotonous, so I am looking forward to the final move on this side and to see some of that real action they have 'Over There.'"

Arthur Gent, who was employed in the engineering department in New York, is now at the Aerial Gunnery Instruction School, Elling Field, Houston, Texas. He has this to say for himself:

"I have been put into a squadron of 300 fellows, consisting of draughtsmen, mechanics and engineers. We are to go to school for six weeks and learn the instruction of machine guns. At the end of six weeks we are to pass an examination for an instructor, to be sent throughout the country. I understand we will have seven hours a day for study.

"We are in tents with wooden floors, and the four sides are wooden partitions, with a stove to burn wood at night to keep warm. This place is 100 per cent. better than Kelly Field. There are no sand storms, but we are having a little rain now and then. This field is composed of advanced flyers. Some of them fly at night."

London House Helps Its Soldiers

The Social Committee held its first social and dance of the season in the factory mess room on Friday evening last, December 14. The proceeds of the social (amounting to over £20) will be devoted to an Old Comrades Fund. The purpose of this fund is to help members of the Western Electric Company, Ltd., London, who may be temporarily embarrassed whilst home on leave through pay books not arriving to time. On other occasions a Western man might be sent home wounded. Upon learning of this the Committee would send him a small present of some sort with the best wishes of the employees.

The idea of the fund originated from a member of the Social Committee and the employees have taken up the idea with avidity. The fund will be administered by a small committee representing all employees, and red tape and any idea of "charity" will be entirely eliminated from the Committee's program. As soon as the fund drops below a certain figure it will be up to the Social Committee to organize another entertainment to bring the fund up to the original figure.

F. Martin, head of Operating Branch, presided at the social and announced, amid acclamation, that the Company had decided to buy a piano for the use of the operators during day and night shift meal times. This is a real boon. The operators, especially female, require some relaxation during the night meal times. The piano belongs to the Company, and is in the care of the Social Committee.

The credit of the success of the social is mainly due to the real hard work put in by the secretary of the Social Committee, W. F. Henderson, Shop Stores Department, and we are hoping that each successive social will turn out equally well.

H. B., London.



To Be Awarded in March

| | |
|--|----------|
| FORTY YEARS | |
| Perlewitz, G. E., Hawthorne, 6377..... | March 15 |
| THIRTY YEARS | |
| Hefele, F. A., Hawthorne, 6836..... | March 12 |
| TWENTY-FIVE YEARS | |
| Berquist, C., Hawthorne, 5540..... | March — |
| Luty, W., Hawthorne, 6801..... | " |
| TWENTY YEARS | |
| Anderson, F. E., New York..... | March 24 |
| Harney, J., New York..... | " 10 |
| FIFTEEN YEARS | |
| Caraher, F. M., Chicago..... | March 16 |

| | |
|---|---------|
| Clark, Minnie, Hawthorne, 6820..... | March 2 |
| McDonough, J., Hawthorne, 6619..... | " 2 |
| Hroch, J., Hawthorne, 6345..... | " 4 |
| Chamberlin, H. F., Hawthorne, 6161..... | " 14 |
| Kleinschmidt, G., Hawthorne, 6640..... | " 23 |
| Strolli, C., Hawthorne, 5351..... | " 24 |
| Hynes, J., Hawthorne, 9505..... | " 31 |

| | |
|--------------------------------------|---------|
| TEN YEARS | |
| Drury, E. E., Denver..... | March 8 |
| Risley, G. W., Hawthorne, 9505..... | " 11 |
| Ford, U. S., Hawthorne, 6502..... | " 16 |
| Kucharczyk, J., Hawthorne, 6315..... | " 19 |
| Wojtion, M., Hawthorne, 5850..... | " 19 |
| Berndt, A., Hawthorne, 6815..... | " 26 |
| Ely, W. K., Philadelphia..... | " 26 |

Who They Are

G. E. Perlewitz



G. E. Perlewitz came near being responsible for a murder a few years ago at the time when the Company inaugurated the service-badge practice. The News had prepared a nice display page, showing Mr. Perlewitz as one of the six men credited with a service of over 35 years in the Company, and what did the

doggoned printer do but put the wrong name under George's picture. We started out to commit murder, but the printer proved to be a large and ferocious-appearing man with a decided objection to furnishing the chief attraction at a coroner's inquest, so we let him live that time.

But woe be to the printer who gets the name wrong this time! For Mr. Perlewitz is due to receive a six-star service button this month, commemorating 40 years of continuous service. We don't get a chance to feature a service of that length every month and we don't intend to have the featuring spoiled this time.

Mr. Perlewitz started in the switchboard department of the old Western Electric Manufacturing Company when the total force numbered less than one hundred. He is a first-class, all-around machinist and worked on all sorts of jobs in the early days, when departments were not so specialized as they are now. Even now, however, Hawthorne needs all-around men for its special apparatus work and that is where Mr. Perlewitz shines. He is in Jobbing Department No. 2, where his experience and skill are put to good account. Incidentally, as he puts it, there is no mildew on him yet, despite his 40 years of service.

F. Hefele



If the Government wants the boys in the training camps to learn the quickest and most efficient way of bursting through barbed wire entanglements it should engage F. Hefele to train them, for Frank has had plenty of experience at the game. At least it was plenty for him. He was one of the party that

went "over the top" from Joe Wildbore's automobile down in Indiana a couple of years ago, completely ruining several sections of barbed-wire fence, not to mention sundry damage to their own persons. But that was censored news for a long time and perhaps the ban is not yet lifted, so we had better change the subject, especially since we can do so without your noticing it. All that is necessary is to slip back one generation in the Wildbore family.

Mr. Hefele began work for the Company in the screw-machine department of the old New York shops under Joe Wildbore's father. In those days they called the machines "monitor lathes," but there were not enough of them to object, no matter what they were called. Frank has seen the department grow to many times its original size and has followed it around on numerous moves, including the big jump to Hawthorne in 1909, which probably will be its last move for many years to come. Mr. Hefele is assistant foreman of the department, with which he has been associated for 30 years. He gets his four-star button this month. At least he is down on the list to get it on March 12, and as the Indiana roads are not alluring enough to tempt the automobilists out at this season, he is sure to be on hand to get this badge.

W. Luety



There's no trick at all to refinishing that old scratched table top. Just rub off all the old varnish with fine sandpaper, brush off the dust carefully and flow the varnish on. Then after it is thoroughly dry scratch it up again and send for a real wood finisher. Perhaps he'll never suspect that you tried to do

it yourself first.

Wood finishing, as you will know by now, is considerable of an art, and a man who can do it well enough to pass Western Electric inspectors for over a score of years can sit right up among the best in the trade. William Luety is that man. Twenty-five years ago he started in the wood-working department at the old Clinton Street shops. He has remained in the wood-working department ever since and is now a sub-foreman in the switchboard wood-working department at Hawthorne.

C. Bergquist



Strangers entering the main gate at Hawthorne are often somewhat startled to feel the earth shaking under their feet in a rhythmic trembling, timed by a dull "thud, thud, thud." To satisfy their curiosity regarding this miniature earthquake we take them into the blacksmith shop and show them one of

the huge steam hammers squashing a big piece of iron flatter than a Hawthorne-ite in a Forty-eighth Avenue street car.

Now when C. Bergquist first became one of the Company's blacksmiths back in the old Clinton Street shops it was not so easy to shape the heavy work. In those days two or three, or even more, men grouped themselves around the anvil with big sledge hammers, each striking in turn with such a nicety of timing that you would have thought they ran by clock work. It was all very pretty to watch, but so is a steam hammer, for that matter, and it seems that, in spite of changes and modern inventions, the romance will never be lost out of blacksmithing. Not the least of this romance is the fact that men of Mr. Bergquist's age are able to hold their own at the heavy work required in the trade, when men of the same years in other walks of life are good for practically no physical exertion more strenuous than acting as chauffeur of the big easy chair.

Mr. Bergquist gets a 25-year service button this month.

John Harney

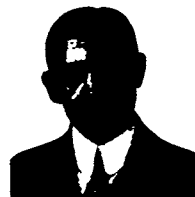


There is a slight dispute about the date on which John Harney began to work for the Company. The records say March 10, 1898, and John says it was March 8. "But what difference do two days make in twenty years?" he adds. Ever since March 8 or 10, 1898, John has been keeping busy at West

Street. He is a porter, cleaner and sort of general handyman, and everybody around the building knows him. During his score of years of service John has worked in various parts of the building, but now confines his activities to Section 8-G. He was the first man to handle the pig lead in the old days when Patterson cable was made in the New York shop.

John lives over in South Brooklyn and likes it so well that he never has taken the trouble to move nearer to his job. "It was pretty cold coming over this winter," he says, "but I managed to stand it. Once upon a time one of his bosses was transferred to Hawthorne and tried to take John along, but it was no go. South Brooklyn and West Street were good enough for him.

F. E. Anderson



It was out in Chicago at the Clinton Street plant on March 24, 1898, that F. E. Anderson began to work for the Company. Testing relays and subscribers sets constituted his duties at first. Later he did some office work and finally engaged in installation and switchboard wiring. This work took

him about the country a bit, but in 1901 he settled down in the engineering department. He stayed there until 1908 when he was transferred to New York where he has been since. At present he is doing circuit designing. Mr. Anderson is a resident of Newark, N. J.

E. P. Warner Dies

One of the Company's pioneers, E. P. Warner, died in a Los Angeles hospital on February 4. Mr. Warner, who at the time of his death was on the pension list, entered the employment of the Company in 1872, and retired on July 11, 1910, after thirty-eight years and one month of service.

For many years Mr. Warner, who had a technical training, was associated with the development of the power apparatus arc light end of the Company's business. When he retired he was engaged in sales work.

At the time he died Mr. Warner was 77 years of age. Funeral services were held in Los Angeles on Feb. 6.



J. Hrock



C. Strollé



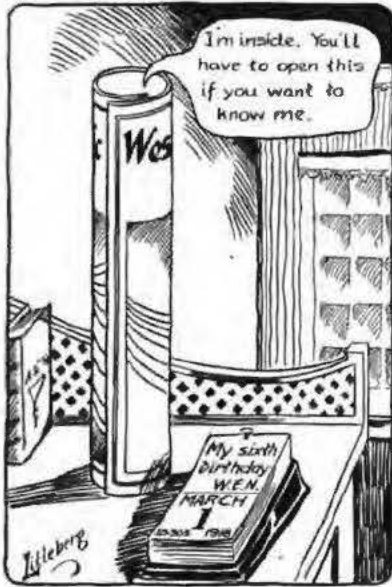
G. Kleinschmidt



F. M. Caraher

A Quartette
of Fifteen
Year Men

Who's Who at Hawthorne



Who each month hops a west-bound freight for Hawthorne's wide domains? (Gets in at times some three weeks late, but war is—[exactly what Sherman called it]—on trains.) Who passes out the latest yarn about some Western man, and never gives a red-wool darn because it gets his nan? Who kindly gives us lots of dope on how things work, and

why? (We'd almost bet a quarter "rope" we'll know things by and by.) Who'd certainly be called well read? (That gives it dead away.) We might as well have gone and said, "THE NEWS." It's six today.

Everybody in Hawthorne Has Noticed It Now

Editor W. E. News:

Dear Sir:

I notice in the Directory that although the Financial Department is 5050, the Cashier's Department is 5052, and that I am not in on it. How shall I go about getting my share?
SHAN.

Must Be a New Puzzle Picture

On the last page of the February News there appeared a group picture of Hawthorne's Police Force; below it, the roster of the Company's officers. We sought, but we sought them vainly in the photograph. What's the idea?*

W. A. W., New York.

* Can't you tell a policeman from an officer?—Ed.

Hawthorne Jobbing Division Plays Pool

The mid-winter pool tournament of the jobbing divisions and associated departments have somehow been overlooked by the newspapers. O. Wittenberg scored 587 points in seven games, which was the highest score made by any of the 21 contestants. The total points made by all in the seven games was 5529½. The final fraction represents a miscue by J. Benz, the originator of the tournament.

A department championship also was held. In the semi-finals Oehring and Werner, of department 6874, met Wittenberg and McLaughlin of the inspection department. The latter won two out of the three games played, thereby annexing the championship. The winners probably will be charged a double entry fee in the next event.

Philadelphia House Bowlers Win Industrial League Title

The Western Electric Bowling Team, of Philadelphia, won the championship of the Industrial Bowling League of that city recently. This League is made up of the industrial teams of the city and the race was a close one, the Western Electric winning but by one game only.

Too much cannot be said for the teamwork of the men. Besides taking first place, they also captured the prizes for individual first, second high three games and also individual high single games, and each man and team was within the first ten.

The team is anxious to arrange a match with any of the nearby Western Electric houses. Any other house that has any bowlers is invited to send in its acceptance to this challenge.

When Grant Meets Grant



Is Hudson Henry or Is Henry Hudson?

The photograph above will set at rest the fears of Harry Grant's friends in Chicago who have been discovering items in sales reports which indicated that he had been commandeered as a salesman by the New York house. Strange though it may seem, Harry Grant is not the only H. L. Grant in the world, or even in the Western Electric Company. The other H. L. Grant (Hudson L.), a salesman for the New York house, is the man on the left and Harry L. is on the right. The Woolworth tower is also in the picture.



A. M. Henderer L. M. Miller W. B. De Forest E. A. Hawkins J. H. Gleason A. C. McLean F. W. Cherry

Bert Hawkins in the Chair

A goodly number of farm-lighting specialists and General Electric engineers joined Bert Hawkins in braving the terrors of 1918 railroad travel and conferred at Chicago recently.

Much worth-while palaver was indulged in and a world-beating direct-connected Western Electric Power and

Light Outfit for the farm was exhibited to admiring on-lookers, among whom E. W. Rockefeller was not the least admiring.

Our staff artist, self-styled, sketched some of the conferees. The sketches are here reproduced. They are labeled for purposes of further identification.

Impressions of Chicago, January, 1918

In a Hotel Bedroom

A printed sign in bold display
Does warn the guest
To keep the window shut 'gainst winter's cold.
Yet, wanting air the while he sleeps,
The guest most calmly and in innocence
Throws open the window to the night.
He sleeps.
A tinkling bell
At the appointed hour awakes the guest
To arctic cold and darkest dawn—

'Tis seven of the clock and yet not light
But—
In the room, the cold and dark are not alone,
Of coal gas taint and cinders
There's admixture;
Like unto passing through a tunnel in a train.
Hair, visage, counterpane, rugs, dresser—
All do yield enough of coal bituminous
To ease the labors
Of a harried fuel administrator.

In a Douglass Park "L" Train

Through early morning mist and smoky pall
That hide the sun,
The visitor, new to Chicago,
Gropes his way to find the "L."
Once there
He boards a train for Hawthorne.
Within the first car he does seat himself;
Yet soon
The air, if such it be,
Grows heavy with a scent
Of underdone tobacco.
It goes not hence
For here the arctic cold has caused
The ventilators to be sealed.
He leaves the smoker
And ensconces his air-hungry self
Within the second car, next to what once
Had been a window.
A window, yes in sooth, but thick encrusted
With a dingy frost
That yieldeth ill to a determined rubbing,
Yet with a perseverance born of hope
A space is cleared
As water tower and power house stacks
Burst into view.
Once in the street and in the ozoned air
The cold makes numb a finger of one hand,
And this the cause:
The fabric of the glove has vanished;
Gone, alas, as tribute to three-quarters of an hour
Of window cleaning.

In the Loop

By day,
Streets
Swept by icy, moisture-laden winds.
Streets
Covered by a heavy coating
Inky black and yielding to the feet.
The natives claim it to be
Snow.
Perhaps it is; I did not see it fall.
Streets
Lined with buildings of a dingy hue
That, with the smoke pall
And the ever dropping, dropping, dropping
Cinders
Defy the sun's rays to fight through
And make day cheerful.
Streets
So dark that when the night descends
Do seem so little darker than they were before
That one can scarce remark the passing of
The day.
Streets
Upon which there abut
Dark, noisome alleys, fear-inspiring.
Streets
Upon which—
So the papers say—
Chicago cops, a full five hundred strong,
Are now patrolling armed with rifles
To allay a wave of crime.
Gosh!
I'm glad I'm back again
In New York.

W. A. W., New York.

Western Electric Company

H. B. Thayer, President; H. A. Halligan, Vice-President; W. P. Sidley, Vice-President and General Counsel; A. L. Salt, Vice-President and General Purchasing Agent; Gerard Swope, Vice-President and General Sales Manager; H. F. Albright, Vice-President and General Superintendent; J. W. Johnston, Treasurer; F. B. Jewett, Chief Engineer; G. C. Pratt, Secretary; R. H. Gregory, Comptroller; C. E. Scribner, Consulting Engineer.

Office of publication and address of President, Secretary, and Treasurer, 195 Broadway, New York City

THIRD LIBERTY LOAN

Campaign Begins April 6

FIRST LOAN

5,596 Employees, or 18 Per Cent. of the Total Number, Subscribed

\$399,700



SECOND LOAN

12,447 Employees, or 42 Per Cent. of the Total Number, Subscribed

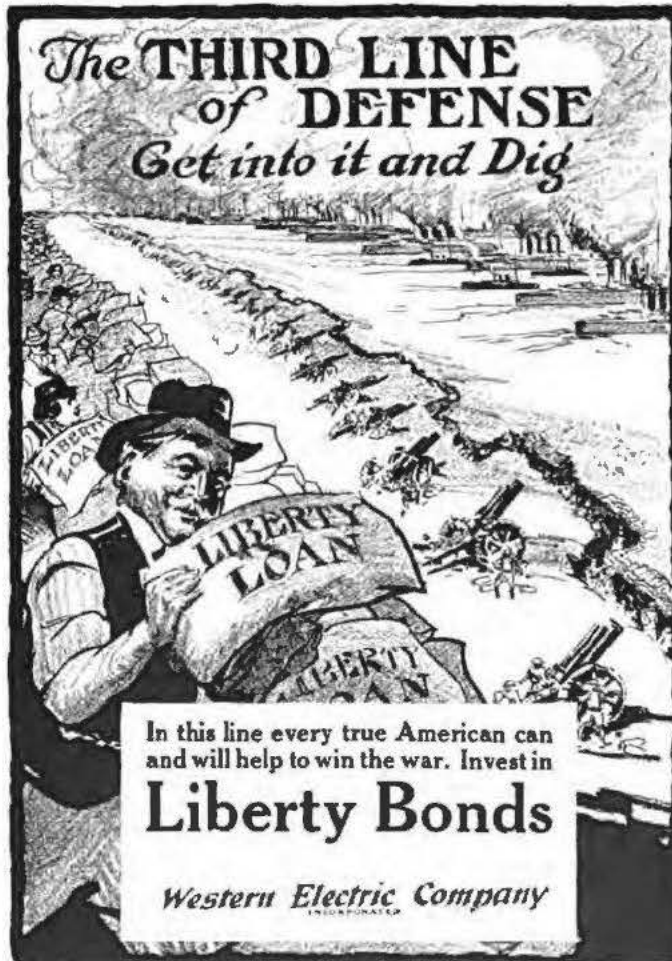
\$875,350

Third Loan—Bigger, But How Much?

Everyone In It

The Company will make the same arrangements to enable employees to purchase the bonds that it made in the case of the first two Liberty Loans. The figures printed above show that more than a million and a quarter dollars have been subscribed thus far by Western Electric employees. Better yet, they show that the number of employees who bought bonds of the first loan was more than doubled when the call for the second loan came, and that the amount subscribed showed an even greater proportionate increase.

There are more than 30,000 employees now. Let's make the participation in the Third Liberty Loan a 100 per cent. affair.



The **THIRD LINE**
of **DEFENSE**
Get into it and Dig

LIBERTY LOAN

In this line every true American can and will help to win the war. Invest in
Liberty Bonds

Western Electric Company

How to Do It

Those who wish to buy their bonds through the Company may do so by making payments of \$1 per week for fifty successive weeks for each \$50 worth of bonds subscribed for. These weekly payments will be deducted from the employee's wages before he is paid. The bonds will be delivered when fully paid for.

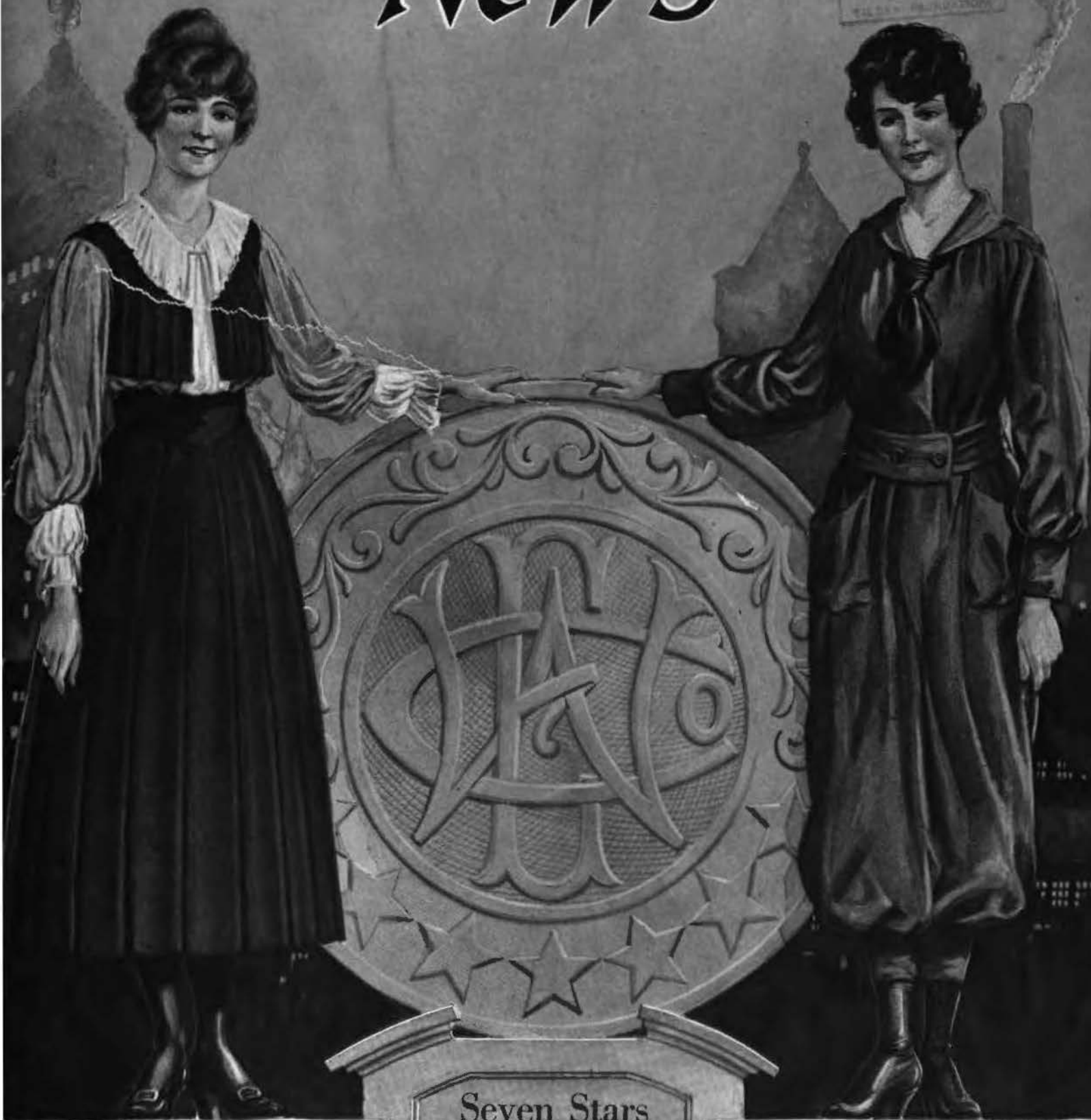
Cards will be distributed among the employees, and after being filled out should be handed to the foremen or department chiefs who will see that they are properly forwarded.

In the case of monthly rated employees the sum of \$5 per month will be deducted from their salaries for ten successive months for each \$50 bond.

to find a gap

Western Electric News

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION



VOL. VII, NO. 2

Seven Stars
1873-1918

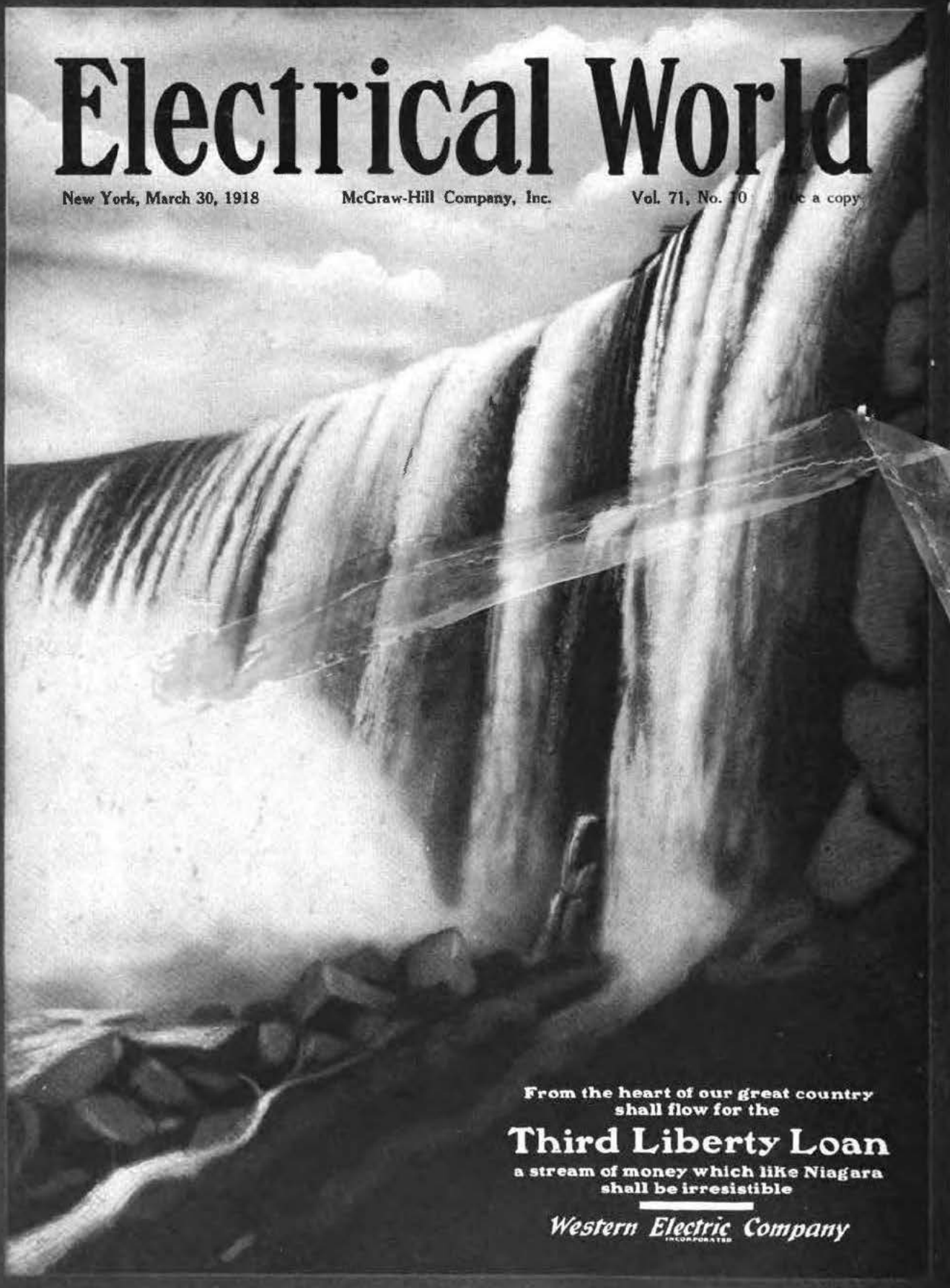
APRIL, 1918

Electrical World

New York, March 30, 1918

McGraw-Hill Company, Inc.

Vol. 71, No. 10 One a copy



From the heart of our great country
shall flow for the

Third Liberty Loan

a stream of money which like Niagara
shall be irresistible

Western Electric Company
INCORPORATED

This advertisement to back up the Liberty Loan appears on the cover of the "Electrical World" for March 30th. This and similar advertisements are being used in place of the Company's usual displays.

Western Electric News



BOARD OF EDITORS

Editor: P. J. Thomson *Assistant Editors:* William Jabine and Reed Calvin
Associate Editors: W. F. Hendry, W. E. Leigh, S. W. Murkland, E. C. Estep, H. D. Agnew, S. S. Holmes, F. W. Willard, M. A. Curran

Subscription: \$1.50 per year, except to employees of the Western Electric Company, to whom copies are furnished free of charge. All communications and contributions should be addressed to WESTERN ELECTRIC NEWS, 195 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Matter intended for any given issue must reach New York not later than the 12th of the preceding month.

VOLUME VII

APRIL, 1918

NUMBER 2

Seven Stars

IT takes a long, long time to win a service button with seven stars on it—a span of forty-five years is represented by the constellation on the service button reproduced on the cover of this issue of the *News*. That button belongs collectively to the host of faithful Western Electric women who, ever since 1878, have been contributing their share to the success which the Company has achieved in its chosen fields of business endeavor.

It was in that year that the first woman employee found a place on the payroll. Her name was Miss Sarah Adlum, and her first work consisted of winding magnets at the old Kinzie Street shop in Chicago. No doubt there were many grave conferences and much mournful shaking of heads when she first made her appearance, because that sort of thing always has greeted the pioneers of the feminine sex in their long upward climb, but any doubt and misgivings that may have been expressed then can be disposed of now by a mere statement of the number of women now employed by the Company. It is 8,363, and as the total number of employees is 30,723, the magnitude of the service rendered by the women is not hard to understand.

But a word or two more about Miss Adlum, the first of the thousands. It is known that she later was transferred to the insulating room where she worked for a number of years. The old cut reproduced on this page shows what the insulating room looked like in the early days, and Miss Adlum may be one of those in the picture.



The Insulating Room in the Early Days. From An Old Copy of the Chicago Tribune

There is nothing to prove that she isn't anyway. Of the manner of her going history records that she forsook the Company for the same reason that a multitude of the girls who followed her gave up their jobs. In a word, she got married, and the man who provided this bit of ancient history also stated that she married "very happily."

So much for the beginnings of the feminine invasion, an invasion which has done so well that one cannot help wondering how the

Company got along before 1878. But when one discovers that the Company actually made money before that eventful year, the mystery deepens.

But to proceed. It isn't exactly an easy task and one is tempted to drop back into history again, because trying to cram into a few pages a comprehensive picture of the service that the women of the Western Electric Company are rendering, it a great big job, and a job which requires considerable diplomacy as well.

What follows is an attempt to show what sort of women work for the Company, what kind of work they do, and how they do it. To the reader it probably will seem as though it contains too much about the women of the general departments at 195 Broadway, New York, and too little about the host of women in the distributing houses and at Hawthorne.

That criticism is justified, but the *News* has a good excuse. First, the women of the general departments ought to be a fairly representative lot, no better and no



Miss A. A. Marratt

worse than their Western Electric sisters in other parts of the country. If they are not like the others it is time to discover that fact, because they ought to be.

Second, the writer of this article moves, lives and has his being during the working hours of each day at 195 Broadway, and it took him only a short time to discover that the girls who work in that marble palace possess about all the virtues and good qualities that one could hope to find among the Company's feminine employees. If any distributing house, or Hawthorne's host, can produce anything better in that particular line, the News will be glad to print a full account of it in a future issue. For the present it will stand pat on the theory that, by telling what has been learned about the girls at 195 Broadway, it will provide for its readers a pretty good cross section of the women workers of the Western Electric Company wherever they may be.

It might be a good idea to begin with the secretaries, of which there are a whole flock in the general departments. Those who know about such things declare that every stenographer wants to be a secretary, and accepting that statement as true, the News is going to show just how it is done. This demonstration consists of a résumé of the attributes of a good secretary written by one of the Company's sisters of that distinguished order, which appears on another page.

Some ambitious youngster who reads the article just mentioned may ask what she will find to make her work more pleasant if she succeeds in reaching her goal. It is easy to answer that question, or better yet, to produce a couple of girls who will do the talking. One of them is Miss A. A. Marratt, who is Mr. Swope's secretary, and the following words about a little ramble half way around the world may serve to show that being a secretary has some tangible advantages. Of course she worked, and worked hard, while she was away, but even then she won't deny that she thoroughly enjoyed that trip, and wouldn't object a bit if Mr. Swope should go to the ends of the earth again and find when he got there that he needed her assistance. She says:

worse than their Western Electric sisters in other parts of the country. If they are not like the others it is time to discover that fact, because they ought to be.

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"I left New York on August 24, on the fast train, spent half a day in Chicago, and several hours at St. Paul. I then proceeded via Canadian Pacific, through the Canadian Rockies, arriving at Vancouver three days later, where we spent a day and a half, embarking on the *Empress of Asia* on August 30. I arrived in Yokohama on September 10, leaving the following morning for Peking, China, which journey was overland and took four and a half days. We spent five weeks in China, returning, over the same route, to Tokyo, getting there on the evening of October 25. Spent five weeks in Tokyo, and sailed for home on the same boat, *Empress of Asia*, on the first day of December. Disembarked at Victoria, and returned home by a different route, taking the C., M. & St. P. as far as Chicago."

The other secretary had a chance to be right in the thick of things last summer when the nation's great war machine was getting under way. It was the hardest kind of work that Miss Alice Heacock did down in Washington, but despite the long hours of steady grinding, she wouldn't exchange that experience for as many days of ease. She has written a few words about her work while in Washington, which are printed in another part of this issue of the News.

If there were space enough, things just as interesting could be told about the other secretaries, but those mentioned simply are selected as samples of the secretarial sisterhood, pretty good samples, too.

Business is business, and in these days business is efficiency, but nevertheless successful business demands a plentiful admixture of good, wholesome human nature.

The Company has a goodly quantity of that commodity and, among the women, no one better typifies all that the phrase implies than Mrs. Mabel Wilkins. On the records you will find her listed as head of the Correspondence Division, but that title is most inadequate. True, she runs that division most efficiently and smoothly, which is no mean task, but she does far more. She might fittingly be described as the Big Sister of the girls at 195 Broadway.

Each new girl goes to her when applying for a position, and ever after she



Mrs. Mabel Wilkins



Miss Mary C. Keep, Chief Telephone Operator at Broadway, and Her Staff. Those in the Photograph Are: Miss Margaret Lowney, the Youngest Girl in the General Departments; Miss Keep, Miss Agnes Crawley, Miss Alice Liedeck, Miss Alice Wright, Miss Masie Burke, Miss Sophia Trevasia



Miss Lucy Thoms

A West Street Trio: Miss A. S. Scherr,
Miss A. J. Boylan, Miss M. M. Johnson

Miss K. McIntyre

SOME WESTERN ELECTRIC SECRETARIES

counts Mrs. Wilkins as one of her firm friends. Sickness or almost any form of trouble soon brings Mrs. Wilkins to the scene, and her helpful sympathy and good counsel have bridged over many a crisis. And she doesn't wait to be called either; if she happens to notice that a girl looks ill or is overworking she soon lets the girl's superior know about it. Many a man may be too busy to realize that one of his subordinates is not well, and thanks Mrs. Wilkins when she steps up and tells him about it. Feminine eyes, and especially such clear-sighted eyes as hers, see much which escape the notice of mere men. There are others like her scattered throughout the Company's houses and factories, and they do a work the value of which can not be measured in the cold terms which business is compelled to use to mark its progress.

There are other positions in which the service rendered by the women who occupy them is incalculable. Take for example the Company's telephone operators, who form an inevitable point of contact between the Company and so many of those with whom it deals. In order that Broadway won't think it has a monopoly, the News presents Miss Paula Fenesy, of the Pittsburgh house, whose fame has been recorded in the columns of the News in the past. Those who know the Pittsburgh house insist that Miss Fenesy is one of its greatest assets; there are many customers who just won't deal with anyone else when they have business there. As for mere managers, Miss Fenesy has watched a whole series of them come and go without affecting the serenity of the establishment, but, if she should depart, what a hubbub there would be! As said before, Miss Fenesy is given only as an example. Miss Keep in New York, Miss Fries in Chicago, Miss M. Condon at Hawthorne, and a score of others keep many an impatient customer on the Company's books by the skill and tact which they manage

their switchboards and the girls who operate them.

A group of girls who should be mentioned here are those who are holding clerical positions formerly held by men. The war workers in the shops at Hawthorne who also are taking men's places are described in another article. At Broadway, however, one encounters a girl doing a man's work wherever he may turn, and many of them have a most convincing way of proving it. They can tell the name of the man whose shoes they are filling, and offer a chance to verify their statements by rattling off the information that he is now in Camp So and So. The rush to the colors gave many girls the chance to show that they could do a man's work and do it well.

For instance, the accounting department has seven girls who are performing tasks for which men formerly were employed, the foreign sales department has half a dozen, the mailing department has four or five and so it goes throughout the building. The chief clerk in the advertising department used to be a man, now that position is held by a woman. In all kinds of clerical work, in the compiling of statistics, in messenger service and in a number of other ways the girls at Broadway have proved that when the men went to war they left behind women who were able to take up the burden.

Everything thus far has been about work, and it wouldn't do to let anyone think that the Western Electric girls are a lot of galley slaves who never have time to care about anything but their jobs. It wouldn't do to let anyone think that, because it isn't true, and the News can prove that it is false.

Take as the first example Miss M. C. Keep, the chief telephone operator at Broadway. She doesn't have time to rest when she gets back to her home in Jersey City after her day's work. A good share of her evenings is occupied with settlement work, a labor of love which she began by playing the piano for the



Five Girls in the Mailing Department, Two of Whom Are Taking Men's Places. (From Left to Right) Front Row—Miss G. Young, Miss M. Carlson; Back Row—Miss A. Zindell, Miss B. Balling, Miss M. Sherry

boys and girls who wanted to dance at a settlement house which she chanced to visit one night.

Another girl who fills up her evenings in an equally strenuous way is Miss Lillian Wendemuth, who takes courses in New York University whenever she has a little spare time on her hands.

And how many other industrial organizations can boast of a dancer of the ability of Miss Emily Halley? The members of the Western Electric Engineers' Club know how good a dancer she is because she danced for them at their annual entertainment in December, but in order that the other Western Electric employees may see what she can do as a rhythmic dancer, the News prints her picture. When Miss Halley was telling about her dancing, her chum Miss May Byrne spoke up and insisted that she was entitled to recognition as a dancer, too. "I belong to one of those organizations which provide dancing partners for the soldiers and sailors," she said, "and an evening spent in letting sailors step on your feet makes Miss Halley's rhythmic dancing look like child's play."

As for the outdoors girls, there are hosts of them, and they all are rejoicing just now because of that extra hour of daylight that from now on will prolong their playtime after their day's work is done. The News

prints a few photographs to show how they enjoyed themselves even before the extra hour came to help them.

From what has gone before it is not hard to understand why the Company is so proud of all its women workers. It will be even easier to understand when you have caught a glimpse of the loyalty of these girls and women. Two examples will suffice. One is Miss K. McIntyre, who is W. F. Bancker's secretary. She has just proved her loyalty to the Company by giving up her home in Chicago and coming to New York to live

because Mr. Bancker was transferred. She didn't have to do it, she wanted to. And she is only the most recent of a number of girls who have done exactly the same thing, another being Miss Richardson, Mr. Thayer's and Mr. Halligan's secretary, who also packed up and came East when the general departments were transferred to New York.

The other instance of loyalty was furnished by Miss Lucy Thoms, who is M. A. Curran's secretary. When asked about her work her reply was: "Don't say anything about me, just say that my boss is the best boss in the whole Company." And lest Mr. Curran become unduly elated by this praise, it may be well to add that each girl in the Company seems to possess similar ideas about her boss. It's a Western Electric custom to be



A Little Outdoor Life. Miss M. A. Spears, of the Advertising Department, Tries Her Hand at Farming



Miss May Byrne, Another Outdoor Girl



A Western Electric Group on the Beach. Miss M. A. Conroy, Miss Josephine Bisenius, Miss C. Goetz. Miss Conroy is On the Left and Miss Bisenius is Holding Miss Goetz Aloft



Miss Emily Halley, Rhythmic Dancer

loyal to your boss and to the Company, and it is a custom that the Western girls have followed through the forty-five years of their service.

One or two things more before leaving the engrossing subject of the eternal feminine. Some one suggested that the News ought to print a picture of the most popular girl at Broadway and for a moment or two it looked as though that would be a difficult proposition, almost as simple a task as picking out the prettiest girl. But the solution was soon found. The most popular girl is none other than Miss Mabel Charles, who takes around the pay envelopes every Tuesday. Nobody cares whether she is doing a man's work or not as long as she gets around as per schedule. In the photograph she is shown in the act of passing out the coin.

Incidentally the recipient of the pay envelope in the photograph (you wouldn't dream that it was an empty



A Happy Moment. Giving and Receiving Seems Equally Blessed in This Instance

one, would you?) is Mrs. Hugh Elsasser, a copy writer in the advertising department, who fills a position formerly held by a man. Nearly all of the material used in this article was obtained by her, as she was appointed a special representative of the News for this woman's number. Although she probably would not approve if she knew it, a few more words about her undoubtedly will be of interest. She is working for the Western Electric Company because her husband has joined the colors and is now training as an aviator in the United States Army.

The simple relation of that fact proves that she is the sort of woman that the Company is proud to number among its employees. The Board of Editors is proud of her too, so proud that it has decided to refer to her all those who want to know why something about them didn't find its way into the columns of this issue. That may be a man's job, but the board has decided to duck it.



War Brides in New York



Mrs. F. X. Bollinger

EVERYBODY loves a war bride! We know a few Western Electric girls who own up that they are war brides, but there are many others of you who think you've kept your secret, but we know you! We're too kind to tell on you, though.

Miss Katherine Murray, who was, is now Mrs. M. T. O'Donoghue, having married Mr. O'Donoghue, who was formerly in the foreign sales department, on December 28, 1917. This is strictly a Western Electric romance, as Mr. and Mrs. O'Donoghue both were employed by the Company. Mrs. O'Donoghue has charge of the record room at Fifth Avenue. Mr. O'Donoghue resigned from the Company early in December to enlist in the Marines, and he is now stationed at Paris Island, South Carolina, enrolled in the 93rd Marine Reserve.

On December 11, 1917, Miss Beatrice M. Haggerty and Frank X. Bollinger were married. Mr. Bollinger is now in the service. Mrs. Bollinger has been with the Western Electric since July 1, 1913, and is in the graphophone department at Fifth Avenue. By the way, Mrs. Bollinger's brother, D. D. Haggerty, was a West-

ern Electric man before he resigned to join the colors.

Mrs. Russell D. Warner, secretary to Mr. J. W. Johnston, the treasurer, is another war bride. She was married December 12, 1917, and has been with the company since November 8, 1917. Mr. Warner was sent to Augusta, Georgia, December 29, with the 3rd Regiment Motor Mechanics—Aviation Section, Signal Corps—in which he is a sergeant in the Supply Department. When we asked Mrs. Warner for her photograph she said, "Oh, you don't want my picture. Print Mr. Warner's—he's better looking than I am."

We want to know if these are the sentiments of all war brides.

Mrs. Frederick Day Burnet, who was Miss Mabel Anita Winans, of Los Angeles, came all the way from California to be a war bride. Mr. Burnet was connected with the mailing department of 195 Broadway, and is now in Company C, 811th Infantry, at Camp Dix, New Jersey. Mrs. Burnet has now joined the ranks of the Western, and is in the central filing department.



Mrs. M. T. O'Donoghue

The Attributes of a 100% Secretary

By One Who Is in the 99% Class

A GREAT many young women start out in the business world in the hope of becoming secretaries. Many reach the goal, but many fail. To begin with, a thorough knowledge of shorthand and typewriting is essential, supplemented by a grammar, and preferably a high school education. The less education you begin with, the more you will have to acquire after taking a position, for without it you can not expect to get very far in these days of competition.

There is all the difference in the world between a stenographic and a secretarial position. In the former, the employer takes the responsibility for seeing that letters are correctly written and other matters attended to, while the real secretary's duty is to relieve the employer of much of this work. A secretary's work is necessarily executive and creative in a degree; there must be independent thought, and at the same time the ability to execute the thoughts of another. The ability to think commands the highest remuneration in the business world today. A secretary's whole thought should be to relieve her employer of details that consume his valuable time, and thereby increase his capacity for purely executive work. I don't mean by this to try to run his job. He can do that better than you can, but very few men will resent your relieving them of the multitude of details that daily confront them. Any man who does resent this help doesn't need a secretary, but before judging him make sure that you have done your utmost to inspire confidence in yourself.

In addition to being a capable stenographer, a secretary will find the following qualities essential, and the more responsible the position the more they are needed:

Interest in the Work.—Your interest will indicate improvements to you that an uninterested person will overlook.

Initiative.—Do the right thing at the right time without being told.

Loyalty.—A business man must naturally trust his secretary with certain of his thoughts and ideas and this should be a sacred trust.

While you work for a man you owe him your unflinching loyalty. **Judgment.**—When left to decide matters yourself do not act solely on impulse but give sufficient thought to the consequences. Keep your head.

Concentration.—Focusing one's attention on the work is the only sure way of avoiding errors.

New Ideas.—Don't hesitate to submit your ideas for improvements in the way of handling your work. Sometimes they will not seem as worth while to others as they do to you, but your mind is developing with each and in time you will hit upon one that will compensate for your disappointments. New ideas are always in demand.

Personality.—Your ability to make a good impression on others will mean a great deal in a secretarial position. A pleasing manner is absolutely necessary in dealing with people, and the more likeable you are to people, the smoother will be your path.

Manners.—One fatal mistake of a secretary is to assume an important air towards subordinates and others as she advances in position. The manner in which people are met by the secretary reflects credit on the employer. The efficient secretary should meet such people courteously, as she knows her employer would do, and in dealing with subordinates she will gain their respect and co-operation by putting herself in their places, and acting accordingly.

Good Appearance.—It is essential that a secretary keep herself healthy, clean and neat. Proper dress for business means using common sense in discriminating between undesirable extremes. You do not find frills and furbelows in important offices.

Patience.—The more patience you have the easier the work will be, for sometimes infinite patience is required when everyone about you is working under a heavy strain.

Self-reliance.—Learn to rely on yourself and to decide petty matters without annoying your employer with them. Have confidence in yourself and others will have confidence in you.

A secretary's progress depends entirely on the amount of her own energy put into the work. The more of *yourself* put into the work, the greater will be the returns. Your value over that of a stenographer is entirely dependent upon this. The secretary who takes it for granted that her position is secure—that she need not exert herself to become more efficient—will find that someone else has moved on ahead of her. The only way to hold your position is to do your work so well that no one in the organization is capable of filling the position any better than you are filling it. The only thing that can be depended upon to secure you advancement and permanent recognition is real merit.



A Group of Secretaries at Broadway, Each of Whom Has Ten or More Years of Service to Her Credit. From Left to Right: Seated—Miss A. Heacock, Miss M. Kelly, Mrs. L. Gilpin, Miss Battle, Miss Webster. Standing—Miss A. S. Knappman, Miss M. S. Behrens, Miss B. M. Powers, Miss M. A. Richardson, Miss A. A. Marratt, Miss B. S. Cooper, Miss A. J. Menzies, Miss A. Stewart



Women Workers and the War

MANY a time and oft and sometimes oftener does the man running his own automobile feel himself moved to express to the surrounding atmosphere and intermediate points his firm belief that the contraptions are inventions of Satan, designed for the sole purpose of wasting the world's available supply of profanity. Beginning with the \$10,000 machine which he knows about only by hearsay, he works himself up into a fine flow of language by the time he reaches the flivver class, which he knows not wisely, but, alas, too well to get his information past the censor.

But his best previous efforts fade into insignificance when he goes home at night, tired and vowing that nothing shall tear him from a comfortable perusal of the sporting page, only to learn from the wife that he has changed his mind, and is going to crank up the flivver and take her and Mrs. Jones for a spin through the parks. "You know, George," she says, "I've been promising her so long that really I'm ashamed to look her in the face." George suggests that the way to avoid looking her in the face would be to stay at home that evening, and let him read his paper in peace, but he says it under his breath, as is the custom of all well regulated husbands. "Their's not to reason why; their's not to make reply."

However, it isn't long before the little wife just slips behind the wheel herself when she wants to go for a short spin and before long she has George's "chauffing" looking like the efforts of a man without a whip trying to turn a mule into a road leading away from the barn.

All of which shows conclusively that we are going to blow the froth completely off the Kaiser and prove that there is very little beer underneath. Our line of reasoning there may not be entirely clear, so perhaps we had better explain a bit.

The automobile proved to women and to the rest of the world that they *can* understand machinery. Perhaps

the women suspected it right along, but the world did not, despite the miracles they daily accomplish with that complicated tool, the hairpin. Shortly after the world made this belated discovery it also began to be impressed upon the flesh and the devil, the flesh, we take it, being located (at least, previous to the allied blockade) at just about the equator of the German people—and of course we can't say just where the Kaiser is located these days.

Modern war is a 50-50 proposition between the man behind the guns out there and the men behind the machines back home. And a continually increasing proportion of the men behind the machines nowadays are women. It has been so in France and England since the early days of the war, and it has become more and more the case in America as the army has taken thousands of our men workers at a time when production dare not lag.

This scarcity of male help, of course, confronts our Hawthorne Works, as well as the other factories in the country. It has recently been met at Hawthorne by trying out women operators on our more complicated machinery, hitherto supposed to be the exclusive province of men. The girls have made good in every way.

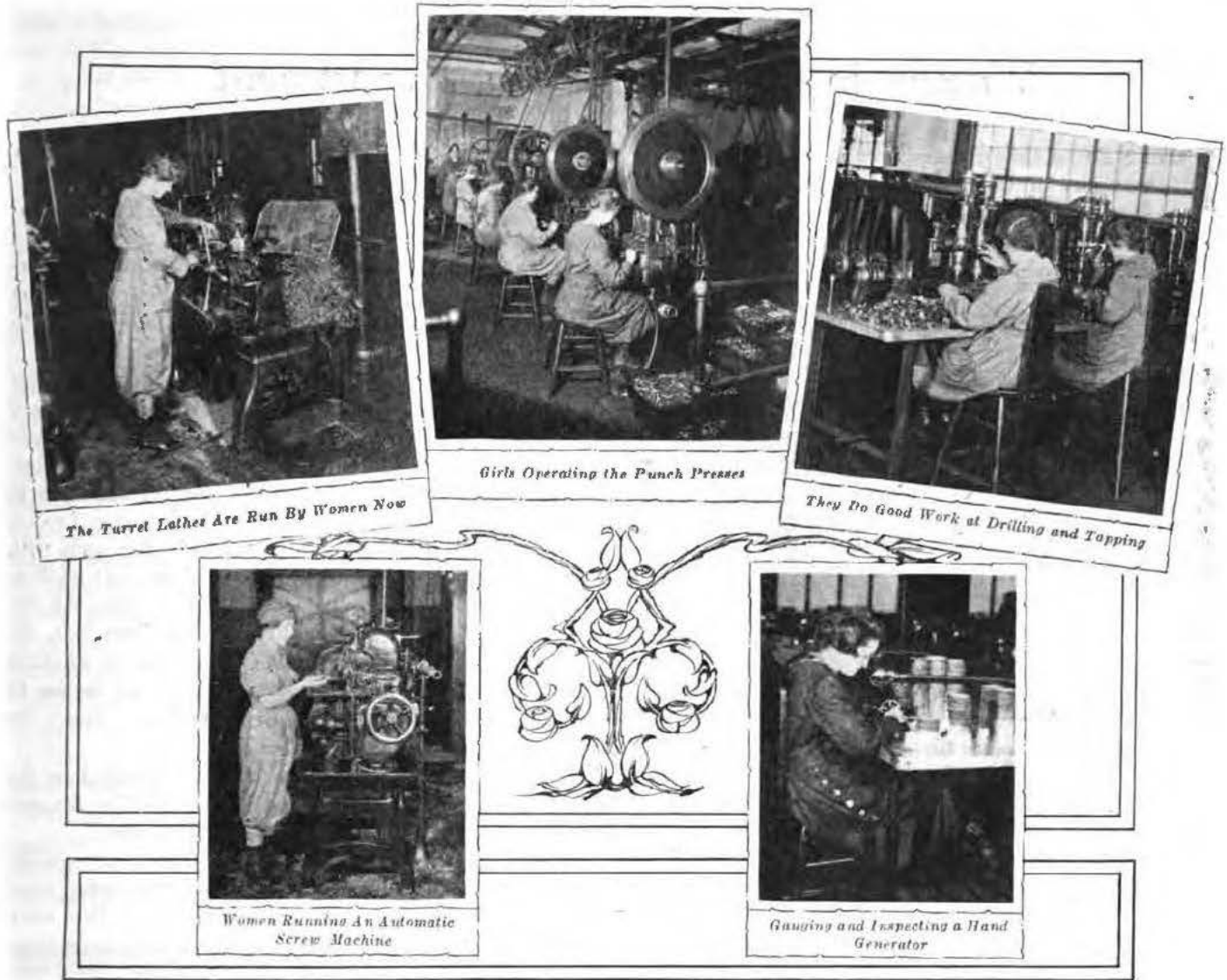
Of course, women workers are not new at Hawthorne, but women workers on automatic screw machines are. An automatic is so complicated that it makes your head spin to watch it, let alone operate it. However, they say the operating is not quite so complicated as it looks.

We also have women operators now on the turret lathes, which require even more skill in operating than the more complicated automatics. In fact, women have proved efficient in most of Hawthorne's machine departments.

And our women machine operators have not only proved to be good workers. They have proved to be sensible workers as well. Working around machinery is dirty work and hard on a "Sunday suit." Moreover, it



A Little Group of Hawthorne Girls in Their New "Liberty Suits"



IN THE SHOPS AT HAWTHORNE

is equally hard on dresses when it gets a chance to be. So our girls have fooled it by adopting the "overalls" shown in the illustrations. An added advantage of these suits is that they are not "in the way," as skirts always are. As to their neat, trim appearance, the illustrations tell you all about that much better than words could.

War conditions have also made it necessary to use more women in clerical and other work where they have always been employed to some extent. Many positions of responsibility in these fields are now held by women workers.

Thus do Uncle Sam's girls do their part that Uncle Sam's boys may be properly supplied with everything needful in the righteous fight for the world's freedom, for an army at the front needs not alone guns and shells, but practically everything that our varied industries produce. No do the women stop the good work when the whistle blows—not at Hawthorne, anyway, and it seems a safe assumption that our girls do not differ much from the patriotic girls in other factories of the country.

After an enthusiastic meeting held early last fall the Hawthorne girls formed themselves into sewing and knit-

ting classes for war work. The fact that some of them did not know how to knit or sew did not deter them. They could learn—and they did. Up to March 8 they had knitted 298 pairs of socks, 199 sweaters, 101 helmets, 23 trench caps and 16 wristlets, besides making 68 baby kimonos, 75 white petticoats, and 45 women's night gowns to be used in French relief work.

The knitted articles are distributed partly through the Red Cross and partly through the Hawthorne Soldiers' and Sailors' Comfort Club, the Works employees' organization which aims to supply all possible comforts for the Western Electric boys in the army and navy. Up to date, sweaters are the only knitted articles the girls have not been able to supply as fast as our boys have asked for them. Incidentally, anyone who knits will notice that the girls are not picking out things that are easy to make, either.

So, working time, overtime and all the time America's women are doing their share to forward the good fight for democracy. When our boys get back from the field and from the sea they will have a new toast to drink:—"Sweethearts and wives. Thank God, they are all 'Bricks'!"

Women in the Engineering Department

TWENTY or thirty years from now we may read in the News of the pensioning of the first woman engineer employed by the Western. In this event it will be convenient to have at hand for the write-up a contemporaneous record of the advent of said pensioner.



Operating an Integrator in the Research Department. Miss H. M. Crosby at the Left and Miss G. M. Raff at the Right

It's just a bit difficult to say who this first engineer was. Not that she isn't still with us. The number of women—other than typists, stenographers and clerks—employed in the Engineering Department has been gradually increasing since about 1914. It was then that Miss Gaston, in her capacity of librarian and translator of all tongues, including the Scandinavian, and the slip-stick artists (variously known as computresses, calculators, calculizes, etc.) made their appearance. Most of these young women were college graduates to whom school teaching was evidently not the one and only resort.

All of them were at first assigned to one group. Requests for translating, reference work and computations were made on this group. Later, when the Transmission Branch started talking in terms of impedance instead of resistance, and doing other queer things, the demand for computresses in that particular branch became so great that several girls were definitely assigned to transmission work as calculators. From this beginning it was easy enough to present the girls to the various measuring devices that the "one, two, three, four, five, on one" crowd uses. This, then, may be considered the beginning of real laboratory work for women.

Speaking of "One, two, three, four, five on one," anyone who has listened to transmission tests in either the shop or the Engineering Department will recognize the familiar test call—girls were tried at the calling end of transmission tests, but the voice strain was found to be too great, so now their activities in this particular field are limited to listening—listening to nursery rhymes and

the like! Wouldn't that make a theme for Goldberg's "Tuesday Ladies' Club!"

In addition to computing and making electrical measurements and transmission tests, girls are also employed in the Transmission Branch on draughting and on follow-up work on jobs placed in the Model Shop—the last mentioned a most important and (with all due respect to the Production Branch) rather trying task.

The other laboratories were quick to realize the value of women for certain kinds of work, so they, too, began to cast around for suitable representatives of the female of the species. In the Physical Laboratory the experimental work on switchboard lamps and on filaments in general required deft fingers as well as agile brains. Here, then, was an opportunity not only for girls with some technical training, but also for those with skill in light manufacturing processes. Thus we see the entrance of girls into the realm of the breakdown-test, the life test, the humidity test, and goodness knows whatnot else, that our ninth floor trouble makers can devise to prove eighth-floor apparatus ideas excellent except for what's wrong with them.

Of course, calculators are as much in demand in the Physical Laboratory as anywhere else—so the demand for mathematicians went up a few notches more.

Recently there has been a great demand for special condensers and fuses which, for various reasons, must be manufactured under laboratory conditions. This work does not of necessity call for operatives with more than



Girls in the Laboratory in West Street. Miss Swartz on the Left and Miss Wells on the Right

average education, but it does mean the presence in the laboratory of a fairly large number of women. If any of them show special aptitude or inclination, it is a fairly easy problem to acquaint them with the workings of the simpler measuring devices and to instruct them in the making of various mechanical tests on apparatus

under investigation for all sorts of reasons. Naturally, tests and measurements, as in the Transmission Branch, are a good field for the employment of girls with technical training; and so we add some more to the collection.

For many years most of the teachers of chemistry and biology in our elementary and high schools have been women. Surely, if a woman is capable of dissecting a frog or of teaching chemistry, she is capable of doing routine laboratory investigation, and Mme. Curie, for one, is evidence that women can do more than routine analysis and preparation of solutions. At present the Chemical Laboratory employs two young women on routine analysis and solution work—holding out the prospect of research work hitherto delegated to men only.

There is, however, one laboratory which has thus far withstood fairly well the assaults of the dill pickle and chocolate eating sweet girl graduates. (You ought to watch them load down their trays at noon!) The Research Branch, home of mystery and acme of cloistered thought, employs fewer women than any other division of the Engineering Department. This is probably due to the fact that, as the name implies, the work of this branch is almost entirely of a research nature, although it may be because the relentless researchers are so exclusive that they don't know the war with Spain is over. At all events, in this branch the work of the women is mostly clerical.

For girls with some technical education, classes in advanced physics and in telephone practice are held. The object of these classes is to acquaint the students not only with the general principles underlying their

not only for the Engineering Department, but also for every other job open to them. Having been hired, the new acquisition must be transported to the scene of her activities. Like as not she will travel on an elevator run by a woman operator.

Why, you may ask, the large increase in female employes, particularly for engineering work, in the last few years? Is it due to the war—to large numbers of



A Group from the Transmission Laboratory at West Street. From Left to Right—Miss Harvey, Miss Sheridan, Miss Fletcher, Miss Appel, Miss Eastman, Miss Parmley, Miss Halley and Miss Murphy

men leaving for military duty? Yes and no. It must be borne in mind that before the war in Europe started the Western Electric Company embarked on the venture of employing in the Engineering Department girls who were college graduates. As the industries of the country speeded up and the demand for technical experts grew, the available supply of male technical school graduates was rapidly absorbed, leaving the demand still unfilled. Europe had called on the women for help—why not America? So the Western, along with other concerns, called. Then, when the United States entered the war, and men were called to the colors, many positions were left vacant. These, in a measure, have been filled by women.

While at first some people were inclined to shake their heads over the prospect of a female invasion of the hitherto sacred precincts of the Engineering Department, the presence of women in the laboratories, offices and draughting rooms is now an accepted fact. The men seem to get along as well as ever, and their desks look about the same as ever—even though some of the girls would like to wade in and clean up.

There is record of an engineer who rammed his head into a shelf and was only restrained from exploding by the presence of some feminine assistants. Now, was he any better for their presence? He admitted that he *thought* it, even though he didn't *say* it.

Mention has been made of the classes for girls. Now, in truck gardening it's practice to close crop the foliage to encourage growth in the head. Despite the desire for increased knowledge and the proximity of Greenwich Village, we have as yet but few Hazel Nutts (apologies to Irvin Cobb) who have emulated their near-Bohemian sisters of Sheridan Square.



The Engineering Library at West Street. In Background Facing Camera (left to right): Miss Fessenden and Miss Sheldon; in Middle, With Backs to Camera, Miss Craig, Miss Dewes, Miss Edgerton; in Foreground, Miss Pellens, Miss Hemphill

work, but also to present to them the peculiar problems constantly arising in the telephone field. In this respect the classes may be compared with those formerly conducted in the student course at Hawthorne.

But before a girl starts to work she must be hired. Enter the woman employment agent who engages girls

Women in the Industries

By Miss Elizabeth H. Webster, Hawthorne Employment Department



Miss E. H. Webster

HOW many of us, working in this big plant of ours, have ever stopped to wonder in what ways it is different from, and in what ways it is like, the manufactories which existed when our great grandmothers, or even our grandmothers, were young? Are we doing the same kind of work that they might have done, had Mr. Bell lived and invented the telephone a generation or so before he did? Not a few people share the idea that women are only just beginning to come into

their own; that after years of waiting they are now taking their rightful place in industry, and that the men had best watch out, or there will be no room for them.

As a matter of fact, women have had an important place in the industrial world ever since the factory period began in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. The first machines to be invented were for the manufacture of yarn and cloth. It was a very natural thing for women to go from their spinning and weaving at home to do similar work in a factory. Far from an idea that they were performing men's work, it was quite the contrary, as is illustrated by the following incident, which occurred in Leicester, Mass. One of the clothiers of the town enlarged his business in 1814, and began to manufacture woolen cloth. The weaving was done by men in his shop on hand looms, but the employment of men in what had been before regarded as within the peculiar province of women created an unusual degree of comment, and these men weavers were said to be regarded in much the same light as were the first men milliners and dressmakers of a later day.

In our own Cable Plant we find work going on which is, of course, more complicated, but in many ways is not unlike that which was carried on back in those old New England mills. Our girls are operating the insulators, twistors and braiders, and changing the pads and reels and cops in much the same way that those other women ran the looms and changed the bobbins so many years ago.

There are some kinds of work that women can do better than men can, such as the delicate operations in splitting mica, welding platinum wires, mounting switch-board lamp filaments, assembling small parts and winding coils, which require a steady hand, a light touch and infinite patience. That work of this kind is not new to women is evinced by the statement of Miss Virginia

Penny, who in 1862 published "A Cyclopaedia of Women's Work," in which she lists five hundred and sixteen occupations in which women were then engaged. From her we learn that in a plant which manufactured magneto-electric machines "four females are employed in covering wire, spools, sewing velvet, papering boxes, etc. They earn from \$12.00 to \$24.00 per month . . . nearly one-half as much as men." She adds that "the business is so limited that there is no prospect at all for future employment," and the outlook "is poor for beginners." What would she say if she could see the six hundred girls in the Hawthorne winding room?

It hardly seems possible that one small metal part could have as many as fifteen different things the matter with it, but such may be the case, they say in the inspection department. To detect these flaws, which would cause a great amount of trouble in as delicate an instrument as a telephone, there are hundreds of girls whose keen eyes and skilled fingers are busy all day.

Women factory workers have always held a very honorable position in the United States. For a long time work in the mills was the only occupation open to them, and it was no unusual thing for the wives and daughters of good families to enter such work, perhaps to raise the money to send a brother to college or to help pay off the mortgage on the home. In the colonial days women were encouraged to do such work. The Puritans had great respect for industry and thrift, and an equal conviction that "idle females" were certain to come to no good end. The fear was expressed that "the female part of the population by the disuse of the spinning wheel should become idle," and the growth of industry was welcomed because it "elevated the females belonging to the families of the cultivators of the soil from a state of penury and idleness to competence and industry."

But leaving the girls who are doing their tasks in the various shop departments, and passing on to those engaged in office work of one kind or another, our comparison ceases for a time. Women were very slow to



A Group of Knitters at Hawthorne

enter clerical fields. This seems surprising at first, but these are good reasons for it: Their work at spinning and weaving and garment making was a simple transition. But their brothers and husbands and sons made the plans, kept the accounts and found a market for their finished product. To keep books and figure and understand business methods was a realm which seemed to belong to the men and into which did not occur to the women to encroach. A girl's education was confined to the three R's and such feminine accomplishments as sewing and embroidering and knitting. Her intellect was not considered capable of grasping anything more intricate.

War changes all things, and the outbreak of the Civil War marks the change in public opinion regarding woman's rights and ability to enter clerical and professional fields. Men were called to the colors and their wives and daughters had to fill the places in schools and business which they left vacant. They entered upon these new activities very conservatively, and in some cases seem to have required considerable urging. In 1855 the *New York Times* was brave enough to advocate the employment of young women as clerks in stores, announcing, for their encouragement, its belief that such work "would be degrading no one willing to earn a living."

There was nothing in those days which vaguely resembled much of the work that we are so accustomed to seeing at Hawthorne. Dictaphones, typewriters, printer telegraphs, switchboards, duplicating machines and such labor-saving devices were absolutely unknown. If our secretarial stenographers, shown in the illustration, had started out to look for positions in about the year 1868 they might have secured employment as amanuenses, as women were called who "wrote from dictation," and this is what would have been expected of them, and what they might have expected in return (quoting again from Miss Penny): "Some education is, of course, necessary. Experience increases their value still more, and those who have had to exercise their brains are, of course, best paid. The most common salary is \$600 per year." Nor can we find any positions to compare with those held by our professional women, like the two assistants in the chemical laboratory, or the fine staff at the hospital.

Nursing has always been one of woman's functions, but our modern industrial hospital, recognized as one of the finest in the country, with its superintendent and

staff of trained nurses, would be amazing to the woman of a generation or two ago. The medical nurse is one of the first persons with whom the new girl becomes acquainted. Later, if she is sick or has injured herself, there are six surgical nurses, any one of whom can bind a cut or extract a bit of metal chip from a finger with equal skill. And when a person is really ill, and has to stay at home, the welcome honk honk of the Dodge proclaims the arrival of the visiting nurse. This much-traveled person makes ten to twenty-five calls a day, and often covers fifty miles on her daily rounds.

Other professional women are here. College women are learning the intricacies of accounting, and learning them so well that no longer does mere man question their ability to handle such work. In the educational department are women so well versed in psychology that if you tell them how many feet a horse has, and whether or not Edison discovered America, they can tell you into just what niche you will fit, for in



Secretaries to Hawthorne's Administrative Officers. Back Row (Left to Right)—Misses E. A. Kinsley, C. Rearick, J. Horn, E. A. Hopps, A. L. Payton. Front Row (Left to Right)—Misses L. A. Hagstrom, M. Jackson, E. V. Drew, M. Warno, D. Stoelke, H. J. Cross, E. Dewery

spite of the seeming frivolity of some of the tests, they have proven of immense value in placing people on the work for which they are best suited. This is not all, for we find women in welfare and employment work, women instructors in the typist and comptometer classes, in the evening schools, and in charge of the Works library.

There are, then, over six thousand women and girls here on many varieties of work. But we are not interested merely in what they do, but also in what is done for them, to make their working conditions pleasant and safe, and in what they do themselves. Once more we can refer to our old records, and find that in 1789 President Washington visited a factory that was typical of that time and found "sixteen young women and as many girls under the direction of a steady matron here employed." The work of the hospital, welfare and educational departments has already been mentioned—all very important factors in providing for our comfort and health, and in making possible greater opportunities.

The mutual aid societies formed among the weavers and spinners, where they "admitted none into their company except by vote," and the *Beacon Light*, published by the factory girls in Lowell, have direct descendants in the Benevolent Association, the girls' activities in the Hawthorne Club, and their contributions to the *News*. And our great grandmothers would feel very much at home in our knitting classes—indeed, if the truth must be told, much more at home than some of us do.

Feminine Reminiscences

Miss M. A. Richardson, Broadway

THE request of the News Board for an article on "How I Got to be Where I Am," took me by surprise, for as a matter of fact I have never stopped to figure out just where I am or where I am heading for. I have simply gone along from year to year trying to do my best, hoping to fill at least some small niche in this great organization. I have never aspired to any particular position. Each one has been interesting, and I can not see that I am applying any different rules in my present position than I did in the first one.

When I started out in the business world I felt that I should prefer to work for a large concern rather than a small one. After working a short while for a storage battery firm, I became somewhat acquainted with the names of the different electrical firms and finally decided that I should like to work for the Western Electric Company. All that could be learned indicated that the environments were good and I felt that there one should find opportunities for advancement. I did hear that their people worked hard, but decided that I could stand that if others could. My application for a stenographic position was made by mail. Two days later there came a special delivery letter asking me to call, and in another two or three days I was established in the Interhouse Correspondence Department at the Clinton Street headquarters of the Company at Chicago.

This department was practically a clearing house for mail between Chicago and New York. The work was very interesting. We coded the telegrams, secured promises on shipments and other information of a general nature wanted in the East, and kept miscellaneous records. There was one feature of the work in this department that I thoroughly disliked and that was the uncertainty of the telegrams. Many times when I was ready to leave for the day, long telegrams would be handed in to be coded and dispatched that evening, which meant that one not only had to stay and code these messages but confirm them also by letter, and this meant quite a little overtime. I don't remember ever grumbling about this situation, but in my own mind felt that the work would eventually be handled more systematically, and in time rules were made requiring night messages to be turned in for dispatching before a certain hour.

After working for some time in the Interhouse Correspondence Department, the Correspondence Depart-

ment was started with a Chief Stenographer in charge. Graphophones were gradually installed and I was assigned to assist the Chief Stenographer in handling the work of this department. From there I was transferred to the Secretary's Department. Mr. DuBois, who was Secretary of the Company at that time, told me that the position which I was to fill in the department would be secretarial, that there were possibilities in it and that it was up to me as to how big a job I could make of it. My job grew and I found that more and more responsibility was being placed on my shoulders. The fact that people had confidence in me spurred me on and gave me an incentive to harder work.

After Mr. DuBois assumed the duties of Comptroller of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, Mr. Halligan succeeded to his place and I have continued with him since and now handle Mr. Thayer's work in addition.

In all my experience with the Company, I have never been made to feel that I had reached my limit. Just about the time that the limit for one position came in sight more responsibilities were placed on me, and my greatest satisfaction has come from knowing that when new opportunities came to me the strength and ability to handle the new work were available. I think that this has been due in a great measure to the fact that I have always aimed to keep posted on general business subjects. A fund of general information is very valuable in secretarial work and, in addition to the stenographic knowledge, the more one knows of financial matters and accounting, the easier will seem the work. I make it a rule to ask questions only after I have tried my utmost to find the answer myself.

I have never known until I commenced the writing of this article what quality it was in me that first drew the attention of the officials to my work. I have just inquired and, to my utter amazement, am told that it was my accuracy in coding telegrams and general reputation for accuracy that singled me out for the secretarial work. I am more astonished at this because, as I have said above, the uncertain features of this coding work were the only cloud on my horizon and the work was almost invariably done under stress. I never thought for an instant, when doing it, that it was to be my stepping stone to higher things.

In closing, I should like to say to the women employees of the Company what I have always believed and my own case proves—that no work well done, however insignifi-



From a moving picture film. Miss Richardson and Mr. Thayer

cant, is lost. The Company is constantly on the lookout for people to fill responsible positions and, as in my case, the work that you least expect may be your stepping stone.

The Western Electric Company is one of the few corporations of its size having a secretarial staff composed entirely of women and its women employees who fit themselves for this work are consequently afforded every opportunity of making good.

Miss Ada H. Curry, West Street

A few facts in connection with my fifteen years of Western Electric service follow:

Upon the death of my former employer I was given a letter of introduction to Miss Trigge, which resulted in my employment, and on April 29, 1903, I was placed in the Assistant Treasurer's office as stenographer for Mr. Bemis and Mr. Frost. Early in 1905 it was decided to put me in charge of the General Correspondence Department, where graphophones were being introduced. This department at that time took care of all copy and most of the correspondence work of the New York house, and grew in size until 1908, when it was thought advisable for each department to handle its own work. From that time until February, 1914, I did secretarial work for Mr. O. D. Frost, Assistant Manager, and his successor, Mr. R. Gordon.

When Miss Trigge retired I was made Chief Stenographer. As this issue of the News goes to press I am resuming my duties after an illness and period of recuperation in Florida, the land of the *itching* palm. I should probably not have taken the trip, though much needed, had it not been for the generous provisions of the Sick Benefit Fund and the watchfulness of the Medical Department.

Miss Jessie A. Mickey, Philadelphia

When I left school and started out "careering" with a wild idea I could conquer the world, my eyes turned toward a corporation where I could become the lady president in a few years. I had an intimate girl friend in this company who was stenographer to the "Chief Clerk," and when she called me on the telephone and told me there was a vacancy and to write a letter and apply for the position, I was delighted. I wrote the letter, and the next day received the customary "call for an interview" summons. To me, however, it was the most important day in my life, and I "arrayed myself like Solomon in all his glory," and called expecting to dazzle the

whole company. Being taught in a business school that dignity was one of the first assets to a business girl, I began immediately to try to acquire it, for I didn't possess it naturally.

The day came and I swept into the office for the interview. I concluded it would make a great impression to send in my card, and I did. The boy returned and I was ushered into the presence of the "Lord High Executioner," Mr. S. B. Anderson. In after years, when I look back I can remember a merry twinkle in his eye, but I was taken up too much with my own importance to realize the amusement I must have created. He offered me the position for \$7.00 per week, but I told him in a cold, haughty tone that I could not accept it for less than \$10.00, which in those days was a good salary for a good girl. By some strange freak of fate I got the \$10.00 and started in. I was given a desk in the front

row in the office, and then I began to lose some of my dignity, and all of my nerve. Right across the aisle from me, a black-eyed impish office boy kept stealing my waste basket. That "boy" is now the dignified accountant of the Philadelphia organization, R. J. McBride. I wrote one bill in the morning and spoiled so much stationery that I was ashamed to put it in the waste basket, and carried it out in the front of my shirtwaist. In the afternoon I began to do better, but at the end of the day I knocked a portable off my desk and broke it. I then felt duty-bound to appear in Mr. Anderson's office again, minus my dignity and all "fussed," and tell him I would pay for it. He very gallantly said it would not be necessary.

Mr. Anderson's reign was short. Then a rumor began to circulate that a "wild and woolly westerner," who proved to be Mr. F. V. Bennis, would take the throne. He arrived and things went on the even tenor of their ways until another bomb exploded, and one morning the elevator door banged open, and out burst another new regent, Mr. E. P. Clifford. For a moment we were rendered speechless, our eyes started from our heads, etc.

We craned our necks, and then it was all over. He had reached his office and shut his door. Then we all began to buzz. Who was he, and would he be "nice"? He was. To him I owe the fact that I am still a Western Electric subject. He began to promote us, and I was given the high position of head of the outgoing mail. The first day I held the position, Mr. C. A. Merrill gave me a telegram to send to ascertain the uncertain credit of a new customer. He had all the papers about the man attached to his copy of the telegram. I very nicely



Miss Ada H. Curry. A Florida scene.

mailed all the papers to the man, telling him all the opinions of various people of his wealth. When Mr. Merrill heard what I did he raved, and went so far as to "cuss" (not to me, however,) and wanted me fired, but Mr. Clifford, like the man he always proved to be, called me in his office, and talked to me about the grave mistake I had made and told me he still had faith in me, and to "Go thou and sin no more," and I am still here.

One very eventful day, I wandered into Mr. Clifford's office, and beside him sat a tall, pale wisp of a boy (he looked so to me anyway), with a great head of blond hair. Mr. Clifford asked me to wait a minute, that he wanted me to meet his successor, Mr. E. C. Platt, Jr. Mr. Platt arose and bowed with a Chesterfieldian air, but I never acknowledged the bow at all. All I could blurt out was: "Why, Mr. Clifford, where are you going?"

Just right here, Mr. Editors, and all others, W. E. and not W. E., a truer gentleman than Mr. Platt never came into Philadelphia. I want to add just a girl's bit to the wonderful tribute that Mr. Wilkins paid him, that he died just as he lived, and as I found him who worked for him, true to his high principles and high ideals. I distinctly look back with great pride on how he helped me move the Record Room, when we moved up to the York Street office, and how he came back to work those hot July nights, and carried the heaviest books to their places himself.

The news came that he was going to Indianapolis and Mr. P. K. Condict, attired in a pale green tie (I still remember it), sauntered in. Mr. Condict was a patient, painstaking chief, but I would have hated the archangel himself in Mr. Platt's place, so I began to "act up," and one fine day I walked out of his office and slammed the door. I was recalled to return and go out and shut it properly.

After Mr. Condict, Mr. H. A. Macpherson came. I can't recall any incident that happened. He seemed to steer clear of me. Perhaps the slamming door episode had preceded me. The only thing he did was to warn "Little Johnny Davis," the next in line, that he would have to put me in place about once a month, and I would be all right. I don't recall being "put in place" by Mr. Mac., but I guess I was without my knowing it.

Mr. E. C. Estep then appeared. He was a peace-loving soul, so I didn't have a hard row to hoe with him. His one great fault was that he liked to sit with his feet propped up on his desk over his head. I was constantly in fear and trembling that the chair would leave him some day, but he managed to stick to it, or it to him.

I only remember introducing one thing in the office, but so far have not been "decorated" for it. When low, or "Dutch," collars first came in style, I hid myself down town and bought me one. I had the nerve to brazenly appear in Mr. Shay's office garbed in it. When he saw me his face became scarlet, and when he recovered his voice, and incidentally his composure, he delivered me a long dissertation about how the girls in the New York office were not allowed to wear low collars or peek-a-boo

waists. I didn't know any of them then; *I do* now, and they are very human. I defied traditions and wore the collar, and I am still wearing it (not the same one, though).

"Little Johnny Davis" didn't prove such a tyrant. In fact, I cried a whole day when he was sent to Dallas.

Then the "Beau Brummel" of the office stepped up to the seat of honor, Mr. J. V. Van Roden.

"Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever" (apologies, please, Mr. Poet). Then the "Prince of Good Fellows" arrived—Mr. Tyler Holmes. I still maintain in my own mind that the stage has lost an inimitable wit, and the Western Electric has gained a manager. I lived for the hour each day I could get in his office to file his papers, and to "wheedle" him into weaving the most commonplace thing into a side-splitting story.

Just at this very point of my story the news has reached me that we are going to lose our Mr. Kennedy, and I can't write any more in this flippant vein. I feel very sad at his going. He was like a father to us all.

Miss A. J. Menzies, Broadway

I came with the Company in April, 1897, with Mr. Frank R. Colvin, who was engaged in special work which necessitated his traveling a good part of the time, and when he was away I helped out with anything that was to be done. This gave me a chance to assist with Mr. Salt's work, so that six months later, when his stenographer left to be married I was assigned to her position, and have held it ever since.

At the time I came with the Company it was located at 22 Thames Street, but six months later moved to its new building on Bethune Street. As I recall it, there were about thirty-five women in the office force in 1897, the only one who is still here being Miss Knappmann.

Miss Joanna C. Ryan, Chicago



Miss Joanna C. Ryan

My first experience as a typist began with the Western Electric Company in July, 1896. I had the honor of being the first to do the billing for the Western Electric on the typewriter. We were located at that time on the first floor of the building at 426 South Clinton Street. The billing on the typewriter was only an experiment, but I guess it has proved successful as they still continue to bill that way. I remained in the Billing Department for about three years, and was then transferred to the Purchasing Department. In 1906 I went to the Secretary's Department where I still retain the position of head typist. I might also add that the first one I became acquainted with when I came to the Western Electric Company was John Valenta, then in knickerbockers. John was a great favorite with the female sex at that time, and I dare say he is still quite a favorite with the ladies.

Miss Minnie V. Fries, Chicago



Miss Minnie V. Fries,
Chief Telephone Oper-
ator at the Chicago
House

I applied for a position with the Western Electric Company to Mr. J. W. Johnston, who at that time was in charge of the employment work at Clinton Street, and after a very pleasant and kind interview he placed me in the Insulation Department with Mr. George Du Plain, on August 11, 1898. Later on Mr. Johnston recommended me as relief operator in the House Telephone Exchange and on February 11, 1899, I started on the duties of a relief operator. On January 6, 1900, a vacancy occurred in the regular operating force and on July 7, 1902, I was given the position of Chief Operator.

The Telephone Exchange at that time was under the supervision of Mr. G. Hopf and the Switchboard was the first common battery type put in to try out the circuits used in the Louisville (Ky.) Board installed in 1897. The Company's business was growing rapidly and soon the Switchboard was too small, besides the location was on one of the shop floors which was needed for manufacturing purposes. A new and larger board was installed in the old photographic room on the roof of Section Q and this was put into operation April 14, 1904. This board took care of 400 extensions and had six operators positions with a two-position Chief Operator's desk. Hawthorne's first telephone operator was selected from the operating force of this board. We then moved to our present location, seventh floor Section L, December 6, 1915.

Mr. Metzger thinks he gets very poor telephone service, especially from the student operators. When a number he calls tests busy, he says, "Is everybody busy? This service is awful, give me Miss Fries." When I hear his gentle voice, I shiver, because I know's what's coming. On second thought, however, I generally stop shivering because Mr. Metzger is one of those men whose bark is much worse than their bite.

Miss Clara Bielefeld, Chicago



Miss Clara Bielefeld,
Assistant Chief Tele-
phone Operator at the
Chicago House

I was employed by the Western Electric Company at the Clinton Street Branch in the year 1895, under Miss Lou Adams in the Cord Finishing Department, and from there I was transferred to Mr. Herlein's Department testing cords. I was then taken as Relief Operator in the Telephone Exchange, September 5, 1901, and made Regular Operator May 5, 1902. June 28, 1902, I was made Assistant Chief Operator, which position I hold at the present time.

Miss Amy B. Fries, Chicago



Miss Amy B. Fries,
of the Chicago House

I was employed by Mr. J. W. Johnston on August 11, 1898. Worked for Mr. George Du Plain (who is foreman at present in the Cable Department at Hawthorne) in Section 4-B in Paper Insulated Wire Department. When the present building at 500 South Clinton Street was completed in 1898 that Department moved to the fourth floor Section L. Worked as Mr. Du Plain's Clerk and in May, 1901, the Department moved to Polk Street. I then had charge of the Twisting Machines and Winding Lathes under Mr. Du Plain.

On February 18, 1905, the first thirteen girls in the Cable Department were transferred to Hawthorne. It was very difficult in those days to get out there; they had a dummy running from Fortieth Avenue to the Western Electric Company, but as time went on the service improved. Also had charge of C. R. & I. Lunch Club.

Times were rather dull in 1907, and I was transferred to the Clerical Department and was Clerk in that Department until 1910, when I was transferred to the Magnet Wire Department which moved back to 522 South Clinton Street. In 1912 that Department moved back to Hawthorne, and in 1914 I was transferred back to Clinton Street, worked in the Mailing Department until September, 1917, when I was transferred to the Bookkeeping Department and from there to the Accounting Department.

Miss Delia P. Calderwood, Pittsburgh

I remember as well as though it were yesterday that Monday morning on December 2, 1907, when a very timid young girl boarded a Frankstown Avenue car in Pittsburgh and with anxious eyes watched the numbers on the buildings until Sixteenth Street was reached. There she alighted and entered the building with the great white letters on the roof, "Western Electric Company."

Breathing rapidly, she climbed the iron stairs to the second floor, where a door bore in black letters the word "Office." Here she timidly knocked. She soon was inside the portal and a few minutes later was introduced to Miss Fenesy, the telephone operator whom she had often heard over the telephone say "Western Electric," and who always seemed so jolly and good-natured, with a kind word for all. Miss Cooper then took the stranger out to the office and introduced her to Mr. W. A. Schnedler, "a man on from New York, who was installing new methods," and he initiated her in the art of filing.

In spite of the strangeness of her surroundings, Mr. Schnedler's eyes were so kind, his manner so calm and reassuring, and his directions so plain and simple, she seemed to imbibe some of his calmness, and quietly started her work.

A few days after my arrival at my new home Mr. P. L. Thomson, then manager, sent for me. Evidently I did not look dangerous for he allowed me to stay. Later, however, he may have changed his mind for he put me "behind the bars," in other words, he built a cage around my desk. I am still serving my sentence as a cashier.

Mr. E. C. Estep was then assistant manager and buyer; R. M. Morris, Sales Manager, and J. S. Wright, now in charge of our Paris office, cashier and credit man. That was a quartette hard to beat.

I remember when I came to the Western the dark-haired boy at the door was Albert Hunkele, now one of our efficient sales department. Shortly after his time came Royal Clinton and Harry Bergmann, now young men old enough to be called in the draft. Of the girls who were here when I came, only two remain—Paula Fenesy at the telephone switchboard and Josephine Hutchinson in the sales department. Irene Crowley, who came a year or so later, and myself, help to make up a quartette who have been with the Pittsburgh house for a long time.

In all I have known three managers and learned just this week that I am to have a fourth—J. L. Ray. I know that every one, myself included, will be glad and happy to learn of Mr. Ray's promotion, and we welcome him as our manager, but we are equally sorry to see Mr. Dunn leave us. He has been a good manager, square in his dealings, and one of us. Our loss, Philadelphia girls, is your gain.

Miss Annie S. Knappmann, Broadway

Looking back to the first day of my career with the Western Electric Company means quite a long "look," but I well remember the day and the first piece of clerical work I had to do, which was to copy the pay-roll of the Construction Department (the electricians on the various jobs the Company was then doing). It was all so new and strange, and I had so many things to learn, that every time I made a mistake I had visions of being asked to resign. But as we all know, we learn by our mistakes, and so to me it has just been a case of learning all through the years. By the way, I am glad to have an opportunity to "get in print," because I have been wanting to say for a long time that my service with the Western Electric Company has been an education for me, and I hope it will continue to be.

After doing clerical work for a short while I was fired with an ambition to become a stenographer, so started in to practice on the typewriter during the noon hour, and thankfully received any little typewriting jobs that



Miss A. S. Knappmann

were entrusted to me. So eventually, by studying at night and surreptitiously taking down notes when there was any loud dictation going on, and with the encouragement of Miss Trigge, our chief stenographer, I finally was considered competent to hold a stenographic position.

After serving in various departments I "landed" in the General Sales Department, where I am now. When I joined the forces of the Company in New York in October, 1895, there were about twenty women in the offices. To say that the Western Electric Company spells "home" to me may inspire the editor to specify a particular kind of home, but I'll take the chance, anyway.

There Comes a Time When Even Rhyme Is Not a Crime

Life is just one d— thing after another. First comes inventory and next comes Sid Murkland to close the books. You might think the Hawthorne book-keeping departments could shut up their own books without calling a man all the way from New York to do it, but that is because you don't understand just what "closing the books" means. It means satisfying the general accounting department that the year's inventory is correct. Which in turn means that if your inventory shows more goods than your books, you have to explain why, while if your inventory shows *less* goods than your books you have to explain why, wherefor, and what-the-heck. But if they come out even, oh, man! For then, of course, your figures must be wrong, because, you know, that *never* occurs.

So then, you really can't blame Percy Marshall for descending to poetry when called before the high altar to be catechised concerning the figures submitted by the material order and records division. His is indeed a mournful wail, and fit to close this mournful tale:

"The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year,
We truly like Sid Murkland—some,
But do not like him here."

A Hint for Next Winter

To the Editor of the WESTERN ELECTRIC NEWS:

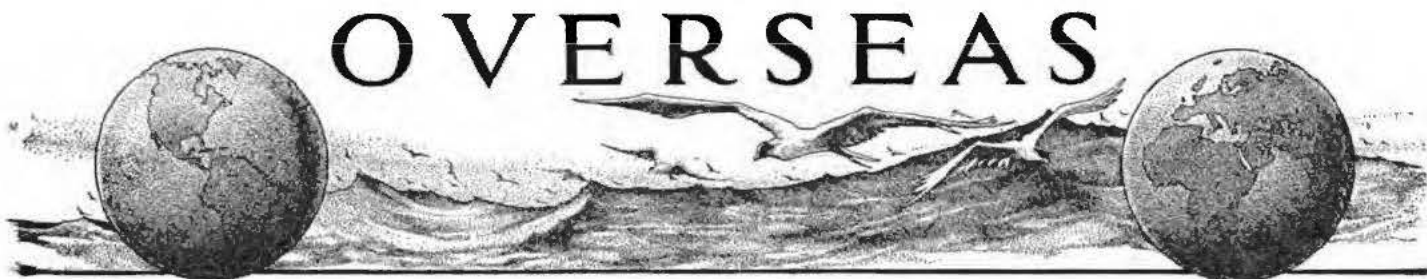
Dear Sir.—As you know, I am the proud owner of a small Western Electric fan. I use it a good deal in summer, of course, but this winter I discovered a new use for it in connection with my furnace, of which, I think, you will be interested to learn.

In the morning, or whenever the fire is low, and it is desirable to have it come up rapidly, I place my fan in front of the fire-box, connect it, and the furnace is hot in five minutes. In order to intensify this forced draught, I use a wooden board of the size of the fire-box in which is cut a circular opening of the size of the fan.

I find this a very satisfactory arrangement. It occurred to me that a vacuum cleaner could be used in the same way.

Yours very truly,

F. W. KIRCHBERGER.



What the Girls Are Doing at the London House

By G. C. Goodburn, Employment Manager, London



Making Shells for the British Army



Girls Construct and Repair the Cable Reels



Taking Scrap to the Bins

WITH the addition of the manufacture of munitions of war to our work, came the call of the young and able-bodied men to the colors of the cause of freedom and rights of nations. With the call of the young men to the ranks came the need for other young men who for a year or so were not of the age to answer the call, and when this force was exhausted came the call of the girls, who were to take the places of boys who had gone to the trenches.

Right well have they answered, and but for the girls and women of England we know only too well that we could not have produced and maintained our stocks of the all-important munitions needed in the various fighting areas. The force of female workers of the London House has increased 100 per cent. since 1914. Some have forsaken the shop counters of grocery establishments or drug stores, some from the millinery and dress-making professions, and others from domestic service have come to us to enter the more important duties connected with the manufacturing departments of a factory, often necessitating rising in the very early hours (depending upon the district where they may be living) for the purpose of clocking on at 7 a. m.

Where in 1914 you saw Jack Jones you now see Cissy Brown at the capstan lathe in the screw machine and

fuse departments. Similar changes may be found in the personnel in charge of the various lifts, and portresses in their smocks in the stores departments truck the scrap from the machine shops to the scrap bins. Girls work on ledgers in the accounting department. Some make cable reels and cases, some are on inspection work and others on work which, but a short time since, would have been deemed impossible by some and unmaidenlike by others.

The advent of the Social Section offered another opening for women's talent and many pleasant evenings have been spent relieving the monotony of the workshop, in providing and taking part in harmless enjoyment after working hours. Wounded Tommies have also had a share of the girls' attentions. Invitations issued to some of the local hospitals brought two or three score of them to a well-appointed dining-room in the town by motors and after the all-important luncheon the rest of the time was spent in entertainment in which the ladies again played the leading part, much to the enjoyment of the Tommies. Notwithstanding all that has been done there is still more and the entire spirit among them appears to be the desire to

CARRY ON THE GOOD WORK UNTIL PEACE IS ONCE AND FOR ALL TIME DECLARED.

TALKING IT OVER

WHY SHE LIKES HER JOB

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEWS:

Out of fairness to the Company, and believing my views coincide with those of many other women of the Western, I want to tell you the main reasons why I am glad I am here in this organization.

In the first place, I feel that a girl here is treated with absolute fairness. Because she is a girl is no sign that, if she has the ability, she can not do a man's work. In other words, there is no prejudice in the Company against women. As a girl's ability increases, she is advanced—she gets a fair chance.

In the second place, I believe it would be hard to find an organization employing so many girls and women, which has such a universally high type. The usual type of stenographer or office girl is not found in the Western. I dislike to seem to be complimenting ourselves, but, as I heard one man put it, "The Western Electric girls are like a lot of fine, bright-eyed, clear-headed country girls."

Another thing about the Western that appeals to women is the stability of it. A girl feels secure, if she does her work as she knows she should, that her job will last as long as she wants it. The phrase "Many hired and few fired" has become almost a slogan with the Western.

Again, on this same line, the insurance, sick benefit, and general care the company exercises over its employees are quickly recognized by women—perhaps even more so than by men.

There's one thing I think you'll find most women in the company enjoy—and that is the spirit of friendliness and co-operation that exists here. The Company is more or less a big family. I heard someone say the other day, "It's pleasant working for the Western. You know each day is going to be busy, that you have lots to do, but you never come to the office feeling you're coming to a grind. You come gladly, feeling there's a pleasant day before you to be spent, as it were, among friends." This may seem a trivial thing to bring up, but it is a known fact that where women have had to take the places of men in war work, their success has depended in a large measure on how pleasant and congenial their surroundings and working quarters have been made.

As a final point, I would say that women such as those employed by the Western enjoy the respect with which they are treated and the almost exalted position they hold in the Company. A woman is treated as a woman, but she is not humored, and even business women are women enough to like this.

M. L. E.

A CORRECTION

THE excitement of celebrating its birthday last month evidently was a little too much for the NEWS because it made one grievous error which it now hastens to correct. In explaining a phrase which appeared in a letter of congratulation written by Newcomb Carlton, president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, the NEWS said that Mr. Carlton was born in England. It since has transpired that this statement was incorrect as Mr. Carlton was born in the United States, although he has spent a number of years in England.

A SUGGESTION

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEWS:

As I have seen several interesting items of the Hawthorne Club and Engineering Club at West Street, in the NEWS, I should like to express my opinion about forming a social club at 195 Broadway.

During the noon hour as you pass through the different departments you will see groups of girls knitting, sewing, reading, etc., many of whom do not seem to know the others around them. If such a club could be organized, I should think it would prove a wise scheme, as it would give all the girls a chance to meet during lunch hour and would make their work seem more cheerful. It also would help to make more friends for them among their fellow-workers, which ought to be of value to both the girls and the Company.

J. P.

[This letter has been referred to the officer of the Company in charge of the matters mentioned therein.—Ed.]

AN EXPLANATION

SO much material was received for use in this issue of the NEWS that it was necessary to omit several things that ordinarily would have found a place therein. Forty pages are published, an increase of eight over the usual number, but still there is not room for everything which the editors would like to include.

It has been necessary to hold the third of Mr. Reinke's articles on Russia until the May issue, and the same disposition has been made of the pages devoted to news from the soldiers and sailors. Even they have been asked to step aside for the women this month, but the editors feel sure that they won't object to that act of gallantry. Being gallant in both meanings of the word is a soldier's duty.

Who's Who at Hawthorne

WHO'S sweet as spring's first virgin buds (whatever those may be), and dearer than a peck of spuds? (Quite dear enough, say we.) Who swanks in half an hour late with soft alluring swish and



feeds the boss that "cars blocked" bait—and does he bite? Oh, fish! Who lacks your dignity and poise, your solemn ponderous frown? (So don't make good? Forget that noise. She's got you beat hands down.) Who'll boss us soon? ('Twas ever thus, but still we're not afraid.) Boys, meet the future Mrs. Us—that winsome Western maid.

Women on the Pension List



Miss F. E. Trigge

OF the eighty-eight Western Electric employees on the pension list, four are women. Perhaps the one best known of these four is Miss Florence E. Trigge, who, by reason of her 26 years—to be exact, 26 years and 11 months—service in the company, and more especially because of her own intrinsic worth, is undoubtedly one

of the best loved women ever in the Western Electric employ.

Miss Ella Blair, herself a pioneer Western Electric woman, having been with the Company since 1899, writes a tribute to Miss Trigge. She worked with her for years, and should know.

"The woman's section of the *WESTERN ELECTRIC NEWS* would be incomplete without a tribute to our former much esteemed head stenographer, Miss F. E. Trigge, who, I believe, was the first woman to be employed in the office of the New York house, and who remained with the Company until her faithful services gave her the well-earned privilege of being placed on the pension list.

"In the capacity of head stenographer she hired all the stenographers, clerks and typists for the Company in New York, and I venture to say all will agree that she did it well and with justice. She was sympathetic and kind, and whenever a girl needed encouragement and help she just naturally went to Miss Trigge. She was each girl's friend.

"In looking back over the years there comes to my mind the many improvements made for the comfort of the girls while she was with us, for many of which she was directly responsible. Among them we might mention

the enlargement and improvement of the lunch room, and the opening of the balcony overlooking the Hudson on the south side of the West Street building, which was fitted up with comfortable rocking chairs and artistic window boxes. Here we could spend a few minutes of our lunch hour getting fresh air. The rest room, with magazines and circulating library, was a result of her efforts, and later the roof on the northeast wing of the building was fitted with steamer chairs, where many a girl has enjoyed the rest in the fresh air.

"In her retirement Miss Trigge must not think her name is forgotten, for it is often on our lips, and her services are remembered, and will continue to be."

Miss Trigge's present address is 677 West 16th Street, Des Moines, Ia., and she will be glad to hear from her former associates.

Miss Mena Burgert, who had charge of the stationery department in New York, is another on the pension roll. Old-timers like to recall Miss Burgert's zeal for the interests of the Company, for they tell with keen enjoyment how, under Miss Burgert's rule, no one could get a new pencil without turning in a stub of the old one he'd used. Miss Burgert was with the Western for 19 years and 5 months. Her friends say she is now enjoying life in her cozy little home in Hudson, New York.

Mrs. Josephine Coates, whose home is 5822 West 25th Place, Cicero, Illinois, is another on this list. She saw 26 years' service in the Company, and was a linen attendant in the restaurant at Hawthorne.

Miss Caroline Grosbens, who was a stock record clerk at Hawthorne, has the astonishing record of 37 years and one month's employment in the Western Electric Company. Her home now is 1900 South Turner Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

The Liberty Loan Girl

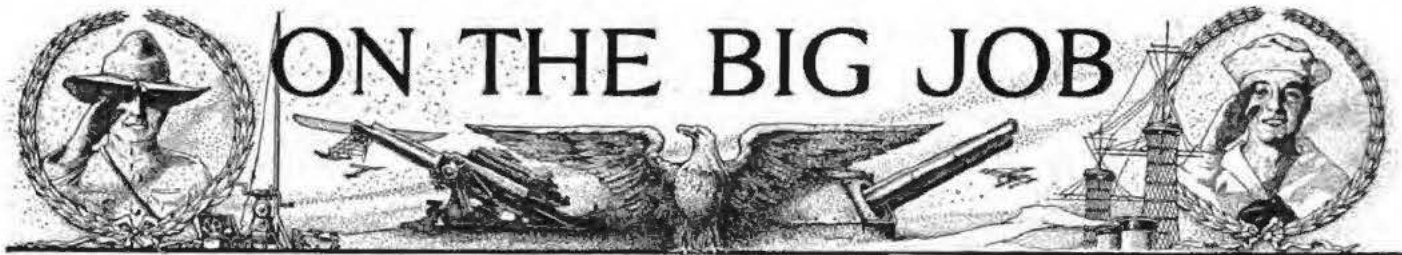


Miss Bertha Raider

SEEING that the Government gets its money and that the Company's employees get their Liberty Bonds is the job which Miss Bertha Raider handles. At the time this was written she was so deep in her preparations for the Third Liberty Loan that she didn't have much time to talk about herself.

All of the Liberty Loan accounts, except those at Hawthorne, are under Miss Raider's supervision, and between the general departments and the various distributing houses she has her hands full. It is a task, however, in which she has a chance to do something for her country as well as for the Company and that makes the work seem less burdensome than it otherwise might be.

Miss Raider came to New York from the Cincinnati house in February, 1917. For a while she was in the cashier's department, but when the flood of Liberty Loan subscriptions began to pour in, it became necessary to find some one to take care of them, and Miss Raider was chosen for the job.



Employees Who Have Entered the Various Branches of the Military Service Since the Last Issue of the News

General Sales Distributing

Atlanta

COLLIER, C. H., Quartermasters' Reserve Corps.
WHITEHEAD, E. C., Reserve Officers' Training Camp.
TWILLEY, A., Quartermasters' Reserve Corps.

Cincinnati

SHLOTMAN, E. C., U. S. Army.
RADLEY, R. A., Reserve Engineers.

Dallas

ABBOTT, E. A., Reserve Signal Corps.

San Francisco

BALLASEUX, G. F., Reserve Signal Corps.
BERNETT, L. P., Aviation Section, Signal Corps.
FLOYER, R. S., Reserve Engineers.
LACEY, W. T., Naval Reserve.
MARECHAL, L., Aviation Section, Signal Corps.
MURRAY, E. R., Reserve Engineers.

Seattle

CHRISTIAN, E., Aviation Section, Signal Corps.
MORRIS, C. F., U. S. Army.

Engineering Department

CURRAN, R. E., Naval Reserve.
ZEITZ, EDWARD, Reserve Signal Corps.

General Manufacturing Department

Hawthorne

ALFSEN, E. O., Aviation Section, Signal Corps.
BRODERICK, J. F., Quartermasters' Reserve Corps.
BYRNE, L. R., Aviation Section, Signal Corps.
DEDIC, F. G., U. S. Marine Corps.
DOLAN, J. E., U. S. Navy.
EVENHOUSE, H., Aviation Section, Signal Corps.
MURPHY, J. D., Aviation Section, Navy.
RICHARDS, R. L., Reserve Signal Corps.
SNELL, J. C., Aviation Section, Signal Corps.
TANSEY, R. D., Reserve Signal Corps.
THORSON, E., Naval Volunteers.
SWIERCZYNSKI, D. J., Polish Army.

Yeoman Julia A. Schnebbe, U. S. N.



As the Government portrays her

IT might be reasonable to presume that inasmuch as the lion's share of this issue of the News belongs to the women, at least one corner might be left entirely to the men. And the most natural place to look for such a masculine monopoly would, of course, be the military section. But even part of the military news

belongs to the women this month, or at least to a woman, Yeoman Julia A. Schnebbe, of the United States Navy.

Before she joined the colors Miss Schnebbe was employed at West Street, but now she is stationed at the Navy Yard, Norfolk, Va. For a while she was engaged in work at the Naval Hospital at Norfolk, but last month was transferred to the Industrial Department at the Navy Yard. She is not required to wear a uniform, however.

The News expected to be able to print an article by Miss Schnebbe in this issue, telling about her work, but the following extracts from three or four letters written by her explain why the article has not yet been sighted by the Board of Editors. Perhaps it may turn up in time for the May issue:

U. S. Navy Yard,
Norfolk, Virginia,
March 6, 1918.

To the Editor of the News.

DEAR SIR:

Immediately on receipt of your letter I wrote an article in regard to my life at the Naval Hospital. Before I could submit it to the Medical Director in command for censorship I was transferred to the Navy Yard to work with the Civil Engineers. Consequently, I have had to submit it to those in charge over here. Naval Constructor R. M. Watt gave a favorable comment on it and made one or two suggestions which I used. It then went to Rear Admiral F. T. Fechtler, the Commandant of this Navy Yard. He passed it, and has now submitted it to Medical Director L. W. Spratling at the hospital, as the article dealt entirely with conditions there.

I am hoping that Dr. Spratling will return it to me, but it is possible he might send it to the Surgeon General at Washington. I will send it to you just as soon as it is returned to me, and am hoping that this will be in time for the publication. It has passed two censors and will probably pass the others.

U. S. Navy Yard,
Norfolk, Virginia,
March 8, 1918.

To the Editor of the News.

DEAR SIR:

My article has at last received the endorsement of all the naval officials concerned and will be forwarded to you to-day direct from the office of Rear Admiral Fechtler. I am sure that the influence of the Western Electric Company had much weight in the attention given this article. Your letter of request and all the endorsements are now in the files of the U. S. Navy.

I trust that my co-workers at home will be interested in my life in the Navy. I took great pleasure in writing the article, and will always be glad to comply with any such request, as I do not want those at home to forget me.

U. S. Navy Yard,
Norfolk, Virginia,
March 18, 1918.

To the Editor of the News.

DEAR SIR:

I do hope that the article has reached you at last. I learned only yesterday that instead of forwarding it to you direct Rear Admiral Fechtler sent it to Secretary Daniels at Washington for approval, with the request that he forward it to you. Rather discouraging. I only hope that they do not think it necessary to submit same to President Wilson before having it published.

I am enclosing a picture which I think may interest you. It is not very flattering, but it was taken here at the Navy Yard and I

have to use it as a means of identification. Only people on official business are admitted to this yard and each one must have this means of identification. The word "Gates" indicates that I may enter this yard by any of its gates, and the word "Launch," that I may cross to Norfolk on any of the Navy launches; "901" is the serial number, and "1189" is my number. My copy of this picture is mounted on a small button which bears the inscription on the back, "U. S. N." over an anchor, underneath which is written, "Navy Yard, Norfolk, Va."

The Navy Yard photographer usually meets with the same satisfactory results obtained by the Western Electric photographer. We walk down a couple of windy streets to his office, then, without any preliminaries, sit down and have our pictures taken in less than a second. Usually we do not know the performance is over when he is calling the next one.



Buy Thrift Stamps

THE Electrical Division of the National War Savings Committee for Greater New York, under the leadership of Mr. Halligan as chairman, is urging everybody engaged in the electrical industry to become the possessor of a Thrift card. A Thrift card soon becomes a War Savings card. It is the commencement of a definite contribution to a goodly bank balance, and incidentally it helps the financing of the war.

Every employee of the Western Electric Company is strongly urged to do his or her best in the direction of spreading the gospel of thrift. Here are a few con-

crete suggestions which will help you further the sale of Thrift and War Savings Stamps:

1. Use Thrift cards with one stamp attached instead of souvenirs, place cards, etc., whenever you give a party. Urge all your friends to do the same.

2. Whenever you buy goods yourself for cash, tell the man to whom you give your money, that you will be glad to take a few stamps instead of cash in change.

3. Every time an organization you belong to holds a meeting see that someone on hand has a supply of Thrift cards.

4. When you tip a waiter or a pullman porter, make it a point at times to make the man take a 25-cent stamp pasted in a Thrift card. Of course, it is not fair to do all tipping with Thrift Stamps, but a certain proportion of tipping can be handled this way, without hardship to the man to whom the tip is given.

Helping the Government Get the Cash

How the Collection of the Income Tax Was Handled at Hawthorne

THE work of compiling the information required by the Income Tax law of 1917 was started in the latter part of December and was finished by February 1. With more than 22,000 employees on the pay roll, including the field force of the installation branch, and the large number of ex-employees whose earnings before they left were \$800 or more, the compiling of this information was no small task. The work was done chiefly by the pay roll and shop clerical divisions, though the relief division also was impressed into the work, as all sickness and accident payments had to be included in the totals paid to each employee. When the work was completed, it was found that there were over 10,000 employees whose earnings equaled \$800 or more.

The compilation of these statistics was but preliminary to the more difficult work of assisting each person to fill out, execute, and file his or her income tax schedule. All returns to the Internal Revenue Collector were due by March 1 (later extended to April 1). The Chicago District Revenue Agent, Dan J. Chapin, assigned Deputy Collector A. M. Barry to Hawthorne, and he was located at the works from January 28 to March 1, inclusive.

At Hawthorne it was decided that the Company would undertake to give all employees any help desired in the preparation of their schedules. Instructions were prepared, forms procured and to each employee subject to

the law was sent a statement of his or her earnings, an income tax form and a copy of the instruction, giving in detail the method to be followed in filling out the form. The plant was divided into districts and a man was appointed for each district, to whom employees were invited to go when further assistance was found to be necessary. These men were thoroughly instructed by ourselves and by Mr. Barry in the rules and regulations laid down by the United States Treasury. The more complicated or difficult cases were referred to Mr. Barry for his personal advice and assistance.

The tax schedules were distributed in equal sized lots, which regulated the number of employees who each day would apply for assistance, execute, and file their return, and pay over to Uncle Sam's representative their contribution to his war chest. The time fixed by law for paying the tax without penalty, is June 15, but Uncle Sam needs the money, so immediate payment was requested. Two general bulletins were printed and posted to stimulate the payment of taxes at once rather than wait until June 15. Few returns were filed without the hard cash to liquidate the debt, nor was payment made in a grudging spirit, but with a smile and an evident desire that the Kaiser should be beaten at his own game. The 3 per cent. discount offered by the Government for immediate remittance was not demanded in a single instance. Tax dodgers do not work for the Western.

Washington in War Time

By Miss Alice Heacock



Miss A. Heacock

WORKING for Mr. Street and Uncle Sam was not conducive to sightseeing, therefore my impressions of war-time Washington are somewhat vague. However, even in the attempt to go to and from the office one realizes that our capital is no longer the calm, provincial, old place we once knew and enjoyed visiting; for upon finding one-

self unable to board not only the first car that comes along, but possibly the ninth or tenth, one comes to the conclusion that the statisticians are correct in stating that there has been an influx of some seventy thousand people into Washington since the war began, and likewise inclines to the belief that they all travel over the same route. The same congestion is found in the restaurants. Before one restaurant of a chain with which many of us are familiar, a line forms on the street awaiting admission, and it is estimated that from eight to ten thousand are served there daily. Almost every one has had to listen at one time or another to the woeful tale of the difficulties encountered by some long-suffering patriot in his attempt to procure hotel accommodations in Washington, so there is no need to dwell further on that phase. The same conditions, both as to lack of rooms and excessive charges for make-shift arrangements, exist in the boarding houses.

Office space, however, has presented the real problem, for the capacity of the buildings normally used for the carrying on of Government work has long since proved inadequate, and each department has outgrown time and again the additional space provided. Private residences and buildings of every description have been commandeered. Mr. Street's experience is typical; during his twelve weeks' work in the organizing of the Warehousing Division of the Quartermasters' Corps his office was located in three different sections of the city, two of the buildings having formerly been private houses. One of these was at one time the home of Daniel Webster, and later was used as an embassy. Just across the park from this office is the White House, which with its serene dignity almost makes one forget that we are at war.

Every inch of available space is being utilized for offices, even to the extent of placing desks in some of the public institutions. The National Museum houses a large force handling the many details of War Risk Insurance for our soldiers and sailors. The beautiful Congressional Library has so far remained unmolested, as it of course should.

This need for office space is gradually being relieved by the erection of temporary buildings which grow like mushrooms overnight. These are being used for the

various rapidly expanding Government bureaus, as well as for the newly established war agencies.

Needless to say, admission to any or all of the Government departments, whether located in the State, War and Navy Building, or in a residence on a side street, is possible only with a properly certified pass.

The broad avenues which contributed so much to the beauty and dignity of Washington are now filled with motor vehicles of all kinds, the official War Department cars labeled "For Government Business Only"; the Women's Volunteer Motor Corps cars and ambulances with their drab-uniformed drivers who are co-operating so finely with the Red Cross and the Government Departments by contributing their cars, their time and their energy in expeditiously transporting individuals and supplies; and the prairie-schooner type of motor trucks of the Quartermasters', Signal and Ordnance Corps, which are not only handling their own work but have been impressed into service to aid in the transferring of furniture and supplies during the many moves of the various departments. Add to these the overworked taxis and the cars of civilians and officers, and one feels that all Washington is on wheels.

Washington may now well be called "The City of Uniforms," and the eye is delighted with the military setting not only of our own Army and Navy uniforms, but of the oftentimes brilliantly-hued ones of our Allies. Aside from those engaged in Government business in the district, the proximity of Fort Myer, Camp Meade and Washington Barracks causes many of the men from these camps to visit the Capital while on their furloughs.

'Saluting has almost become a hardship, and walking along in the wake of an officer one is reminded of the dear old lady who, while proudly promenading with her recently commissioned son, beamed admiringly and remarked, after he had been saluted about fifty times, "Harold, I think it's perfectly wonderful how you keep in touch with the men and make so many friends."

All of these physical changes in our Capital are apparent to the casual observer; but it is when one enters the buildings, or takes up the work, that the seriousness of the situation and the atmosphere of tension are appreciated; officers and civilians are working day and night, Sundays and holidays, at topmost speed, driven by an ever-impelling desire to help win the war. To many it is a new game but they are playing it to the best of their ability, even though frequently meeting with drawbacks and discouragements.

Still, despite the congestion and inconveniences, the pressure of work and its attendant fatigue, and the disappointments constantly requiring renewed efforts, there is a certain compensation in the thought that one is in the midst of things, where important moves in the world war are being decided upon and worked out, and history is in the making.

From House to House

Broadway

To the Girls!

Would that our pen were heaven-blest,
And tipped with fire divine,
We'd get some pacans off our chest,
As offerings at the shrine—
Of girls.

Though fools, they say, rush in full tilt
Where angels fear to walk,
We cannot rest until we've spilt
A little line of talk—
On girls.

At sundry times in days gone by,
We've been misunderstood.
For we would rather lose an eye
Than say aught but of good—
Of girls.

So here's to you who type all day,
And gaily chat the while;
Who make sense out of what men say,
With patient martyr's smile—
Poor girls.

And here's to you, a pleasant sight,
In waists of gauzy stuff;
Your presence makes work a delight,
Without you 'twould be tough—
Oh, girls!

The Hawthorne shops now have a crew,
We've seen them and we know,
Who must come in for their fair due,
A tribute do we owe—
Those girls.

All hail the punch press bloomerette,
With not a frill or fuss,
Our homage, heartwhole, do you get,
You sure look good to us—
Some girls!

—W. A. W.



Women of the Foreign Sales Department and General Credit Department at New York. Those indicated with an asterisk are doing men's work during the war.
Seated, First Row—Miss Marguerite Lindsey. Second Row—Miss Frances H. Kennedy, General Credit Department; Miss Lililan Russell, Miss Julia Rosso. Third Row—Miss Lucy C. Thoms, General Credit Department; * Miss Alice C. Stewart. Standing, Left to Right—Miss Florence M. Cronin, * Miss Jennie Rosenquist, * Miss Elizabeth A. Doran, * Miss Susan A. Wagner* and Miss Dorothy Port*

The Hoover Version

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
For the bone she had hidden away.
But young Mr. Hoover
Was quick to reprove her,
For it was a Meatless Day.

—W. F. L.

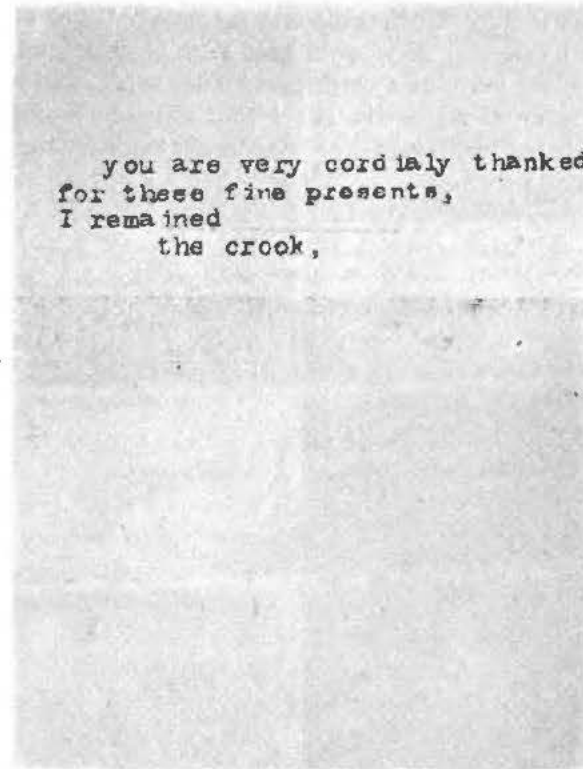
Pittsburgh



Readers of the News who happened to see the attached clipping in the *New York Tribune*, need not be concerned over the rumor that our new manager is leading a double life. No, this Joe Ray hails from Chicago, being one of the star athletes of George Porter's (Chicago please take note) Illinois Athletic Club.

Richmond

The attached document is a note of appreciation left by a burglar who recently forced his way into our Charlotte warehouse and made away with a Corona typewriter, a speed indicator and \$3.00 worth of stamps. Of course you have heard of Southern chivalry and politeness all your life, but you don't often have such cases as this brought to your attention.



His advancement to the position of manager at Atlanta makes it necessary for H. W. Hall to resign from the governing board of the Richmond Chamber of Commerce to which he was recently elected.

Salt Lake City



Two Girls of Whom Salt Lake City is so Proud That it Sent Two Photographs of them: Miss L. Lindholm and Miss F. Steenblik

There are five girls working in the main office and two at the Warehouse. We could not round up all the girls in time, and are sorry Vera Burbidge is not on the picture, because she has been with the Company longer than any of the others. We will try to have her in another issue of the News. The five girls in the picture are arranged according to length of service.

Miss Lindholm is Salt Lake's fastest stenographer, and besides that is always being bothered by the salesmen for expense money, because Mr. Customer is in town today, and we have to show him around. Miss Steenblik carries away the medal for speed on Power Apparatus and Farm Lighting letters, and only wishes she could go out in the country and sell a few plants and water systems. Miss Appelman is there when it comes to writing up orders.

The girls here in this office haven't been called to deviate from their regular routine work as yet. Somehow it seems that Uncle Sam has mercy on them, and left enough men so they could take care of their own work. We still have a man driving our Ford truck, and haven't heard anything to the effect that any of the girls will have to start studying "Fordism" to help the cause along.



Salt Lake City's Contribution. They Are Tangled Up a Bit, but Perhaps the Following List of Names Will Straighten Them Out: Front Row, Seated (from Left to Right)—Miss L. Lindholm and Miss F. S. Steenblik. Middle Row, Seated—Miss D. Appelman. Back Row, Standing—Miss Olive Carlson and Miss Blanche Coalter

Cleveland

To help make the foreigners that come to this land of ours better Americans is the reason that Miss Ruth Jarman, phonograph operator, gives every Tuesday evening to teaching these men and women the three Rs. People of all nationalities come to this little school, conducted in the basement of a large apartment house in which are housed about seventy-two families of foreign birth—men and women who will not go to the night schools conducted in the public school buildings, but who are anxious to learn to read and write the language of their adopted country.



Miss Leona Horne, Cleveland's Leader in Saving Thrift Stamps

The sale of War Savings Stamps has met with an enthusiastic response in our organization, and every one is taking this chance to help in the spring drive. A special contest has developed which, according to the last report, is led by Miss Leona Horn, our Mail Clerk, who is about to finish her fifth book of stamps. Miss Horn has also contributed her fiancé who is now "Somewhere in France,"

and the photograph herewith will show why at least one soldier is in a big hurry to finish his job abroad and get back home.

Kansas City

The fact that pennies make dollars is being demonstrated by Kansas City's Penny-a-day Club for the soldiers and sailors. Since organizing our club, at the suggestion of Mr. Uhrig, a total of \$38.00 has been paid in. Membership in the Club is voluntary. Ninety-seven out of the one hundred and fifty employees have joined, and the number is increasing.

The Club selected five of its members as a Board of Trustees to care for the funds, distribute the gifts, and attend to other necessary business. Miss O'Gara and Miss Schappert, Messrs. Bartlett, Barber and McClean compose the Board. Twelve of our fellow-workers are now serving under the Stars and Stripes. Every month we send each of these boys a box containing candy, gum, tobacco and cigarettes, or other appropriate articles of comfort—all purchased out of the Penny-a-day fund.

If we can not serve we can give, and we all hope our boys will find as much pleasure in their little monthly packages as we find in dropping our pennies in the Club bank.

The accompanying picture fails to do justice to Miss Mary Nolan and Miss Bertha Hunter, the only Service Badge girls in the Kansas City organization.

Miss Nolan entered the employ of the Company October 15, 1906, and has served continuously since that time as switchboard operator. The satisfaction she has given is fully attested by the length of her service.



The girls in the photograph on the left are Miss O'Gara and Miss Schappert. Those in the central group are (from left to right) Miss L. Carey, Miss E. Aischell, Miss A. O'Connor, Miss L. Clarke, Miss M. Ryan. The pair on the right are Miss Nolan and Miss Hunter

Miss Hunter came with the Kansas City organization May 21, 1906, and has been connected with various clerical departments during the twelve years.

Miss Nellie Canty entered the employ of the Kansas City organization September 30, 1910, and has served continuously since that time in the cashier's department, having had full charge of the department the greater part of that time. Unfortunately it was impossible to send in her picture for this issue.

Atlanta

Atlanta is indeed proud to send to the News a photograph of fifty-five of her girls. This photograph speaks for itself, and so do the girls.

This bunch, we believe, will make other houses sit up and take notice, for, not only are they good looking, but typical of Dixie; the sunshine of the country shows in their faces.

No more efficient, loyal or energetic aggregation can be found in any Western Electric house. Two in this

group are wearing Service Buttons, and there are several more who will receive their buttons before long.

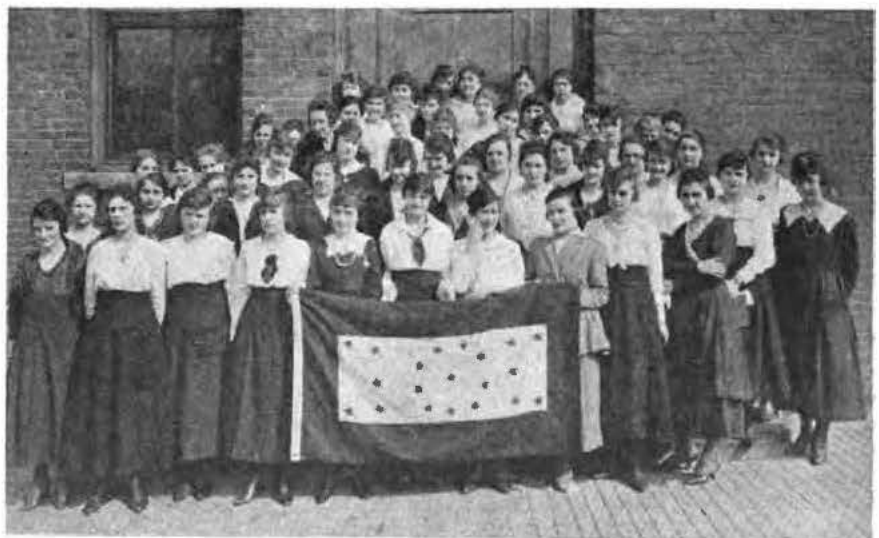
The Service Flag displayed in the picture is backed up by the efforts of our girls, who, in a great many cases, have taken upon their shoulders the work formerly done by the men now at the front, and as burdens grow heavier, and more men are called, these same girls will put forth more strenuous efforts, and with the same smile as shown in the picture will accomplish the results and deliver the goods.



Miss Irons (Bill Williamson, Who Missed the Big Picture of the Atlanta Girls, But Gets in the News After All



Three Payroll Experts—From left to right, Miss J. Scherr, West Street; Miss M. Walker, Fifth Avenue; Miss A. Hoey, Broadway



Fifty-five Girls From the Atlanta House Proudly Displaying Their Service Flag With Its Score of Stars

Fifth Avenue

The accompanying photograph shows Miss Mayme Walker, who has been with the Company since January 31, 1906. The two others in the picture are co-workers with Miss Walker. During her period of service Miss Walker has always been in the Payroll Department at present doing all the work herself for the New York Distributing House at Fifth Avenue.

Miss Emma Burgess started to work for the Company on May 10, 1909, her first job being in the Shop Storeroom. Later she was transferred to the Ticket Auditing Department, where she is at present.

One of our girls who has released a man for war is Miss Catherine M. Purtell, now in the Voucher Department at Fifth Avenue. She first came with the Company on March 10, 1910, beginning in the



Miss Mary A. Maher

Shop Storeroom Department, later being transferred to the Collating Department. She remained there until 1914, when she entered the division, where she has lately taken a position formerly held by a male clerk.

Miss Mary A. Maher entered the employ of the Company on September 24, 1906, in the Messenger Department at West Street. Since 1914 she has had

charge of the incoming mail.

Miss Matilda W. Demmler began as a typist in the Correspondence Division on January 15, 1906, later being transferred to the General Purchasing Department. For some time she has held the position of Secretary to Mr. J. A. Pizzini.

Miss Loretta Doyle is head of the Messenger Department. She came to the Company on April 31, 1906. Miss Doyle has served in our Telephone Warehouse, Order Entering Department, Mailing Department, and has been in the present work since 1911. Outside of office hours she takes part in Red Cross work.

The appointment of Mr. W. Woessner as Assistant Stores Manager, succeeding Mr. J. B. Odell, who has been transferred to Richmond as Manager, advances a very popular member of the New York organization.

In effecting the move of our offices from 463 West Street to 151 Fifth Avenue, 130 van loads of furniture were transported during two evenings and one afternoon. Some of the equipment, particularly desks which had been in use since the West Street building was erected, celebrated its new-found freedom by falling gracefully apart and hopelessly beyond repair.

H. B. Tompkins, formerly of our Office Sales Department and now in the National Army, has just com-

pleted a course in radio work at Fortress Monroe, and is now detailed as instructor, with rank of sergeant, in the radio branch of the Coast Artillery.

L. R. (Pop) Shanks, dean of New York salesmen, took first prize in a window-dressing contest held recently at Newark. We wonder if "Pop" got his ideas from watching the styles at Asbury Park and Ocean Grove.

In our new location we are under the watchful eye of "Madison Mary," the big clock in the Metropolitan Life Tower. But few people apparently know how closely this gigantic time-piece rivals "Big Ben," of London.

Omaha

Whenever Omaha comes to the front in the farm light section of the Company's sales reports, the chances are that Miss Tillie Vitoush has been getting in some of her fine work. She is assistant farm light specialist, which is a pretty hard job for a woman to tackle. She has been with the Company for five years in various capacities.

Women assistants are popular in Omaha. Miss Pearl Janney is assistant cashier, Miss Genevieve Krause is assistant purchasing agent, and Miss Bessie Coufal is first assistant in the claims department.

All these girls are shown in the group of photographs, as well as two or three others of lesser fame, although perhaps Miss Rose Hoffman, the head of the stenographic department, and Miss Elfrida Wehls, who is head of the comptometer work, ought to be ranked ahead of the four "assistants." Red Cross work and knitting occupy a good share of the spare time of the girls of the Omaha house.

SOME OF THE GIRLS FROM THE OMAHA HOUSE



The quintette: Misses Janney, Wehl, Krause, Mullery and Underhill

Denver

In the Curtis Street office and store fifteen women are employed, and their scope of activity includes all de-

A SEXTETTE FROM DENVER

partments. Some are in positions usually assigned to women; others are now in positions replacing men. Notable among the latter are counter sales, stationery stock maintenance and service work.

We present photographs of five of these employees who have long terms of service with us. Miss M. Cassidy, in our Credit and Financial Department, displays a ten-year service button, and is the only female member of our "Button Brigade." Her hobby is business—to which she strictly adheres. We recall the delinquent customer



from Podunk who called on us, following some correspondence, to have a talk with "that man Cassidy" and left in good humor after paying his account.

Miss I. Mohan, in our Stenographic Division, has been with us eight years, and knows how to say it—even though the dictator slips. In the season—outside of business hours—she will occasionally talk baseball, and knows all about the batting averages.

Miss A. Nevin is in our Order Department. Miss G. Swenson is a valued member of our Stenographic Division, and Miss N. Leyden is with our Service Department, and has the happy faculty of being able to handle any position to which she is assigned. She takes an unusual interest in work allied with the war, and has two brothers in the Marine Corps.

Boston



Mrs. Anna Schreiker, the Matron of the Boston Home, at Her Desk in Her New Quarters

The new matron, Mrs. Anna Schreiker, is shown in the accompanying photograph at her desk in the new women's rest room of the Boston shop.

This room, which is 40 feet long and 25 feet wide, has eight windows, and is large and airy. Many improvements have been added, among which are the new style lockers, which are the suggestion of James Hayes, Department

5902, Hawthorne. The floor is covered with linoleum, and mission rockers add to the general appearance. The

girls are also proud possessors of a new Victrola.

Mrs. Schreiker is doing everything possible to add to the appearance of the room, and has succeeded indeed in making our new room homelike and comfortable.

The other photograph shows a group of girls at Boston who have formed a Knitting Club for the purpose of aiding the soldiers and sailors. At the time this photograph was taken the girls had already sent to the Red Cross several pairs of stockings, helmets, scarfs, wristers and sweaters.

As forty men have left the Boston Club to answer the call of the nation, the Knitting Club is kept busy in an effort to keep the boys well supplied, and it is the intention to continue this work for the duration of the war.

San Francisco

Forty-two girls of the San Francisco house are doing their bit by knitting at noon and at home for the lads who are represented by the sixty-one stars in our service flag. With Miss Leonore Dolcini as Chairman, they constitute an official auxiliary of the Red Cross, and have turned in a number of sweaters, scarfs, socks and helmets. Interest and industry are kept at a steady "purling"



Boston's Knitting Club. Front row (from left to right)—Misses Anna Buckley, Anna Healey, Mary Czarnetski, Anna Herlihy. Rear Row—Phyllis Teizeira, Catherine Reynolds, Margaret Teizeira, Helen Dooley, Grace Coleman, Annie Czarnetski



Inspecting Nickel Work

Assembling a Desk Stand

Drilling Fanning Strips

Frame Switchboard Work

SOME OF THE GIRLS AT EMERYVILLE, CAL., AT WORK

point, and woe to the girl who insists upon crocheting a pretty pink "whatcha call them" instead of creations in khaki or gray color!

A year ago the Emeryville shop employed twenty-five girls in clerical and small mechanical piece part jobs, but the increasing demands of the shop, and the shortage of help caused by the men who left at Uncle Sam's call, have increased the number of girls employed in Emeryville to seventy, and many of them are on such jobs as drilling fanning strips, repairing desk stands and sub sets, wiring switchboards, and even running some of the machines in the machine shop. Naturally this change from simple feminine tasks to the more dangerous masculine occupations has led to woman's dress reform, in which close-fitting overalls have been adopted by those who work near machines, and neat blue aprons and bibs by

the rest of the girls to protect their clothing. These uniforms are serviceable and are becoming, too, which is not an unwelcome factor.

The girls are very keen in performing helpful war-time activities, such as active participation in the big Y. M. C. A., Red Cross and Liberty Bond drives.



This Photograph of the San Francisco House Girls Came East With Only One Girl of the Lot Identified, Miss Stanley, in the Center of the Front Row. Up to the Time of Going to Press Every Man Who Has Been Lucky Enough to See the Picture Has Inquired for the Name of the Young Lady, Who is Second From the Left in the Front Row

Philadelphia

The photographs at the bottom of the page shows some of the girls of the house. In the photograph at the left are six girls, each of whom has worked for the company for ten years or more. They are (reading from left to right) Miss J. E. Harpel (15 years), Miss E. G. Leonard (15 years), Miss B. A. Sweeney (15 years), Miss A. C. Penney (15 years),

Miss S. M. Brady (10 years), and Miss G. V. Dougherty (10 years).



All Six Girls Have Ten or More Years of Service to Their Credit



Handling the Calls. Miss Ella C. Droser and Miss Marguerite V. Boyle



Switchboard Wiring. Miss Bertha Campbell and Miss Violet Price

Western Electric Men Who Are Helping the Government—H. B. Thayer

DISPATCHES from Washington announced recently that H. B. Thayer, of the Western Electric Company, had been appointed a member of the Aircraft Board. Mr. Thayer accepted the appointment tendered to him by President Wilson, and during the last few weeks has been spending most of his time in the national capital.



H. B. Thayer

The act creating the Aircraft Board provides that it shall consist of not more than nine members, including a civilian chairman, the Chief Signal Officer of the Army, two other Naval officers, and two additional civilian members. Howard E. Coffin, the automobile engineer, is the chairman of the board, and Mr. Thayer,

therefore, is one of the two additional civilian members. The purpose for which the Aircraft Board was established is expressed as follows in the act of Congress creating it:

"That for the purpose of expanding and co-ordinating the industrial activities relating to aircraft, or parts of aircraft, produced for any purpose in the United States, and to facilitate generally the development of air service, a board is hereby created, to be known as the Aircraft Board."

Inasmuch as the statement that "the war is to be won in the air" is made so frequently these days, the extent and importance of the service which the Company's president is rendering can be appreciated.



Half a Million Added to Benefit Fund

Generous Appropriation Voted by Directors Out of 1917 Earnings Makes a Total of \$1,500,000

AN addition of \$500,000 made by the Company's directors is the most striking feature recorded in the fifth annual report of the Employees' Benefit Fund, which has just been prepared.

This sum which makes the total amount of the Fund \$1,500,000 was set aside by the Directors out of the 1917 earnings of the Company. One out of every ten employees on the Company's payroll was a recipient of benefits from the Fund last year, a total of 2,894 cases. The report, which is addressed to the "Employees of the Western Electric Company, nc.," and which is signed by J. W. Johnston, J. W. Bancker, R. E. McEwan, J. L. McQuarrie and O. D. Street, reads as follows:

"While the average number of employees of the Company during the year increased from 22,236 in 1916 to 29,095 in 1917, as shown below, the disability benefits were less in 1917 than in 1916. This is largely due to a very low sickness disability rate. While the accident disability benefits show some increase over the preceding year, this increase can be accounted for by the increased number of employees.

"A comparison of the payments made from our Fund this year and the last two years follows:

| | 1915 | 1916 | 1917 |
|------------------------------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|
| Pensions | \$44,258 | \$40,826 | \$35,785 |
| Accident Disability Benefits | 18,907 | 23,435 | 31,522 |
| Accident Disability Expenses | 5,121 | 7,344 | 9,967 |
| Sickness Disability Benefits..... | 79,795 | 90,921 | 73,156 |
| Death Benefits | 88,111 | 23,318 | 23,435 |
| | <u>\$231,192</u> | <u>\$185,844</u> | <u>\$178,915</u> |

"The Board of Directors have added \$500,000 to our Fund out of the net earnings of the Company in 1917, making the Fund at December 31, 1917, \$1,500,000.

"There were eighty-seven names on the pension roll at the close of the year. Ninety names were added to the roll during the year, and the following were removed from the roll by death: Henry Fasholz, C. W. Fritsche, Mary Hanrahan, H. J. Harmon, M. Hastreiter, Charles F. Nickel, C. Peterson, William Winter.

"There were twenty-eight deaths from sickness of employees having five or more years' service.

"Taking all cases collectively, benefits were paid in 2,894 cases, or to one out of every ten employees of the Company, or their beneficiaries.

"As provided in the Plan, an audit of the Employees' Benefit Fund has been made for the year, and a copy of the certificate of audit is submitted herewith."

Changes in Organization

AN even dozen names are on the list of changes in organization issued a few days ago, as big a shift as the NEWS has had the pleasure of recording in a long, long while. Most of the men involved in these changes already have taken up their new duties, and to all of them the NEWS extends its congratulations.



C. H. Minor



H. L. Grant

Clark H. Minor has been assigned to special work in China and Japan, reporting to Mr. Swope. Mr. Minor entered the employment of the Company as a clerk in New York in 1902. After two years of that work he was transferred to clerical inspection in Chicago, and in 1905 went to Kansas City as chief clerk. About a year in each job was enough for him, and he was promoted to the position of assistant manager at Kansas City in 1906. The next year he went to Omaha as manager and managed to escape advancement for all of two years, his next move being a return journey to Kansas City as manager. After a month in that position he was made manager of the Antwerp house.

He returned to this country in 1914 and became acting foreign sales manager in New York. In 1915 he was transferred to Chicago as assistant Central District manager, and since September, 1916, has been back in New York as contract sales manager.

Henry L. Grant has at last been pried loose from Chicago and has been assigned to special work in the sales department at New York. His record of service with the Company, which extends all the way from January 1905, to the present date, is notable for the fact that the word "Chicago" follows each item. He began in the clerical inspection department, and before the first year was out had progressed so far that he was head of the payroll department. After holding various other jobs to the satisfaction of all concerned, he went into sales work in the power apparatus line in April, 1909. He became assistant sales manager in January, 1910, and sales manager in September of the same year.

Fred B. Gleason, who for the last sixteen months has been Southern District manager at Atlanta, comes to

New York to take up the work of contract sales manager with headquarters at 195 Broadway. He was first employed by the Company in October, 1904, in telephone sales work. He became manager of the Dallas house four years later, and in 1909 went to San Francisco where he was Pacific District supervisor.

The next step was across the Pacific to Japan where he was employed as Far Eastern manager, a position which he assumed in 1912. He remained there four years, coming to New York in 1916 as general telephone sales manager. In November of the same year he was sent to Atlanta and was promoted to the position which he has just left.

To replace Mr. Gleason as manager at Atlanta and Southern District manager, Howard W. Hall has been transferred from the Richmond house where he has been the manager for eleven years. He came with the Company in 1901, entering the clerical department in Chicago. The following year he was transferred to telephone sales work, and in 1906 was made manager of the St. Louis house. Since then he has represented the Company at Nashville and has been manager at Denver, where he stayed for one year, and Richmond.



J. D. Kennedy



F. B. Gleason

Jay B. Odell becomes manager of the Richmond house in place of Mr. Hall. He entered the employment of the Company in 1904 in the New York house and with the exception of a year spent at Hawthorne has always been at New York. His advancement has been steady and for the last four years he has been assistant stores manager.

Jerome D. Kennedy leaves the Philadelphia house of which he has been manager since January, 1909, to take charge of the General Sales Department at Hawthorne. His new title is assistant contract sales manager, and the general merchandise manager and the other general sales branches at Hawthorne will report to him.

Mr. Kennedy began to work for the Company in

June, 1899, as an engineer in New York. He was sent to Chicago to take charge of the equipment division in 1907 and two years later went to Philadelphia as manager.

The place at Philadelphia left vacant by Mr. Kennedy's advancement will be filled by Leo M. Dunn, manager of the Pittsburgh house since 1913. Before coming to the Company in 1910, Mr. Dunn was employed by the C., D. & P. Tel. Co., his service with that organization extending over a period of twenty-four years. He began as an office boy when only twelve years old.

His first work with the Western was a chief storekeeper in Pittsburgh. He was made stores manager in January, 1913, and manager in November of the same year.

Joseph L. Ray steps into Mr. Dunn's managerial shoes at Pittsburgh. He began work with the Company in the draughting department at Hawthorne in 1905, and a year later was transferred to local New York as sales manager of power apparatus. He became sales manager at Pittsburgh in 1913.

Russell A. Griffin has been in the service of the Bell interests for twenty-five years. He entered the employ of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company in 1893, and shortly after was made assistant general purchasing agent and subsequently general purchasing agent of that company.



L. M. Dunn



R. A. Griffin

When the supply contract with the Western Electric Company was executed by the American Telephone Company Mr. Griffin entered the Western's service as manager of the pole department, in which capacity he has served for the past fourteen years.

After April 1 he will be vice president of the National Pole Company, making his headquarters in New York. It is expected that Mr. Griffin will continue in close touch with the Western Electric Company, as he will be in direct charge of the National Pole Company's extensive business relations with the Western Electric Company throughout the United States.

W. P. Hoagland has been appointed sales manager at Chicago. He has been with the Chicago house since September, 1900, and since 1911 has been head of the supply sales work.

G. T. Marchmont has been made sales manager at Richmond. He was first employed by the Company in 1908. He has been assistant sales manager for the last four years.

H. C. Goldrick is to do special work for the New York house. He began work for the Company in San Francisco on January 1, 1915. Recently he has been doing work in Washington.

J. H. Symons is the new stores manager at Minneapolis, where he has been for the last four years. He has been employed by the Company for nearly twenty years.



C. A. Merrill



W. F. Bancker

Another important organization change, effective April 1, was announced just as the News went to press. W. F. Bancker was made General Purchasing Agent reporting to Vice President Salt, and C. A. Merrill was made Assistant General Purchasing Agent in charge of the clerical and service section of the general purchasing department. He will report to Mr. Bancker.

William F. Bancker first entered the employment of the Company at West Street on May 1, 1899, beginning in the shop cost department. He went from there to the pay-roll department when the latter was organized, and later became head of it.

In 1902 he went to the Material Order Department in charge of the raw material division. While doing this work he became interested in the Purchasing Department and his volunteer interest was so keen that there was nothing to do but give him a chance to show his accomplishments. Since then he has been in the purchasing department, except for a brief time in 1907. He was transferred to Hawthorne in May, 1908, where he remained up to the time of his recent promotion.

C. A. Merrill also began his first work for the Company in 1899, starting at Clinton Street in October of that year. Two years later he was made credit man in Philadelphia, and in 1901 was transferred to New York as cashier. Since that time he has remained in New York occupying various positions.



To be Awarded in April

| THIRTY-FIVE YEARS | | FIFTEEN YEARS | |
|---------------------------------------|----------|-------------------------------------|----------|
| Farrell, J., Hawthorne, 5784..... | April — | Hoehn, J., Chicago..... | April 10 |
| THIRTY YEARS | | Laufenburg, W. J., Denver..... | " 13 |
| Thorsen, A., Hawthorne, 7486..... | April — | Newlon, W. B., Hawthorne, 9505..... | " 10 |
| TWENTY-FIVE YEARS | | Pecina, Rose, Hawthorne, 6820..... | " 16 |
| Sindelar, J. C., Hawthorne, 6877..... | April — | Porter, Miss E., New York..... | " 14 |
| Meicke, F. A., Hawthorne, 6887..... | " 15 | Curry, Ada H., New York..... | " 29 |
| Dean, H. G., Hawthorne, 8760..... | " 19 | Kearns, J., New York..... | " 16 |
| Peterson, A. E., Hawthorne, 6839..... | " 29 | Verrastro, T., New York..... | " 14 |
| TWENTY YEARS | | Bond, Louisa E., Philadelphia..... | " 20 |
| Dewberry, S., Hawthorne, 6811..... | April 26 | Crowson, E. A., San Francisco..... | " 27 |
| Siebert, G., Hawthorne, 5786..... | " 28 | TEN YEARS | |
| Bregartner, A., New York..... | " 11 | Koehler, C., Chicago..... | April 8 |
| Mason, A. G., New York..... | " 27 | Porter, G. H., Chicago..... | " 29 |
| F. Van Genechten, Hawthorne..... | " — | Fay, Anna, Hawthorne, 7881..... | " 29 |
| | | Burke, Marie E., New York..... | " 27 |
| | | Blagbrough, F., New York..... | " 28 |

Who They Are

J. Farrell



When a new applicant for employment comes to Hawthorne the man who "shows him the ropes" is J. Farrell. No better man could be found for the purpose, either, for Mr. Farrell has been with the Western since 1883, and knows a thing or two about the Company.

When he started in the old shops at Kinzie Street the whole factory was not much bigger than one of the present departments at Hawthorne. Telephone testing was done in the section occupied by the blacksmith shop. That goes to show that Western Electric 'phones must have always been good, if even the early ones could talk loud enough to be heard above a blacksmith's racket.

Later Mr. Farrell moved to the (then) new shop at Clinton Street, and again in 1904 to the big new works at Hawthorne. Therefore any time you want to know how much the Company has grown in the last three decades and a half, ask Mr. Farrell. He can tell you all about it and will explain to you just why the big Hawthorne plant is such a pleasant place to work.

Mr. Farrell lives just west of the works, where he has a nice home, with a large garden and a big flock of chickens. Most of his spare time outside of work is spent taking care of his "farm."

He gets a 35-year service button this month.

A. Thorsen



In the early days at Clinton Street they made cable by first blowing a ball of string through a piece of lead pipe, then pulling a rope through by means of the string, and finally pulling the wires in. This last move was accomplished in a series of hard tugs, timed by "Yo-heave" so that a man with his eyes shut would have thought himself aboard the good ship *Polly Ann* with the anchor being raised.

Perhaps it was this old familiar sound that enticed Andrew Thorsen into the building after a job in 1888. For Andy had sailed the Atlantic for ten years, and was a Great Lakes sailor of two years' standing. However, a sailor will try anything once, so Andrew walked in and landed a job in the insulating department under Frank Du Plain, father of George Du Plain, who now has the insulating and twisting departments.

Possibly Andy had overstepped the sailor's traditional allowance of "a girl in every port," and foresaw trouble ahead when two of them should meet. Or perhaps it was just that the Western proved a very good place to work. At least, he has never gone back to the boats, and that is 30 years ago.

After a short time in the Insulating Department Mr. Thorsen went into the machine shops, where, with a sailor's adaptability, he soon picked up the trade. He is now located in the C., R. & I. tool room.

J. G. Sindelar



If we told you that J. G. Sindelar has charge of analyzing in Jobbing Department No. 2 you would probably picture him as a chemist or something of the sort, so perhaps it would be best to start out by explaining that he examines orders for new work, estimates how much time will be required on the lathes, how much on the milling-machines, how much on bench work, etc., etc. From this estimate and his records of the work ahead for the different machines he is able to schedule each part of the work for a definite time, and know just when the job will be finished. That this work requires a good general knowledge of machines and their possibilities must be apparent to everyone. Mr. Sindelar has been twenty-five years acquiring this knowledge, and naturally he is very well grounded. He started at assembly work in the Clinton Street shops back in 1893. For a short time he also worked in the store room, from which he entered what we would now call a jobbing department, but what in those days was known simply as a machine shop. That was about 15 years ago, and he has been in similar departments ever since. Consequently he knows machines, and consequently he is in charge of analyzing in Jobbing Department No. 2.

Which brings you back to where we picked you up, so we'll let you off here.

F. A. Meicke

If you think it is some trick to put a watch together, you ought to try to set up an automatic screw machine! However, if you merely watched F. A. Meicke do it you might not think it was so hard, after all, for Mr. Meicke has been in the automatics 25 years, and he can make them eat out of his hand.

He began work in the New York shops in 1893, and worked there until the automatics were moved to Hawthorne. He came along in 1913, and has therefore earned one of the stars on his service button since his move.

Mr. Meicke's thorough acquaintance with the automatics has earned him a group foremanship in the department.

A. E. Peterson



Back in the New York shops they used to call him "Lug-holder Pete," "Pete" being short for Peterson the world over, and "lug-holder" being full length for "lug-holder," as far as we can see. The lug-holder on a desk telephone is the part that holds the transmitter to the stem of the telephone. Mr. Peterson helped develop the type now in use, and his enthusiasm for lug-holders was responsible for his sobriquet.

He began work as a tool maker in 1893, and later became a group foreman in the tool room. From there he went into the punch press department, where he also served as a group foreman. In 1913 he came to Hawthorne. His present position is head tool keeper in the heavy punch press department. His men keep in repair all the numerous complicated tools used on the big presses.

Mr. Peterson's new button will bear three stars.

S. Dewberry



Twenty years ago S. Dewberry began to work toward a service button, choosing the Clinton Street shops as his starting point. Not that Sam had any thoughts of such a decoration then: nobody else had. His whole idea was to do a good job on whatever he had to do, but after all, that is about the best way there is to get a service button, isn't it? Mr. Dewberry has worked in several departments, but most of his time has been spent in the subset assembly department. Sam knows subset symptoms, and can prescribe just the proper dose to cure them, no matter what they may be. His ability along this line and his way of getting along with his fellow workers have secured for him the job of assistant foreman of the department.

Mr. Dewberry has a fine family of youngsters. You probably remember their photograph published in the News with the report of the inspection department's picnic last summer.

G. Siebert



When Gus Siebert received his first promotion and became an usher at West Street the New York Shops lost the best elevator operator in 13 states. They used to test spirit levels in early days by having Gus shoot his elevator up a couple of flights and stop at the third floor. Then they placed the level across between the elevator and the sill of the shaft, and if the bubble did not stand exactly in the middle they rejected the level.

Gus has insisted on having his work on the level ever since. When he was put in charge of the cleaners later on he used to go on an inspection tour of the offices every day, shining a pocket flash light on the polished desk tops to see if his cleaners had missed some minute spot. He is now in charge of the elevator and janitor work of the T. A. shops at Hawthorne, where he is still insisting on results, as a recent happening proves:

The Maintenance Department had found an excellent rat exterminator, and some one wanted to find out whether it would also work with cockroaches. Accordingly Gus told his men to keep a sharp lookout and see if they could find any in the works. They could not, but one, who knows that Gus expects results on a job, brought

a bottle full from home. The compound killed a couple of them, too, and now Gus is looking for market quotations on cockroaches, so that he can reimburse the man for his lost property.

In the meantime Mr. Siebert has a new two-star button coming this month.

F. Van Genechten



When Kaiser Bill, inventor of the anti-neutrality cure, began to dose Antwerp with his 42 centimeter kultur capsules our Antwerp factory decided to shut up shop while there was still a shop to close. Thus did Mr. F. Van Genechten get his transfer to the London branch in 1914.

Mr. Van Genechten began work as a toolmaker at Antwerp in 1898. A couple of years later he became foreman of the tool room, and later was made a general foreman and master-mechanic. In 1913 he was put in charge of the planning department. After the Antwerp shops closed down Mr. Van Genechten had charge of the shop lay-outs on the European automatic work in the London factory. In 1915 he was transferred to Hawthorne in the same capacity. Mr. Van Genechten gets a 20-year service button this month.

A. G. Mason



Arthur G. Mason began work with the Company in 1898 as an office boy. At that time the New York house was at 57 Bethune Street. Since that time he has held a number of positions and in 1916 was put in charge of supply service, claims, buying and selling and stock maintenance departments under the supervision of J. B. Odell.

When the amount of Government work grew so large that special provision had to be made for it, he was transferred to that branch of the business where he has been kept on the jump for the last six months.

Mr. Mason belongs to the Company's ever increasing number of automobile owners and says that keeping a car is one of the greatest and most expensive of outdoor sports.

A. Bregartner



In these days of commissions, boards, more commissions and chiropractics, we read much of adjustments—wage, price, hours, sunlight and spinal. These are all good in their way, but not one of them will make a relay work. That requires another sort of adjustment—spring adjustment. You've seen the men in the shop hold a relay against the light, squint through the spring pile up and then go messing up a fine job of

assembly with a pair of flat-nosed pliers. That's what A. Bregartner has been doing ever since he came with the Western at the old New York shop 20 years ago, with the exception of a few years at adjusting the 50-type selectors. When the shop moved to Hawthorne and took the selector job along, Bregartner was transferred to the Mechanical Switching System Branch to do special adjusting work in the laboratory and on final installations. You'll find him there any day making relays operate on .000 ampere and releases on half of that.



H. G. Dean



Miss E. Porter



T. Verrastro



J. Hoehn

Each Gets
A New Star
This Month



E. A. Crowson

A Celebration for George Perlewitz

Here is a wedding anniversary photograph. Forty years ago on March 15 George E. Perlewitz was joined to the Western Electric Company as was reported in the March issue of the News. His friends in Jobbing Department No. 2 surprised him on the anniversary date by decorating his bench as shown in the picture. They followed this the next afternoon (Saturday) by taking Mr. Perlewitz out to a banquet and theatre party, which goes to show that George not only makes good work, as was said in the News, but that he also makes good friends. You would understand why if you know George.



AFTER THE WHISTLE BLOWS



Bowling at Hawthorne

THE Western Electric Bowling League is now on the last round of its schedule, and although the averages are not as high as in former years, the race is as interesting as ever. The race for high-team honors has narrowed down to two teams, namely: the Technical Department team, which is at present leading the procession, and the Machine Department team, which is now in second place. As there is a difference only of approximately two games between them, either one may be leading the procession at the end of the season, with the Inspection Department team a possible contender.

The real surprise of the league for the last four or five weeks is the spurt of the C. R. & I. Shop team. After going along during the middle of the season winning a game every now and then, they broke loose and have won half of their games. At that, they had some hard luck, as they lose some of their games by the close margin of from one to ten pins. Probably the good work of O. Eisewig put new life into the team. With the teams keyed up to a high pitch, it should be a merry race for positions in the final standing.

The race in the individual standing seems to be between three veterans of the league, Jenkins, Old War Horse Fliger, of the Technical team, and Working Hard G. Voss, of the Machine team. As Jenkins is leading Voss by only 4 pins, and Voss in turn leading Fliger by 29 pins, it surely will be a great fight to see who will land the high honors, as none of them expects to break under the strain. Of course, the standing would not look right if the Inspection team were not represented, so Tango Tony Shoda is staying up among the leaders to make things seem like old times.

Some of our league bowlers showed their class in the tournament recently held by the American Bowling Congress at Cincinnati, O. J. Fliger and P. Wehrmeister were members of the Clausius team that finished in fifth place in the final standing of the tournament with a total

of 2891 pins to their credit. This is quite an honor, considering that the best teams from all over the country were competing.

Besides being on a team high in the standing, these two bowled over 1170 pins in the doubles and Fliger also got 607 pins in the singles. J. Larson, of the Machine team, rolled on the Schueneman team that also landed high in the money by getting a total of 2827 pins. Not being satisfied with merely being on a winning team, his partner and he rolled 1138 in the doubles and he bowled over 615 in the single. This was the highest total rolled in the singles by our men.

In the past the league has had to rely on paper reports to convince the public of our bowlers' skill, but if "seeing is believing" no one will even need to glance at the reports after the new Hawthorne Motion Picture is shown. Ten of our leading bowlers performed before the movie camera, and the film will convince anyone that they are a live bunch. The standing of the league at publication date was:

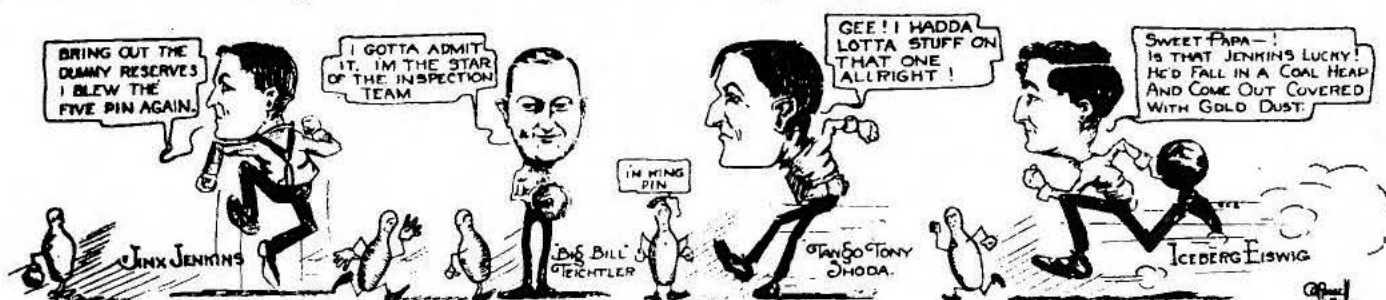
| Team | Won | Lost | Total Pins for Season | Average |
|-------------------------|-----|------|-----------------------|-----------|
| Technical | 45 | 27 | 61551 | 854 68/72 |
| Machine | 41 | 28 | 58954 | 854 28/69 |
| Inspection | 40 | 32 | 59397 | 824 69/72 |
| Switchboard and Eng.... | 37 | 32 | 57178 | 828 46/69 |
| Production | 30 | 42 | 58013 | 806 53/72 |
| C. R. & I. | 20 | 52 | 56104 | 779 16/72 |

High game for season production—1026.
High average for season production—931.

Individual Averages

| Name and Team | Games | High Game | Total Pins | Average |
|---------------------|-------|-----------|------------|-----------|
| Jenkins, Tech. | 72 | 266 | 12885 | 178 69/72 |
| Voss, Mach. | 57 | 229 | 10196 | 178 50/57 |
| Fliger, Tech. | 66 | 232 | 11780 | 178 82/68 |
| Skoog, Mach. | 69 | 287 | 11604 | 175 54/69 |
| Shoda, Inspec. | 54 | 222 | 9898 | 174 2/54 |
| Larson, Mach. | 69 | 234 | 11856 | 171 59/69 |
| Knoke, Tech. | 48 | 224 | 8228 | 171 20/48 |
| Bender, Swbd. | 60 | 242 | 10239 | 170 39/60 |
| Eisewig | 68 | 228 | 10719 | 170 9/63 |

High game for season—Jenkins, 266.
High average for season—Jenkins, 216.



The Hawthorne Bowlers in Action

Hawthorne Holds Its Second Products Show

Of course when your school chum comes in from the old home town you want to send him back a life-long member of the "I-knew-him-when Club." You picture him back home, just a wee bit superior, as befits a friend of the great, holding forth to the boys at the Sunshine Athletic Club: "Is Bill *making good* in little ol' Chi? I'll say he is! Why, say, that boy knows the old burg like a book. He's friends with half the big men in the place, too. Speaks of 'em by



A Proof That the Show Is a Popular Institution

man Hempey and his five boys. And as to 20,000 employees, why that's ten times as many people as there are in all Hempeyville, so of course you are lying to him and playing him for a greenhorn right along.

The "I-knew-him-when Club" has cancelled its application for a charter.

And the very next week you go over to the second annual Hawthorne Products Show and about the first thing you see is an exhibit showing how lead-covered cable is made. The trick is very simple, too. The cable core runs through a die in the lead presses, and the lead is forced out around it, forming the sheath or "pipe," as your chum called it. With a paper to draw a few pictures on you could have explained the process to him in a minute—perhaps not as clearly as it was explained by the men in charge of the exhibit, but well enough to get by, at least.

And you could also have astonished him with a description of the printing telegraph, which sends a message when a typist sits down and manipulates the keys. Another part of the apparatus receives and types a message from the other end of the line. In fact, with eight complete equipments it is possible to send four messages over one wire, at the same time receiving four messages over the same wire.

You could have told him about our welding machines that weld platinum contacts to German silver springs,

their first names, and knows all of their affairs. He was going to take me over to call on a couple of them up along the Gold Coast, but they were out of town just then—down spending the winter in Florida. Bill says—"

But just then he breaks in on your reverie to ask if the Art Institute building isn't the Coliseum, where you told him all the circuses show. It develops that he takes the lion for a menagerie advertisement. So you set him right by explaining that the Institute is a school for bathing girls founded by President Arthur, and called Art Institute for short. (You are not exactly sure what kind of a school it is, but you assume it is for bathing girls because you once wandered in to see an exhibit of students' pictures and all their picture showed them getting ready for a bath.)

And just then you pass a reel of Western Electric Cable in the street and that reminds him of something else he wants to know. "Say," he says, "there's something I've always wanted to ask you ever since you've been with the Western. How do you people get those wires inside that lead pipe?"

And you have to tell him you DON'T KNOW!

You, of course, see clearly how impossible it is for Hawthorne's 20,000 employees to circulate freely around through the 60 odd acres of buildings and learn how everything is made, but how are you going to make your friend realize that? His idea of a big shop is Hempey's mill, which employs seven men, besides old



A General View of the Hawthorne Products Exhibit

the braiding machines that weave the cloth covering around switchboard and telephone cords, the automatic screw machines that do everything but talk. You could have explained to him how the telephone operates, how castings are made, how a switchboard works, what happens in a coin collector when "central" returns your nickel. In fact, you could have set up as the original sanitary fountain of wisdom, and told him about hundreds of other things, too, for though the program



The Hawthorne Club Store's Exhibit



Telephone Instruments and Automatic Switching Units

did not list that many exhibit spaces, there were numerous kinds of apparatus in each exhibit. And there were a good many exhibits, too, for that matter. Let's see, now—there were the cable exhibit and the automatics and—but, here, let's put them down as they showed on the program:

PROGRAM

1. The Printing Telegraph in Operation. 2. Protectors and Fuses. 3. A Welding Machine in Operation—Welding Platinum Contact to German Silver Springs. 4. Relays and Message Registers. 5 and Panel A. The Plant Educational Department. 6. Spool Winding and Finishing. 7. An Engraving Machine in Operation. The Parts and Assembly of Plugs. 8. Forming and Soldering Factory Cable. 9. Subscribers' Sets. 10. A Unit of an Automatic Exchange in Operation.
11. The Receiver and Transmitter—How the Telephone Talks. 12. Demonstration of the Old and New Braiding Machines in Operation. Insulation Material Exhibit. 18 and Panel C. An Exhibit Showing How Lead-Covered Cable Is Made. 14. Rubber—in Various Stages from the Raw Material to the Finished Product. 15. Coin Collectors, Ringers, Generators and Jacks from the Detail Parts to the Complete Assembled Product. 16. Storage Batteries—How to Care for Them. 17. A Condenser Winding Machine in Operation. The Finished Condenser. 18. An Automatic Screw Machine in Operation—"The Machine with Brains." 19. The Manufacture of Lamp Opals. 20 and Panel D. Installing Exhibit.
21. Historical Exhibit, Showing the Development of Telephone

- Apparatus. 22. The Laying Out and Forming of a Local Cable. 23. The Testing of Materials to see whether we get what we pay for—The Chemical Laboratory. 24. The Oscillograph—See Yourself Talk. 25. The Telephone Repeater. 26. Metal Plating and Finishing. 27. Making Castings—The Foundry. 28. Methods of Handling Material. 29-30. Woodwork—Operations of Staining and Finishing Woodwork. 31. Gauges and Measuring Instruments—Practical Shop Methods. 32. Switchboards—Central Office and P. B. X. Sections—A 550-B P. B. X. in Operation. 33. Circuit Panels in Operation. 34. Train Dispatching. 35. The Manufacture of Miniature Lamps—Glass Blowing Demonstration. Panel A. Interesting Statistics of the Company.

That makes 35 exhibit spaces, besides the wall panels. Of course, with so many things to see, and with so many other people trying to see them all, too, you may have missed a few details, but still you learned a lot from the explanations of the experts in charge of the exhibits. And even if you don't remember it all, the Products Show is so interesting that your time is well spent, even just viewing it as an amusement. Besides, you do remember at least the main part of the explanation. You understand now a great many things that mystified you before.

So just wait until that chum of yours comes back to Chicago the next time!

That Rush Job



The Boss Chokes Off a Pre-mature Promise



The Job Gets Under Way



This Happens Every Now and Then

Company's 1917 Business Breaks All Records

Increase of More Than 40 Per Cent. Shown in Annual Report

THE biggest year in the Company's history was 1917, according to the figures contained in the annual report of the directors to the stockholders, which has just been issued. The gross income for the year was more than \$150,000,000. The report, which is signed by Mr. Thayer on behalf of the directors, reads as follows:

"The business of the Company has been larger than in any previous year. This is true of both the sale of its own manufactures and in the sale of merchandise not made by it. In our own manufactures the demands from regular customers (the Bell Telephone Companies) were very heavy at the beginning of the year, but as the demands for equipment to meet emergency requirements directly or indirectly caused by the war have increased, the ordinary requirements have decreased so that to a large extent a more expensive and less profitable business kept us busy during the latter part of the year. Therefore, while the profits in this class of business have been larger than in 1916, they have not, as compared with earlier years, been in proportion to the increased investment in the business.

"On sales of merchandise not made by us the profits have been very satisfactory.

"There is no return from foreign investments included in the profits of the Company for 1917. As to some, information is entirely lacking, and as to others, it is incomplete. It is our belief, however, that, as a whole, a conservative valuation of them would require no addition to reserves, the earnings of some of them being apparently sufficient to offset the possible losses of others.

"On the entry of this nation into the war we practically placed our Engineering Department at the service of the nation and believe that it has rendered important service. This has involved large expense and indirect loss through the interruption of our regular engineering program, but because we believed that we

were able to render great service, we believed also that the responsibility upon us to render it was great and that our stockholders would approve of our action. On such orders as we undertake for the military departments we have agreed to a basis of cost plus a very moderate profit.

"The difference between present cost and cost on the basis of prices before the war on buildings and equipment added to the plant during the year has been credited to Reserve for Depreciation on Plant.

"It has seemed wise on account of the large merchandise investment and the prevailing high costs to set aside to the Reserve for Contingencies \$2,000,000 and on account of the large increase in the number of employees since the establishment of the Employees' Benefit Fund there has been added to that Fund the sum of \$500,000.

"Our shop force increased during the year from 18,928 to 21,549 employees. The total number of employees at December 31, 1917, was 80,737.

"The sales for 1917 were \$150,840,000. For 1916 they were \$106,987,000, and for 1915 they were \$68,852,000.

"The orders on hand at December 31, 1917, were \$1,950,000 in value less than on December 31, 1916. The average value of an order filled during 1917 was \$107 as compared with \$75 for 1916.

"The total disbursements from the Employees' Benefit Fund for 1917 amounted to \$173,915. These payments covered all classes of benefits and were made to 2,894 beneficiaries.

"Statements of Earnings and of Assets and Liabilities of this Company and its constituent companies in the United States are appended."

For the Directors,

H. B. THAYER,
President.

Western Electric Company

H. B. Thayer, President; H. A. Halligan, Vice-President; W. P. Sidley, Vice-President and General Counsel; A. L. Salt, Vice-President and General Purchasing Agent; Gerard Swope, Vice-President and General Sales Manager; H. F. Albright, Vice-President and General Superintendent; J. W. Johnston, Treasurer; F. B. Jewett, Chief Engineer; G. C. Pratt, Secretary; R. H. Gregory, Comptroller; C. E. Scribner, Consulting Engineer.

Office of publication and address of President, Secretary, and Treasurer, 195 Broadway, New York City.

Western Electric News

Vol. VII. No. 3

May 1918

THE NEW YORK
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MAYTIME
AT HAWTHORNE

Fellner





The GREATEST MOTHER in the WORLD

Stretching forth her hands to all in need—to Jew or Gentile, black or white, knowing no favorite, yet favoring all.

Seeing all things with a mother's sixth sense that's blind to jealousy and meanness; helping the little home that's crushed beneath an iron hand by showing mercy in a healthy, human way; rebuilding it, in fact, with stone on stone and bringing warmth to hearts and hearths too long neglected.

Reaching out her hands across the sea to No Man's Land; to heal and comfort thousands who must fight and bleed in crawling holes and water-soaked entrenchments where cold and wet bite deeper, so they write, than Boche steel or lead.

 She's warming thousands, feeding thousands, healing thousands from her store; the Greatest Mother in the World—the RED CROSS. 

Every Dollar of a Red Cross War Fund goes to War Relief

This space contributed for the Winning of the War by

Western Electric Company

through Division of Advertising, United States Government Comm. on Public Information

Western Electric News



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VOLUME VII

MAY, 1918

NUMBER 8

Lending a Hand to Nature

What Has Been Done in Landscape Gardening at the Hawthorne Works

IF ever you visit Kansas, one of the things you will be expected to believe is that the corn springs up so fast you can hear it growing throughout the quiet night. Now Kansas is a dry State and mistrustful, wherefore the stranger within her gates finds himself in a *very* dry State. With such conditions, a credulous man often imagines that the cracklings of his parched tongue are sounds produced by the corn breaking the growing speed limit. "I was a stranger and ye took me in."

But, after all, such a racket is entirely unnecessary. Our grass at Hawthorne grows every bit as fast as the Kansas corn, yet it does not violate the anti-noise ordinance. The answer is simple. We have a man go around with an oil can and lubricate it. One of the common sights at Hawthorne is a man kneeling on the lawns, busily oiling the grass.

That ought to even us up with Kansas for that corn story. We don't mind telling the rest of you that the oil can actually contains gasoline, which is used for discouraging dandelions. For the dandelion is a plebeian vegetable and it does not understand that gasoline at the present prices is a very aristocratic perfume. In its



A Hawthorn for Hawthorne. This Nursery Tree is Now Growing On the Works Grounds

base ignorance it gets so nauseated by the odor that it sickens and dies, which, of course, is the object of the gasoline cure.

But shampooing the dandelion's golden locks is only one of the landscape beauty doctors' many duties at Hawthorne. The appearance of the grounds bears witness to the extent of their activities, but a mental picture of the prairie that was Hawthorne is necessary to get an adequate appreciation of the difficulties they have overcome.

In 1904 you could have bought all the timber on the Hawthorne Works site for a song, and that statement

carries no reservations as to the quality of your voice either. Every last one of the numerous trees that look so much at home in Hawthorne is a stranger in a strange land. Or perhaps, since they are so perfectly adapted to their new surroundings, it would be better to say that every one is a naturalized citizen. And the immigration laws are very strict too. Trees for Hawthorne must be straight, strong, sturdy, and sightly. That is perhaps overworking the "esses," but then they ought to be glad to labor in so good a cause.

Trees and shrubs are selected at the nurseries in mid-summer when in full leaf. It is thus possible to determine



A Grove in the Making. The Transplanting Operation is Completed on the Tree in the Background. The One at the Left is in Place, But the Dirt Has Not Yet Been Filled in Around It. The Tree at the Right is on the Skids Ready to Be Slid Into Place in the Hole Near It

their suitability for the location they are to fill, as well as to judge whether they are healthy and able to stand the hardships of moving.

Nursery stock is the only kind worth bothering with, since it is impracticable to transplant an old tree that has been allowed to grow according to its own sweet will. Such trees send out generally three long roots, which branch out into a network of small roots many feet away from the trunk. It is these small shoots that supply the tree's nourishment. Therefore, if such a tree is to be transplanted with enough roots to support it in the style to which it has been accustomed, it is necessary to carry away about half the county with it, since the soil around the roots must be moved with the tree. In the nurseries part of the roots are pruned every year, the result being that the small shoots are put out near the trunk. It is

possible, therefore, to uproot these trees by digging a circular trench four or five feet from the trunk.

Such a trench is usually about five feet deep and two or three feet wide. It is dug when the frost is in the ground and just before the cold weather is due. The tree is then left undisturbed until after three or four days of zero weather. By that time the earth around the roots is frozen and will adhere firmly to the roots when the tree is pulled up. With a tree about thirty-five years old, having a trunk 15 to 20 inches through, this disc of earth and roots will weigh around twenty tons.

The tree is uprooted and hauled out along an inclined trench by ropes and a capstan, similar to that used for moving buildings. It is then loaded on a special wagon for moving. Fig. 1 shows one of these just entering the main gate of the Hawthorne Works. With its numerous teams of horses it gives a better idea of the weight transported than if we should print a more modern picture showing one of our big motor trucks pulling the whole load.

Before the tree arrives provisions are made for receiving it. A circular hole is dug about eight feet deep and ten or twelve feet in diameter. The disc of earth brought with the tree is about five feet thick, so there is room for three feet of rich black soil at the bottom of the trench. There are about two feet all around the disc, which are also filled with rich earth. A tree thus carefully put to bed and tucked in wakes up at the call of spring without ever suspecting that it has been moved



One of Hawthorne's Adopted Children Entering Its New Home. Now-a-days One of Our Big Trucks Furnishes the Motive Power, But the String of Horses Gives a Better Idea of the Load



The Raw Material



And the Finished Product

from its own little cot. Fig. 2 shows three of our trees at various stages in the replanting process.

The trunks of transplanted trees are wrapped with ropes of hay and straw to prevent the sun from drying out some of their limited supply of sap until their roots strike out far enough to make such protection unnecessary—usually about four years.

More than 3,500 trees and shrubs beautify the Hawthorne grounds. You must see them to appreciate their effectiveness, but you won't enjoy knowing them to the fullest unless you are able to call each and every one by name. Therefore, the News has kindly arranged a proper introduction by preparing and publishing a list of the various varieties that are contributing to the embellishment of Hawthorne. Please don't write in and ask where the 189 Matrimony Vines are as the News cannot help you.



The Prairie That Was Hawthorne

Trees and Shrubs Set Out at Hawthorne

| Kind | No. | Kind | No. |
|---------------------------|-----|--|-----|
| Hawthorn | 60 | Canoe or Paper Birch..... | 1 |
| American Elms | 38 | European Horse-Chestnut.. | 1 |
| Lombardy Poplars | 62 | Early Richmond Cherry.... | 1 |
| Carolina Poplars | 19 | Western Catalpa | 15 |
| | | Russian Mulberry | 20 |
| | | Honey Locust | 367 |
| | | Bridal Wreath Spirea..... | 256 |
| | | Ninebark Spirea | 38 |
| | | Froebel's Spirea | 29 |
| | | Golden Elder | 71 |
| | | Staghorn Sumac | 12 |
| | | Cut-leaf Sumac | 392 |
| | | Hybrid Golden Bell..... | 144 |
| | | Morrow's Honeysuckle | 206 |
| | | Thunberg's Barberry | 224 |
| | | European Barberry | 4 |
| | | Matrimony Vine | 189 |
| | | High Bush Cranberry..... | 104 |
| | | Arrow-wood Viburnum | 12 |
| | | Wayfaring Tree | 27 |
| | | Snowball or Guelder Rose.. | 21 |
| | | Japanese Briar Rose..... | 62 |
| | | White Snowberry | 95 |
| | | Red Snowberry, Coral Berry or Indian Currant..... | 24 |
| | | Ibota or Chinese Privet.... | 453 |
| American Linden | 1 | Amoor River Privet..... | 165 |
| Silver Maple | 8 | Pink Double-Flowering Al- mond | 3 |
| Wier's Cut Leaf Maple.... | 1 | White-Centered Mock | |
| English Lime Linden..... | 8 | Orange | 154 |
| White Ash | 3 | Garden Purple Lilac..... | 33 |
| Russian Mulberry | 4 | | |



Landscape Work Near the Water Tower



Shrubs Planted Along the Belt Line Railroad

| Kind | No. | Kind | No. |
|---------------------------------------|-----|------------------------------------|-----|
| Persian Lilac | 157 | Button Bush | 5 |
| Bechtel's Double-Flowering Crab | 1 | Snowball Hydrangea | 12 |
| Japan Quince | 5 | Large-Flowered Hydrangea | 21 |
| Ononymus Burning Bush | 8 | American Black Currant | 1 |
| Japanese Burning Bush | 1 | Lemoine's Hybrid Snow-Flower | 10 |
| Siberian Pea Bush | 6 | Hercules' Club | 1 |
| Red-Flowering Weigela | 22 | Double-Flowered Plum | 2 |
| White Kerria | 15 | Rose of Sharon | 8 |
| Tamarisk | | | 80 |

If you are anything of a botanist you can readily see the possibilities in that collection. Take the *Symphoricarpos Racemosus*, for instance, with its loose clusters of dainty pink flowers and, later on, its profusion of white waxy berries. Sounds as if it might be a white snowberry bush, doesn't it? As a matter of fact, that is just exactly what it is, but the botanists call it by the more imposing title, knowing that the poor thing is helpless to prevent it. They call the rest of them hard names, too, but they love them all the same, just as everybody does who has an eye for the beauty of green leaves, scarlet, white, blue, black and golden berries, and flowers of all shapes, colors and perfumes. What more could anyone ask to decorate a landscape with? The list even includes a cherry tree, planted for its beauty, but utilitarian, nevertheless, for Restaurateur Chopard has used some of its juicy fruit in his delicious Hawthorne cherry pies. It makes good and it makes good pies.

In addition to these trees and shrubs there are 737 Japanese (or Boston) ivy plants, covering about a hundred and thirty thousand square feet of wall with a beautiful mass of wavy green, besides thousands of

flowering plants, lending color and fragrance to the shrubby plats—salvias, asters, snap-dragons, phlox, petunias, verbenas, ageratums, alyssums, peonies, irises, cannas, geraniums, tulips, crocuses, gladioli, zinnias, etc.

Now to give you some idea of the task it has been to grow all these beautiful things: We hate to say anything derogatory about a lady, but we are compelled to admit that when our gardeners began their task the face that Mother Nature invited them to beautify was so urgently in need of it that the job looked impossible. In the first place her complexion was decidedly sallow, consisting of a surface of thick, yellow clay. It became at once apparent that amputation was the only cure. Accordingly that was done a little bit at a time until up to date 22,000 cubic yards of soil have been removed and replaced by rich black loam.

So there you have the reason why vegetation flourishes so at Hawthorne—not alone trees and shrubs and flowers, but soft velvety lawn grass, growing in locations where ordinary grass could not be induced to grow. In fact, several of our younger and more sensitive bald-headed men are praying that green hair may come into style.

Aside from that possible territory, however, we now have about seven acres of flourishing lawn, containing 7,840,166,403 blades of grass. That is by actual count—an actual count of the blades in one square inch and a computation of the total from that. However, if you do not like approximations and would rather check it up for yourself, there are the lawns. We'll tell the folks you won't be home for supper.



Nature is not such a poor artist after all. Here is an example of her Winter work which shows what she can do with the material which Hawthorne provides for her

"A Great Net of Mercy Drawn Through an Ocean of Unspeakable Pain"

What Your Red Cross Dollars Do

An accounting of Expenditures of the First Red Cross War Fund

Every one of the twenty million and more Red Cross members is entitled to this statement. Your local Red Cross Chapter can give you further details.

First War Fund Appropriations up to March 1, 1918

| | | | |
|--|-----------------|--|-----------------|
| Foreign Relief: | | United States Relief: | |
| Relief in France | \$30,936,103.04 | U. S. Army Base Hospitals | \$ 54,000.00 |
| Relief in Belgium | 2,086,131.00 | U. S. Navy Base Hospitals | 32,000.00 |
| Relief in Russia | 1,243,845.07 | U. S. Medical and Hospital Work..... | 531,000.00 |
| Relief in Roumania | 2,676,368.76 | U. S. Sanitary Service | 403,000.00 |
| Relief in Italy | 3,588,826.00 | U. S. Camp Service | 6,451,150.86 |
| Relief in Serbia | 875,180.76 | U. S. Miscellaneous | 1,118,748.41 |
| Relief in Great Britain | 1,885,750.75 | Total U. S. Relief..... | \$ 8,589,899.27 |
| Relief in other Foreign Countries..... | 3,576,300.00 | Working capital for purchase of supplies for re- | |
| Relief for Prisoners, etc..... | 343,304.00 | sale to Chapters or for shipment abroad..... | 15,000,000.00 |
| Equipment and expenses in U. S. of Personnel for | | Working cash advances for France and United | |
| Europe | 113,800.00 | States | 4,286,000.00 |
| Total Foreign Relief..... | \$47,325,609.38 | Total of War Fund Appropriations..... | \$77,721,918.22 |
| Restricted as to use by Donor..... | 2,520,409.57 | | |

At the close of the first year of the War the Red Cross goes to the public for raising of the Second War Fund with a record of appropriations which warrants continued contributions to this great relief work. As an influential citizen of your community, join with your local Red Cross Chapter to make this campaign successful. Your Red Cross is the Army behind the Army. Give till your heart says stop.

SECOND RED CROSS WAR FUND WEEK—MAY 20-27

A Red Cross Message from Theodore N. Vail

(Mr. Vail is himself an Active Worker for the Red Cross in His Capacity as a Member of Its War Finance Committee)

YOU see service flags flying in front of the cottage and the mansion, the office building and the factory. The Bell System has one, of which we are proud.

On our service flag there are over seven thousand stars, and soon there will be eight thousand.

Do you realize what each of these stars indicates? Each star says that some one man has subordinated his position, his immediate opportunities, for the time being his prospects in life, and certainly the best years of his life; that each man has sacrificed the luxury and comfort of home and home surroundings to take up the burden of privation, self-denial, discomfort, misery, and danger, and the risk of life.

That man is doing a duty and making a sacrifice that belongs as much to you as to him. He is making this sacrifice that you may be secure in the enjoyment of your position, your opportunities, your prospects, and that you may continue to enjoy the comforts and luxuries of home surroundings. It is not merely a privilege, it is your duty, your obligation, to do something that will help to smooth out the conditions under which he is doing this service.

The Government can clothe him and supply him with material needs, so far as is possible under the conditions, can give him routine attention and care when sick and wounded, but the Government cannot give him those little delicate attentions which go so far to comfort one when suffering from deprivation, sickness, or disability. The Government cannot bring home and home comforts to him. For that, the Red Cross has been constituted as a foster-mother of every soldier. To do this work it

needs not only thousands of brave and faithful men and women who at every sacrifice are devoting themselves to this work, but it means also money to pay the bills and supply the needs. If you should devote half of everything you have, you would not be making a sacrifice in any way comparable to the soldier's. In fact you are really not called on for any sacrifice,—possibly only a bit of self-denial in contributing to that foster-mother for the benefit of your brothers at the front, a bit of your earnings.

There are silver stars, there will be more, in the border of that service flag. You know what it means to family and friends to have a dear one cut off in the prime of life.

The ministrations of the Red Cross will lessen the number of silver stars, and will make the last days of those who must go happier and more comfortable.

You of the Bell System have responded wonderfully to the membership drive and have come to the aid of your brothers in service. It is not gratitude or sacrifice. We want you to share liberally as with a brother, and tie this great noble work closely to the Bell System.

Those who are responsible for the work of the Red Cross have repeatedly and voluntarily expressed their recognition and appreciation of the aid given and the work done for the Red Cross by the personnel, operative and executive, of the Bell System.

A new campaign is starting. I hope when it is over that we shall stand still higher in their appreciation, and, above all, higher in our own self-esteem, and feel that while we may not have done all we would, we have done all that we could.

Trying to Understand Revolutionary Russia

By A. E. Reinke

[This is the third and concluding article about the Russian Revolution contributed by Mr. Reinke]

WE Americans are accustomed to look on the Russian of the masses as a brutal, ignorant, vodka loving semi-savage; and we believe the man of the upper classes to be a gentleman of leisure with exotic ideas of pleasure and oriental notions of honesty. If a Russian should attempt to picture Americans by the riotous acts of a Tennessee lynching party or the doings of Newport society, he would get just as near the truth about us.

When we supplement this inaccurate impression of the Russian by the sensational American newspaper reports from Petrograd, it is not surprising that any attempt to understand present Russian events is promptly submerged in intellectual chaos and a headache. The Russian possesses a remarkable, and to the Westerner a mysterious, combination of character qualities. Let me sketch for the readers of the WESTERN ELECTRIC NEWS a few personal experiences to illustrate the point.

A heavily laden sleigh on a Petrograd street is stuck on a portion of the wooden pavement where the snow has melted away. The poor horse, long deprived of a square meal, is unable to go on till pedestrians from the sidewalk willingly put their shoulders to the sleigh and push it along. In the meantime the traffic is blocked and dozens of vehicles—horse and gasoline—wait patiently for the obstruction to be removed; there is no hurry and there is no yelling.

The town is considerably disturbed by the Kornilof Counter-Revolution. Troops are reported to be approaching—street fighting seems only hours off. Yet people line up as usual to buy their theater tickets for the Russian opera or Russian ballet. Thousands rush to escape from town and jam the railroad facilities, but the mass of people calmly remain; they open their retail stores as usual, trade as usual, go to the factory as usual, little concerned about tomorrow. If destruction comes, it is bound to come.

I attend an evening dinner and at about ten begin to think of taking leave, when tea is announced by the servant. A tea in Russia is a light supper and as inevitable as pie for dessert in a New England home. At eleven I make another move to go, but some friends drop in for a social call. At twelve more friends come. When I leave at one the party settles down to a game of cards. The Russian loves sociability and late hours and is always prepared for an extra guest at dinner dropping in unannounced.

When foodstuffs were scarcely obtainable I attended one evening a little family dinner of eight persons with a \$45 roast of veal on the table and a \$60 bottle of vodka. The head of the house explained: "Why worry, we must live while we live, perhaps we will be hanged tomorrow." The party lasted till after midnight, as hilarious as an annual dinner of the Sales Committee, impregnated with



This group of the leading men in our allied house at Petrograd affords a splendid opportunity to study the facial characteristics of the better educated Russians. The men seated in the front are: Mr. Moshevitch, Chief Engineer; A. E. Reinke; E. Otto, Vice-President; a Foreman Celebrating His Twenty-fifth Anniversary of Service; Mr. Joseph, President; Mr. Cook, Shop Superintendent

a weird mixture of the Russian, English, German and Danish languages. Meanwhile, each one wondered quietly what his chances were at that time of the night dodging the footpads that were lurking on the silent streets.

There are 200 people lined up waiting patiently for their turn to board a street car. I jump on before the stopping place with a dozen others to beat out the crowd—just a little American habit. When the car stops at the head of the line, a gentleman enters the car, asks us to play the game and get off; after an argument that lasts fully three minutes, we thirteen meekly get out and walk to the end of the line a block away. There are neither police nor officials of the street car company to help form the line.

The soldiers have broken ranks and chased away their officers, often killing them. The police are wiped out. Every mujik soldier with a gun and cartridges is a law unto himself. He can enter any home that looks profitable, search for weapons and gather in anything else that seems attractive. Yet very little is taken, in spite of thousands of released burglars ready to stir his imagination. Only a few bakeries and munitions retail stores were broken into.

Soldiers in their fury nearly demolish the Hotel Astoria and capture a large stock of wines and spirits. The thousands of bottles taken are calmly smashed into the gutter. In the Revolution I saw only one soldier quietly balancing an unsteady load.

Thousands of believers wander homewards from midnight mass on Easter, each carrying a burning candle, shielded by the hand against the winter blasts. With that holy flame they will light the small oil lamp suspended in front of the ikon in every bedroom in Russia. The little blue flame will burn steadily all night reflected from the glistening metal surfaces of the holy picture, shedding a mysterious light. The next day bearded men will kiss each other in the streets in their joy that Christ has risen.

The police with their machine guns have retreated into the church towers. The priest is suspected as an accomplice. Yet not a soul attempts to enter the church to retaliate by stealing the huge treasures, religious articles and holy pictures made of gold, silver and precious stones, within easy reach.

A huge procession has been formed to bury the victims of the Revolution. There are over half a million people in line. There are no police or soldiers to maintain order—only a kindly spirit and an instinctive sense for public order. There is not a single casualty. There are no



A Funeral Procession in the Nevsky. The Crowds Were Kept on the Side Lines by Moving Lines of Men Holding Hands

religious services—socialism has little need for these, but mind you, the graves are left open and the relatives come the next day with priests to perform the last rites.

The collector of our Petrograd house comes in with a leather bag filled with currency—the collections of the day. Payment by check between firms is unknown. That collector is not bonded—there's no need for it. He's a member of a cooperative society which makes good any fraud. Every cashier in town belongs to the organization,

which is almost never called on to reimburse for the dishonesty of a member.

An old school teacher tells me with tears of sympathy in her eyes of her work among the convalescents at a large hospital whom she taught to read and write. These soldier peasants craved knowledge. The young ones learned rapidly, but the old ones of 40 to 45 found it impossible. Their memories were unable to retain the first syllable while laboriously spelling out the second. These men when sent to their Siberian homes send her letters crudely written and bluntly expressed, overflowing with gratitude for the new power acquired.

At any evening gathering the newcomer, a stranger, is introduced not by his family name, but by his Christian name. "Nicolai Ivanovitch" (Nicholas, the Son of Ivan); and he is thus addressed by men and women all evening and thereafter. That lends a charming atmosphere of brotherhood, particularly when combined with a warm hospitality. In our Petrograd office it is the same. Mr. Otto, the manager, is addressed as "Eduard Eduardovitch" by all, except the office boy, who respectfully says "barin" (master).

Such contrasts and contradictions as presented in these pictures meet one on every hand, and mystify the newcomer even further. But months of close association with the Russian, particularly at a time like a Revolution, when the character of people is bared in the casting aside of all restraints, showed me that there is less inconsistency after all than is at first apparent. I shall try to give you a brief summary of a character analysis as it seemed revealed to me. This analysis applies particularly to the Slav Russian, whom we see in this country rarely, as he does not emigrate voluntarily.

The Russian is essentially a man of heart rather than head. His sentiments largely dominate his thinking. He reasons by intuition and often is unable to back up an opinion by convincing argument. That preponderance of sentiment is expressed in his large human sympathy, his generosity, his prodigal hospitality, his warm friendship and love of sociability. It also explains his won-

derful tolerance for other religions, races, languages and customs.

The Russian is an utopian and idealist. Generations of censorship and autocratic domination have forced him to seek relief in his world of ideas, so that today he often prefers ideas to facts. The desire for putting ideas into practical working finds no great appeal in his heart, or if it does, causes him to apply his thought-out theories to practical conditions regardless of their suitability. That was the ultimate reason for Kerensky's downfall. He thought the Russian masses could be guided by gentle persuasion. Trotzky exhibited that same quality when he attempted to rouse the proletariat of Germany and ultimately of the world, even though Russia were to be sacrificed in the effort.

It may surprise you, but the Russian under the old régime was perhaps the freest man in the world, provided he kept absolutely away from politics. The Russian insists on his right to his dreams and opinions and to live his life according to his inner convictions. And with a remarkable generosity he grants his fellow man the right to do likewise. For this reason there is in Russia no well-defined public opinion, no Mrs. Grundy, no hypocrisy and cant. The man who fought his life's battle and failed is an object to be pitied and helped and not looked down on, as is common in our own country where success is almost instinctively measured by financial returns. The Russian regards only the individual—his aims and ideals rather than the money success of his practical efforts.

The Russian is intensely interested in his home, home comforts, family and friends. He is far less interested in the affairs of the town and very little in those of the nation. He is not a patriot as we understand the term, the Czar and his crowd never stirred his imagination sufficiently; although the reason is more fundamental and may be traced to his Asiatic origin. The peoples of Asia, with few exceptions, are not patriotically inclined.

The modern improvements by which we Americans are accustomed to judge—and not entirely without justification—the standard of civilization of a people have been as readily introduced in Russia as in other countries. The land is so enormous, the demand so large, that the per capita figures are not what they might be nor what they will be.

Petrograd and Moscow have as many telephones per 100 inhabitants as Paris, Vienna and Budapest, and that, in spite of high rates, poor service and limited toll facilities. The seven leading towns in Russia are as well telephoned as a similar number of large towns in France, Austria, Hungary and twice as well as Italian towns.

Some Russian friends of mine from Moscow were astonished in their search for a boarding-house in New York City to find so many pretentious houses not equipped with electricity. Comments are superfluous. When a Russian municipality places an order for an electric light plant, it usually is forced to order an extension before the original plant is installed, being overwhelmed by applicants.

The Asiatic side of the Russian is revealed in other

ways. He views with considerable calm events even of a catastrophic nature. The fatalism in him believes that it is all inevitable. And as storms in the past were always followed by fair weather, so also this storm will inevitably blow over. He anticipates trouble calmly, knowing he can endure privations and that in a way that would stir other nationalities into riot and bloodshed. That fatalism has robbed the Russian of the power to develop his energy in the prosecution of any plan. He tires easily, particularly in any large reform movement.

Again, the Russian has no fear of death. Death will come when it will. The bullet will get you if it is intended for you. This is true from the mujik soldier to the best of Russian leaders, who fearlessly risk their lives in attempting to bring order out of chaos. No nation ever saw more courageous men and women than the revolutionists under the old régime, who preached the doctrine of insurrection among the people in the face of Siberia or sure death.

The Russian woman plays a large part in Russian life. She is as genuinely the center of the household, as is the American woman. She is treated with marked respect—bordering on mediæval chivalry by her guests—who kiss her hand in formal salutation, as also after the meal when thanking her for her hospitality. She sits at the head of the table and is mistress of ceremonies. She usually directs conversation, being thoroughly acquainted with the larger affairs of men and able to maintain her convictions. She holds a large sway over the men members of the household, which is often used by those desiring advancement in government position and sometimes even for business purposes. In fact, I fear to tell more of her position because I may encourage the American girl even further to encroach on the few rights still left to us men.

The Russian woman stands loyally by her husband. Russians have tried to send their wives and children to points of safety, but the women have usually refused to leave their husbands and preferred to share the dangers of the hour.



A Squad of the Famous Russian Women's Battalion of Death Learning How to Shoot Straight



A Russian Workmen's Council in Session. Plenty of Speeches but Little Legislative Action of a Permanent Character

The suffrage question has never come up in Russia. It is self-evident to a Russian that women should enjoy politically the same rights as men.

The Russian woman has gone into practical life as extensively as elsewhere. She is found in business and in the factory; she is an excellent street-car conductor and does not hesitate to take up heavier duties, like sweeping streets, piling lumber, etc. The women's regiment was not a caprice, but represented the spirit in women of a readiness to take on the duties of men in any line of endeavor, even that for which she seems least fitted—a life in the trenches.

At our Petrograd factory 25 per cent. of the workers are women. They handle not only milling machines and punch presses, but also do some of the easier operations in the tool department, such as milling to close dimensions. The workers I saw had nimble fingers and did excellent work. The Russian lace made by ignorant peasant women in their squalid *isbas*—sometimes by the light of a splint of wood stuck in the wall—is as fine as any made in Europe.

To appreciate the sequence of events of the year just past we must look at the four classes who made the Revolution: peasant, workman, soldier and intelligentsia.

The peasant—and there are 130,000,000 of him—we must picture as a hard worker, kind-hearted, honest as regards his neighbor, ready to endure the most terrible privation patiently, generous to his poor, but cruel and destructive when drunk, and intensely ignorant of affairs beyond his village. He understands just one thing in this revolution and that is he will get more land. There are millions of peasant families trying to live off a few acres of ground, cultivated by the most primitive means. A bad crop means a famine. Statistics clearly show that their demand is just. He has had a large opportunity for self-government in his village affairs, not unlike that of the New England town meeting.

The workmen—and there are less than 5,000,000 industrial workers out of the total of 170,000,000 population—are in character like the peasant, many ready to return to the land if there be any available. They have a broader view and have listened to socialistic

agitators for many years. But their limited ability to read, their circumscribed education and their undeveloped capacity to think politically have kept them from obtaining more than the narrowest possible view of the larger industrial problems.

The soldier, who is either peasant or workman, is courageous, obedient under firm authority and stoically ready to endure hunger, wet and cold. As to the objects of the war, he knew nothing. Most of the enlisted men had never heard of a Frenchman or an Englishman. They hated their brutal officers, but accepted them as a part of the mechanism of existence. Democratic peace, republic, self-determination mean nothing to him.

The educated Russians, called the "intelligentsia," make up only a small percentage of the population. They possess the qualities mentioned and have welcomed the Revolution as they deplore the turn of events. They furnished most of the self-sacrificing heroes who worked for years among the people in their attempt to elevate them and to rouse them against the autocracy. To-day they are swept aside, discredited and often imprisoned, while the masses follow the men whose promises they can understand.

These three groups, and they represent 95 per cent. of the population, eagerly seized the freedom that was theirs at last. To what purpose? The disorganization and dismal chaos of to-day are the answer. There was no power on earth to hold back that liberated mass of humanity nor to guide it, if once started. The wonder of wonders is that the whole national fabric was not utterly destroyed months ago with widespread bloodshed and starvation, as well it might if there had been vodka to unleash the spirit of destructiveness innate in the average Russian.

It is easy to picture what happened when these ignorant masses, once told of their freedom, proceeded to act. The peasant heard the cry of freedom and proceeded to take over the large neighboring estates honestly believed to be rightfully his. The workman heard the cry and proceeded to shorten his hours and treble his pay. The soldier heard it and said the hard life of discipline and trench is over. Each acted in the light of his primitive understanding. Add to that the instinctive suspicion a Russian has for a leader not of his grade of intelligence, unable to think in terms of his primitive intellect, and we can readily picture the result: a huge mass, grasping what it felt was withheld for generations, blindly groping for some means for retaining what it has seized, while eyeing suspiciously every leader who talks patriotism, restraint and common sense.

In that avalanche the voice of the educated Russian, calling to reason, was as effective as a whisper in a storm. This type of Russian realizes his international obligations as keenly as any of the Allies and repudiates with indignation the actions of the Bolsheviki. Even those leaders, like Milukof, Tseretelli and other Revolutionists who have suffered years of imprisonment and banishment in the cause of the common people, were impatiently pushed aside and often arrested as counter-

revolutionists. The conservative passive government under Lvof was doomed to failure—as was that of Kerensky. The masses could only respond to one who spoke their language and voiced their primitive desires. Lenine and Trotzky proved to be those men.

The Russians are not Bolsheviki in the extreme radical definition of that term. The peasants, and they will control 75 per cent. of any parliament elected on a universal suffrage basis, will never consent to give up the land they hold in any socialist scheme of nationalization of land. They have learned to distrust socialism, which is to their minds something that gives the workman in town short hours and large pay, making the prices of the manufactured articles that the peasant needs soar to unattainable heights.

But the Bolsheviki had the country behind them because they promised the country immediate peace. The country has grown war weary in a way we can understand if we only stop to think of the 3,000,000 killed in action, the millions permanently crippled, the untold sacrifices for three years, and on top of that the anarchy of the past year, the disorder, the threats of famine, the increase of crime, the insecurity of property, the thousand things that have reduced the life of most people to the primitiveness of that of a Red Indian.

The Bolsheviki also promised land. Under what terms and in what scheme the people do not understand, could not understand. But they believed that promise because it is made by the people from their own ranks. In the meantime every hooligan in the land with predatory instincts calls himself a Bolshevik and proceeds to ply his dark trade in the name of the Revolution.

The Bolsheviki, who are honest and intelligent exponents of the radical socialism that the party stands for, form only a small minority to-day.

At the same time there is something in the socialistic doctrine that appeals to the instinctive leaning of a Russian towards a scheme of Government based on the universal brotherhood of men. The instinctive compassion of the Russian for his fellow men will find an expression in the future government that the Russians will work out for themselves, if they get the opportunity. It may be a form of Slav democracy entirely different from any existent and may yet prove a model for the world. Between now and then Russia will have to go through times even more chaotic than those of to-day, until the masses, sobered by famine and disorganization, will gladly accept the leadership of those self-sacrificing patriots who stand to-day helpless and discredited.

The forces operative in Russia to-day are vast and beyond all human calculation in their elemental power and explosiveness. Imagine a huge cauldron, filled with a struggling humanity of forty-six distinct races, from the Jew to the Mohammedan-Tartar, from the Finn to the Kalmuck, and the chief race, the Slav, possessing a startling combination of character qualities; a cauldron seething with extreme theories of all descriptions; socialistical, anarchistical, monarchical and those of Slav brotherhood. Inject into that cauldron a vast number of ambitious and incompetent demagogues, cor-

ruptible and corrupted government officials, unscrupulous food speculators, mysterious agents of the old régime and bureaucracy, who are preaching anarchy to prepare for a *coup d'état*, secret agents of a foreign power spreading chaos that will effectively break up the empire, confirmed idealists and dreamers of a thousand varieties. Imagine each of these to be a steady source of disturbance starting a movement among the masses, themselves living in dense ignorance, suspicious of any call to come to reason, blindly groping for some way that will allow them to retain the privileges that freedom confers—whatever these privileges may be. Surround that cauldron by the scorching heat of a world war, of civil war, of class war, and then attempt to forecast what the mass will look like when it has cooled down again.

And while I reflect on that seething chaos, my thoughts go back to the Nevsky, with its busy retail stores and traffic of crowds—quietly going about their business; to the children attending school; to the operators in our factory quietly performing their work; to the crowds of rich and poor in fervent worship in the churches; and then Russia looks to me like a vast ocean, with a violent storm on the surface that is smashing all the works of man within reach, but an ocean underneath solemn and unmoved. Perhaps my Russian friends are right: the storm will blow over.

In spite of the incomprehensible chaos, certain fundamental characteristics of the Russian are sure to influence developments to a great extent. The Russian tendency to early fatigue in any large movement, which explains the long delay of the Revolution, will cause the masses to settle down to a work-a-day life much faster in Russia than elsewhere. Famine, riot and chaos will emphasize the readiness to stop agitation. Again, the intuitive leaning of the Russian to large human sympathy will stimulate a return to more peaceful conditions. It is my conviction that economically Russia will come back promptly in a way that will startle the world, but that politically she will labor for a generation or more.

We Americans are entirely too impatient to get practical results. We forget that it took us ten years to draw up a constitution under far more favorable conditions than those under which Russia is laboring. We were an isolated people, a people of practically one race, instead of forty-six, as in Russia; a people of a few million instead of 170,000,000 and finally a people fairly well educated compared with the Russians, of whom 75 per cent. cannot read or write. Again remember the French people; it took them eighty years before they definitely settled down to a republic.

The German penetration of Russia has been far more complete than we realize. There was not only the strong German influence at court, but the fairly complete domination of Russian commerce and industry by German enterprise and energy. The Germans may have failed signally in gauging the psychology of the various peoples now at war with them; but as to Russia they possess an insight into the mentality of the Russian masses that is clearly revealed in the trend of events of the year just passed. And let us not overlook another factor:



A Company of Cossacks. They Were Ready to Defend Law and Order Until Their Lower Province on the Don Was Threatened by the Increasing Disorder

The Russian knows no burning, enduring hatred for a foreign people, and his commercial experience in the past with the German has been generally satisfactory so that we must not be surprised to see commercial relations established between the two countries.

We Americans will lose an opportunity to extend vastly American influence, be it a spread of democracy or

that of industry and commerce, if we wait for the establishment of a satisfactory form of government, relying in the meantime on an aversion created by the war that might make Russians generally hold aloof from the German trader. The Russian masses will not wait. They cannot wait. Their needs to-day are as urgent as those of ship-wrecked sailors cast ashore near a town.



Some Real News from Russia

DEAR EDITOR: The news from Russia,
Of late has greatly favored Prussia.
Now, while I am no necromancer,
I think that I have guessed the answer—
The ex-Czar—a pronounced pro-Teuton,
Was fonder of retreat than shootin'!
So proletariat, at leisure,
Sent Nick a Romanoff with pleasure:
They craved a Bolshevik Kozotsky,
So gave the reins of state to Trotzsky.
(Le-on[se], he does his first name sign,
Eight numbers lower than Le-nine).
Had they compared these patronymics,
They'd see that one the other mimics,
And Trotzsky means the same in Jew,
That the other does in Russian, too.
At my deduction you may scoff,
But Trotzsky will be Romanoff.

W. F. L., New York.

A Quick Trip to Japan

H. F. Albright, the Company's vice-president and general superintendent, is now on a trip to Japan but will be back at Hawthorne about the time his friends begin to wonder how he is enjoying himself in the Far East. He sailed in the middle of March, and expects to return about the 10th of May, although it is not certain that he will be able to get back so soon.

Acquires a New Name

Olaf F. Stein, whose article about Holland in war time appeared in a recent issue of the News, is no longer Mr. Stein. His name now is Olaf F. Stuart.

The change was made in accordance with the New York statutes by the County Court of Rockland County in which Mr. Stuart resides.

Yardsticks We Use to Measure Our Progress

Aided and Abetted by Business Barometers for the Weather-Wise

By L. M. Nichols



L. M. Nichols

growing volume of business our personnel has expanded as rapidly as a Thanksgiving dinner, in the pre-Hoover days, of course. This is dangerous, for you know the bigger a balloon gets the more unmanageable it becomes. The future may look as rosy as a Skookum apple, but a sudden shift in the winds of political or financial events may blow us off our course if we haven't been watching our barometer.

Knowing this, we are not satisfied to use only "yard-

sticks" to measure ever desirable and self-satisfying progress, but we place just as much emphasis on keeping a weather eye open for squalls, air-pockets and other traps for the over-optimistic business man to whom the word "retrenchment" suggests a *backward* step. Far from being this, retrenchment often acts on a going business as a loading coil does on a telephone current; it regenerates, amplifies and revivifies.

In earlier years we were more or less "on our own" and had to construct business barometers for ourselves. Bank clearings in the United States (divorced from New York City clearings as being tainted by stock market speculation) furnished the most direct measure of growing or diminishing business activity. Other straws in the wind were railroad gross earnings, pig iron production (indicative of all construction and industrial activity), and the value of building permits, which touched our electrical supply business directly, as it reflected the volume of contracting work a certain per cent. of which is usually electrical.

Nowadays, however, we are able to avail ourselves of such services and barometers as Babson's, which is utilized by many captains of finance and industry who should know better—than Babson, I mean—what the

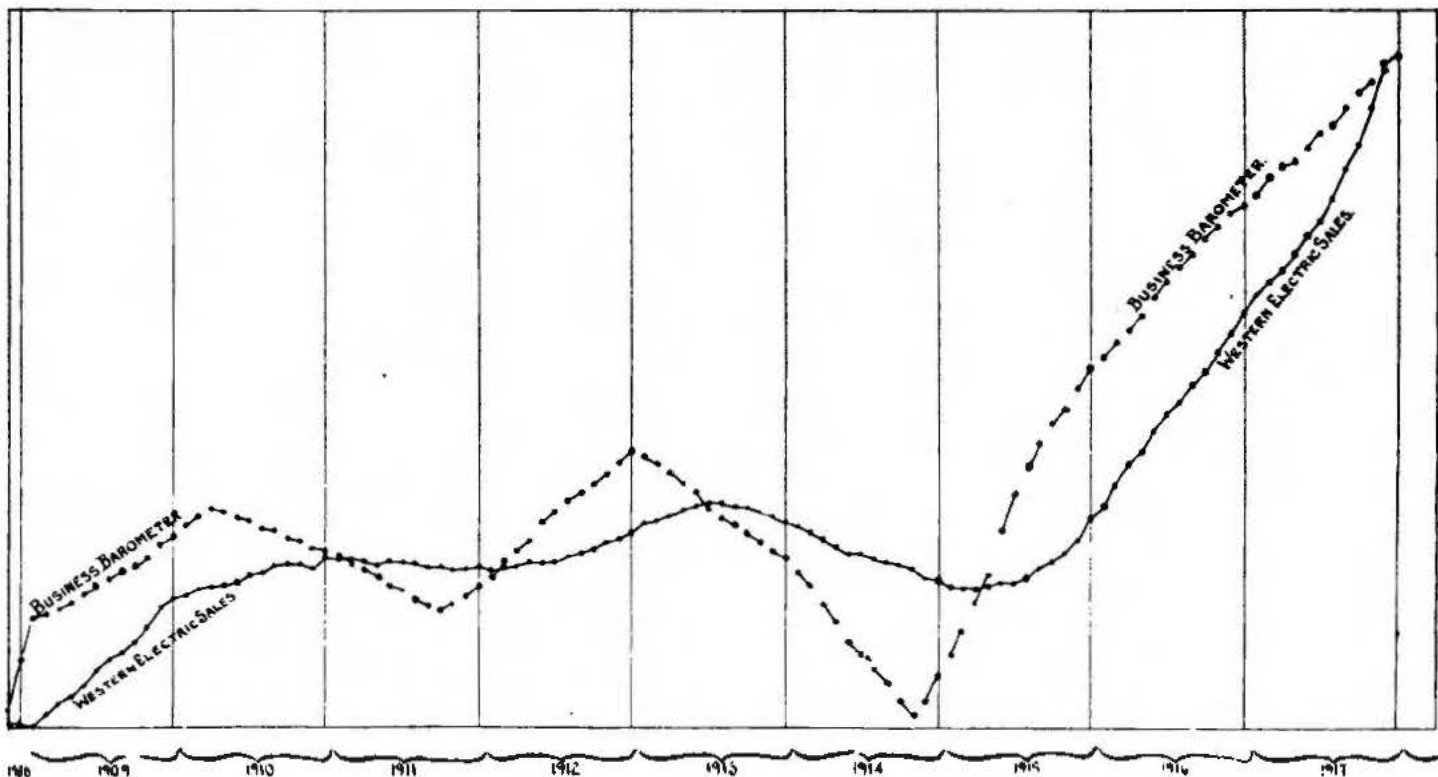


Chart No. 1

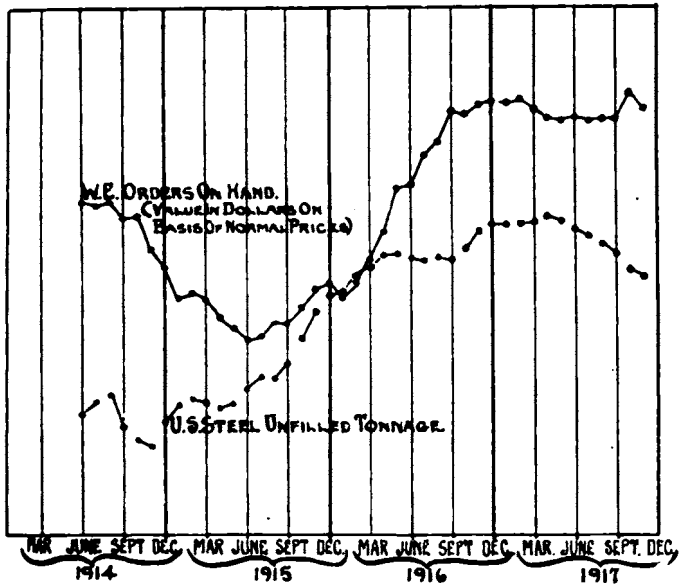


Chart No. 2

trend of events is going to be. Our business, as expressed by sales billed to other than contract customers in the United States, follows very closely the trend of business conditions as shown by Chart No. 1 on this page. Off-hand, one might think that we would feel the peaks and depressions more severely than general business, because people might feel that they had to buy bread, meat and sugar before they bought "canned lightning" or other things electrical. In the last few years however, the labor-saving and other features of electrical devices, so essential to the efficiency of modern business and household life, have made so great an impression that their sale and use are sure to increase in these times of labor shortage and elimination of non-essentials.

The important thing in using business barometers and such like is not to mistake minor fluctuations for general changes in trend. A P(russian) rumor, a sudden attack of financial indigestion on the part of Mr. J. P. Morgan, or other trifle may put the stock market "on the toboggan," but that doesn't concern us. We have to be sleepless like a sentry in guarding against false alarms, against misinterpreting signs. Otherwise we might find ourselves in the same state of mental "deshabille" as a youth I once heard (I didn't have to "overhear" him—he had a "Klaxon" voice) on board an excursion steamer, edifying his "lady friend" with a most minute and expert interpretation of a string of signal flags flying on one of Uncle Sam's battleships four or five miles away. As we drew nearer, he (and I) discovered that the signal flags were the sailors' washing—pardon me, shirts hung out to dry—the ship was "stripped for action." The would-be signal officer developed a sudden thirst and rushed his lady friend below decks for a drink of "pop."

Another valuable yardstick is such a thing as the unfilled orders on hand of the United States Steel Corporation, whose nation-wide operations make it comparable

with the Western Electric business. The accompanying Chart No. 2 shows that the peak of business was apparently reached by both in the spring of 1917, but a revival occurred toward the end of the year under the stimulus of Government orders.

One of the general sales department's many problems arises from the axiom that "the whole is the sum of all its parts." That is, in order to achieve satisfactory results for the company as a whole in the sale of any one line of material, each distributing house must have done its proper share. Now, how to determine what is a proper share is often a perplexing problem. With the aid of the Society for Electrical Development, we have been able to work out a really scientific and logical basis for setting quotas, or "bogeys," as they are often called, especially for such lines as sewing machines, vacuum cleaners and other socket devices. Having figures on the population served by central stations in each house territory and the per cent. relation of residence customers to population served in a majority of the towns of each territory, we were able to work out a table showing what per cent. of any quota for the company as a whole, in one of these lines, should be assigned to each house.

Of course this method has to be modified to meet known local conditions, such as the deadly competition of the colored "mammy," which the electric washing machine has to contend with in the South.

The question may often occur to you, How do we know when a branch house is getting its share of the business placed in its territory? The answer is—Find out what amount of business was placed that we could compete for. There are at least three or four ways of arriving at this:

First—Estimates by the Sales Department at each house of the purchasing power of each individual customer.

Second—Estimates by the General Sales Department of business placed in the United States for which we can compete, divided by Classes of Customers in each house territory, based on the physical statistics, such as number of telephone stations and K. W. generating capacity of each class and an estimated unit of purchasing power for each class.

Third—Estimates by the houses, checked by information obtained by the General Sales Department of business done by competing telephone manufacturers and electrical jobbers.

Fourth—Estimates by trade papers, Society of Electrical Development, etc., of the amount of business in each of the various lines of merchandise done through the jobbers.

These four checks upon our estimate of business placed certainly would seem to be sufficient. Any more checks might have a deterrent effect, as they did in the case of a treasurer of a certain concern who was the victim of a very fussy and over-efficient auditor. After a long and futile argument about the ultimate disposition of a damaged two-cent stamp, the treasurer wailed to the president, "Why, that fellow checks me so much that I've pretty nearly lost all power of motion."

The expression "peak load" belongs to the electro-technical word-artists, but we feel plagiaristically in-

clined, so we'll use it. The "peak loads" or months of greatest sales for various lines come at widely different seasons of the year—with "Radiant Radiators" at the North Pole and Electric Fans at the Equator, and we have to allow a reasonable time in advance in which to provide stocks to take care of the sudden "peak" in demand. The accompanying Chart No. 3 will indicate some typical seasonal demands previous to which stocks should be accumulated, advertising prepared and published, and salesmen instructed by our Specialists how to become 100 per cent. "Maximalists."

At this juncture I am tempted to ask, "Do you follow me?" but I am afraid that you might answer as did a learned Judge, who, after listening to a long-winded and involved argument by an earnest young lawyer, was asked by the latter if he "followed" him. Quoth the Judge, "Yes, by a great effort I have managed to follow you, but I tell you frankly that if I had thought that I would be able to *find my way back*, I'd have quit you half an hour ago."

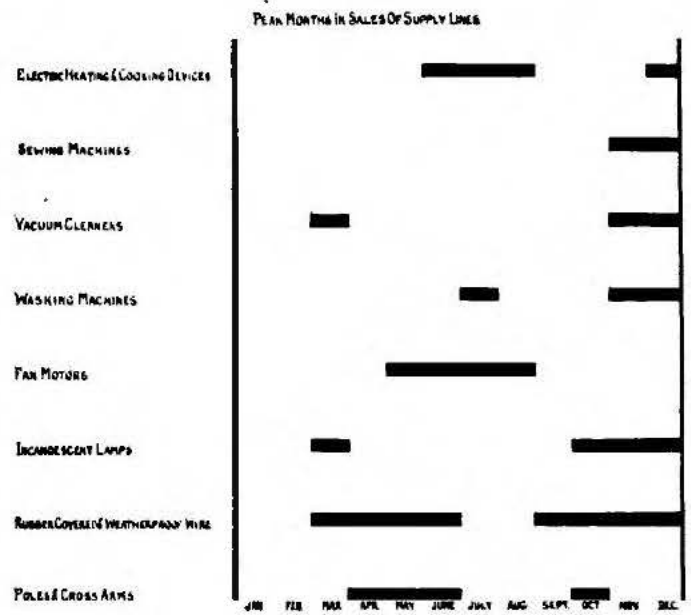


Chart No. 3

Charles F. Sise Dies

WORD came from Montreal on April 9 that Charles Fleetford Sise had died on that day. His death was caused by pneumonia and he was ill only three days. He was eighty-four years old.

Mr. Sise is best known to Western Electric men because of the fact that he was the founder of our allied house in Canada, the Northern Electric Company, and was the man with whom the Western Electric Company's officers dealt when the present arrangement between the two companies was effected a dozen years ago, but that event really was only a minor incident in his long and adventurous career.

Although he was born in Portsmouth, N. H., Mr. Sise fought through the Civil War on the side of the South, whither he had gone when a young man to take charge of his father's extensive shipping interests in New Orleans. Even before that he had commanded ships and had been to almost all parts of the world. During the Crimean War he carried supplies to the British troops, and also was in India at the time of the mutiny.

In the Civil War Mr. Sise served as an officer on the famous Confederate cruiser *Alabama*, which captured so



Charles F. Sise

many Northern ships before it was sunk by the U. S. S. *Kearsarge* off Cherbourg. It was Mr. Sise who carried the money to England to pay for the *Alabama* before she was turned over to the Confederacy.

After the Civil War Mr. Sise lived in England for a number of years, and later came to Boston to represent a British insurance company. While there he became interested in the telephone, then a new invention, and went to Canada in 1879 for the purpose of organizing the telephone business of the Dominion on a national basis. For many years he was president of the Bell Telephone Company of Canada and also organized the Northern Electric and Manufacturing Company and the Wire and Cable Company, both of which were later merged in the Northern Electric Company.

Mr. Sise is survived by his widow and five children, three sons and two daughters. C. F. Sise, Jr., is general manager of the Bell Telephone Company of Canada. E. F. Sise is president of the Northern Electric Company, and Captain Paul F. Sise is now in New York as a member of the British and Canadian Recruiting Mission.

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An Appreciation of Charles F. Nickel

Mr. Thayer Writes of the Services of one of the Company's Pioneers

WHEN Charles F. Nickel died last December, the News printed a short article in regard to him, much shorter than it would have been had his death not occurred not long before the date of going to press. H. B. Thayer, president of the Company, who knew Mr. Nickel well, therefore has written the following appreciation:

To the Editor of the News:

In a recent issue of the News there appeared a brief notice of the death of Mr. Charles F. Nickel.

Mr. Nickel was one of those who contributed a good deal to the character of the Western Electric Company, and I use the word "character" in the belief that a corporation acquires a character just as an individual does.

In the early part of 1888 the business of the New York shop had grown to a point where it needed better shop management. I had been acting both as manager and shop superintendent for a year or two, and I felt that the business was growing to a point where the shop needed the undivided attention of one man, and that that man should have a better mechanical training than we could supply at that time from New York. I discussed the matter with Mr. Barton, and, as a result, Mr. Nickel was sent here. He had been employed by the Company about ten years, and was a first-class instrument maker by trade. He had acquired a pretty good knowledge of electrical theory and practice. He brought to bear on it his mechanical skill and high standards of workmanship, a clean sense of justice and an evenness



Charles F. Nickel

of temper under all conditions. There was no one connected with the business better liked or more respected than Mr. Nickel during his whole connection with the Company.

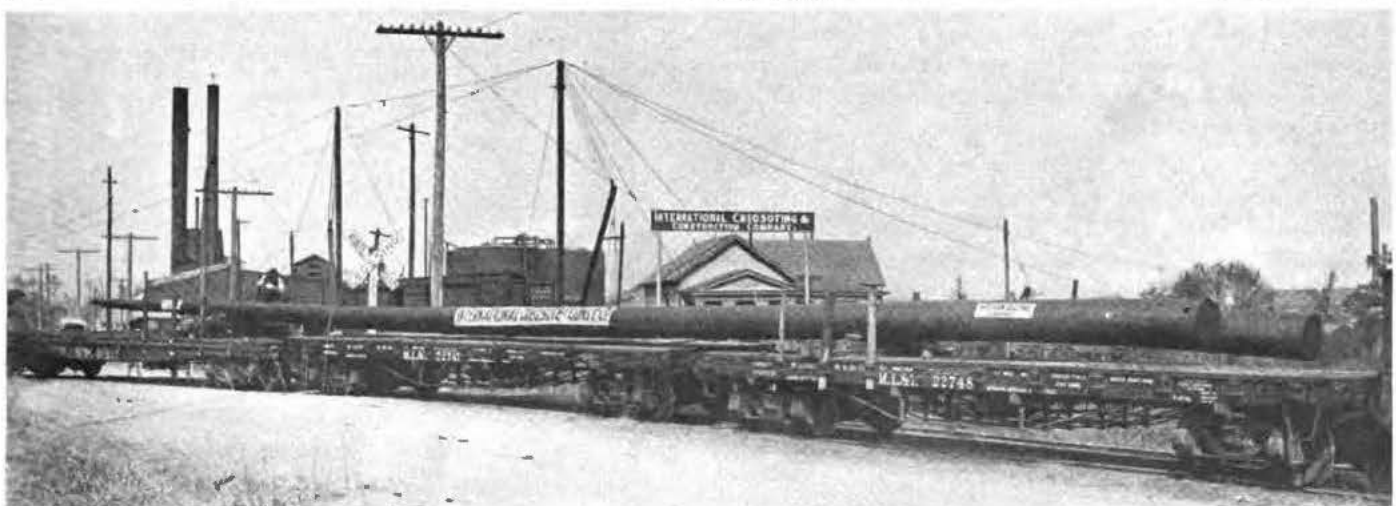
In 1906 he voluntarily became a pensioner of the Company. He was a bachelor, and had been saving and made good investments. He had no need of help, but considered it an honor to be a pensioner of the Company.

He was not in very good health in his latter years, and we did not see him as often as we would have liked to, but his interest in the Company and in Western Electric people was always intense. When he heard of the Eastland disaster he sent a check to Mr. Albright for the benefit of those who suffered by it.

I remember two instances which showed how thoroughly he was an American. At the time when Admiral Dewey had his little difficulty with the German admiral in Manila Bay, I asked Mr. Nickel what he would do if we should get into war with Germany. He straightened up and said, "I am an American," as though it were an aspersion on his character to doubt what his attitude would be in such a case.

Shortly before he died I asked him if he heard from his family in Germany. He had brothers and nephews there, and always had kept in close touch with them up to the beginning of the present war. He said, "Well, when this war began I wrote to my brother and told him what I thought of his ——— Kaiser, and I have not heard from him since."

H. B. THAYER.



Two 110-Foot Poles Cut in Texas and Set Up on Opposite Sides of the Red River. The Atlanta House Handled the Order

TALKING IT OVER

RED CROSS WEEK

EVEN though another page is given over to the Red Cross, there always is room enough to say a word or two more about the magnificent organization which is doing so much to relieve the pain and suffering of those who have gone forth to fight for their country. The table of statistics showing what the Red Cross has done with the money which it collected several months ago is really unnecessary. No accounting is asked for by those who read from day to day of the work which the Red Cross is doing at the battlefield and here at home as well.

All that Americans need to know is that the Red Cross wants more money in order to carry on its multitude of mercies. It has said that it needs more money and the week of May 20 to 27 has been set aside as Red Cross Week. It is a chance to give for a great cause that each and every reader of the NEWS cannot afford to neglect. Nor will they neglect it.

MR. REINKE AND RUSSIA

SELDOM has the NEWS had the good fortune to publish as timely and interesting a series of articles as that about the Russian Revolution by A. E. Reinke. The third and last article of the series appears in this issue, and the NEWS takes this occasion to thank Mr. Reinke for his notable contributions to its columns.

As most of the readers of the NEWS know, Mr. Reinke is the Company's chief engineer in Europe, but since last December has been in New York. So great an interest has been aroused by these articles that he has been much in demand recently as a speaker at meetings of church clubs and similar organizations in and about the city. The articles also have been commented upon most favorably by newspapers and magazines which have reprinted long excerpts from them.

At present, Mr. Reinke is engaged in writing a book about Russia which will be finished soon. It embodies much of the material which has been printed in the columns of the NEWS, as well as additional information for which there was not room in a series of magazine articles. He is a firm believer in the ability of the Russian people to get on their feet even though it may take a long time. Just how long he does not venture to say, but as he points out both the United States and France took many years to establish stable republican governments.

THE THIRD LIBERTY LOAN

JUST because there is nothing about the Third Liberty Loan in this issue of the NEWS, no one need jump to the conclusion that there is nothing to tell. As a matter of fact, there was so much to tell that there was no chance to get it all into the May number. Realizing that anything published at this time would be incomplete, the Board of Editors decided to postpone the Liberty Loan news until next month.

This much can be said now, however. The reports which have been received thus far show that the Company's employees are doing their full share in making the loan an overwhelming success. Just before this issue went to press word came from Kansas City that every employee in the distributing house there had subscribed for a bond. That this 100 per cent. record will be the rule rather than the exception when the other houses and departments are heard from goes almost without saying. Kansas City's mark can be equalled even if it cannot be beaten, and the members of the Western Electric family in Kansas City will not object if it is equalled by every other unit of the Company's great organization.

THAT WOMEN'S NUMBER

IT has remained for one of the male readers of the NEWS to give utterance to the most interesting comment upon the April issue that has been received thus far. The following letter turned up a day or two before this issue went to press. The last four words of the letter prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that the writer is a man of unsurpassed judgment, so it is only fair to assume that everything he says is true. Here is the letter:

To the Editor of the News:

Regarding the April issue of THE NEWS you have shown a very poor precedent. From now on you'll have your hands full keeping the girls from monopolizing the whole magazine. Not that the April issue wasn't good; it was too good.

After reading this issue through twice, I don't blame you for giving them the magazine. *We have some girls!*

F. J. K.

A GLIMPSE OF CHINA

NEXT month the readers of the NEWS will get a glimpse of China. The leading article, which will be written by Mr. Swope, will tell about some of his experiences in that ancient nation and the impressions which he gained during his visit there last year. His article on Japan, which appeared in February, was most interesting and his forthcoming contribution to the NEWS undoubtedly will reach the same high standard.

Who's Who at Hawthorne



Who makes Nick Carter's sleuthing look like five cents' worth of dimes and catches Mr. Slip-p'ry Crook six out of each five times? Who's head of Hawthorne's husky "bulls," and we'll bet three trained fleas that all of them have good strong "pulls"—and that you muff this wheeze? Who also heads our fire brigade—

(though, if we tried, by durn, we'd have to give a fire first aid to get the thing to burn)? Who never ever drops a clue—less often still an "h"! (Come, guess that, boys. It's up to you.) McGlynn. Roight.—Pay fer p'ach.

A Chicago Litterateur

Just to prove that you don't have to be a Western Electric employee to enjoy the News, the accompanying picture is printed. The gentleman who appears in it is Charles H. Gaunt, General Manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company at Chicago.

It may be that Mr. Gaunt really read the copy of the February News which he holds in his hand, but a close inspection of the picture will reveal the fact that at the moment it was taken, the lure of the camera outweighed the charm of the printed page and Mr. Gaunt watched for the birdie instead of devoting his entire attention to the acquisition of the treasures of thought contained between the covers of the News.



He Reads the "News"

The Merry Telegraphers

The three items which follow show how much telegraph operators can do to make the world a more cheerful place to live in. Perhaps it is indelicate to print them on the same page with a picture of an important Western Union official, but the News is willing to take the chance.—Ed.

We Heard You the First Time

Owing to the amount of Government work to be rushed out ahead of commercial orders, a committee at New York is delegated to specify to the Shops the exact degree of urgency of each job. Recently a telegram reached Hawthorne, reading:

"Government business. Twenty-third order . . . Schedule in list of third impatience."

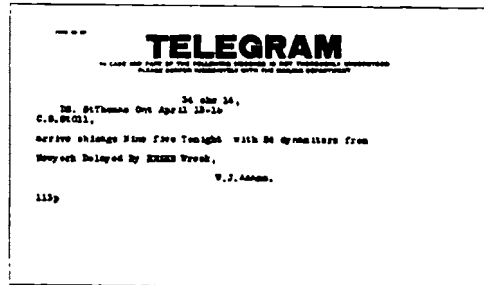
Later a correcting telegraph arrived, stating:

"'Impatience' should read 'importance.'"

We don't see why.

Out for a Bang-Up Good Time

An electrical machine that will act either as a generator or as a motor is called a "dynamotor." Hawthorne uses many of them and finds them absolutely harmless as long as they are blind. Once supply them with an eye, however, and they become very formidable, as the following telegram proves:



Apparently one of the twenty-four must have dropped a match in his baggage.

A Pastoral

J. Pastor, of the switchboard tracing section at Hawthorne, recently received the following telegram purporting to come from one of our installers:

"Grandisland, Neb.

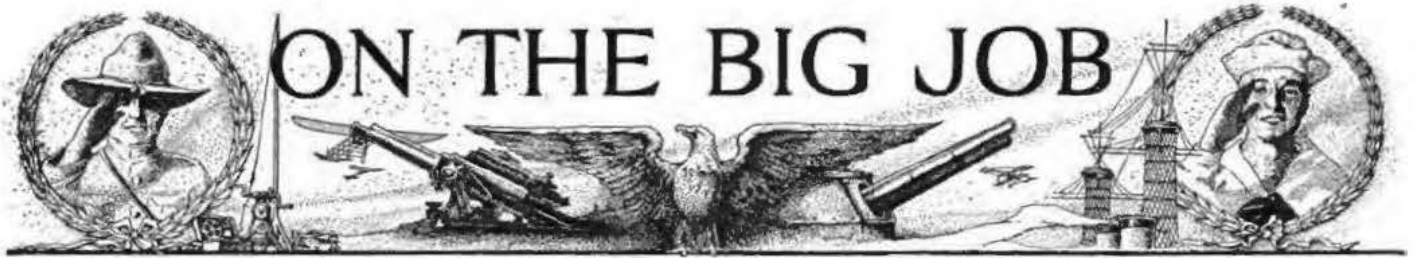
"J. Pastor:

"Suggest have sale here thirteenth auctioneer secured date announced send man with cows.

"GLADDEN."

It appeared later that the telegraph company had mixed two messages. Consequently Gladden must have been considerably surprised at Jack's reply.

"Have no man with cows. How would a man with the 'bull' do?"



Employees Who Have Entered the Various Branches of the Military Service Since the Last Issue of the News

General Accounting Department

New York

CROSS, Wm. B., U. S. Army.

General Sales Distributing

Boston

SAVA, Joe, Aviation Section, Signal Corps.

Richmond

HARRIS, J. E., Aviation Section, Signal Corps.

Atlanta

WHATELEY, W. R., Signal Reserve Corps.

Chicago

CAESTECKER, F. H., Naval Reserve

DUNSMON, H. P., Naval Reserve.

JOHNSON, H. E., U. S. Army.

SAGER, M. M., Quartermasters' Reserve Corps.

SPAINHOUR, C. M., Aviation Section, Signal Corps.

St. Louis

AULD, W. R., Aviation Section, Signal Corps.

GOYERT, C., National Guard.

San Francisco

BONDIETT, C., Naval Reserve.

GREGOR, L. W., Naval Reserve.

HINE, R., Aviation Section, Signal Corps.

VANN, F. L., Engineering Reserve Corps.

VOVICOFF, L. I., Signal Reserve Corps.

Engineering Department

EICKHOFF, A. B., Medical Corps.

REAST, F. M., Quartermasters' Reserve Corps.

TEEGARDEN, C. H., Signal Reserve Corps.

General Manufacturing Department

ANDERSON, A. E., U. S. Navy.

ANTONICK, P., U. S. Army Reserve.

BOSS, H. T., U. S. Army.

GRIFFITHS, W. S., Signal Reserve Corps.

KANE, D. J., Ordnance Reserve Corps.

SCOTT, W. C., Quartermaster's Reserve Corps.

Legion of Honor for Captain Domange

MAURICE DOMANGE, for many years Sales Manager at Paris, and who, ever since the beginning of the war, has been at Verdun, first as a lieutenant and later as a captain of the French Artillery, has been made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

In appreciation of their pleasure at this well deserved honor to Captain Domange, the employees of the Paris House, who had been associated with him before the war, presented him, on February 20, while he was at Paris on leave, with two crosses of the Legion of Honor, one the military cross and the other the civil cross which is worn on those formal occasions in civil life where military uniforms are not worn. Mr. André, who has been for years Captain Domange's colleague and who himself is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, presented the crosses and gave the "accolade."

Captain Domange in his reply spoke especially of America's con-



Captain Maurice Domange, of the French Army

tribution to the work of winning the war, evidence of which he had already seen at and near the front.

The speech of presentation made by Mr. André has been translated into English and reads as follows:

MY DEAR CHEVALIER:

In the name of your numerous and devoted friends of the Society "Le Material Telephonique," I have the great honor of expressing our great admiration and offering you our heartiest congratulations on the occasion of your promotion to the rank of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

Permit me, again in their name, to hand to you these replicas of the Cross of the Legion of Honor, the symbol of that valiance and courage of which you have given evidence during the last four years in the citadel of Verdun, which will forever symbolize the eternal glory of France against the invasion of the barbarous hordes.

While we await the coming peace that will enable you to return to our midst, I propose three cheers in honor of the new Chevalier, upon whom I now bestow the accolade in the name of those here assembled and in the name of those of our brothers who are at this moment doing their duty as soldiers in the defense of their country.

News from Western Electric Men in Camp and Field

It is the news from across the seas that carries the greatest appeal in these days, and the News is extremely anxious to hear more often than is now the case from the Company's employees in military service who have reached France and are actively engaged in the gigantic struggle against the nation's foe. Of course, the censorship regulations forbid the writing of much that would be of absorbing interest if it only could be told, but nevertheless there is a great deal of news that is allowed to pass through.

Therefore, let every soldier or sailor "over there" consider himself a duly accredited correspondent of the News, and through its columns tell those of us who are left behind what he and his comrades are doing on the battlefield.

Letters to the News should be sent to the editorial offices at 195 Broadway, New York.

Just plain private in October, 1917, and First Lieutenant in April on Electrifications under the Director General of Military Railways is a brief sketch of Lieutenant C. A. Sanborn, of the Los Angeles House. He is now in Washington, D. C.



C. A. Sanborn

Sandy—he won't mind if we tell—is twenty-six, is a Boston Tech. man of '14 and has been with the Western Electric Company since 1915. He is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Sanborn, of Los Angeles.

A very interesting letter has just been received from Sandy from somewhere in the U. S. A. in which he tells about the Engineering Squad with which he is connected, erecting and taking down 110 feet of bridge over still water in 19½ minutes—that's going some.

The picture accompanying doesn't do justice to Sandy—pictures never do, so they say, and the considerable area of white space that doesn't all belong to his forehead is no reflection whatever upon Sandy's charming wife, who was Miss Rita M. Potts, our assistant cashier. They were married in October, just a short time before Sandy went into training camp.

One of thirty-four students selected to attend a Lairson School at Camp Dix, N. J., is D. Broadhurst, formerly of Fifth Avenue, whose picture was published in the News recently. The class is made up of commissioned officers of the lower grades as well as enlisted men whose qualifications warrant it, all named by the Division Commander.

Another Fifth Avenue man who has won distinction is K. W. Horn. He was selected from Camp Dix as one of seventy-five picked throughout the country to receive special training in Meteorology. He has completed the course and probably is now engaged in this important branch of the service in France. Mr. Horn was for several years in the stores and credit departments and was transferred to the general credit department several months before he entered the military service.



Eric Unmack

Here we have Sergeant Eric Unmack, of the 24th Engineers, Camp Dix, Trenton, N. J., formerly of San Francisco, who adds this illuminating comment: "First, what a real soldier looks like; second, Mackinaw, the sawn-off overcoat I have on to keep out cold; third, gloves; fourth, ash walk I am on, and which I made; fifth, dirty ice and snow in the foreground."

The News is indeed proud to print the following reply received from the mother of Sergeant Thomas S. Irvine in response to a request for information as to his whereabouts sent out by the San Francisco House at which he was employed. After saying that he was with Battery B, 62d Regiment, Coast Artillery Corps, located in the Presidio, San Francisco, she added the following:

"You may be interested to know that because of the Western Electric Company at least one man has been enabled to give better service for his country, as the said Sergeant Thomas S. Irvine is in charge of a signal unit and also of all telephone work in the battery of which he is a member."

M. A. Culliney, who was Central Storekeeper, General Merchandise Department, New York, has been commissioned First Lieutenant, Quartermaster's Department.



A trio of Western Electric soldiers. From left to right—George L. Barquist, of the Emeryville shop, and Camp Lewis; L. R. Brown, of Kansas City, now in the Regular Army; Sergeant Miles Schutz, Hawthorne, now in the Aviation service at San Antonio, Texas



Three More Los Angeles boys now in military service. From left to right—Russell Black; Franklin E. Bernsen, who is now at Camp Kearney; Al Wehlin, who enlisted in the Navy and when last heard from was stationed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard



Capt. C. E. Monk

now commander of a company in the 105th Field Signal Battalion stationed at Camp Sevier, S. C. Captain Monk enlisted at the outset of the war, and was recently promoted from the rank of First Lieutenant.

Since the last issue of the NEWS, Omaha has lost to the colors J. L. Carman, salesman, and H. Grant, sales department. Mr. Carman is now at Fort Riley, Kan., and Mr. Grant is in the Navy.

A letter received last month from Lieut. A. P. Peterson, formerly of the chemical research department at Hawthorne but now of "Somewhere in France," shows our boys over there to be fit and anxious to be "up and at 'em." Lieutenant Peterson writes:

"We have been living a life of ease and simplicity—early to bed and early to rise and the daylight hours occupied in chasing old General Imaginary through his simulated strongholds. The boys hate the old cuss and are hungering for the Bosch. I think they will be all right, for they are in good condition and know what we are over here for.

"I am somewhat rushed for time, for we are on the move. I wish you would give my greetings to all my Hawthorne friends.

"See that we get good signal equipment, for I may want a barrage over me some night."



Lee M. Ray

The soldier aiming his rifle is Lee M. Ray, formerly of Dept. 6439 at Hawthorne. He is now at Camp Kearney, San Diego, Cal., or he was there when this photograph was taken.

Peter C. Smith, Jr., formerly of the Cable Plant inspection investigation division, enlisted at Chicago in December. In a letter from Camp Johnston, Jacksonville, Fla., he says:

"I have been down here since December 19, 1917, during which time I have been working on electrical parts, magnetos, storage batteries, etc., on two-ton Packard trucks, which came from the Texas border. These trucks, fifty in number, were pretty badly used and most of them were out of commission, but now that most of this work has been cleared up, we are ready 'Somewhere in France.'

"When working on the trucks here at camp, I was in Motor Repair Co. No. 1. On March 1, 1918, I was transferred to Machine Shop Truck Unit No. 354 and will be chief mechanic of this latter unit and rated sergeant, first class.

"There are twenty-five of us under one lieutenant and we are waiting for order from Washington to leave camp for some seaport. When we reach France we will be used in a body back of the firing line to take care of minor adjustments on our trucks under fire."

Private Humphrey J. Finch, of the Fifth Company, Coast Artillery Corps, who used to work at West Street, wants the readers of the NEWS to know that he enlisted in the Regular Army and not in the National Guard as was stated in one of the lists which appeared a month or two ago. He writes from Fort Sherman, which is in the Panama Canal Zone, and says that except for the fact that the weather is a little warm, his life in the army suits him.

He also tells the NEWS that all the telephones and cables which he has noticed in the Canal Zone are made by the Western Electric Company.

Even though he is in a place where he says the only sport available is counting the cars on the passing trains. Harry C. Miles, of Company B, Fifth Balloon Squadron, praises army life in the following way: "This outdoor life is great and I never felt better in my life." Camp Morrison, Virginia, is the quiet spot from which he writes.

P. C. Nauke, who left the process inspection department at Hawthorne in December to enlist in the Ordnance Corps, writes from Camp Sheridan, Ala.:

"I am in what is called the Overseas Quarantine Camp. We are fully equipped and expected to be on our way 'over there' in a day or two. I am in good physical condition and enjoy army life. The weather down here is wonderful—sunshine all the time.

"I enlisted with seven other Western Electric men. I am separated from them all now, but one soon makes friends in the army and the best part of it is my entire squad is from Chicago.

"I would like to get any reading matter pertaining to Western Electric affairs, as I sure do like to hear from my place of employment any time."



R. C. Smith, Jr.



P. C. Nauke



J. C. Maxon

The Navy has been heard from again, a fact to which the accompanying photograph of Ensign J. C. Maxon bears witness. In the letter which came with the picture he seemed apprehensive that because he was wearing his "working clothes" the snapshot might not pass muster. Needless to say his fears on that point were groundless for anyone in a uniform is "dressed up" these days in the estimation of those who are left behind.

Ensign Maxon, who was an employee of the New York House, says that by the time his picture and letter gets to New York he probably will be off on a long cruise, and hint:

that said cruise will take him to a section of the world where there is real fighting to be done both on land and sea.

Philip P. Cook, of the Dallas House, whose picture appeared in a recent issue of the NEWS, writes from the Georgia School of Technology at Atlanta where officers in the aviation branch of the Signal Corps are being trained. Among other things he says:

"The Supply School here at Georgia Technology is on its final round, having graduated the required number of officers. These officers of the aviation branch of the Signal Corps will serve as squadron supply officers in the various flying units as they go abroad.

"You would, no doubt, be interested to know that the W. E. men have finished this supply course with marked merit, due I feel to the W. E. fighting spirit that has been instilled in them by W. E. Organization. Personally, I feel indebted to the Company for a very important part of my training and firmly believe the student course a very valuable asset to both parties.

"Again expressing my gratitude, and assuring you that each of us, knowing you are behind us, goes into this fight all the stronger."



David Honer

Readers, meet "Babe" Honer, of Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill. He was formerly in the japanning department at Hawthorne and his real front name is David. As the picture indicates, he gets his money's worth when he steps on a weighing machine. If you are poor at guessing you may have to be told that "Babe" is chief cook of Battery F. 332d Field Artillery.

The safe arrival overseas of Privates George I. Blanchard and Almond S. Fish, members of the Stores Department at Fifth Avenue prior to their enlistment, is announced.

Walter A. Schultz left the hand screw machine department at Hawthorne last July to enlist in the Aviation Corps. He writes from "Somewhere in England":

"I had only been in England a few days when I took sick on account of the damp climate and was sent to the hospital, where I remained for some time. When I recovered enough to walk about they allowed me a five-day leave of absence, which I spent in sightseeing.

"The first day I visited the Isle of Wight. My second day I spent visiting the scenes of the big air raids. The sight was far from pleasant—torn bodies lying on the ground near the deep holes torn by German bombs.

"On my third day I visited the 'tank' factory. All the employees of this factory are women. If you could only see the work these women do: They run big lathes, punch presses, and big cranes. They lift heavy pieces of steel.

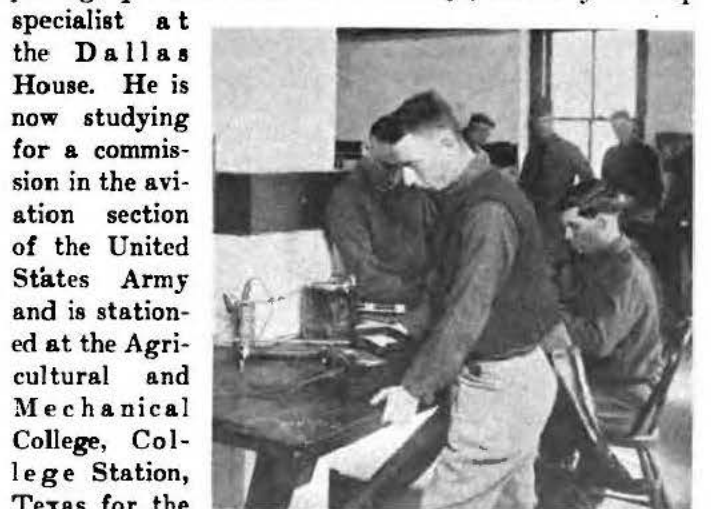
"Women are also driving army trucks over here. It seems funny to see a truck broken down in the road and a woman under it with a monkey-wrench tightening nuts and bolts. The next thing the women out here will be doing is flying. Already they know how to repair parts of aeroplanes and how to take care of the motors.

"The soldiers in England are allowed to enter saloons from 12:30 until 2:30 p. m. and from 6 to 7:30 p. m. This may seem queer to my friends at Rockford. The price of tobacco out here is eight pence, or sixteen cents in American money.

"Have you eaten horse meat? Well, I have. I ate some the other day before I knew what it was. It surely did taste peculiar. Never again!

"But at that Uncle Sam's boys would rather eat horse meat than humble pie and the Kaiser will find that what he called "the rag-time army" is in this fight to the finish. And I want to tell you the finish is very near."

The soldier in the foreground of the accompanying photograph is Private E. A. Abbott, formerly a lamp specialist at the Dallas House. He is now studying for a commission in the aviation section of the United States Army and is stationed at the Agricultural and Mechanical College, College Station, Texas for the present.



E. A. Abbott



Walter A. Schultz



O. Whitmire

Atlanta's Western Electric boys who is going up the ladder rapidly.

A third Western Electric boy from Atlanta has gone up the ladder. W. W. Lowery, Camp Jackson, Columbia, South Carolina, has received his commission as First Lieutenant and has been ordered to report at Hoboken, New Jersey.

A somewhat delayed letter comes from Lieutenant Commander D. C. Guest, U. S. N., who at the time he wrote was attached to the U. S. S. *Oregon* of the Pacific Squadron. He says:

"My address is U. S. S. *Oregon*, care Postmaster, San Francisco. As a matter of fact, I am over a thousand miles from 'Frisco now, and don't expect to get any mail for a month. Lord only knows when this will get to you. I can't tell you where we are, except that I might say that we are on a long cruise down in the land of hot. I haven't seen any cold weather this year at all, and believe me, I am not sorry.

"Went ashore yesterday in a very interesting place. Our band was invited to play in the Plaza. They attracted considerable attention, and all of the señoritas turned out to see us and our band.

A bunch of us passed a couple of American ladies standing in a doorway, and they said as we passed: 'My! don't they look good'; 'Oh, isn't it good to see them?' 'Oh, I wish they would stop a while!' We did, and found them very pleasant, and tickled to death to see some American faces—'real white people.'

"To-day we got into a place where there were twelve big German ships interned. Been here for about three years. Too bad we can't take them.

"I read in the papers about its being awfully cold in the States—the Eastern States, I mean. I can hardly realize it, as here our men go barefoot.

Boston sends this month a photograph of a former member of the book-keeping department, Herbert A. Milk. He is now a Cadet at the School of Military Aeronautics at Princeton University.

Herbert A. Milk

Here is a picture of Henry J. Svika, who worked in the accounting division of the engineering department at West Street before he entered military service. When last heard from he was at Camp Dodge, Iowa, and recently received a furlough which enabled him to visit his former associates at West Street.



H. J. Svika

Army life has its little excitements even before the Germans actually are encountered, and Walter Beckett, who was an auditor in the sales department at Philadelphia, has had a chance to discover that fact. Before he became a soldier he knew nothing about horses, but now he knows a lot about them, a fact which is proved by the following excerpts from a letter written by him from Camp Meade.

"Major Little gave me a horse yesterday and told me to break him in. I gave him a good cleaning this morning and tried to ride him bareback, but he threw me every time. He has never been saddled, so you see I have some job. I expect my blanket and saddle tomorrow, and then the fun will begin. Someone will have to squeeze his nose while I put the saddle on, and then he will jump around like a chicken with its head off."

It takes letters from France a long time to get back to this country, and the *News* has just heard from Lieutenant A. M. Curtis, of the Signal Corps, Division of Research, who writes to express his thanks for his Christmas package. He says:

"As I want to thank someone for the Christmas package I received from the W. E. Company, and don't know who is running the thing, you are picked as representative. I am very grateful to the 'fellow workers.' Hart and Christen enjoyed the tobacco (which is very hard to get here). I consumed the chewing gum and used the diary, and I am still hunting some one who is purse-proud enough to admit that he uses a money belt, so I am storing it against the happy day when I again become a W. E. engineer.

"You know we are not allowed to write for publication, but I am seriously considering advertising to know why the girl who put that lock of blonde hair in the can of jam I bought from the commissary didn't put her name and address in it, too."

Sometimes the *News* proves extremely useful, as it did in the case of Private Joseph Sava, of the 71st Aerial Service Squadron, a former employee at Boston, whose photograph appears at the left. He says:

"I was really glad when I received the copy of the February *News*. I received the copy just as I got my order of transfer from Waco to Dallas, Texas. It helped me to while away that monotonous period on the train. The *News* seemed to have transposed me to my work at Western Electric Company of the Boston Branch.

"I vividly recalled the faces of the men under whom I worked. The *News* is certainly doing a commendable act by sending a copy to its former employees who may be in a camp here or in France."



Joseph Sava



J. T. Gulanowski

a piano, a jazz band, and many other instruments."

Life in the Army isn't always a bed of roses, according to Private Joseph T. Gulanowski, who is a member of Battery C, of the 819th Heavy Artillery, at Camp Gordon, near Atlanta, Georgia. He used to work in the installation department at Philadelphia, but he seems to be getting along pretty well, after all. His picture is at the left, and he has this to say about it:

"I am enclosing you a picture of myself taken at Camp Gordon at the position called parade rest, which position you can see is a very comfortable one, but we seldom get it. As a rule, it is '1-2-3-4, Squads right!' or 'Squads left!' or 'To the rear, march!' and when our officers get tired giving us the above commands they generally have double time, which means 'Run.'"

"But speaking of the Army in general, it is great. We have 'most everything a fellow would want. We have at our barracks a piano, a jazz band, and many other instruments."

Private John H. Sendele, a former employee, has joined the Army but he won't be satisfied until he gets into action. When the following letter was received he was stationed at Fort Meyer, Virginia, with Co. A, of the 38th Engineers, and was not content with the idle life of a training camp. He writes:

"I received the *Western Electric News*. I wish to express my thanks to you for sending it to me. It makes one feel as if he were near home again, and think of the days gone past.

"I am in a good outfit, the Thirty-eighth Engineers. I will be doing the same kind of work wherever we are bound for as when I left the *Western*. I cannot state where we are bound for, by request of our officers.

"Yesterday we packed up everything we had in our possession. We thought sure we were off, but to my sorrow we did not go. The sooner we go the better I would like it, so I could say I did my bit for my country, which I can not say now."

Arthur Sessions, who was employed at the Detroit branch, but who enlisted in the Army soon after the United States entered the war, has written a letter to a friend in Chicago, in which he says that the *News* is "ever welcome." He is in the Regular Army and is stationed at Chattanooga, Tennessee, with the Sixteenth Infantry.

Two sailors who seemingly cannot get along without the *News* have been heard from recently. One is Philip Stephen Kirby, a signal man on the U. S. S. *San Francisco*, and the other is Alfred C. Madon, a former Hawthorne boy who is at Camp Farragut, Great Lakes, Ill. The former says:

"Since I began to receive the *News*, I look forward to the first of the month. It cheers a fellow up to read about the doings of the Company, and I think it is a very good idea to send the *News* to us fellows."

Private Frank G. Dedic, of the Marines, is another boy who writes to express his appreciation of the *News*. Not only does he read it but his comrades, most of whom are Southerners, all like to read it, too, although they were not employees of the Company. "The Marine life is great," says Private Dedic, who hails from Hawthorne, "lots of drilling, exercise and work." He is at the Marine Corps Training School at Paris Island, S. C.

The name of Edward Dittman, of the Fifth Avenue, appeared in the "Seriously Wounded" columns of a recent casualty list reported from France. Mr. Dittman, although under draft age, enlisted at the outset of the war in a famous National Guard regiment which has already distinguished itself in action at the front.



A. Sessions



A service flag and some of the boys represented by its stars. The flag hangs in the Inspection Branch at 80 Irving Place, New York. The boys in the Camp Upton photograph are (from left to right) J. Culverwell, New York Engineering Inspection; E. J. Comisky, New Haven; J. A. Arzonico, New York Engineering Inspection; G. J. Arzonico, New York Engineering Inspection; C. S. Mumford, New York Stores. Culverwell and the two Arzonicos are the boys represented by stars on the flag



Around the Circuit

New York House in Its New Quarters

THE offices of the New York Distributing House are now located at 151 Fifth Avenue, where they occupy the four upper floors of a new sixteen-story structure called the "Broadway-Fifth Avenue Building." The building has entrances on both Fifth Avenue and Broadway and extends the entire length of the block on Twenty-first Street. The space occupied by the Western Electric Company includes approximately 34,000 net usable square feet.

The move was necessitated by further need of space in the West Street building for the engineering department, and as this need was urgent, quick action was necessary. In less than four days from the taking of the decision the new quarters had been found and the lease signed, which is something of a record in Western Electric moves.

Although it was an easy matter to issue the order "Move," it was a considerable task to make all of the necessary arrangements to outfit the new quarters and vacate the West Street building by the time limit set. In the case of the sales department the date was anticipated, for in order to vacate certain space on the third floor of the West Street building ahead of time, it was



The new home of the New York House. It occupies the four floors above the dotted line

necessary to move the sales department to the new location and then move the people who occupied the required part of the third floor to the eleventh floor of West Street which for so many years has been the home of the sales department.

The decision that New York should vacate its office was made on January 11, the lease covering the new quarters was signed on January 15, the sales department moved on February 16 and the rest of the offices followed on March 2. Within those dates the entire office floor space at Fifth Avenue was covered with linoleum, office layouts were prepared, necessary partitions were erected and private offices built, extensive alterations to plumbing were effected, telephone apparatus and the switchboard were installed, conduits for lighting and graphophone work were run, lighting fixtures were hung, safe cabinets, lockers and new furniture were ordered and received, and one hundred and thirty van loads of office equipment for the four hundred and seven employees of the house were transported from the old location and placed in position in the new quarters. All this was done with the new building still unfinished, the general contractor still working on the lower floors,



Manager Leggett's Office



Order Entering and Graphophone Department

the elevator using temporary equipment at slow speed and the premises in far from proper shape to be called offices.

While the offices are not yet in final shape, the accompanying views will give the readers of the News an idea of the new home of the New York House. On the top, or sixteenth floor, are the offices of the Manager, Sales Manager, Assistant Sales Manager and of the Manager of the Government department. On this floor also are located the entire sales department, the government department and the service, claims and stock maintenance departments of our non-associate business. On the fifteenth floor are the offices of the Stores Manager and Assistant Stores Manager, and all of the divisions of the telephone and telegraph departments. On the fourteenth floor are the graphophone and comptometer departments, the stationery room, mailing department, record room and the telephone company's invoice supervisors. On the thirteenth floor are the Credit Manager, credit department and the Cashier, the accounting and vouchering departments, the Sunbeam department and the export department.

The new offices are centrally located and therefore easy of access for the employees. Walks on Fifth Avenue at the noon hour are now in order and are a welcome change from the lobster palaces of the dock front which the New York House employees have enjoyed for the past twenty years.

Chicago

“NOW fellows, and ladies also, put a lot of kick into it this time. One-two-three-four.”
Etc., etc.

The above command echoes through the eighth and ninth floors in the Chicago office, for it is 10:15 A. M. and time to take one's exercises.

Twice daily, the office employees, in four divisions, in different parts of the building, line up for calisthenics. Each division is led by an employee who has had army or other athletic training. At the same time the employees in the shop march briskly about. The windows are thrown wide open and for five minutes the squads go



Clinton Street Calisthenics



This map of the lower part of Manhattan Island shows how the Company's activities in New York are spreading out, and the job the New York House has on its hands in keeping track of all its warehouses.

A—195 Broadway; B—5th Ave. Offices; C—Bank St. Warehouse; D—Bethune St. Warehouse; E—Perry St. Warehouse; F—28th St. Warehouse; G—36th St. Warehouse; H—40th St. Store.

through various athletic and breathing exercises. Then all return to their work with more color in their cheeks and renewed pep.

Light exercises of this kind have been part of the daily grind at 500 South Clinton Street for about two months now. The squads have performed, with merit, before such well-known physical directors as Martin Delaney, of the Illinois Athletic Club, and Miss Edna Eugenia Lowe, a former director of physical education at Carlton College, Northfield, Minn. Miss Lowe led the squads personally on two different days, and received much applause for her work. Photographs of the Company's employees performing their exercises were published recently in one of the Chicago newspapers, accompanied by an article about the work.

Lamp Lamentations

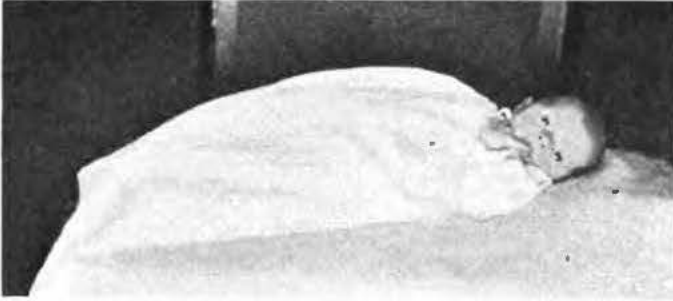
We live in a house that has never been wired;
We've used kerosene 'till of it we have tired;
We've got to confess that the thing most desired
By my wife and myself and the maid we've got hired
Is the use of ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Each night of this week we have broken a shade;
For glass of this kind such a bill we have paid;
To touch the old lamp we're becoming afraid;
So my wife in despair to the good Lord has prayed
To send us ELECTRIC LIGHT.

When night shadows fall and darkness comes o'er us,
Our lamp lighting troubles then start to bore us,
My wife's shrill treble and my voice sonorous
Merge into one sad lamentable chorus:
"OH SEND US ELECTRIC LIGHT."

—J. T. H.

Broadway



THIS picture explains why there is nothing this month from the pen of W. A. W. The gentleman in the photograph is John Carl Wolff, born April 5, 1918, and his father has had no time to write poetry since that date. At least he hasn't written any for the News.

Helping in Draft Work

W. F. Leggett, in charge of the catalog division of the advertising department, is one of the few civilians appointed by the Adjutant-General of New York State to represent him in connection with filling the draft quotas of New York State. The work consists of reviewing appeals brought to the attention of the Adjutant-General either by the Local Boards or by the individual drafted man, and deals with exemptions, delinquency, desertion and other draft features.

Our Own Mother Goose

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
All bondholders go to heaven,
When the angel rings the bell
Kaiser Bill will go to ———.

Jack Spratt could eat no meat,
His wife she ate no bread,
So they saved up and lived on beans
And bought a bond instead.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
But he was quite sure that he would not fall,
For stacked all around as high a steeple
Were Liberty Bonds bought by the people.

—L. M. M.

Pittsburgh

ON March 22 the Pittsburgh employees gathered together and presented to our departing Manager, L. M. Dunn, a gold watch with chain and charm attached. In the evening a farewell dinner was tendered to him by the men in the organization, short talks being the feature.

We welcomed the new manager, J. L. Ray, our former Sales Manager.

As per Western Electric custom up from the ranks comes another one, C. D. McClary, formerly a city salesman, who is now Assistant Sales Manager, filling the vacancy left by the promotion of Mr. Ray.

London

(The following letter has been received from H. Barnett, the London correspondent of the News):

"By the time this reaches you I hope the account of the good work women are doing in London, together with the photos, have reached you safely. If so, our hustle was not in vain, and the following story will show that it was a *hustle*.

"Your letter inviting a contribution to the April issue of the News was received on the afternoon of Wednesday, February 27, and I immediately saw Mr. Dodge who enthusiastically promised to do what he could to help us. I then interviewed Mr. Goodburn, Employment Manager, who promised to write the story, which he did (at home) the same evening. Next morning Mr. Dodge, being unable to be at Woolwich that day, 'phoned Mr. Martin, Head of Operating Branch, from the City Office and asked him to give us every facility to get some photos of the women at work. Mr. Martin, Mr. Flatman (the Works' photographer) and myself had a tour to map out the plan of campaign, and this resulted in the photos being taken at noon. In hoping to have the negatives developed and prints ready by the same night, we found we were hoping too much. We also found that we were too late for the photos to catch the New York mail, although the story had gone, which was something. We were then told by the photographer that the negatives were not as bright as he expected, and had to be intensified. That nearly did it, but were we downhearted—No! The prints eventually came along A. M. Friday, and we remembered that Mr. R. L. Diemer was leaving London that afternoon for U. S. A. We got our Traffic man to try and get a permit from the Censor for Mr. Diemer to take the prints with him—answer came back from Censors, "Nothing doing." Were we still downhearted? not Pygmalion likely!

"From our youth up we had been, and still are, humble admirers of *The Daily Mail*, one of Lord Northcliffe's London daily newspapers. We rung up the Art Editor and put the case before him, and told him that we wanted to get those prints to New York by our Secretary on Saturday's boat, and could he, as a brother journalist (don't laugh at our temerity), help us to attain our object. Did he sit back and say, "Nothing doing"? Not a bit of it, and, although he didn't know us from Adam, he advised us to send the prints up to the Press Bureau who would stamp them and there would be no difficulty at all in Mr. Diemer taking them. If we ran up against any difficulty, we were to send the messenger round to him (at the *Daily Mail* office) and he would help us as far as lay in his power. We sent the prints up to the Press Bureau, and they were examined and passed inside of 30 minutes, and brought back to Woolwich—so we didn't need the good offices of our genial friend, the Art Editor. By this time Tempus was fugiting all too quickly, and we sent our office boy over to Mr. Diemer's house with the prints, enclosing a letter to him from Mr. Pingree, saying that there should be no difficulty in getting the prints through. The lad was just in time to catch Mr. Diemer who was on his way to the station.

"That's the story, and we hope the article and photos reach you safely. We are jealous of the prestige of the London House (but this jealousy is not one of which we hold the monopoly in the Western Electric Company), and that is why we want London to be well represented in the April number of the News."

Kansas City

VIEW from Rim Rock showing the Isolation Camp at Fort Riley. The walls of the first capitol of Kansas may be seen in the center of the photo-

graph. The first legislature met there in 1855. The Kaw River is in the background. This picture was taken by A. D. Barber, the News correspondent, during a visit to

Fort Riley. Camp Funston, where the Hawthorne Radio Company trained is not far away.



Los Angeles

THE being at the left is supposed to be a February Morn photograph of L. A. Hobbs, New Lamp Specialist, Los Angeles. Your correspondent, however, has been in a quandry since receiving the picture trying to figure out whether Hobbs is trying to advertise some sort of Hooverized garments, "Light" attire, his own physical beauty or the advantages of California surf bathing in February. The bathing suit is an improvised affair made of Kelp, taken from the bed of the ocean and is useful principally for making potash.



The smile is a "Sunbeam."
Where's his ukelele?—Ed.

Omaha

OMAHA was recently honored by a visit from Messrs. Hawkins, King and Templin. On Sunday evening, after having tried unsuccessfully to get tickets for every show in town, Mr. Hawkins and Mr. Templin decided to go to church. Looking out of the window of Mr. Hawkins' room they saw a Welcome Sign out in front of a very imposing building which boasts of many steeples and spires. They immediately started for church, but after many unsuccessful attempts to get through locked doors finally discovered that they were at the City Hall.

Cleveland

SOME members of the Sales Department, a few days ago, went the old joke about "post holes" one better by entering an order for "nine boxes of knockouts"—at least that is how the shipping ticket read when it reached the stockroom. Whether they were of the "Benny Leonard" type, or the kind the Allies are trying to deliver to the Kaiser, was not specified.

Philadelphia

SOMETIMES it proves hard to get the chief figure in a surprise party into the proper mood, but the employees of the Philadelphia House found no trouble in surprising Jerome D. Kennedy, their retiring manager, when they decided to present to him some token of their affection and esteem. They wisely decided that the most effective way to surprise a man is to scare him, and that the thing most likely to scare a

manager is a strike. So they got one up for Mr. Kennedy's especial benefit.

One afternoon he was busily engaged in his office with Messrs. Clifford, Dunn and McQuaide. It was Mr. McQuaide's job to keep him "engaged," and it taxed Jim's ingenuity to the utmost. As a matter of fact, it taxed it to such an extent that for a few moments, until Mr. Clifford "tumbled" as to the object, he had serious doubts as to Mr. McQuaide's sanity and his continuity of thought.

About four o'clock, Mr. Hallstrom burst into the office and told Mr. Kennedy there was a riot outside, and looked like a strike and, perhaps, he had better come out and see if he could straighten things out. Mr. Kennedy rushed to the door, threw it open and was confronted, not by jeers, but by cheers from all the members of the Philadelphia organization.

J. D. Lozier promptly mounted a chair and with assurance began a little declamation—but he had not had time to commit his speech to memory, so he had to resort to his notes. He ended the speech by presenting, on behalf of the Philadelphia people, a gold watch, chain, knife, a traveling bag and a fountain pen. Mr. Kennedy's response fitted the occasion. It was not at all difficult to detect his appreciation, both of the sentiment expressed and the gifts which were an expression of that sentiment.

In the evening about sixty men of the Philadelphia organization met in the Bellevue-Stratford and tendered him a farewell party. There were few speeches and those were all to the point. We had the pleasure of listening to Messrs. Greenfield and Young of Baltimore, Messrs. McQuaide, Hallstrom, Kennedy, E. P. Clifford and L. M. Dunn. Mr. Browne acted as toastmaster.

San Francisco

IN some mysterious manner a recent order from a customer calling for 500 feet of No. 14 single braid rubber covered wire and 1,500 feet of No. 16 ditto, was twisted to cover 1,500 feet of the first item and 500 feet of the second. But a kindly Providence intervened with the result that the factory also made a mistake and reversed *our* order but sent the customer's order straight.

Mr. Shumiju, of Tokyo, called upon us lately to order a power apparatus equipment. While talking with him we showed him a copy of our WESTERN ELECTRIC NEWS, and he was immediately interested in the cover design of the issue, portraying the Order of the Rising Sun, fourth class, presented to Mr. Swope on his visit. It developed that Mr. Shumiju was also a recipient of this decoration. We sincerely regretted that Mr. Swope was not here to give him the proper grip and pass word, but in his absence we rendered Mr. Shumiju what first aid we could.



To Be Awarded in May

| THIRTY-FIVE YEARS | | | |
|--|-----|----|--|
| Horn, R. A., Hawthorne, 7390..... | May | 2 | |
| THIRTY YEARS | | | |
| Dobbertin, W., Hawthorne, 7382..... | May | — | |
| TWENTY-FIVE YEARS | | | |
| Devereux, L., Chicago..... | May | 4 | |
| Spurling, O. C., Hawthorne, 8007..... | " | 8 | |
| Dickerson, G. D., New York..... | " | 10 | |
| TWENTY YEARS | | | |
| Laline, C. G., Hawthorne, 6163..... | May | — | |
| Evans, C., Hawthorne, 7397..... | " | 26 | |
| Kummer, Dora, New York..... | " | 15 | |
| McDevitt, Rose, New York..... | " | 20 | |
| FIFTEEN YEARS | | | |
| Gleason, J. H., Chicago..... | May | 27 | |
| Luscher, E. F., Denver..... | " | 21 | |
| Smallay, M., Hawthorne, 7384..... | " | 2 | |
| Hendorf, W., Hawthorne, 6327..... | " | 4 | |
| Giers, A. F., Hawthorne, 7391..... | " | 22 | |
| Jouris, W., Hawthorne, 6430..... | " | 22 | |
| Price, E. D., New York..... | " | 4 | |
| Dufrane, F. I., San Francisco..... | " | 1 | |
| Sullivan, C. L., San Francisco..... | " | 1 | |
| Zazzi, A. P., San Francisco..... | " | 1 | |
| TEN YEARS | | | |
| Boyd, Christina M., Boston..... | May | 1 | |
| Crerie, R. S., Boston..... | " | 1 | |
| Daniels, J., Boston..... | May | 1 | |
| Davis, J. E., Boston..... | " | 1 | |
| Dolloff, W., Boston..... | " | 1 | |
| DuBois, Laura A., Boston..... | " | 1 | |
| Duggan, M. J., Boston..... | " | 1 | |
| Dunn, C. F., Boston..... | " | 1 | |
| Fillebrown, S. L., Boston..... | " | 1 | |
| Fitzgerald, E. F., Boston..... | " | 1 | |
| French, R. L., Boston..... | " | 1 | |
| Hart, J. F., Boston..... | " | 1 | |
| Hayes, J., Boston..... | " | 1 | |
| Knowles, L. S., Boston..... | " | 1 | |
| Lakin, J. T., Boston..... | " | 1 | |
| McDermott, B. J., Boston..... | " | 1 | |
| Plummer, C. A., Boston..... | " | 1 | |
| Reid, G. T., Boston..... | " | 1 | |
| Russell, J. E., Boston..... | " | 1 | |
| Sadler, Mary E., Boston..... | " | 1 | |
| Saurman, T. M., Boston..... | " | 1 | |
| Short, P. S., Boston..... | " | 1 | |
| Thompson, J. F., Boston..... | " | 1 | |
| Thomson, G. A., Boston..... | " | 1 | |
| Murphy, Charlotte L., Boston..... | " | 20 | |
| Wallgren, V. E., Chicago..... | " | 13 | |
| Abbott, E. A., Dallas..... | " | 20 | |
| Zaworski, J., Hawthorne, 7168..... | " | 5 | |
| Peterson, O., Hawthorne, 7383..... | " | 9 | |
| Maross, C., Hawthorne, 6339..... | " | 26 | |
| Myers, J., San Francisco..... | " | 28 | |
| Barrett, Josephine, Hawthorne, 6819..... | " | 16 | |
| Pasowicz, E., Hawthorne, 7382..... | " | 19 | |

Who They Are

R. A. Horn



Back in 1883 our old Kinzie Street shops wanted a man for light work. At least, making arc lamps would seem to come under that classification. Anyway, the object is not to start an argument. It is only to start R. A. Horn with the Company, as the records show he started making arc lamps. He also did experimental work on keys, and did so well at both jobs that he was made assistant foreman of the department in 1890. He was promoted from this position to the foremanship of the miniature lamp department in 1895. In 1897 he was made foreman of the key department, and in 1900 became general foreman of the insulating departments. For about a year previous to the business depression of 1907, Mr. Horn acted as night superintendent at Clinton Street. Night work was, of course, discontinued during the "hard times" and Mr. Horn was for awhile transferred to the rubber plant. Later he was again made general foreman of the insulating departments, his present position.

Mr. Horn is an expert landscape gardener and his home in La Grange is a delight to lovers of plants and flowers. He also raises a fine vegetable garden and still has time left for motoring and an occasional game of golf.

Any man who can do all of that should have no trouble at all collecting stars for a service button. Apparently Dick hasn't, for he is adding his fifth this month.

W. Dobbertin

When a man as young as W. Dobbertin comes out dressed up in a brand new four-star service button, the not unnatural conclusion is that he must be togged out in his father's finery. However, like many other natural conclusions, it is wrong. Mr. Dobbertin began as an errand boy at Clinton Street in 1888 and has therefore earned every one of those four stars alone and unaided.

His first "grown-up" job was winding wire for the insulating machines. From this he graduated into the switchboard cable department, and for some time acted as assistant foreman. In 1913 he was transferred to the stranding department, where he has remained ever since.

Laurence Devereux



First on the list of twenty-five-year men this month is Laurence Devereux, of the Chicago House, who began to work for the Company on May 4, 1893. Just about the time he gets his copy of the May News he will be putting on his new three-star button.

At present Mr. Devereux is a watchman at South Clinton Street, a position which he has occupied in a most satisfactory manner for many years. Nothing worth seeing manages to escape his vigilant eye while he is on duty. Mr. Devereux lives at 1449 West Jackson Boulevard.

O. C. Spurling



There is no such thing as a popular landlord. Hawthorne knows that is the rule, because it possesses the exception to it—O. C. Spurling, whose duty it is to keep the Hawthorne grounds and buildings in perfect condition, supply heat, ventilation, electricity, cooled drinking water, build new sections in record time and attend to a few other minor details of that nature.

Mr. Spurling's first position with the Company was stockman and wireman's helper. He started in New York in 1893. Later he was transferred to Chicago for two years but returned to New York in 1898 as a member of the factory engineering department. In 1902 he went to London for three years and then spent a couple more years abroad at Antwerp, Paris and Berlin. When the Hawthorne Works were getting under way in 1905 Mr. Spurling was recalled from abroad and put at the head of the plant engineering department at the new factory. He is now one of the assistant general superintendents at Hawthorne and has charge of plant engineering, plant service and plant maintenance. Mr. Spurling gets his twenty-five-year service button this month.

G. D. Dickerson



On the twenty-five-year list this month is George D. Dickerson, who is employed at the Twenty-eighth Street warehouse in New York. Everything that gets out of the warehouse has to pass under his watchful eye, as his job is that of checker of outgoing shipments. When he first began to work for the Company, in 1893, he was made a stock man in the old retail store at 27 Thames Street. He stayed there for just ten years, moving up to 6 Murray Street with the retail store in 1903. He stayed there working as a counter salesman until 1911 when he was transferred to the Bank Street warehouse as a selector.

George liked this work so well and his immediate superiors were so pleased with the way he did his work that

he was kept at it until about two years ago. Then he was made a checker in the local warehouse and, as recorded above, is still at it.

"Every man I reported to treated me all right," was the gist of George's statement when interviewed by the representative of the News, a statement which speaks well for George and his bosses, too.

C. G. Laline

When you want to attract the attention of C. G. Laline don't shout or whistle. If you'll just stand still and make a noise like a fish you will have Cass looking for you in less time than it takes to spend a dollar these expensive days. For Cass was born in Staten Island, and, as we all remember from our geographies, an island is a body of land completely surrounded by good fishing.

However, life is not all fishing. As any real fisherman will tell you, such a condition of bliss would be heaven. So Cassius G. Laline reluctantly put aside his pole, back in 1898, and started to work in our New York shops.

Mr. Laline's first place was in the switchboard wiring department. He next went into the switchboard store-room and from there into the output department. Later he again returned to the stores organization and rose to the head of the shop stores. In December of 1913 he was transferred to Hawthorne in the same capacity. Early in 1916 he was made head of the receiving and transfer departments, and this year was again transferred to the output division, where he has charge of the piece-part tracing department.

Incidentally, if you came from New York and are a bit homesick, don't let Cass talk to you about the joys of ocean fishing. Why, a man who has never lived within 500 miles of the sea will hunger for a whiff of salt air when Cass talks.

So you see how much he thinks of the Western Electric Company to stay with it long enough to get a twenty-year service button when he might have been a fisherman for a living.

C. Evans



What would you guess "lagging cable reels" to mean? Well, it doesn't. It simply means nailing on the wooden cleats that go around the circumference of the reel to enclose the cable and protect it from injury. Charles Evans's first job with the Company was lagging cable reels at Clinton Street back in '98.

Mr. Evans was later transferred to the shipping department and moved to Hawthorne with that department in 1905. He afterwards entered the cable and rubber inspection department and apparently grew very fond of the odor of "cooking" rubber, for he has worked in the rubber plant ever since. He now has charge of one of the dust-grinding machines.

Beginning with this month Charley can put in his spare time shining up the new star on his twenty-year service button.

Dora Kummer



Dora Kummer began to work for the Company on May 15, 1898, thus beating Miss McDevitt, whose picture appears in the next column, by a margin of five days.

She was assigned to the insulating department of the New York Cable plant and remained in that department until it was transferred to Hawthorne in the big migration which took place about ten years ago. Miss Kummer was one of those who remained in New York as a member of the inspection organization. Since that time she has been employed on the inspection of transmitters and receivers.

Rose McDevitt



The cable plant of the New York Shop was the scene of Miss Rose McDevitt's first work for the Company when she entered its employment on May 20, 1898. Her first duties consisted of helping to insulate the individual wires which go to make up the cable.

Later Miss McDevitt was advanced to the position of assistant forelady, and finally was made forelady of the insulation department. She remained in this position until the work was transferred to Hawthorne and since has been employed on the assembly of transmitters.

Five Fifteen Year Men



C. L. Sullivan



A. P. Zazzi



W. Hendorf



W. Jouris



E. F. Luscher

Service Buttons at Tokyo

More Than One Hundred Employees of Our Allied House in Japan Get Rewards for Long Service

ON January 14, 1918, Nippon Electric Service Buttons were awarded to those employees of the Company who had been continuously in its service for ten years or more. This award was made at a gathering of the employees at a banquet, preceding which suitable addresses were made by K. Iwadare, Managing Director; E. Hata, Shop Superintendent, and M. Matsushiro, Sales Manager, on behalf of the management. The address of acceptance on behalf of the employees was made by J. Osawa, Assistant Sales Manager.

Eighty-eight buttons were awarded to employees for service of ten years or more, and thirty-one for fifteen years of service. Three women were on the list, Mrs. H. Takahashi in the fifteen-year group, and the Misses T. Matsuda and S. Sakakibara in the ten-year division.

The service button itself was selected from a large number of designs submitted by the employees and is so designed that for each five years' service, after the first ten years, a star may be added. It is a plain gold button, with dull finish, attractive in appearance, and does credit to the talent of its designer.

The employees at Tokyo feel that the adoption of the service button plan brings them a little closer to their brother workers of the Western Electric Company in the United States, who have had the privilege of wearing service buttons for a number of years.

The following is a list of those who received buttons:

K. Iwadare
I. Nakayama
S. Naruse
J. Osawa
K. Kurabayashi
S. Saiga
M. Hosono
W. Kameyama
C. Hamada
S. Hirata

N. Tanaka
K. Ito
T. Nomura
J. Kawaguchi
G. Aoki
M. Kawabata
M. Matsushiro
F. Nakamatsu
T. Shirai
M. Ebashi
T. Shimazawa
T. Tsuda
M. Shindo
O. Tsuruda
C. Kawamura
H. Tanaka
T. Ikawa
S. Tanaka
Z. Kuriyama
K. Hanano
T. Ishikawa
S. Ushioda
K. Aida
K. Fukuda
D. Washimi
S. Murata
M. Oda
T. Kato
I. Miyaji
T. Hagiwara

FOR FIFTEEN YEARS SERVICE

Y. Suzuki
S. Aizawa
K. Kitagawa
S. Kaneko
O. Tsuchida
C. Bakai
S. Nozaki
Mrs. H. Takahashi
K. Okubo
M. Yokoya
F. Mori
K. Nakagawa
K. Adachi
H. Inamura
F. Kaneko
J. Urano
S. Sasaki
K. Toyoda
K. Sato
T. Iidaka
M. Kamoi

FOR TEN YEARS SERVICE

S. Ono
Y. Shinowara
H. Saito
E. Saito
T. Yasu
M. Osawa
G. Ando
U. Miyashita
O. Matsumoto
T. Tazaki
I. Tsuruoka
T. Nose
N. Ota
Z. Fujii
T. Watanabe
S. Hayashi
J. Ishimaru
U. Hashimoto
T. Yaguchi
Y. Masuoka
R. Ishii
S. Ishikawa
T. Takeuchi
B. Sano
K. Wada
H. Takahashi
J. Ito
I. Morita
G. Yamaguchi
S. Kataoka
T. Watanabe
T. Yoshimoto
M. Tashiro
C. Seto
Y. Seyama
T. Otake
M. Sugimori
K. Ito
T. Sasayama
K. Katsumoto
C. Okubo
M. Araki
T. Yokomizo
K. Kinugawa
T. Mizuno
M. Torii
T. Suzuki
K. Hattori
T. Yoshida
S. Yoshida
S. Hayashi
K. Saegusa
H. Yamada
K. Kobayashi
S. Iwasaki
E. Araki
Miss T. Matsuda
Miss S. Sakakibara

AFTER THE WHISTLE BLOWS



Hawthorne Man Wins National Amateur Wrestling Championship

SPYROS VORRES, of Department 6957-C, Hawthorne, won new honors as a wrestler by taking first place in the 135-pound class and third place in the 145-pound class in the annual national championship meet of the A. A. U. on April 12 and 13. Vorres lost the 145-pound title only through an adverse decision by the referee. Spyros, who was down on the mat, secured a double wrist lock on his opponent, and had started to roll over when the referee claimed a hammer lock and broke the hold, leaving Vorres in a position from which he could not extricate himself.



Spyros Vorres

"The defeat of Peter Metropoulos, of the Gary Y. M. C. A., national 135-pound champion, by Spyros Vorres, of the Greek Olympic A. C., who has been the Central A. A. U. 135-pound champion for five years, in the 135- and 145-pound classes, featured the preliminary rounds of the National A. A. U. wrestling championship at the C. A. A. recently.

"The two bouts which went to the referee's decision were easily the feature of the fifty-six contests staged to reduce the large field. These grapplers, who have been keen rivals for years, tried every hold known to the wrestling game to win falls, but their best efforts were of no avail.

"In both bouts Vorres forced the grappling, and several times had the 1917 champion's shoulders close to the canvas. Metropoulos by great bridging and supreme efforts managed to get out of the dangerous holds. In the preliminary bout between the pair in the 135-pound class, Vorres won the decision at the end of ten minutes, but an extra five minutes was ordered before the referee could render a decision in their 145-pound clash."

The Chicago Tribune's report of the preliminary matches follows:

class, Vorres won the decision at the end of ten minutes, but an extra five minutes was ordered before the referee could render a decision in their 145-pound clash."

The Hawthorne Club

The Club Gardens

THE rose is a very pretty vegetable, and, as old Bill Shakespeare used to claim, it might smell as sweet by any other name, but just the same you'll find that calling it an onion won't help it to make good in the soup. And it is things that make good in the soup that are going to



Hawthorne Prepares for the Big Spring Drive

put the Kaiser there.

Wherefore, the Hawthorne Club has fertilized and plowed over the Richmond tract and has already allotted a lot of lots. Right there we said a lot, but actions speak louder than words, and Hawthorne's war gardens will say a lot more to William Hohenzolern before the summer is over.

The Rifle and Gun Club

The Rifle and Gun Section does not have to wait for spring. They have a cozy little cottage on the shooting range and they just bang away all winter when the snow isn't deep enough to cover the cottage up. Heaven help the Hun flyer who tries to sail over Hawthorne!

The Dance at Dreamland

The dance at Dreamland Hall on April 10 was doubly enjoyable, because, in the first place, the proceeds from the sale of tickets went to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Comfort Club, and besides that booths were provided where Liberty Bonds could be purchased.

Wallace R. Lane, of the district Liberty Loan committee, gave an able talk on the loan during the evening.

Music was furnished by the Great Lakes Naval Band. Of course, it is hardly to be expected that their music

will be enjoyed as much in Berlin as it was at the Dreamland dance, but still there is considerable evidence that a large proportion of the German people would prefer the two-step to the goose step. The Germans are not all geese by any means, and our boys are going to help them make the Kaiser realize that fact. And that is why, when we dance back home, we like to do something to aid them in making the Huns dance over there.

The Camera Section

Springtime has started the feet of the Camera Section itching. They have kept themselves interested during the winter with instructive lectures, print criticisms and their annual exhibit, but after all there is nothing like a hike over the hills with the old joy box. That's what brings the smiles out! No wonder a photographer wants everybody to look pleasant.

General Committee Gets Out

This photograph of the members of the Western Electric Company's General Committee was taken in front of Mr. Thayer's residence at New Canaan, Connecticut, January 5 last, where they had been invited to spend the week end. They are clad for hikes over snow-covered

roads and hills, of which many were enjoyed, resulting in clear minds for their deliberations, to say nothing of keen appetites. A lot of work, coupled with a fine time, made the visit one that will never be forgotten.

A. L. S.



The Members of the General Committee in Their Snow-going Clothes. From Left to Right—Mr. Halligan, Mr. Swope, Mr. Albright, Mr. Salt, Mr. Thayer, Col. Jewett, Mr. Gregory, Mr. Johnston and Mr. Sidley

Western Electric Company

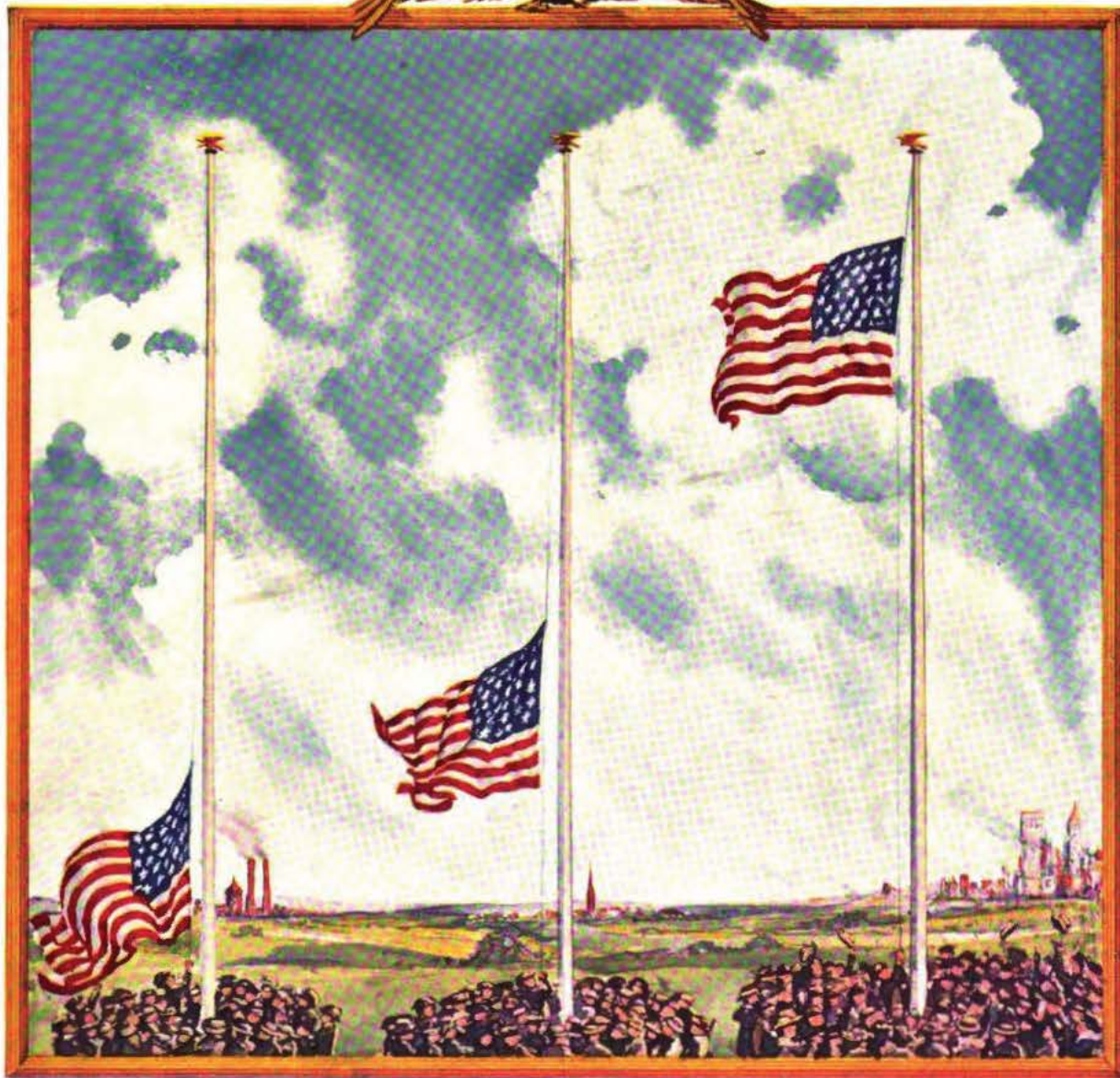
H. B. Thayer, President; H. A. Halligan, Vice-President; W. P. Sidley, Vice-President and General Counsel; A. L. Salt, Vice-President and General Purchasing Agent; Gerard Swope, Vice-President and General Sales Manager; H. F. Albright, Vice-President and General Superintendent; J. W. Johnston, Treasurer; F. B. Jewett, Chief Engineer; G. C. Pratt, Secretary; R. H. Gregory, Comptroller; C. E. Scribner, Consulting Engineer.

Office of publication and address of President, Secretary, and Treasurer, 195 Broadway, New York City.

Western Electric News

Vol. VII. No 4

June 1918



| | | |
|---|--|---|
| FIRST LIBERTY LOAN 2,596 EMPLOYEES (9.7%) \$ 399,700 | SECOND LIBERTY LOAN 12,447 EMPLOYEES (42.6%) \$ 875,300 | THIRD LIBERTY LOAN 26,425 EMPLOYEES (91.7%) \$ 2,100,000 |
|---|--|---|



MORE IMPORTANT THAN EVER!

FLOOD LIGHTING FOR PROTECTION



Western Electric

DAVIS

FLOOD LAMPS

500-Watt Type

For use where wide diffusion is essential. Maximum spread of direct beam practically 40 degrees—greater in the indirect beam.

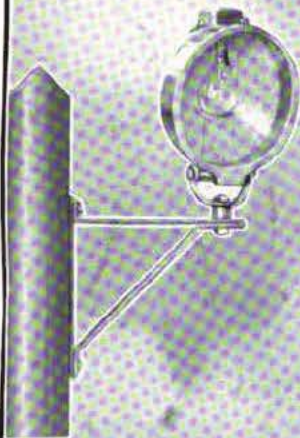
Bullet-shaped hood made in one piece of spun steel—finished in rust proof gray—absolutely water-proof—easy to install.

1000-Watt Type

Can be adjusted for concentrating or flooding light. Most effective illumination obtained by mounting lamps 40 to 60 feet above ground.

Metal casing furnished in either steel or cast iron—finished in black enamel—and thoroughly water-proof—wire glass used.

For emergency lighting, the portable type is recommended—for permanent installations, the bracket type.



500-Watt Type
for
"Short Throw"
Lighting

1000-Watt Type
for
Long Range
Lighting

WRITE FOR OUR NEW DESCRIPTIVE FOLDER

Western Electric Company

INCORPORATED

| | | | | |
|--------------|-------------|--------------|---------------|----------------|
| New York | Atlanta | Chicago | St. Louis | San Francisco |
| Buffalo | Savannah | Cleveland | Cincinnati | Oakland |
| Newark | Birmingham | Indianapolis | Kansas City | Los Angeles |
| Boston | New Orleans | Detroit | Ocala | Seattle |
| New Haven | Charlotte | Milwaukee | Oklahoma City | Portland |
| Philadelphia | Baltimore | Minneapolis | Dallas | Salt Lake City |
| Pittsburgh | Richmond | St. Paul | Houston | Denver |

EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED

Member Society for Electrical Development. Do it Electrically

A timely Western Electric flood light advertisement appearing in the current electrical papers.

Western Electric News



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VOLUME VII

JUNE, 1918

NUMBER 4

“We All Have a Right to Be Proud”

IT is a great gratification to feel that in this great world-struggle for liberty we are doing our part. About 2,800 of our people have gone into the service and about 28,000 in this last campaign have subscribed to the Liberty Loan. I have not seen reports from any other company showing such results as we obtained, 28,428 employees out of 31,010—that is, 92%, with an average subscription of \$73.94.

I congratulate all who contributed to this result, and especially those who not only subscribed but induced others to do so. We all have a right to be proud.

H. B. Thayer.

MORE than \$2,000,000 subscribed by 91.7% of the Company's employees is the Western's record in the Third Liberty Loan. That is why the flag on the right-hand pole in the picture on the cover is flying so close to the golden eagle at the top. That is why congratulations are in order and the News has given so many of its pages to a record of what was done at Hawthorne, in New York and throughout the country by Western Electric men and women, to help make the Third Loan the overwhelming success which it proved to be.

Patriotism plus enthusiasm make a combination which is hard to beat, and no one who reads what follows can deny that the Western's employees possess that happy combination in full measure. It is interesting to note the various methods used by the different branches of the Company's vast organization during the campaign, and a review of them leads inevitably to the conclusion that if the patriotism and enthusiasm are present, it matters little what particular plan is adopted to get the dollars into Uncle Sam's possession.

For example, everywhere but at Hawthorne and West Street, the emphasis was placed upon the number of employees who subscribed, rather than upon the total amount obtained. “Get every one in line” was the slogan, and it worked splendidly. At Hawthorne and West Street, on the other hand, quotas in dollars were set, and the employees set themselves to the task, first of equalling, and then of surpassing these quotas.

Yet what were the results? Hawthorne's host gained a position well up on the list which appears on the next page because 93.8% of the employees there subscribed, and West Street did even better with 98.9% to its credit.

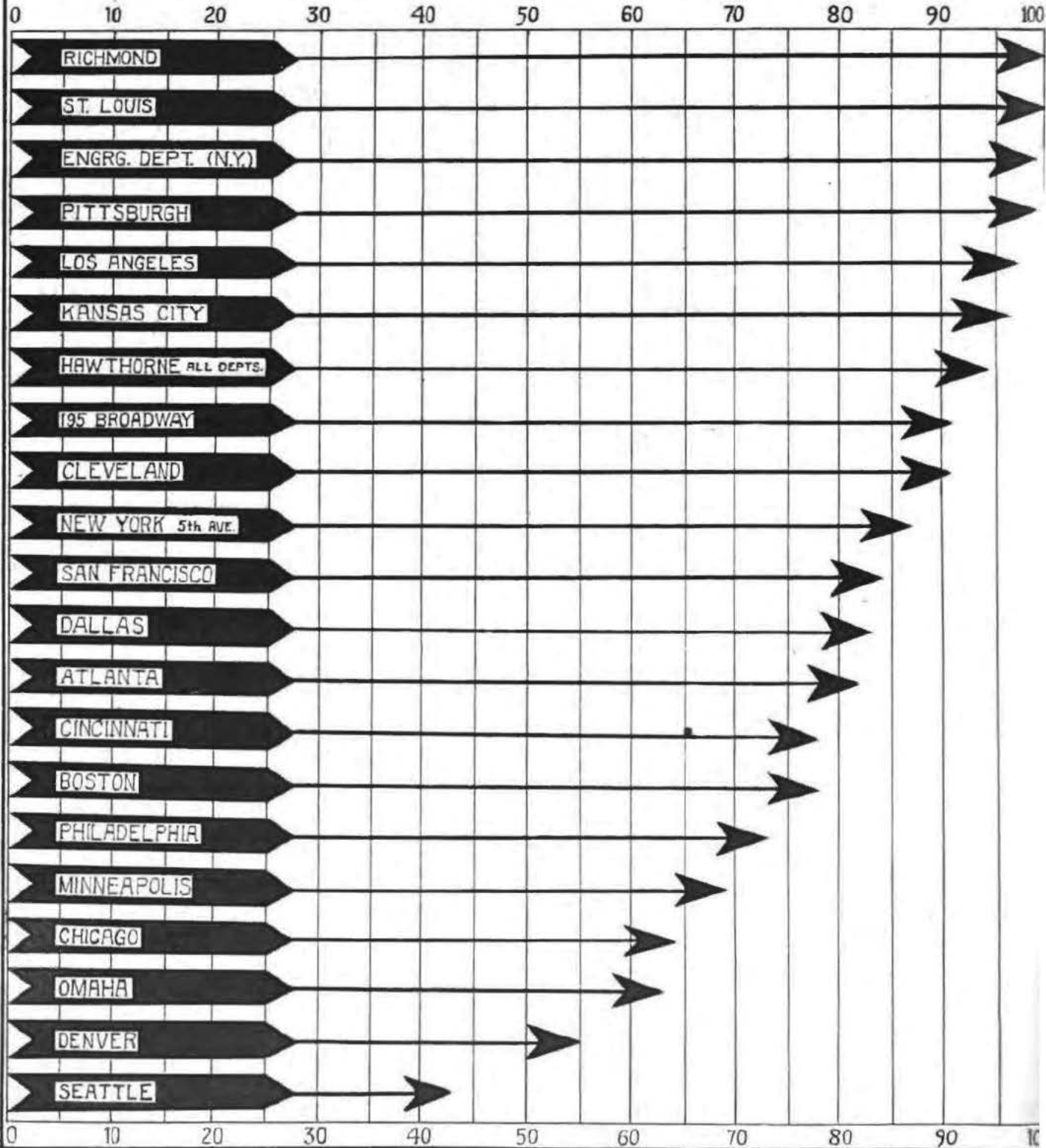
St. Louis and Richmond are the honor cities on the chart which follows, each with 100%. One or two other houses make a 100% showing on their own figures, but fall a little short on the controller's records. This was due to the fact that the houses credited subscriptions made by their employees through outside sources. The other cities, Hawthorne, West Street, and the General Departments, hail the two leaders and at the same time express a firm determination to get there themselves next time. And they can do it.



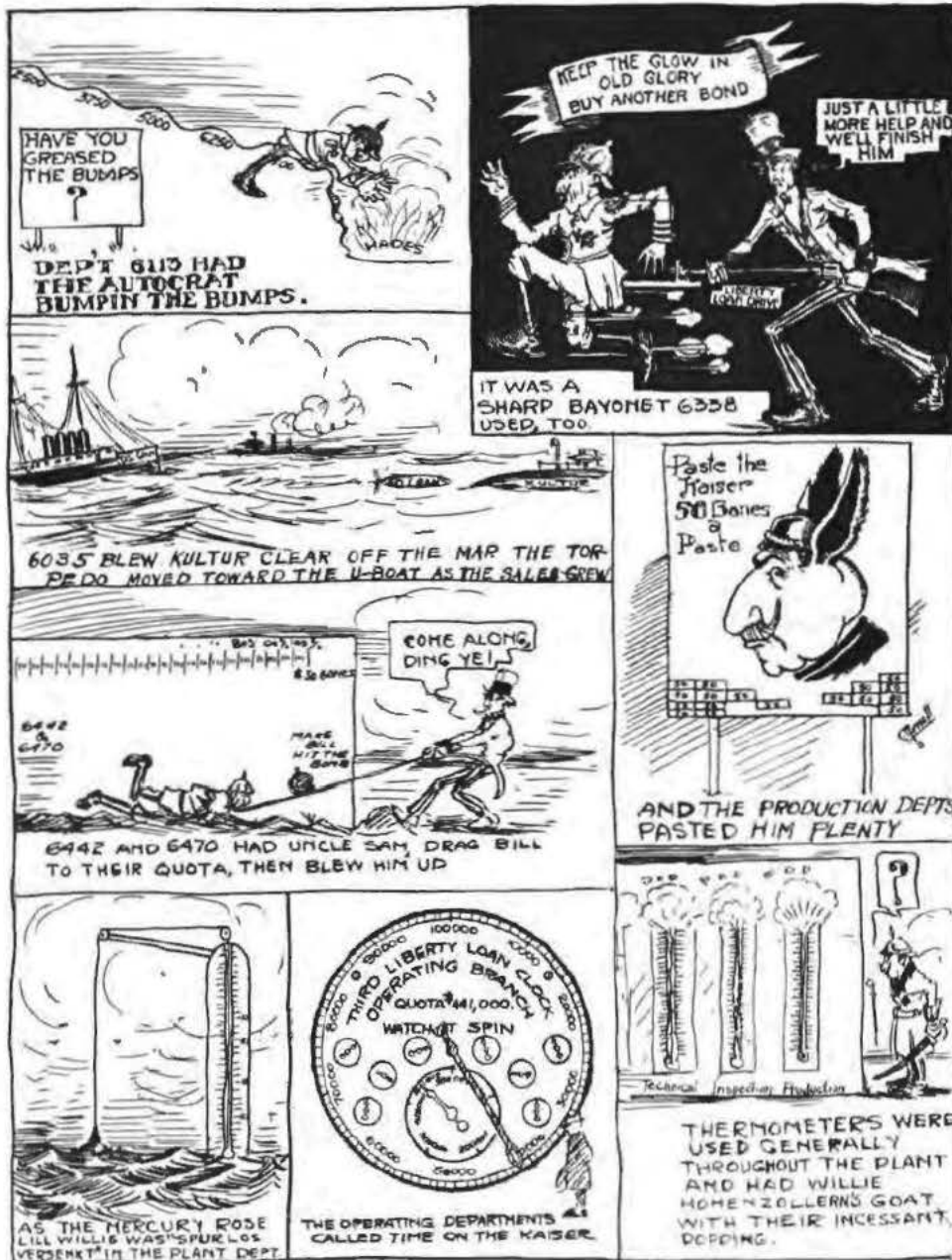
Western Electric Subscribers To Third Liberty Loan



Per Cent to Total Number of Employees



Kultur Doesn't Sell Well at Hawthorne But, Oh, How They Do Buy Liberty Bonds



Hawthorne's Helpful Hints

The Hun

The Hun, the jovial, jesting Hun!
The jolly rogue will have his fun!
He drops a bomb on London town
And strikes ten helpless children down,
Then off he whirs and shouts with glee,
A very pretty wit has he!

The Hun, the dear old kindly Hun!
He's always nice to everyone.
He seeks the wounded in their beds,
And tenderly blows off their heads.
Those big shells cost him money, too—
Now there's true kindness for you!

The Hun, the sportive, splashing Hun,
Is merry as the morning sun.
Beneath the briny waves he slips
And blows up unwarned merchant ships,
Then sinks each life-boat with a shot.
He's Merry Sunshine, is he not?

The Hun, the Kultur-spreading Hun,
What civilizing things he's done!
He lies, steals, murders and enslaves,
Fills neutral lands with children's graves.
'Twould make a savage blush to see—
But Kultur's good for you and me!

Dr. Hohenzollern's Special Representative Strikes a Snag

IT'S old Doc. Hohenzollern's favorite remedy for decency, delicacy and democracy—the three damnable 'D's.' Pay your dollar and take a bottle home. All the children cry for it. Belgium's children have been crying since 1914 and now the Russian children will get their turn. No home should be without—

"What's that? A gentleman in the front row here says that out at Hawthorne, where he works, they pay money *not* to take it. Now what do you know about that?"

"Eh? This is worse and worse. He says they started a drive out there to raise money for the sole and express purpose of putting the Hohenzollern Die-Nasty Medical Company out of business.

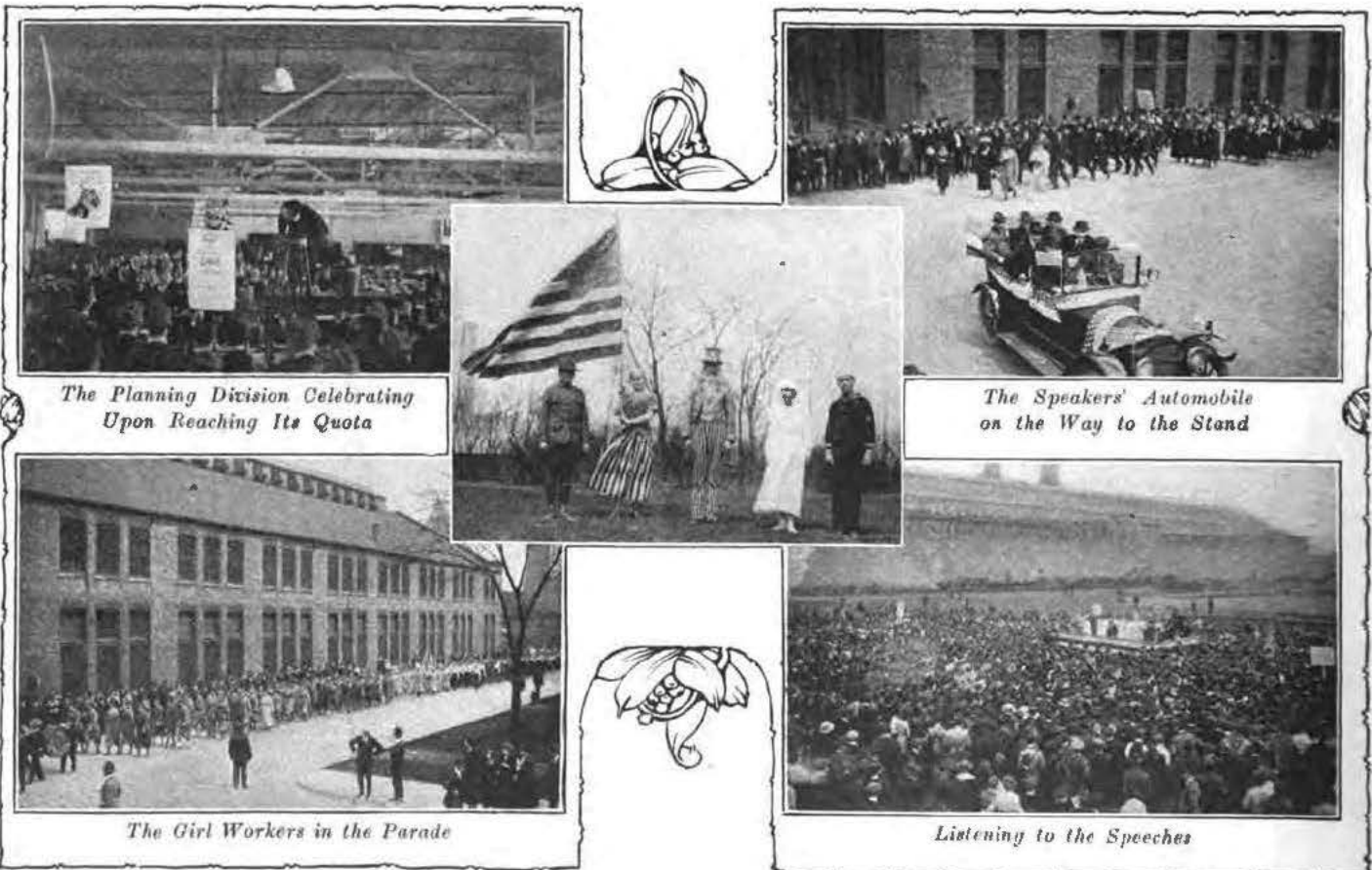
"What? The job's to be turned over to Uncle Sam, eh? Gee, this begins to look serious! Just excuse me a few minutes, folks, I want to look into this thing. Draw up around and listen, too, if you want to.

"Now, sir, you say this Uncle Sam fellow is really going to do the job for nothing—that you only *lend* him your money and he pays you good interest on it? Gee, he'd never make good in *our* crowd. But go on.

"I get you. He puts out these Liberty Bonds, as you call them. Your place out there at Hawthorne—this Western Electric Company Works—sets out to sell \$1,208,000 worth of these bonds among yourselves. And every department was supposed to buy an amount proportional to its percentage of the total pay-roll. Well, did any of them do it? What! All of them! Mr. Hohenzollern must know of this! You must have had *some salesmen!* How did they put it across?"

"I see. That picture you've got (Page 8) shows some of the stunts. And there were lots more as good, you say—General who? Oh, the General Sales Department. I get you. And what did they do? Had a big board all covered with pictures of German soldiers and every time a bond was sold they pasted a letter on the board, obliterating one of the soldiers. When all the letters were on, what then? Spelled out the American creed for which the city of Baltimore paid a \$1,000 prize, eh? And what might that creed be? Oh, thanks. Don't mind if I read it to the crowd, do you?"

"I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign states; a perfect union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes. I, therefore, believe it



Those in the group in the center are (from left to right): Lieut. Wells (Army); Miss Mayme Fenn (Miss Columbia); C. M. Booth (Uncle Sam); Miss L. S. Peterson (Red Cross) and J. Foley (Navy)

is my duty to my country to love it; to support its Constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies.'

"Yes, it might do to sell Liberty Bonds, but it would never do in the Kultur business. There are a lot of words there that Mr. Hohenzollern doesn't know the meaning of—'freedom, equality, justice and humanity.' Nope. That would never do for our business.

"But I see you people were right there on clever cartoons. It's going to take too long for you to tell about all of them and I don't believe it would be wise for me to include them in my regular report to Mr. Hohenzollern anyway, because they might get him peeved. Did you use anything soothing, now, like poetry for instance?

"Ah, that is something to my taste, poetry. A couple of verses used by the equipment engineers, eh? Say, I'll just read these out, too, if you don't mind:

"Sing a song of liberty,
A pocket full of dough.
Engineers and draftsmen,
Give your pals a show.
Forward into battle
Perhaps we may not go,
But we can help by digging deep,
So hurry; don't be slow.
Think of our own kiddies,
Our wives, and homes so dear.
Dig up your spare dollars
So the same won't happen here.
Put on a little pressure,
"Deny y'ürself," I say,
Help defeat the Kaiser,
And buy a bond to-day.'

"I don't at all like that line about defeating the Kaiser. Let's see how the other one runs:

"You have heard your country calling,
Engineers, Engineers,
And the shot and shell are falling
Engineers, Engineers.
You're as leal as those who go
But your temperature is low.
Are you fearful of your "dough,"
Engineers, Engineers?"

"Oh, that sounds better. They refused to help out this Uncle Sam fellow, did they? What's that? They had already gone over the quota and the verse was only designed to make them go over still further? And they did? Ah, Heck! Our Mr. Hohenzollern won't like that at all.

"But those fellows are all bachelors, I suppose, with no family obligations. The married men didn't come across like that, I'll bet. Their wives would have something to say about it. The wives had? Good. I thought so. One man, you say, had bought one bond on the Government plan and one on the Company's plan before he left on a three days' vacation to get married. I see what's coming, all right. Great business. He came back from his honeymoon and refused to take either of them. Wha-a-a-t! Came back and bought two more for cash? That's funny. Looks as if our Mr. Hohenzollern made a slight mistake somewhere. He had it all

doped out that by making his Kultur advertising campaign frightful enough he would scare the women so badly they would insist on coming to his terms at once. And your girls at the Works bought to the limit, too, you say? Well, well, well! Psychology isn't what it used to be when Willie Hohenzollern was a boy.

"Surely, though, your men subject to draft didn't buy. No one would offer both himself and his money to any cause except the spreading of Kultur, of course. They did? One who had saved enough to buy an automobile decided to invest it with this Uncle Sam of yours instead? Gee whiz!

"Well didn't any division refuse to come across? Did they all meet their quota? Let me read those figures you have there, will you? Let's see now:

| Organization | Quota | No. Employees | Subscribed | % of Quota |
|----------------------|-------------|---------------|-------------|------------|
| Clerical | \$ 66,450 | 1,214 | \$ 86,400 | 130.0 |
| Purchasing | 1,550 | 27 | 1,700 | 109.7 |
| Auditing | 1,000 | 18 | 1,550 | 155.0 |
| Production | 88,000 | 1,505 | 98,900 | 112.4 |
| Operating | 441,000 | 8,288 | 536,250 | 121.6 |
| Technical | 120,000 | 1,544 | 145,550 | 121.3 |
| Installation | 210,000 | 8,681 | 248,950 | 118.8 |
| Employment & Welfare | 10,800 | 221 | 15,100 | 139.9 |
| Inspection | 114,000 | 2,346 | 152,500 | 133.8 |
| Plant | 90,720 | 1,294 | 107,550 | 118.5 |
| General Sales | 26,400 | 494 | 31,550 | 119.4 |
| Engineering | 88,000 | 568 | 54,700 | 148.9 |
| Miscellaneous | | 85 | 11,850 | |
| Hawthorne total | \$1,207,920 | 21,180 | \$1,492,050 | 123.5 |

"Shades of Otto Bismarck! I'll never be able to place any Kultur in *this* territory; I see that plainly enough. Take down the gasoline lamps, boy, and knock the booth apart right away. Never mind packing up the bottles again. We're going out of businss."



W. H. Meese, Chairman of Third Liberty Loan Committee, selling First Bond bought at Hawthorne to Honus Pommeral, American, born in Munich, Germany. Berlin papers please copy

Those Engineers at West Street

LIFE was just one parade after another at West Street while the employees of the Engineering Department were clambering over the top with their third Liberty Loan subscriptions. Someone began it all by providing a banner to be awarded at the close of each day to the branch which had done the best work during the day, and further stipulated that no branch could hold it more than twenty-four hours in succession. Now there is only one way to go after a banner which you have just won, and that is to provide a fitting escort to bring it home. Hence, the parades. The first one had a two-piece band, and the next night there were three musicians on hand, and the parade habit grew like a snowball rolling down hill.

For a while the marchers were content to remain indoors, but before they got through they were marching all around the block, and proving to their neighbors that the Western Electric folks were on the job.

Then there were the thermometers, totally inadequate thermometers, which kept outgrowing themselves so fast that new schemes had to be devised to keep the records straight. They are described in more detail below, and a whole flock of them appear in one of the pictures. And the posters. They all did their share, too. You couldn't move a step at West Street without being reminded that it was up to you to buy a bond. Even the poetic muse was called upon for aid, as the following poem which appeared on one of the posters shows. It was

written by H. J. Delchamps, of the engineering inspection department.

He's looking through the peep hole
In between the bags of sand;
He's watching for the raiders
With his rifle in his hand.
He doesn't mind the dampness
Or the slush he's standing in;
He doesn't mind the silent spells
Or dread the battle's din.

He doesn't mind a thing because
He fights for liberty—
Not just for those he knows and loves,
But all humanity.
Now while he's over there in France
Behind the bags of sand,
Let's get together over here
And lend the lad a hand.

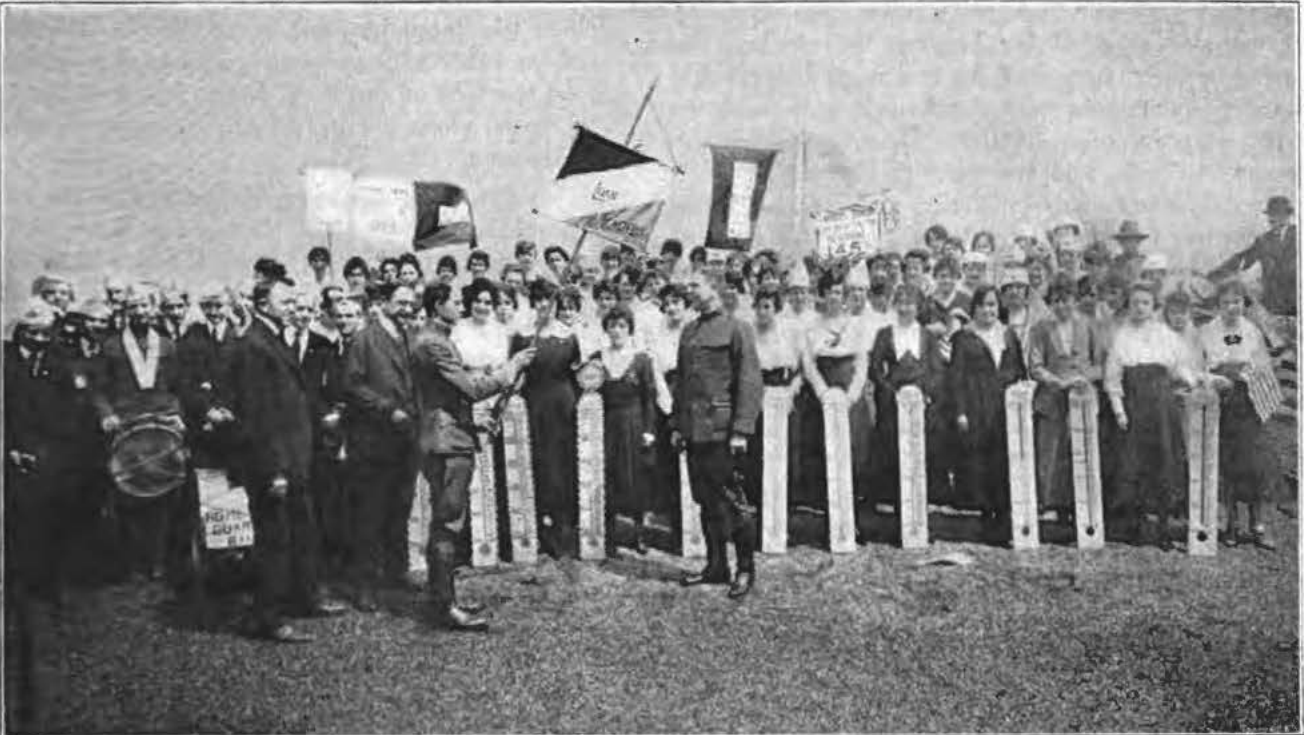
He's ready in the forward trench
To charge the brutal Hun;
The doughboy's blade of shining steel
Is fixed upon his gun.
That we may live in happy peace,
He gives his life and limb.
Now while he's doing that for us,
What can we do for him?
Why many things, but best of all
And easiest to do
Is sacrificing just a bit
To buy a bond or two.



Three Posters That Helped to Turn the Trick



All the branches are represented in this picture



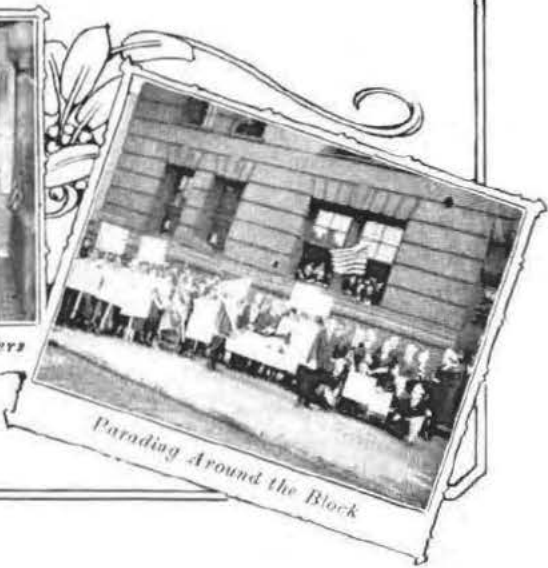
Col. Jewett Presents the Winners' Banner to Major Craft



The Engineering Methods Group



The Lobby Full of Thermometers



Parading Around the Block

The campaign began with a conference at which C. G. Stoll described how Hawthorne intended to work and it was agreed to follow the same general plan.

Each Assistant Chief Engineer would appoint a representative to serve as chairman to co-operate in laying out plans for the drive. Each chairman then elected three representatives from his group, and these in turn appointed active workers in their departments, for a systematic conduct of the campaign.

The quota to be raised by the Engineering Department was set at one-quarter of a million dollars. This amount was apportioned to each group, branch and division in proportion to the amount of salary paid. In order to induce competition, Colonel Jewett offered his subscription as a prize to be added to the subscriptions of the Assistant Chief Engineer's group which produced the highest percentage of subscriptions.

The methods adopted for keeping the members informed as to the progress of the campaign consisted in providing thermometers marked individually for each department, or group of departments, showing the quota in dollars on one side, and the percentage on the other. These thermometers started with zero and read to 130%, but it soon was found that the thermometers were not of sufficient capacity to show the over-subscriptions. This led to a re-marking of the thermometers and substitution of blue for the red ribbon which produced an indicator capable of showing 230% subscription. Even these were insufficient to show the results in certain departments, and a third type, starting with 200%, was produced, having a quota of almost three times the one first set. The third type was made by silvering the body of the thermometer and providing a gold ribbon. This type, having a capacity of 330% of the quota, was in four instances found inadequate, and a fourth type was de-

vised by using red, white and blue ribbon as a follower to the gold used in the previous type.

For the purpose of showing the progress of the four Assistant Chief Engineers' sub-divisions of the organization, special thermometers were installed in the main entrance of the building indicating the progress of each group as a whole.

In order to indicate the progress of each branch reporting to an Assistant Chief Engineer, thermometers were painted upon a chart placed over the elevator doors in the main entrance of the building. These thermometers were arranged to have a reading of 75% over the quota, daily corrections being made by raising the red line of the thermometer. When the department was found to exceed 175% of the quota, the effect of an exploding thermometer was produced.

When the campaign was over, Colonel Jewett presented the Liberty Loan banner, at a grand jollification held on the roof of the West Street building, to Major E. B. Craft, whose group had the highest percentage of subscriptions.

Major Craft's percentage was an even 200% and his group subscribed \$60,150. The group headed by Mr. Colpitts was next in line with 169% and \$76,020. Mr. McQuarrie's group was third with 153% and \$106,180, and although Mr. Hendry's group was in fourth place with its percentage of 118%, the total amount subscribed was the highest of the four, \$124,650.

The total obtained was \$367,000, which made the original quota of \$250,000 look pretty small. The average per employee was \$100.55, and, as stated on another page, 98.9% of the employees subscribed, although no attempt was made to rate the various branches and divisions on that basis.

The General Departments at 195 Broadway

LITTLE American flags, one for each department, marked the progress of the third Liberty Loan drive at 195 Broadway. There were seventeen of them in all, and as the days went on they climbed toward the top of their poles in a race for the 100% mark which was watched with keen interest by all of the employees on the three floors which the Company occupies. There was a chart on each floor and even the youngsters who arrived on the stroke of nine, always managed to stop long enough to see where their flag was before making a headlong rush for the time-clock.

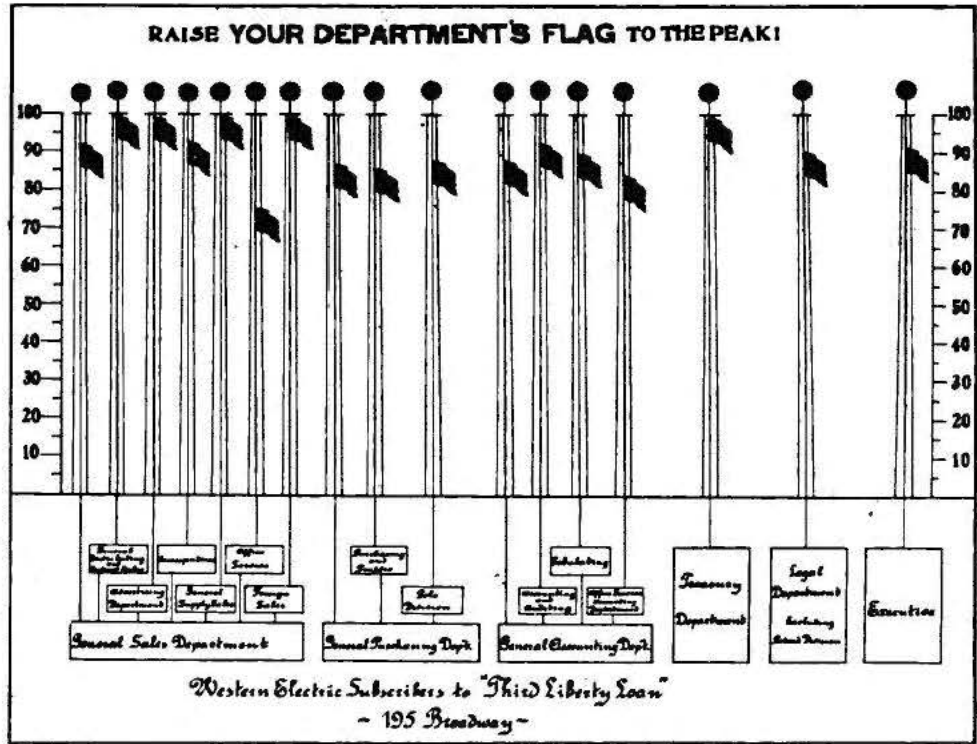
There is a real tragedy to tell in connection with the little flags. It concerns the tabulating department, which as one may see by referring to the picture of the chart, finished the race with a percentage of about 86. When the charts were first put up, the tabulating department's flag skipped gaily to the top, and for a few brief

hours the members of that department were too proud to look at anyone else in the building. But, as usual, pride goeth before a fall, and changes in the organization of the department caused a sudden drop. Down came the flag to 86%—and stayed down. But at that, 86% is well worth being proud of.

For five departments, however, there was no suggestion of tragedy. They reached the 100% mark—and stuck. The first to gain the goal was the General Distributing and Contract Sales Department, which found its long and unwieldy name no burden at all when it came to pole climbing, although, strangely enough, the Pole Department, which ought to know all about such things, lagged along at the bottom of the heap for several days, and only by a spurt at the last minute got up to about 86%. It was E. C. Estep's job to see that the General Distributing and Contract Sales contingent got to the top and he wasted no time in getting there.



Martin V. Wagner and the chart which he designed to mark the progress of the Third Liberty Loan in the General Departments



The struggle for the honor of being second over the top resulted in a tie between the Advertising Department, headed by P. L. Thomson, and the General Supply Sales Department, with G. F. Hessler as the presiding genius, in its campaign for dollars. They reached 100% on the same day. The Treasury Department got to the top in fourth place, and the Foreign Sales Department, with W. E. Leigh in command, was the fifth and last to qualify in the honor class.

Martin V. Wagner, of the Accounting Department, was the designer of the charts, which were commented on by a host of admirers, both within and without the Company, and the committee in charge of the campaign at 195 Broadway was composed of M. A. Curran, chairman; S. W. Murkland, E. C. Estep, P. L. Thomson, G. F. Hessler, W. F. Bancker and W. E. Leigh. Shortly after the committee had begun its work some one questioned the importance of subscribing for Liberty Bonds while he was regularly buying Thrift Stamps. A bulletin was issued to meet this situation, and an excerpt from it follows:

tin was issued to meet this situation, and an excerpt from it follows:

"Our country is committed to the business of winning the war, and as in any business enterprise must be sure of a certain and fixed income.

"We must conform our own war saving plans to the sound and practical plans of our Government; that is, we must be definite first, which means Liberty Bonds, and contributory second, which means Thrift and War Savings Stamps.

"When you subscribe for the Third Liberty Loan you make a definite good faith contract with your country. Such a contract is obviously necessary, so you arrange for your fixed income to meet it.

"You buy Thrift and War Savings Stamps out of your daily expenses—with the nickels and dimes that formerly went into what are non-essentials these serious times.

"The subscriptions were prompt and generous and made the work of the committee far less than anticipated, 91.5% of the number of employees subscribing."

The Houses Tell Their Own Stories

St. Louis—In the 100 Per Cent. Class

THE St. Louis House went "Over the Top" with colors flying, and showed a 100% subscription. Every one of the 189 employees bought one or more of the Third Liberty Loan Bonds, and we were the first business house to fly a 100% honor flag in our section.

The local committee consists of Messrs. Robertson, Dunlap and Williford, and they report that they encountered no serious difficulty in obtaining subscriptions from every one of our employees. It was an easy job from start to finish.

Richmond—The Other Leader

ALL of our people (100%) bought bonds of the Second Loan and we wanted to maintain our record in that respect—besides which, we had twelve men in the service, most of whom had gone to the colors since the Second Loan campaign.

We aimed to make our third drive a matter of personal interest in these twelve men, in other words, to show just how fond we were of our twelve fellow workers who were giving everything that we might be safe, and how far we were willing to sacrifice ourselves that they might be provided with the sinews of war. In order that none of the twelve might be overlooked we named a team of



Honor Roll and Honor Flag side by side at Richmond

two to watch out for the interests of each man in the service—a "Boulogny" team and a "Quarles" team, etc.

Then we set a bogie for each team and offered a prize for the most successful team, provided the house bogie was reached.

That's how we made sure that any reluctance to subscribe would be overcome, but there wasn't any reluctance as is shown in our record—and we reached 100% before any other house.

The picture herewith shows how we kept everyone posted on the progress of the campaign. We kept the honor roll of subscribers close to our Service Flag, which bears the names of the twelve men who have joined the colors, and then when everyone had subscribed we were able to add a 100% certificate given to us by the Richmond Third Liberty Loan Committee.

Pittsburgh

PITTSBURGH is proud to advise a 98.8% subscription to the Third Liberty Loan. We have 166 employees and 158 subscribed for \$10,800 worth of bonds through the Company. It is very en-

couraging to note the spirit which was manifested. Our original aim was, all the employees we could get and \$7,500. Then the employees became so enthusiastic that they took it upon themselves to earn a service flag by a 100% subscription. We got the flag because the Pittsburgh committee let us count two employees who subscribed but not through the Company. To arouse interest we had large thermometers made; one showing the number of employees and the other our quota of \$7,500. At the top of this was "Help Lick the Kaiser." We certainly made the red flow from this thermometer.

When our realization was announced it was serenaded by Klaxon horns, fire alarm gongs, telephone bells and whistles from neighboring plants.

San Francisco

SAN FRANCISCO responded characteristically in subscribing to the Third Liberty Loan, the final figures showing that 295 employees, out of a total of 342, bought bonds, a showing of 84.8% on this one loan without regard to subscriptions to the previous loans. The total value of the subscriptions were \$22,300.

Kansas City

A THREE-DAY campaign for the Third Liberty Loan was the program decided upon at the Kansas City house, and the success which attended it is shown by the fact that 96.4% of the employees subscribed about \$10,000. The campaign began with a meeting on Monday, April 8, at which all of the employees assembled in the general office. H. L. Harper, our Sales Manager, outlined the plan of action, and was followed by Lieut. James Small, chaplain of the 110th Sanitary Train, 35th Division, Camp Doniphan.

The only reason our veteran manager, F. B. Uhrig, is not in the accompanying photograph is because he was serving the Government as a Liberty Loan speaker throughout Western Kansas and Nebraska. Our sub-warehouse at Oklahoma City reported forty subscriptions, 100% realization, total \$2,500. W. J. Murphy, chairman at Oklahoma City, says full credit should be given H. H. Clark, shop foreman, as he worked hard and long in the Oklahoma City organization.



The employees of the Kansas City house, each of whom bought a bond. Two or three did not buy them through the Company and therefore Kansas City fell a little short in the official standing



The employees of the Omaha House lined up at the front door for their city's big Liberty Loan parade

Omaha

EVERY bond bought at the Omaha house was heralded by a blast from a Klaxon horn, the buyers being permitted to do the blowing. Not only did they receive this privilege, but each of them was still further honored by being conducted to the purchasing desk by Mr. Goodell and Mr. Buehler, the highest officials we could find on the premises.

The total amount subscribed at the Omaha house was \$4,950, and 68.8% of the employees bought bonds. The branch house at Des Moines subscribed \$1,450.

As a fitting beginning for the campaign, nearly all of the employees took part in Omaha's big Liberty Loan parade. The picture shows the Western Electric marchers all ready to start.

Boston

THE Boston house assisted materially in sending our city "over the top" in the Third Liberty Loan campaign, 77.7% of our employees subscribing to the Loan. We are going better each time and will strive for 100% in the next campaign.

Philadelphia

SUBSCRIPTIONS at Philadelphia to the Third Liberty Loan amounted to \$26,450, and as the total for the Second Liberty Loan was \$16,450, we beat our previous record by \$10,000 even. The number of employees who subscribed to the third loan was 890, or 78.4% of the total number.

Captains were appointed in the various departments and every employee in the organization was solicited not once, but many times, and in a number of instances, employees added to their original subscriptions and "matched the President" to the best of their ability.

Cleveland

IN selling the Third Liberty Loan Bonds to employees the organization was divided up into three departments—sales, warehouse and stores. George R. Reardon solicited subscriptions in the sales department and was successful in getting 100%. W. S. Holloway took care of the warehouse and the city counter and obtained 100%. E. M. Fredericks took subscriptions in the stores department and obtained 80%. The total number of subscribers was 57, and total amount of bonds sold \$5,350. The number of employees at May 1 was 63, making a percentage of 90.5.

We might say in justice to the six employees who did not subscribe for Liberty Bonds that some of them are already paying on the Second Liberty Loan. The competition between departments, we believe, had very satisfactory results, and the total amount of bonds sold was nearly as large as both the First and Second loans combined.

Dallas

THE accompanying picture shows Mr. J. E. Coad, our salesman for the city of Dallas. No, he isn't in a bad humor. It's just natural. This is the same frown he uses when he goes to a customer and says "Gimme an order." It brings home the bacon.

Said frown was useful in securing 82.6% subscription of \$11,100 to the Third Liberty Loan. Mr. Coad took it upon himself to see that we bought bonds and then sold us some more.



J. E. Coad

Fifth Avenue

FIVE departments of the New York house succeeded in reaching the 100% mark during the Third Liberty Loan campaign. Thermometers on a big blueprint recorded the progress of the various groups, and the first to run the mercury up to the top of the tube was Department 407 of the shop, which reached its goal on April 23. Two days later, the export sales department got all of its members in line to be followed on April 27 by Department 409. The domestic sales went over the top in fifth place on April 30.

Altogether 1,159 employees of the New York house, 86.7% of the total number, subscribed \$69,250.

Cincinnati

AT the Cincinnati house, seventy-four employees (77.9% of the total) subscribed \$5,600 to the Third Liberty Loan.

On the occasion of the opening of the campaign and during the entire period the show window in our retail store was trimmed to suit the occasion. A large doll was dressed to represent Miss Liberty holding a torch (Sunbeam Lamp) in her right hand. On the floor of the window there were three piles of round bulb frosted lamps; under the first pile a red light burned, under the second one a white light and under the other a blue light. It attracted considerable attention.



Col. Jewett Now An Academician



Lieut.-Col. F. B. Jewett

“HONOR comes to those to whom honor is due.” On April 24, 1918, Lieutenant-Colonel Frank B. Jewett, our Chief Engineer, was elected a member of the National Academy of Sciences. The honor which has thus been bestowed upon Colonel Jewett is one which all Western Electric employees will appreciate and regard as well-deserved.

The National Academy of Sciences was incorporated by an Act of the United States Congress on March 3, 1863. In that period of distress, due to the Civil War, the Government appreciated the importance of scientific and technical information for the successful and effective prosecution of war and without doubt the incorporation of the National Academy of Sciences was largely prompted by those needs, this being indicated by the Bill of Incorporation, which states:

“The Academy shall, whenever called upon by any department of the Government, investigate, examine and report upon any subject of science or art.”

Stated somewhat more broadly, the purpose of the Academy may be said to be to afford recognition to those men of science who have done original work of real importance and thereby to stimulate them and others to further endeavors and to aid the Government in the solution of technical and scientific problems having a practical bearing on the conduct of public business.

Joseph Henry, who did so much in laying the foundations of electrical science, was one of the active men who brought about the incorporation of the Academy. He was active in its work during his lifetime and for eleven years was its president. The membership of the Academy is restricted, there being at present but 150 members, and not more than fifteen new members can be elected each year.

Considering the period during which the Academy was incorporated and the period in which we are now living, and the purposes for which the Academy was instituted, it is peculiarly appropriate that a man who is today contributing so much to the technical needs of our Government should be recognized by election to membership in the National Academy of Sciences.



Three New Branch Stores

THROUGH the secretary's office comes the announcement that three new branch stores have been opened by the Company. The first of them is at Syracuse, N. Y., and will report to the New York house. Harry C. Goldrick, who has been with the Company since 1915, will be in charge at Syracuse, which is at 410-416 South Clinton Street.

The second of the trio of newcomers in the Western Electric family is at Memphis. The store is located at 153 Jefferson Avenue and is in charge of E. P. McGrath, who will report to the St. Louis house.

Third on the list is the Spokane store at Second and

Howard Street. It will be a branch of the Seattle house and will be under the charge of W. E. Peters.

In the near future the News expects to publish pictures of the three new stores with their managers.

Mr. Swope's Article on China

THE article on China written by Mr. Swope, which was to have appeared in this issue of the News, will be published in a subsequent issue. It was found impracticable to use it at this time, and in its place has been inserted the remarkable record made by the Company's employees in the Third Liberty Loan campaign.

Contrasts and Impressions

By G. E. R. Penny, head of the operating branch of the Engineering Department of the Company's allied house in London.

WHEN I reached New York in January, winter's icy hand held everything in its grip. Rivers and lakes were frozen over, trains snowed up and the Eastern States were experiencing a coal famine. Even before we landed we had news that heatless days were being observed every week. I soon discovered that in addition to heatless days, there were also wheatless and meatless days.

I was not anticipating any lighting restrictions, such as are in force in London, and was somewhat surprised to find that the electric signs were illuminated on one day a week only. I enjoyed the first Saturday evening I spent in New York by walking up and down Broadway, which flared and flamed with light, making comparisons and contrasts between that brilliantly lighted thoroughfare and the dimly lighted streets of London.

Food restrictions and rationing have of necessity been carried further in England than here, and, together with the occasional air-raids, they constantly remind the civilian population there of the proximity of the war.

Although America is more than 3,000 miles from the war zone, yet I have been greatly impressed by the reality of the war spirit here. This has been manifest to me in many ways, but I think particularly by the earnestness and enthusiasm with which war problems are being visualized and solved. Food is being conserved, so that the Allies may be supplied with what is essential for them.

Ships are being built at a rate previously unknown and



G. E. R. Penny

considered impossible; and on all sides there is convincing evidence of co-operation in the one great purpose—that of winning the war.

To speak more definitely and more intimately, this spirit has been nobly exemplified in our own organization, by the attitude of the executive officers in England, as well as here, who have willingly placed their enormous resources in experience, men and materials at the disposal of the Government, and have caused important development work in connection with Government supplies to be carried on and completed without limiting expense.

The spirit of the employees has been demonstrated in their wonderful response to the Third Liberty Loan.

I reached Hawthorne early in May, and found Liberty Loan indicators in all departments, many of them already "over the top." My companions at lunch in the restaurant included the chairman of the loan committee, and needless to say, the main topic of conversation was the progress of the Loan. A spirit of healthy rivalry between the departments represented at our table was much in evidence, and this, together with the indicators and the enthusiasm of the men undoubtedly contributed to the splendid response which was made.

What is true of our company is true of many more, and the total reaches and embraces the great nation of America, now unified in the common purpose of again establishing law and order in the world, determined not to falter until the purpose is accomplished.



Charles G. Waddington



Charles G. Waddington

A YOUNG and valued employee of the St. Louis office met death almost instantaneously in an elevator accident in our warehouse Tuesday, April 9, 1918.

His tragic and untimely death is keenly felt by his fellow employees, and our heartfelt sympathy is extended to the bereaved family in this hour of life's greatest trial.

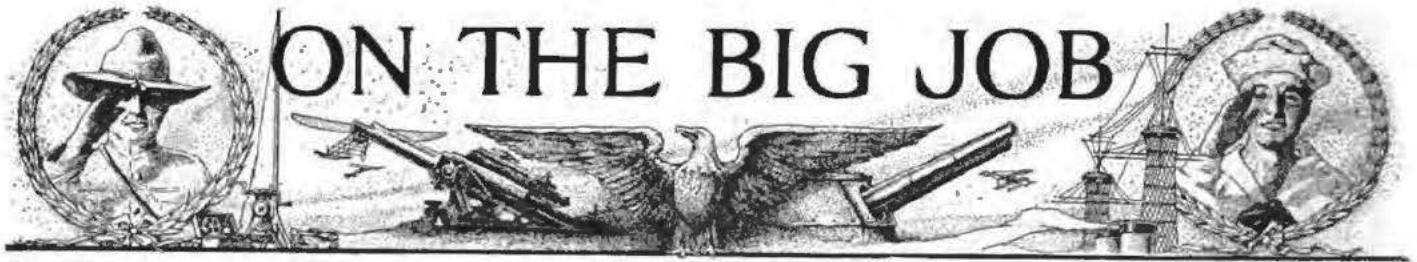
His father, E. H. Waddington, and a twin brother are members of our Sales Department.

Funeral services, held in the Second Baptist Church, St. Louis, were largely attended by his fellow workers, members of the Jovian Order, St. Louis Electrical League and friends.

A detachment of Home Guards, of which the deceased was a member, acted as a guard of honor, and fellow members of the Triangle Club of the Second Baptist Church as pallbearers.

The remains were laid to rest in New Castle, Pa., the family home.

A young life, a beautiful character, and a lovable employee has been taken from us. His memory, however, will linger with us always.—C. E. R., St. Louis.



Employees Who Have Entered The Various Branches Of The Military Service Since The Last Issue Of The News

General Sales Department New York

SCHEER, A. O., Signal Corps, U. S. A.

General Purchasing Department New York

WOODS, H. M., Signal Corps, U. S. A.

General Sales Distributing New York

BUB, J. A., Medical Reserve Corps.
CULLINEY, M. A., Quartermaster's Reserve Corps.
KIRCHNER, GEORGE, U. S. Army.
KRENNING, G. C., Naval Reserve Force.
LAKE, JR., A., Naval Reserve Force.
PURCELL, E. T., U. S. Navy.
STARK, V. G., Naval Reserve Force
WALKER, W. T., Signal Corps, Aviation Section.

Boston

REEVE, C. E., Naval Reserve Force.

Atlanta

SCHLEINIGER, CHARLES, U. S. Marine Corps.

Cincinnati

BEARD, LYLE, Medical Reserve Corps.

Omaha

DRAKE, F. A., National Guard.
HIGHSMITH, C. W., Signal Corps, Aviation Section.
McCALL, A. J., Signal Corps, Aviation Section.
POWELL, C. S., Signal Corps, Aviation Section.
WEBER, F. M., U. S. Navy.

Kansas City

BERGER, WILLIAM J., Ordnance Reserve Corps.
FISHER, A. G., Signal Corps, Aviation Section.
O'NEIL, D. L., U. S. Army.
SWIFT, J. A., U. S. Army.
THORNTON, CHARLES M., U. S. Army.

Dallas

ANDERSON, Z. V., Signal Corps, Aviation Section.

San Francisco

BIDSTRUP, S. D., Reserve Corps of Engineers.
BRUNK, A. E., Reserve Signal Corps.
LAMB, H. A., Reserve Signal Corps.
LAST, C. F., Quartermaster's Reserve Corps.
OLSON, J. H., Reserve Corps of Engineers.
THOMPSON, L. T., Reserve Corps of Engineers

Engineering Department

LAWLESS, FRANK R., Naval Reserve Force.
MURTHA, T. J., Naval Reserve Force.
PRAY, W. B., Signal Corps, Aviation Section.

General Manufacturing Department

BLUE, H. M., Naval Reserve.
BUESS, GEORGE F., Signal Corps, Aviation Section.
DARCY, W., Reserve Signal Corps.
DENT, WILLIAM Y., U. S. Navy.
GRIFFITHS, W. S., U. S. Navy.
HALVORSEN, V., U. S. Marine Corps.
HARRIS, C. F., Medical Reserve Corps.
JERKA, FRANK, Reserve Signal Corps.
JOHNSON, C. W., Reserve Signal Corps.
KRETCH, A., U. S. Army.
MALMROS, C. N., Signal Corps, Aviation Section.
MATEY, ANDREW, Signal Corps, Aviation Section.
MONKEN, E. J., Reserve Signal Corps.
NICHOLSON, J. H., Red Cross Base Unit.
PIETRZAK, S. C., U. S. Navy.
POTTIE, L. B., Quartermaster's Reserve Corps.
SEVCIK, JOSEPH F., U. S. Navy.
SLAGLE, FRED. C., Reserve Signal Corps.
TRINER, F. J., Reserve Corps of Engineers.
ZAROSKY, E., Signal Corps, Aviation Section.

News From Western Electric Men In Camp And Field

THOSE who enjoy reading the letters from boys in the service which are printed in the News each month should not forget one thing. They must remember that the boys like to receive letters even more than they like to write them, and should act accordingly. The first paragraph of the following letter written by C. H. Munson who was employed by the New York house but who is now with Co. A, 314th F. S. B. (the Hawthorne Company), shows just how much the soldiers like to get letters from their former fellow-workers of the Western Electric Company. It is written from Camp Funston:

"There is a postal card with the picture of a young lad in uniform, seated on a log reading a letter. He is saying: 'You don't know how much the mail means to us fellows.' I always open any Western Electric mail with a feeling that the people with whom I have worked are thinking of every Western Electric man in the service.

"'Western Electric Company Quality Products.' It did not take long for Camp Funston to learn of Co. A, 314th F. S. B. Marching along the Golden Belt Highway, or hiking over the hills, the boys always sang. We rented a piano for the barracks, and organized a quartet and ten-piece orchestra. All of this has helped immensely to keep up a fine spirit. Men from all over camp drop in Sunday evening to see the fun and enjoy A Company's hospitality.

"There has lately been a call from across the water, where our own U. S. forces have gone, and men have been detached from the Western Electric Radio Company to fill the want. Already fourteen of the boys have left camp on detached duty, and fourteen more are expecting orders. I am among the last number, all qualified radio operators. It came as a blow at first to realize that we might as a company go out in detachments, but a good soldier soon becomes well enough disciplined to take everything as a matter of course. The company is now being refilled with newly-enlisted men.

"To a man, we all are anxious to 'go over.' That is what I hope happens to this detachment. Kansas real estate has the habit of disobeying all laws of gravity, and with the slightest wind the air becomes dense with the dust. The dust makes it difficult to keep looking like a white man, and we all want to go to where, although there may be more dirt and mud, there is active service. Remember me to my friends in the New York House."



Miles F. Pencik

The soldier beside the cactus plant is Miles F. Pencik, a member of the 304th Cavalry, National Army, stationed at Camp Stanley, Leon Springs, Texas. His letter is one of the most interesting that the News has received from any of the Company's host of boys in the service, and tells

his story better than any comment upon it could possibly do. He says:

"Last month I was surprised with something that I never did expect—that was, with WESTERN ELECTRIC NEWS. I was a very interested reader of the News, while employed at the Western Electric Company in Hawthorne, and the copy you sent me last month was the first one I read since I left. It will be a year next month.

"Dear Sir, I am taking the privilege to ask you kindly to send me a copy of the News once a while for which I will be very much obliged to you. If it is necessary to send a subscription please let me know. Am stationed in cantonment near San Antonio.

"I enlisted in the Field Artillery and was nine months on the border. A couple of months ago I was transferred to the Cavalry, National Army, on account of not being a citizen of the U. S. A. You can easily imagine my feelings now—when a fellow volunteered with a great ambition and desire to go and fight for Uncle Sam and help to crush the German militarism, and now must stay back. I am a Bohemian resident of the United States eight years, and probably do not need to tell you how Bohemians (Czechs) are anxious to fight.

"There is an independent army in France, which consists of Czechs and Slovaks, from all allied countries, United States included. So I am pretty sure that Uncle Sam soon will give us the privilege to fight under the old glory against our greatest enemy and for the freedom of the whole world.

"Am getting along fine and like it out here much better than in sandy El Paso.

"Will close my letter with best regards and heartiest thanks for the favor.

"N. B.—Enclosed you will find a little snapshot of myself. Excuse me for not writing better English, but am trying to do my best."

Chicago and its Branch Warehouses consisting of Cleveland, Detroit, Indianapolis and Milwaukee have about 150 employees in Uncle Sam's service. A number of these men are now in France, and letters have been received from several, telling of their own experiences in the front-line trenches.

Among the best-known W. E. men at Chicago, now in the service, are Sergeant Ferguson Fague and Jackie Dan Rooney, pictures of whom are shown herewith. Sergeant Fague belongs to the National Army and is located at Camp Grant, Illinois. He has recently been chosen for the 4th Officers' Training Camp. He married a Western Electric girl, Lenora Ackman, only a few months ago.

Dan Rooney, although a member of the C. D. & E. Stock Maintenance Division, when he enlisted, has always been looked upon as Chicago's most popular office boy. He is now located at Charleston, S. C., Navy Yard.

The Detroit House has also given some of its popular men. Corporal Sessions, or "Old Eagle Eye," as the De-

troit boys called him, worked for the Western Electric Company for a little over ten years, handling several positions to the satisfaction of all concerned and was in charge of Class C Department when the war broke out. Having had four years' experience as a sailor in his youth and having been one of the boys who helped build the Panama Canal and conceal the fortifications at Panama, he could not stand back when Uncle Sam decided to take a hand in the war and enlisted in the United States Regulars with the 51st Infantry. He was then transferred to Fort Ogelthorpe and is serving in the capacity of a machine-gun instructor at the present time.

He finds great pleasure in reading the WESTERN ELECTRIC NEWS every month, which we forward to him, and wants to be remembered to all the boys back home. His picture was published last month.

Sergeant McCloskey, better known among the boys as "Dynamite Ed," has been with the Western Electric Company a little over eight years, having charge of the Receiving Department and later charge of the Service Department, which position he was holding when the draft came.

He puts in the same enthusiasm in his Army life as he did in his work with the Western Electric, and soon won promotion to corporal and then Sergeant, and now Top Sergeant.

Sergeant Genicke, or "Sonny," as the Detroit boys called him, was a member of the Michigan State National Guard that served on the border of Mexico during the Mexican trouble and returned to work at the Western Electric Company where he was formerly employed for several years, but when Uncle Sam started to thrash the Kaiser, "Sonny" enlisted with the 126th Michigan National Guard and went to Waco for a few months. About January 1 he was transferred to France and our last letter dated "somewhere in France" advises us that trench life on the American front wasn't so bad and that he is getting fat, showing how well Uncle Sam feeds his boys.



Four of the boys from the Chicago house. The sailor at the left is Dan Rooney and the soldier at the right is Ferguson Fague. In the center, above, R. J. Genicke and E. McCloskey below

I HAVE ARRIVED SAFELY OVERSEAS.

Eric Ummack

This card will be held until safe arrival of the boat on which I sailed.

*Ummack! —
Now for work!*

Word was received just as the News went to press that A. Culliney, a Lieutenant in the Reserve Signal Corps, had arrived safely in France. Lieut. Culliney worked at West Street and 195 Broadway before he entered the Army.

Lieut. A. J. Calloway, formerly of the San Francisco house, describes a little of the life of an officer in France in the following sentences from a letter which he wrote to one of his friends in the Company in New York. Lieut. Calloway learned that he was the father of a baby girl just twenty hours after he sailed for France:

"We are very actively engaged in construction work—quite a distance from the scene of military activities—we are busy, too, and are doing a good job. A number of the other officers as well as myself are very comfortably billeted in an old French residence—have our own mess—a French cook, and all in all can't complain about anything."

A field service post-card has been received by one of his San Francisco friends, from De Long Murray, whose picture appeared in the News recently. He says that he is well, and that a letter follows, which is about all that he is allowed to say on the card.

Lieut. R. E. Royer, formerly of department 6961-B, Hawthorne, now with the 149th Field Artillery in France, writes:

"I passed 'the pond' in fine style; not even a headache. We had a few exciting incidents, but by the aid of good management of the fleet and good protection we avoided swimming the rest of the way.

"So far we have fared quite well. Our quarters are quite comfortable. We have a small coal stove, electric lights and very good food.

"The tents, thank the Lord, were left behind when we left the States. Tents in this climate would be our downfall, as the temperature is around 50° most of the time, and it rains about every other day. The lowest the thermometer has gone here was 27°. We have had no snow but it is terribly damp. Damp clothing breeds pneumonia very quickly and is a thing which we must guard against very closely. The best 'godsend' that ever happened to this regiment was when the kind people of Chicago gave enough money to completely equip the men with rubber boots. Other regiments which were not so fortunate are showing the ill-effects. A cold, dry climate would be much better to operate in.

"Our quarters are wood, American designed and erected by German prisoners, of whom we have a plenty. The German officers do only supervising work.

"A peculiar incident happened the other day. I was standing watching a German prisoner breaking up rock for a road. Presently he straightened up, looked cautiously around and said, 'Well, Lieutenant, we aren't doing much this afternoon.' I was rather surprised at his excellent English until he told me that he was from back of the Stock Yards in Chicago. He said he was visiting friends in Germany when the war broke out, so was stuck.

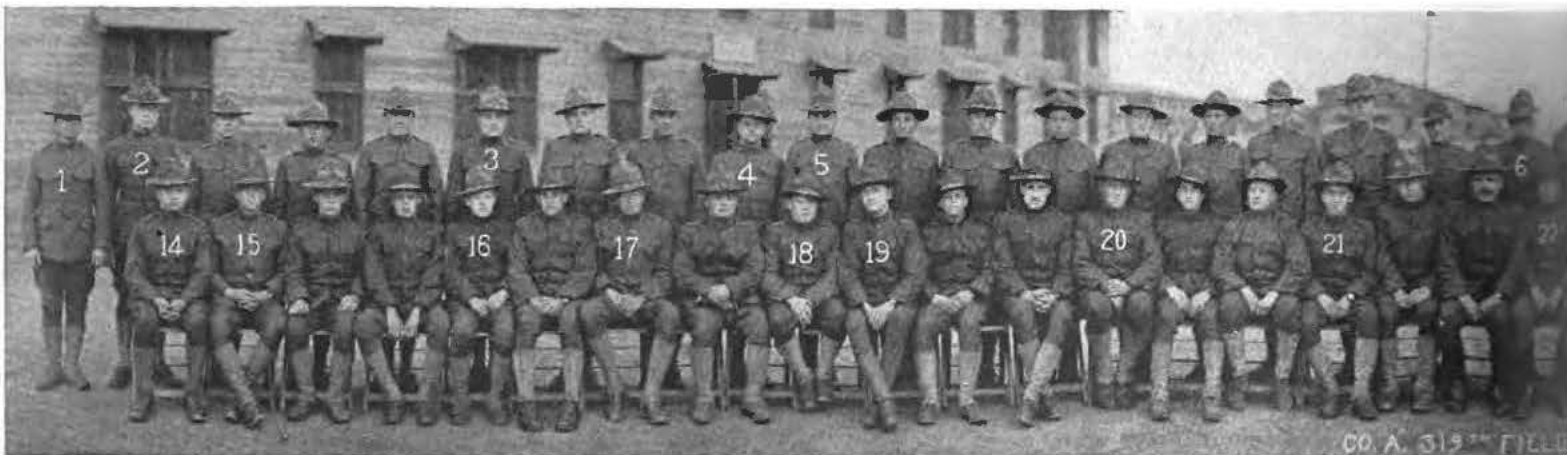
"Our camp is an old French artillery range and was first used as such by Napoleon. Numerous paths which we daily follow were first trod by the old man himself.

"As to our equipment, I can say that the men are very well clothed, having the same uniforms as always, with the addition of steel helmets modeled after the English design with broad rims and low crowns, like a 'Weber and Fields' derby hat. I don't know how much they weigh but they are not very heavy. A shrapnel ball bounces off like hail. As to the officers, we have discarded the saber and replaced it by a 'Sam Brown' belt. The belt is worn outside the blouse with one shoulder strap.

"The past week has been pretty strenuous for me. I have charge of the regimental telephone system with two lieutenants under me. Besides learning the telephone system used at the front, we have had a lot of drill as battery commanders, each man getting to fire one problem per day. Very interesting. In order to get all of this in one day we go to work in the dark and come back in the dark.

"I suppose our next move may bring us within sight of Mt. Blanc, although I'm not sure. At that time I will be able to write concerning the front with first-hand information." *

* Lieutenant Royer's regiment has already been in action. Several of its convalescent wounded aided the Liberty Loan drive in Chicago.



Company A, 319th Field Signal Battalion (the New York Radio Company). Since it was organized, the company has been brought up to full strength. Signal Electrician E. C. Helwig; 2, First Sergeant G. W. Van Tubergen; 3, First Class Private F. J. Berran; 4, Corporal G. D. Peck; 6, Corporal W. Private M. R. Lott; 11, Corporal G. M. Best; 12, First Class Private L. F. Southwick; 13, First Class Private J. C. Keller; 14, Sergeant R. C. W. Miller; 20, Sergeant J. R. Wild; 21, Sergeant A. J. Reenstra; 22, Captain G. C. Pratt; 23, First Class Private W. M. Morsaw; 24, Corporal L. E. Singer; 30, Bugler J. F. O'Neill; 31, Sgt.

Sergeant R. H. Hart, a West Street employee, now in France as a member of the Division of Research and Inspection, says:

"Just a few lines about the Western Electric bunch and our life over here. Probably by collecting a little from each letter sent from here and piecing them together you know much more than I would ever be permitted to tell in one letter.

"We had a rather rough voyage across and a hasty trip—and finally landed in France on November 2, and November 3 we were at our present location. We were soon at work, and although we did not have much to work with we managed to accomplish something, and as time went on we received more and more apparatus until at the present writing we are not a bit taken aback at anything which may confront us and as a result we are doing things.

"We are probably not working any harder than you people are, but we are somewhat nearer the field of action and we realize that there are many things we must do here.

"The boys are doing good work and enjoying good health at the present writing, although several have paid their little visit to the hospital, for this country, until one gets acclimated, is very hard on the throat and lungs.

"Even in the army one does not work all the time and there are many interesting places to visit during recreation periods, and, of course, nights are always free up to a certain hour, so the boys make use of their evenings to write letters or learn a few words of French. But you know as long as we have two good arms and two hands we can make motions and wabble a few words and get what we want."

A. B. Christen, formerly of West Street, writes from France as follows. He doesn't say exactly where he is (thereby sticking closely to the regulations), but the News is not going to offer a prize to any one who can guess the name of the city from which he wrote:

"Here we are still keeping to the even tenor of our ways, in spite of air raids and bombardments. The long distance shelling of the Boche was a joke. It lasted three days and did very little damage. The air raiding is more serious. They have left us alone for the last few days owing to the big push, but I suppose they will begin again soon. In the meantime everybody who has no business here is beating it. That, however, is an advantage, as it leaves more room and more food for the rest of us. Starting next month we go on a food ticket. It is a wonderful thing, this food ticket. It controls our bread, sugar, etc., supply for the next six months. It is more complicated than a cross-breed between a West Street photo pass and an A. & B. elevator schedule.

"We have very rapidly grown accustomed to our new surroundings. For instance, the day after the long distance gun first hit us, we were already quite accustomed to it, and did not worry about it at all. I have quit getting up at night now when they come across. All the cellars of the houses are utilized as shelters during raids. I have not sunk so low yet, but I spent a few hours in the subway one evening when I was caught unexpectedly in a distant part of the city."



The envelope which is reproduced herewith is printed in green ink and is known as the "Green Envelope." It is used by the British "Tommy" when he writes to the folks at home, and when he attaches his signature to the pledge in the lower left hand corner he relieves the field censor of considerable work.

This envelope was sent to the News by W. W. Ponsford, a former employee of the Philadelphia House, who is with a hospital unit in France. In his letter, written early in March, he says:

"We are resting up as the fireworks are liable to start any old time now. Then we will be kept busy both day and night living like 'firemen' ready and waiting to jump on the ambulance when it arrives. The wounded (both allied and enemy) are brought to the terminus on light railways; then a party of us go down on the ambulance and load them up and send them back to the hospital which is about three miles away. Here they receive the best of attention, care and comfort, and as soon as they are fit they are evacuated to 'Blighty.'"

The good news has been received that G. Hurford, formerly of the Antwerp House and a member of the Automobile Engine Department, has received a commission in the Royal Engineers. This news is doubly welcome as Mr. Hurford enlisted in the ranks as a private and later was appointed corporal. His commanding officer requested him to apply for a commission which he received on December 20, 1917. He is now on duty in London.



... by the addition of about forty men from other commands. The Western Electric boys are indicated in the photograph as follows: 1, Master ... 5, First Class Private J. J. Stephenson; 7, Sergeant J. C. Cruger; 8, First Class Private J. H. Pfanz; 9, Chauffeur J. J. Scott; 10, First Class ... 15, Corporal C. Croll; 16, First Class Private J. F. Hunter; 17, Sergeant A. L. Cerveny; 18, First Class Private M. J. Kennelly; 19, Corporal ... 25, First Class Sergeant L. E. Dorrothy; 26, Sergeant W. E. Taylor; 27, Corporal A. M. Bergstrom; 28, Sergeant G. F. Grice; 29, Corporal ... 31, G. Timmerman; 32, Sergeant T. Brown



Don M. Julien

Lieutenant Don M. Julien, who was employed at the Chicago house and later at Hawthorne, has proved his usefulness in more than one sphere of military activity since entering the Army. The following brief account of his work shows that he has been kept busy for last year, for he was one of those who

lost no time in enlisting when this country entered the war.

In May, 1917, he was accepted as a candidate in the Officers' Training Camp at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indianapolis, Indiana, from which he was graduated in August, with a commission as a First Lieutenant in Field Artillery. In that capacity he was assigned to duty with the 327th Regt., Heavy Field Artillery, at Camp Zachary Taylor, Louisville, Kentucky. Having had a wide experience as a French Horn Player with Bohumir Kryl's Chautauqua Band and otherwise, he was soon appointed and was credited with having organized the first complete Regimental Band in the National Army, was later made Commandant of the School of Bandsmen and Buglers of the 84th Division, then on the eve of organization, and after three months spent in bringing this arm of the service to a creditable state of efficiency at Camp Taylor, he resigned in order to accept an appointment for special instruction in a school of Artillery Fire, and his regiment was recently transferred to a large, newly acquired Artillery Range at West Point, Ky.



Chas. L. Bullerman

One of the Hawthorne boys who has been heard from is Private Charles L. Bullerman, Co. A, 128d Regiment, U. S. N. G. At Hawthorne he worked in the Plant Department 6811. He is now on detached service at the rifle range, Camp Logan, Houston, Texas, where he is busy teaching recruits how to

shoot. He says that a number of Western Electric telephones are in use in the ranges.

G. C. Krenning, who has represented the Company in the Northern Connecticut territory since the opening of the New Haven branch of the New York house, has joined the Naval Reserve.



E. R. Murray

This is a representation of Supply Sergeant E. R. Murray, Company B, 37th Engineers. Mr. Murray formerly was a road salesman for the San Francisco house, traveling the San Joaquin Valley, and after enlisting in the Engineers, his experience and abilities gave him the post above noted.

Ed's brother, De Long, is now serving in France and was one of the very first Western Electric men to land there.



Miss Jane I. Rignel

Miss Jane I. Rignel, who was a nurse at West Street before the war, and who has been in France for a year, has written a letter to a friend in New York part of which follows:

"The papers gave us some idea of how the Third Liberty Loan was taken up in jig time. It is enough to make us feel mighty proud and glad to be Yankees. Don't let any one fool you about this war—it is going to be a long, long one, and we don't ever want to think of stopping until we have a clean-cut victory, and smashed the enemy. The big battle going on to-day is some little fight, I can tell you.

"Fortunately, for me, I hadn't started for my work in a clearing station before the push came off. Otherwise there might now be a tiny wooden cross 'somewhere' bearing my name and date of birth. It is a funny thing how many times you are required to give your age, on all occasions, in the Army. We have been pretty busy, but not too much rushed. I am now in the operating theatre here, helping out a bit, and, of course, you know it is the work I like best. Every one does, I guess, so I am lucky to be having so much of it.

"Some of the hospitals, up the line, got in the way of the enemy advance and were evacuated. The old station, where I put in two months last fall, was devastated and burned. But we have held them so far and have every reason to believe we can keep them under control. They are a lawless lot, I can tell you.

"You will find tucked in here somewhere—unless deleted by censor—a small photographic likeness of myself. Please note that we haven't forgotten how to smile. The Yankee grin is certainly going to help win this war. The tree in the background is just an ordinary French one—and the hill likewise belongs to France. I am the only foreign body present. You see, I am fat and old—have any number of gray hairs tucked away under my cap. That cap, by the way, is not a regulation uniform cap but has been loaned us through the British Red Cross for wear here, it is a peach, so snug and comfortable and waterproof.

"Tell all the boys and girls you meet that I am thinking of them often."

C. A. Kanouse, of the Aero Squadron, writes from one of the flying fields of Texas that he is fine and dandy and that he has plenty of grub, with Texas sand for *dessert*.



J. M. Jewett

This sailor is J. M. Jewett, a Richmond employee who used to work in the sales department. When last heard from at the time he sent the photograph he was engaged in superintending a gang of men whose job was to pack mines with T. N. T. The mention of the T. N. T. is a clue to the

sort of mines the men are working with.

Boston's service flag now flies 50 stars. Two of the soldiers represented have already received commissions—Walter F. Daley, who is a Lieutenant in the Aviation Section, and Francis X. Fitzpatrick, a Lieutenant in the Infantry.



H. G. Meier

The delights of life in the Marine Corps training school at Paris Island, S. C., are revealed by the smile which illumines the features of Harold G. Meier, who used to work at West Street. He says:

"By the inclosed picture it looks as if 'Heine' was satisfied with this branch of the service. Most likely the boys in the switchboard department will recognize the smile. I am in the Non-Com school and like the training. I weigh 148 pounds, an increase of 20 pounds."



I. T. Stewart

The soldier at the left is Sergeant I. T. Stewart, formerly of the Cleveland house where he was the receiving clerk. When last heard from he was stationed at Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio.

you know that it was very "refreshing" for me tonight after I came off from a hard day's training to find my W. E. NEWS waiting for me. I enjoy very much reading it."

Private H. C. Miles, of the 12th Balloon Company, stationed at Camp Morrison, Va., describes his work there in one short sentence: "It is very hot here and there is plenty of work cutting down trees and grubbing stumps, building roads and sewer lines."

Lieutenant A. John McCall, former Supply Specialist at Omaha, now stationed at Selfridge Field, Mt. Clemens, Michigan, was married on April 9 to Miss Genevieve Krause, Assistant Purchasing Agent.

Chris Nielsen, of the sales department at Boston, enlisted in the Signal Corps shortly after war was declared, and was later discharged on account of physical disability. You will now find him in the uniform of the U. S. Navy on board the U. S. S. *Huron*.



Chris Nielsen

On Monday, April 22, Mrs. C. A. Sanborn, Assistant Cashier in the Los Angeles office, who has been with the Western Electric Office for a period of five years, left for Washington, D. C., to join her soldier husband, Lieutenant C. A. Sanborn, now attached to the Army Engineering Staff at Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant Wilton John Gates, U. S. Signal Reserve Corps, a former member of the New York Radio Company, was married recently in Trinity Church, New York, to Miss Marguerite Stein, of Dansville, N. Y. The Rev. Edward Luke Read officiated at the ceremony. At the time of his marriage Lieutenant Gates was stationed at Camp Vail, Little Silver, N. J. He was a member of the Accounting Department at 195 Broadway.

Western Electric Men In the Service Now Number 2,810

Where They Come From

| | |
|---------------------------------------|-------|
| Distributing— | |
| New York..... | 118 |
| Boston..... | 34 |
| Philadelphia..... | 58 |
| Pittsburgh..... | 11 |
| Richmond..... | 6 |
| Atlanta..... | 25 |
| Chicago..... | 74 |
| Cleveland..... | 4 |
| Cincinnati..... | 13 |
| Omaha..... | 20 |
| Minneapolis..... | 7 |
| St. Louis..... | 14 |
| Kansas City..... | 20 |
| Dallas..... | 8 |
| Denver..... | 2 |
| San Francisco..... | 61 |
| Los Angeles..... | 9 |
| Seattle..... | 6 |
| Other General Sales..... | 43 |
| Engineering Department..... | 268 |
| General Purchasing Department..... | 10 |
| General Manufacturing Department..... | 1,962 |
| General Accounting Department..... | 11 |
| Treasury Department..... | 1 |
| Legal Department..... | 6 |
| Executive..... | 1 |
| | 2,810 |

Branch of Service

| | |
|----------------------------|-----|
| Name of Organization: | |
| Army— | |
| National Army..... | 986 |
| National Guard..... | 498 |
| Reserve Signal Corps— | |
| W. E. Radio Companies..... | 154 |

| | |
|---------------------------------------|-------|
| Other..... | 60 |
| U. S. Army..... | 286 |
| National Guard Reserve..... | 11 |
| Signal Officers' Reserve Corps..... | 28 |
| Reserve Officers' Training Camp..... | 4 |
| U. S. Army Reserve..... | 21 |
| Aviation Section Signal Corps..... | 128 |
| Officers' Reserve Corps..... | 2 |
| Red Cross Base Unit..... | 17 |
| Reserve Corps of Engineering..... | 58 |
| Ambulance Corps..... | 19 |
| Ordnance Reserve Corps..... | 51 |
| Sanitary Corps..... | 2 |
| Quartermaster's Reserve Corps..... | 47 |
| Enlisted Reserve..... | 1 |
| Forest Engineering Reserve Corps..... | 2 |
| Medical Reserve Corps..... | 9 |
| Canadian Army..... | 6 |
| British Army..... | 4 |
| Polish Army..... | 11 |
| French Army..... | 1 |
| | 2,856 |

Navy—

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-----|
| Naval Reserves..... | 116 |
| Naval Militia..... | 20 |
| U. S. Navy..... | 233 |
| Naval Volunteers..... | 19 |
| Naval Coast Defense Reserves..... | 11 |
| U. S. Marine Corps..... | 45 |
| U. S. Navy Reserve..... | 8 |
| | 452 |

Other War Service—

| | |
|--|-------|
| Army Y. M. C. A..... | 1 |
| American Friends Service Commission..... | 1 |
| | 2,810 |

Col. Carty Gets Edison Medal

THE Edison Medal, awarded each year by the American Institute of Electrical Engineers for meritorious achievement in the advancement of "Electrical Science, Electrical Engineering or the Electrical Arts," was presented on May 17 to Colonel J. J. Carty, U. S. Signal Corps, and chief engineer of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. The occasion of the presentation was the annual meeting of the Institute in New York.

Colonel Carty is the eighth scientist to receive this medal, the others being Elihu Thomson, Frank J. Sprague, George Westinghouse, William Stanley, Chas. F. Brush, Alexander Graham Bell and Nikola Tesla.

Before the presentation Professor Michael I. Pupin, inventor of the Pupin loading coil, gave an address on the work of Col. Carty, following which the medal was presented by the President of the Institute, E. W. Rice, Jr., who is President of the General Electric Company. In his address Professor Pupin said:

"Carty's life is filled with romance. He never went to college. At the age of eighteen, when other boys entered college, he entered the service of the American Bell Telephone Company, and at the age of twenty-eight became Chief Engineer of the great New York Telephone Company. He started without getting honors or titles and now he is a Doctor I don't know how many times, and at the top of these titles 'Colonel of the United States Army.' If General Pershing has his way, Carty will be a General before many a day."

Colonel Carty's response in accepting the honor was brief:

"A great deal of credit has been given to me to-night, but I shed that credit over the entire Bell System, where it belongs.

"The telephone art is an American art. It was not imported from Europe. It was originated here in America by the

present President of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers—Dr. Bell—who is here on the platform to-night. Beginning with Dr. Bell, every substantial improvement that has been made in the telephone system has been made here in America. In the beginning there was no telephone engineering; there were no telephone engineers. We had Dr. Bell, who was the first telephone scientist, and Mr. Watson was the telephone engineer.

"Whatever I have been able to accomplish has been due to the aid and assistance rendered to me by men associated with me in the Bell System. I think I can say, without any qualification whatever, that my company, the Bell System, has never refused to me any request I ever made for a man or for a dollar. Therefore, it is only natural that certain important results should have been obtained in telephone engineering, but if it were not for the very large organization of engineers and scientists placed at my disposal; if it had not been for the wonderful work of all these men, none of these achievements which we have heard about to-night could have been accomplished.

"Interpreting Dr. Pupin's address on these terms and spreading it out over the entire Bell System and among the members of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, I accept his ecomiums on behalf of my colleagues, and only in that way.

"We hear a great deal about the German scientist and the wonderful things he has done and has been planning. Many years ago, when German Kultur was interpreted by many to mean German culture, it was suggested to me that we should send to Germany to get some of the Herr Doctors to teach us the high science. I always opposed that, believing that the Yankee boy, when his attention was turned to scientific problems, would surely out-distance the German. I concluded that our work could be trusted to young Yankee minds and that they should be trained in our work, and that through them we would undertake to out-distance anything done in Germany. That policy has worked out successfully. The young men who have collaborated with me all these years are graduates of over one hundred American universities.

"At the opening of the war there was a searching of hearts and a taking account of stock, to find out who was loyal and who was to be suspected, and among all these scientists, these engineers from the Bell System over all the United States, we were not able to find one single Hun. They were all true Americans to the core."



Col. J. J. Carty and His New Medal

Around the Circuit

Los Angeles

An Order We Couldn't Fill

IT isn't often that the Western Electric Company gets an order that it can't fill, even if it is necessary to pick up some of the material, but Los Angeles received an order from the Tonopah & Tidewater Railroad Company, Stagg, Cal., under date of April 26, calling for three items, none of which could be furnished.

We couldn't fill the first item because we felt that all the material we had of this kind was needed and that none could be spared.

With the second item, although we have an overstock, particularly in the Sales Department—it is in such condition that shipment could not be made.

For the third item it was necessary to back order since information furnished by some of our dealers has shown that there was none in stock, although we couldn't agree with the consensus of opinion.

Here's the order.

PLEASE PRINT NAME OF PURCHASER

Tonopah and Tidewater R. R. Co.
 North Valley R. R. Co.

Office of the Purchasing Agent Stagg, Cal., APRIL 26 1918

Western Electric Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

Please ship the following articles and charge to account

Ship to T&T R. R., LADLOW, CAL., Via Santa Fe Route

COPIES IN TRIPLICATE TO STAGG, SAN BERNARDINO CO., CAL. SHOW OUR ORDER NUMBER

- 6 # spare ribs
 - 1 beef tongue
 - 5 # brains
- Refer 4/29



The Red Cross girls from the General Departments who marched down Fifth Avenue in the parade headed by President Wilson on Saturday, May 18

Broadway Nowadays

THERE once was a time when we labored all day,
 When office existence was drab;
 When the typewriter keys sang a loud roundelay
 And vied with the unceasing gab.

There once was a time when you'd have to seek out
 Some concert hall or cabaret
 For music to put old dull care up the spout,
 At the end of a long routine day.

There once was a time—and the past tense is right;
 The present holds more of allure,
 For now every day is admixed with delight,
 And office life one can endure.

The reason? We've musical mornings and noons,
 And afternoons, too, if you please,
 An unending flow of most soul-stirring tunes,
 That waft up to us on the breeze.

Brass bands go parading for Liberty Loans,
 For this drive and that, and then more!
 They set up a tingling within your old bones,
 'Till you shell out to help win the war.

Old Hamelin's Pied Piper, an amateur, he,
 The rats he could charm, and that's all;
 But the bands that draw dollars from you and from me,
 Have him backed right up to the wall.

W. A. W.

Broadway

OLD Hy Hawkins, of the farm appliance department, was a pleasant caller on ye editor last week. Hy's carrying around a telegram T. Roosevelt sent him. Yes, sir; a real one. Hy says as how he is the head of the Red Cross Committee down Baldwin, L. I., way, and that T. R., who lives at Oyster Bay, which is the same county, is Red Cross county chairman and sent the telegram to ask Hy to come over for a meal with the folks. We calculate that's traveling some for Hy.

Hy reports that he just sold his 1907 Ford for \$15. Orders for farm light plants are coming in so fast, Hy says, he hasn't time for pleasure riding any more. Going to give the fifteen to the Red Cross, eh, Hy?

Chicago

It Was the Opening Game of the Season

HERE is the very "ultimate edge" in alibis. A member of our C. D. & E. Service Section sat down accidentally on a sharp edge of a desk during the morning exercises recently, tearing a large section out of his trousers so that it was necessary for him to retire precipitously. He went home for repairs. A little later in the morning he telephoned that his mother had painted the floor of his bedroom after he left in the morning so that he couldn't get in and change his trousers and for that reason he would not be able to get back to work that day.

Fifth Avenue

OUR new location has its attractions. We are now passing through a serious parade epidemic and our fellow-employees from other houses are cordially invited to visit us after office hours* and share in our good fortune.

* Why after office hours? Don't think for a minute that you can make the alert readers of the News believe that you never stop work to look at a parade.—Ed.

Cincinnati

A Famous Spot

NO, this is not a picture of No Man's Land, nor any other section of the battle grounds in France or elsewhere. It is a picture of the heavy ice gorge in the Ohio River at Cincinnati last January.* We could have sent this picture at that time, but thought it might serve better when the thermometer got up to about 85 degrees, as it is now. It may seem a little late, but we can enjoy it today better than we did last winter.

* Are you sure it isn't the ice that Eliza crossed on? It looks like it to us, in fact that is the only reason we are willing to publish it.—Ed.



Recently a barrel was received from an express company, the contents of which even caused our hardened receiving clerk to blush. It contained several pairs of baby shoes, baby clothes, corsets (this caused the blush) and several other articles of wearing apparel; after a careful canvas among the employees, with denials on all sides, the barrel was returned to the express company.*

* Perhaps it belonged to Eliza.—Ed.

He Got It

Our Farm Light Specialist, Ed. Herman, has succeeded in spreading the sunshine message of "Brighten Up the Farm" among our organization to such an extent that the message was given to a Kentuckian, who evidently didn't receive it in the manner anticipated, as the following letter will show:

"Somewhere in Kentucky.

"Gentlemen:

"Some weeks ago I wrote you regarding head lights for a Steamboat. Some hen-headed clerk in your employ fires me a catalog with picturesque piebald cuts of Farmers in dress suits, a milking of cow brutes, a sawing of wood, a cutting of hay, a pressing of buttons for every kind of farm work by electric fluid, making life a blissful dream.

But what I want is a search light for a steamboat."

London

ON 15th of March the usual monthly social was held in the Factory Mess Room in aid of the local branch of the Seamen's Hospital. A very enjoyable evening was spent and one of the best items (not on the programme) was a speech by J. J. McKenna who presented the prizes. For the information of the uninitiated, Mr. McKenna is head of the Production Branch. He took the opportunity to urge the necessity of keeping the social element alive because it fostered a spirit of harmony amongst the employees which made itself felt during working hours and tended to make the cogs in the wheels of the Company's business run smoothly, which is so much desired in these times of stress. To illustrate his point Mr. McKenna mentioned that he was at a dinner a few days ago at which Admiral Sims, U. S. N., was one of the guests of honor. After the ceremony (Public Dinners are a ceremony in these days of ration cards) the gallant Admiral made a short speech during which he said that "Our ships are not working alongside the British Navy, they are working *with* it." "That," said Mr. McKenna, "is the sort of spirit which should always be in our hearts whether at work or play."

The social also celebrated the "christening" of the piano which the Company presented to the employees. The piano is situated permanently in the Factory Mess Room and is exercised during meal times by various employees of the day and night shifts, and is greatly appreciated.

The Athletic and Social Club is practically closed down "for the duration," the General Committee being of the opinion that it is not just the thing to encourage sports whilst our lads are "going through the mill" over the other side. The social events are different, all being held in the cause of charity. Next month the employees are organizing a Minstrel Troupe and the proceeds are going toward taking a party of wounded Tommies for an afternoon's outing.



G. E. Pingree

The many friends of Mr. G. E. Pingree, Managing Director, London, will be pleased to learn that he has been appointed by Dr. Addison, Minister of Reconstruction, to serve on the Electrical Branch of the Engineering Trades (New Industries Committee.

Antwerp Employee Celebrates Her Quarter Century Service With the Bell Telephone Manufacturing Company



Miss J. Beunis

The London House takes great pleasure this month in according honorable mention of Miss J. Beunis, of the Bell Telephone Manufacturing Company, Antwerp, who completes 25 years' service with the Company. She started work in the coil-winding department of our allied house in Antwerp in March, 1893. A year later we find her operating the new factory telephone exchange, which

was the first board on the common battery principle that was ever installed in Belgium, if not on the Continent. Miss Beunis had quite a busy time in demonstrating the working of the board to the Belgian and foreign engineers who were greatly interested in its operation in view of the importance of this system at that time. Shortly afterward Miss Beunis was recalled to the Coil Winding Department, and from that moment up to the outbreak of the war she was forewoman.

With the closing down of the Antwerp factory and the general standstill of business in the country, there was a great amount of poverty amongst the population, and the Company organized a scheme by which our employees were visited regularly and were given relief as required. Miss Beunis was one of those appointed to visit our employees from outside the city. It was only at the last moment, when the fate of the city was sealed, that Miss Beunis consented to leave for London, where she has been helping out in the rush of work in the Coil Winding Department. Even then she managed to take with her her brother's family, while he and his eldest son remained at Antwerp to look after their business.

Miss Beunis is known amongst the Antwerp staff as the best "foreman" of the lot. It is still a puzzle to many of them how she ever succeeded in keeping piece work at 100 per cent., with the lowest number of non-productive hours, and with an increase in efficiency of 400 per cent. per operator, since she took charge of the department. Miss Beunis is now looking forward to the time when her presence in Antwerp will be needed to help solve the problem of reconstruction.

San Francisco

OUR Western Electric Comfort Club has been working hard to increase its membership. The club, which was suggested by E. J. Wallis, Pacific Coast Manager, is to be conducted along the lines of the similar organization at Hawthorne, as described in the January and February issues of the News, with the exception that because of the smaller field for membership, and the larger proportion of our men now serving Uncle Sam, it was considered best to fix the dues at 25 cents per month. The membership blanks requested applicants to note, on the opposite side, the names of those soldiers and sailors with whom they corresponded regularly. The returns will be checked from a master list, so that a barrage of letters may be put down on the uncovered portion. The dues will be utilized to purchase such comforts and necessities as flashlight renewals, tobacco, cigarettes, and other things to be suggested by members of the Club, or, better yet, by those in the service.

From time to time these columns have recorded strange coincidences, all of which have been duly noted by your correspondent, but he regards the following as the strangest of them all:

In 1909 H. L. Gift was working in our Seattle house, and filled out an order on Western Electric, Hawthorne, covering 1,000 feet of No. 14 Brewery Cord, and September 9, ticket No. ST-18148. After his service in Seattle, and in several other firms, he returned to the San Francisco house early in 1918. On a recent requisition for a scrap pad he was served with some chopped up pads of obsolete orders, and happening to turn over one of these sheets he noticed thereon the order referred to above written nine years ago. Here it is:

| WESTERN ELECTRIC ORDER | DATE | QUANTITY | PRICE | TOTAL |
|-----------------------------|--------|----------|-------|-------|
| 1000 ft No. 14 Brewery Cord | Sept 9 | | | |
| Ship to us immediately | | | | |
| H. L. Gift | | | | |

Pittsburgh

HERE is the way Philadelphia treats us when we forget little routine matters, such as pricing supply items:

Tee-Hee! Haw, Haw! I have a lot of time to write to you people. This is Saturday morning and I only have a couple hundred tickets to price. So you send the tickets down here and what you are supposed to price I will send back as the railroads have not much to do and these tickets going back and forward will give the men a little something to do. This is certainly fine weather; how is it in Pittsburgh?

Please price supply item on ticket received.*
* Which side of the argument is L. M. Dunn on?—Ed.

Hawthorne, Suffering from Cramp, Substitutes Growing Pain Again

New Buildings and New Manufacturing Facilities to Be Provided This Year

HAWTHORNE grows so fast that it is almost necessary for employees to take home a picture of the plant each night so they will recognize it the next morning. Even before our wandering feet can find their way through the latest maze of new sections, another group begins to spring up. Our popular pessimist has ceased to fret about "no business after the war," and is now worrying over what we are to do when we have built on all available space from our grounds to the sky.

Well, you can smile, but perhaps his fears are not as fantastic as they appear. Let's talk figures, as they say at the dressmakers' convention.

The first buildings of the Telephone Apparatus group were built in 1907. They were Buildings 43 to 49 and with Buildings 40, 41 and 42 made that year's crop a large one.

In 1908 the dry kilns at Twenty-sixth Street and the coal storage pit were completed, and 1909 was the birth year of three buildings of the Telephone Apparatus group.

Three more buildings followed in 1910.

Four more buildings were put up in 1911, and three in 1912.

In 1913 Buildings 32 and 33 and four stories of Building 21 were completed, but in 1914 building production dropped off to two.

The Coal and Ash Handling Building and the Oil Storage Building, 110, appeared in 1915, and Building 71 represented 1916's sole achievement.

Last year, as you read in the News, eight new buildings made their bow, and now ground has been broken for Buildings 24, 26, 27, 68 and 42-A. The last two belong to the Black Wire group. The other three are part of the main Telephone Apparatus group and will complete the Twenty-second Street front of the group to Forty-eighth Avenue and extend south along Forty-



The New Tower Which Will Be Erected at the Corner of Twenty-Second Street and Forty-eighth Avenue

eighth Avenue. A tower will be erected at the corner of Forty-eighth Avenue and Twenty-second Street.

By these additions the size of the Hawthorne plant will be increased approximately 9%, or 210,000 square feet. To allow some space for growth, 258,000 square feet of manufacturing space will be provided. The gross floor area of the five buildings authorized amounts to 326,853 square feet. Of course, a certain rearrangement of the plant will be necessary to obtain the most desirable layout.

The Central Works Offices, except for the Financial, Payroll and Relief Departments, will move to the sixth floor of the new sections, and the space thus released in the Central Works buildings will be given over to the Plant Department storeroom which will be moved over from the foundry, giving the required extra space to the Foundry departments.

The Repair Shop and the Printing and Stationery Departments are to be moved from the Merchandise Building to the Telephone Apparatus sections. This will provide space for the enlargement of the Merchandise Department. A small amount of overflow from the C. R. & I departments will have to be provided for in the Telephone Apparatus buildings.

Rearrangements of certain departments in the Telephone Apparatus buildings will be necessary, but these changes will be confined largely to departments which are easy to move. The Machine departments and other departments, with a large amount of machine equipment, are now in their permanent locations.

New departments and the increase in the present departments will require approximately 1,700 additional employees. About 400 new machines will be needed. Approximately sixty of these will be insulating machines and braiders for the C. R. & I. shops. Sixty-five or seventy will be winding machines for the Telephone Apparatus shops and the rest largely drill-presses, screw

machines and punch-presses, also for the Telephone Apparatus shops. The new machinery will cost around \$650,000. Besides this, additional fixtures and furniture will cost about \$160,000.

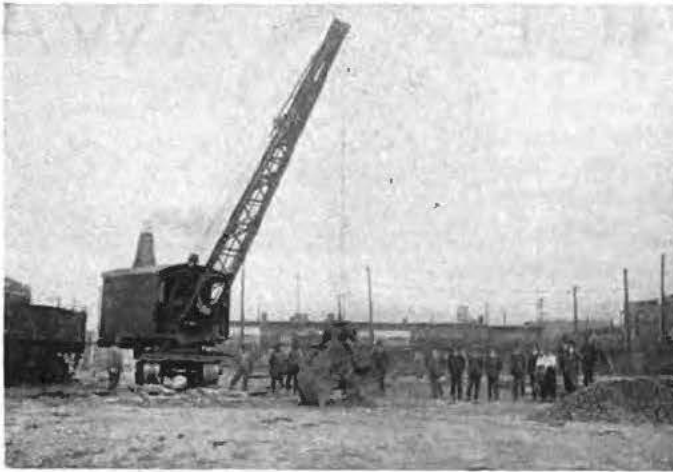
While the problem of providing the needed buildings and machinery is a large one, it does not compare with the problem of providing the necessary tool equipment. Over half a million dollar's worth will be needed. Computing from our tool room's present capacity for producing new tools and counting upon outside manufactures making them at the rate they are now producing them for us, it will require a year or a year and a half of constant work to produce new tools.

The facts just outlined go to prove that the need for the new buildings scheduled for this year. Perhaps you would also be interested in a few more facts concerning the buildings themselves:

They will cost over a million and a half dollars.

The floor area of 826,858 square feet is about 1,000 square feet greater than was added in last year's building operations.

In addition to the buildings mentioned one-half the length of a



Breaking Ground for New Buildings

The new sections follow our standard construction for buildings facing public streets—that is, they will be faced with pressed brick on a granite base and trimmed with terra cotta. The tower at 22nd Street and 46th Avenue will, of course, be an unusual feature. Vice-President H. F. Albright's suite of offices will be located on the seventh floor of the tower.

Semi-indirect lighting will be used on the fifth and sixth floors of the new Telephone Apparatus Sections for private and general offices. The subsequent plan also contemplates changing the lighting of the fifth and sixth floors of Buildings 85 and 86 to the semi-indirect system.

That will be all for now. If any one wants more details and statistics, tell him THE NEWS statistical editor is suffering from a nervous breakdown brought on by the strain of figuring out his income tax.

railroad court will be erected. This will correspond to the present court and bridges between Buildings 84 and 89.

12,000 cubic yards of dirt (enough to fill 800 standard gondola cars) have to be excavated and removed.

3,000 tons of steel (150 carloads) will be used, besides 2,500,000 brick (150 carloads and 8,000 tons of hollow tile (185 carloads).

More than 80 miles of pipes will be used for sprinklers, heat, steam, compressed air, gas, water and electric wires.

800 men, busy every working day, would be able to finish the buildings in six months.

Hawthorne Sends Out a Double-Header Cable Shipment

THE accompanying picture is not printed merely to show you how two of our own locomotives look when they are working on the same job. The real object is to show you the length of a train load of cable that left Hawthorne on the 4th of May.

To save you the trouble of counting the cars let us begin by stating that there were 23 of them.

The total number of reels was 822, and they held 161 miles of cable, 2,640 feet to a reel.

The weight of the loaded reels was 1,189,400 pounds. Boy, page the extra engine.

Corporal Fenske Wounded

JUST as the NEWS was about to go to press word came that one of the Western Electric boys serving in France had been wounded, although fortunately his name is in the "slightly wounded" section of the casualty list. Corporal Walter Fenske is the wounded soldier, and before enlisting in the Army he worked in Department 6800 at Hawthorne. The NEWS and all of its readers hope that Corporal Fenske soon will recover from the effects of his wound.

Married

May 4th—Miss Rozalia Blasinska, Department 7381, Hawthorne, to Wincenty Biclanski, of Chicago.

May 16th—Miss Celia Zboinska, Department 7381, to Joseph Ribicki, of Chicago.



Cars full of cables



SERVICE AWARDS

To be Awarded in June

| THIRTY YEARS | | | | | |
|---|------|----|---|------|----|
| Gardner, T., Hawthorne, 6352 | June | 1 | Rader, Miss B., New York | June | 29 |
| McDonald, A., Hawthorne, 6383 | " | 5 | Euler, A., San Francisco | " | 1 |
| Johannessen, T. D., Hawthorne, 6606 | " | 6 | Rowald, W. F., San Francisco | " | 1 |
| Dyreby, C. G., Hawthorne, 6305 | " | 8 | | | |
| Plamondon, J. A., Hawthorne, 5762 | " | 15 | TEN YEARS | | |
| TWENTY-FIVE YEARS | | | Carey, M., Atlanta | June | 13 |
| Woltman, F., Hawthorne, 6388 | June | 11 | Abely, W. F., Boston | " | 1 |
| Luhan, J., Hawthorne, 6377 | " | 26 | Dammerall, J. W., Jr., Boston | " | 1 |
| Snyder, J. L. (in military service), New York | " | 1 | Delahanty, J. A., Boston | " | 1 |
| TWENTY YEARS | | | Dyer, H. W., Boston | " | 1 |
| Fischer, H. W., Hawthorne, 6336 | June | 1 | Hoves, C. F., Boston | " | 1 |
| Smith, J. S., Hawthorne, 6460 | " | 6 | Kamp, Anna H., Boston | " | 1 |
| Fischer, F. C., New York | " | 1 | Pearson, E., Chicago | " | 16 |
| Reilly, P., New York | " | 22 | Spoehr, Florence A., Chicago | " | 22 |
| FIFTEEN YEARS | | | Neel, R., Dallas | " | 17 |
| Nolan, W. J., Chicago | June | 11 | Merle, W., Hawthorne, 7882 | " | 1 |
| Schmidt, H., Hawthorne, 6377 | " | 4 | Pultkd, H., Hawthorne, 7888 | " | 1 |
| Borgman, C., Hawthorne, 6963 | " | 12 | Miller, D., Hawthorne, 7879 | " | 5 |
| Wilson, G. A., Hawthorne, 5918 | " | 15 | Resck, A. G., Hawthorne, 5075 | " | 5 |
| Horesvosky, J., Hawthorne, 6339 | " | 16 | Kuymen, E. L., Hawthorne, 9505 | " | 9 |
| Osborne, S. M., Hawthorne, 6640 | " | 22 | Nash, Clara M., Hawthorne, 7685 | " | 12 |
| Nehrke, O. H., Hawthorne, 6615 | " | 23 | Carol, S., Hawthorne, 6888 | " | 15 |
| Holmstrom, H., Hawthorne, 6031 | " | 25 | Kowohl, V., Hawthorne, 7486 | " | 15 |
| Diehm, C., Hawthorne, 5376 | " | 26 | MacLarty, Margaret, Hawthorne, 5075 | " | 15 |
| Mead, H., Hawthorne, 6460 | " | 29 | Peters, J., Hawthorne, 6374 | " | 16 |
| Jannusch, O., Hawthorne, 6388 | " | 30 | Hollinghausen, J., Hawthorne, 7381 | " | 18 |
| Rosbach, E., Hawthorne, 7152 | " | 30 | Penrod, A., Hawthorne, 6961 | " | 20 |
| Britten, W. G., New York | " | 30 | Shalla, J. B., Hawthorne, 7686 | " | 23 |
| Hatcher, G., New York | " | 2 | Smith, Gertrude, F. E., Hawthorne, 6640 | " | 30 |
| Lackman, F., New York | " | 16 | Kingman, A. G., New York | " | 17 |
| Fraas, C. C., New York | " | 2 | Dorso, G., New York | " | 4 |
| Bryant, Alice, New York | " | 18 | McIntosh, F. P., New York | " | 15 |
| Keep, Miss M., New York | " | 18 | Gonder, F., New York | " | 18 |
| | | | Booth, W. T., New York | " | 29 |
| | | | Bonner, J. M., Philadelphia | " | 2 |
| | | | Franck, W. F., Philadelphia | " | 11 |
| | | | Johnson, C. M., Pittsburgh | " | 15 |

Who They Are

T. Gardner



Remember the little red magnets you used to buy at the school store for a nickel? At first they would pick up your pen knife, but gradually they grew weaker and weaker until finally you couldn't even raise an argument

with them. And surely nothing is easier to raise than an argument.

If you had gone to Tom Gardner with your troubles he probably would have told you that your little red magnet had not been hardened properly. Also, he could have shown you just how it ought to be hardened to keep the stickum from leaking out. For Tom is an expert at hardening the magnets used in Western Electric hand generators—the kind that always stay young, as our advertising department would say.

Mr. Gardner has worked on magnets ever since he started with the Company in 1888. His first work was grinding them to size, but later he learned the art of tempering them. He knows the trick, too. The graduates of a young ladies' seminary have nothing on Tom's magnets when it comes to good temper.

Mr. Gardner gets his thirty-year button this month.

A. T. McDonald



When you learn that A. T. McDonald's first job with the Company was assembling jacks, Clarisse, do not jump to the conclusion that he was employed to herd mules. A telephone jack is something very much else again.

It is part of the apparatus that makes it possible to

connect your telephone with any one of the several millions or billions or whatever the number of Bell telephones throughout the United States is. Anyway, there are quite a few more than you'll ever want to talk to, and it is a large job to make jacks for them all.

Archie worked up to the assistant foreman's position in the jack department and was then transferred to the key department as foreman. Later he was put in charge of the ringer, generator and coin collector assembly department, where he remained until he took up his present position as foreman of the drilling department in May of 1917. Now he gets a four-star button to adorn the lapel of his coat.

T. D. Johannessen



Two speed lathes and a drill press comprised the machinery equipment of the instrument making department when T. D. Johannessen took a position as instrument maker in the Clinton Street shops. They turned out

some fine apparatus in those days, too—fully up to Western Electric standards of workmanship, even though the parts were not interchangeable and some of the other present-day refinements were lacking.

After four and a half years of instrument making, "T. D." went into the switchboard key department, then consisting of but four men, including the foreman—(which sounds like an attempt to make a pun and shows why persons are often hanged on circumstantial evidence).

While in the key department Mr. Johannessen designed and patented a new type of switchboard key, which became standard and furnished the basic principal still used in our switchboard keys. Later Mr. Johannessen was made assistant foreman and then foreman of the department, with which he remained until 1905, when he was transferred to the inspection organization. His present work is checking tool-made samples of new apparatus and suggesting possible improvements in the design.

"T. D." started in 1888, which gives him four stars on his new service button.

C. J. Dyreby



If "derby" is pronounced "darby," how do you pronounce "Dyreby?" Why, "derby," of course. Now please don't begin to argue that "d—y" spells "die" in English, because it doesn't always—and besides that

Chris is Danish. Incidentally, anyone who knows Chris will testify that when the late William Shakespeare produced Hamlet, "the melancholy Dane," he must have

used up all the melancholy in Denmark. At least there is none of it in Chris.

Mr. Dyreby is a skilled wood turner and has been in the woodworking department ever since he came with the Company at Clinton Street in 1888. At that time he ran the only wood lathe in the shops, and there were only about thirty-five men in the whole woodworking department, which, by the way, also included pattern making.

That, however, was several years ago. Meanwhile the shop has grown and Chris's length of service has grown until he is entitled to wear a four-star service button, which he gets this month.

J. A. Plamondon



When it is necessary to send from New York to Chicago to get millwrights, it is safe to assume they are almost as scarce as the good deeds of the German army, than which no scarceness could be scarcer. Such was the

condition in 1899, when J. A. Plamondon, then assistant foreman of millwrights at the Clinton Street Shops in Chicago, was delegated to take a gang of workmen with him to New York and install the machinery in the Thames Street factory. While in New York Mr. Plamondon was only able to hire three millwrights—and they weren't really millwrights!

However, he completed the work in good time and returned to Chicago, where he was made foreman. In this capacity he installed most of the machinery at Hawthorne when the new factory was built, although he was not himself transferred to the Hawthorne organization until 1912, when he was made head of the transmission department. This position he held until March, 1917, when he was put in charge of plant mechanical inspection, his present position.

Mr. Plamondon started as a millwright in June, 1888, which means that his new service button will bear four stars.

F. C. Woltman



When F. C. Woltman applied for a job at Clinton Street in 1898 the Company promptly gave him a lift. That is an English joke, so you are excused for not seeing it. In plain English—no, in plain American it

means that he was put in charge of an elevator. Now an elevator has plenty of speed, but it hasn't got the punch, and after all it is the punch that does the trick. So Frank got himself transferred to the punch press department, where they knock out enough piece parts to prove beyond all doubt that they are there with the wallop.

Mr. Woltman made good in the punch press department, finally working up to press operator.

This month adds the third star to his service button.

J. Luhan



In telephones not connected with a "central energy" system, the subscribers call each other and "Central" by turning a little handle projecting from the telephone box. This crank connects to a Western Electric magneto-generator. When it is turned the generator transmits the twist to the tail of an electric bell miles away and makes it clamor louder than a pup kicked over a six-foot fence.

J. Luhan's first job with the Company was assembling these generators. After some time at this work he got the job of making parts for some one else to assemble. Later he was made assistant foreman of his department. He held that position until the jobbing division was organized, when he was transferred to that organization. His present position is assistant foreman of jobbing shop No. 2.

Mr. Luhan's favorite branch of athletics is checkers, where no jump is too hard for him. In the 1914-1915 season he won the checker championship of the Hawthorne Club. Recently, however, Jake has bought a gasoline go-cart and checkers has become too slow for him.

He gets a twenty-five-year service button this month.

J. L. Snyder



Even though he isn't working for the Company just now, J. L. Snyder gets his twenty-five-year service button this month. The picture shows why he isn't on the job at West Street. He is on the big job now, and that counts as much as though he were

doing the same sort of work that he was engaged in before the war began.

Sergeant Snyder, at least that was his rank when last heard from, started work for the Company as an inspector, a quarter of a century ago. He kept at that sort of work for a few years and then was transferred to adjustment work on transmitters. Later he went back to inspection.

Every time the country gets into trouble it calls upon Sergeant Snyder, so a goodly share of his twenty-five years of service have been spent in uniform. He went to the Spanish-American War in 1898, served later in the Phillipines, and started for the Mexican border in 1916 with the 47th Regiment of the old New York National Guard. He got as far as Peekskill but it wasn't his fault that he didn't go further.

Now that the nation is at war again, Sergeant Snyder is back in his uniform. When last heard from he was stationed in Philadelphia where a detachment of his regiment was doing guard duty.

Probably the Army regulations will prevent Sergeant Snyder from wearing his three-star service button, and will have to forego displaying it until he gets back.

H. W. Fischer

Back in 1898, H. W. Fischer began to work for the Company in the New York shop, and he can be found up at West Street to-day. That sounds as though he had been working in New York during all that time, but that is far from being the case.

He began as an operator on hand machines and was advanced from time to time until he became gang chief. After ten years in New York he was transferred to Hawthorne, and during the next ten years rose to be chief of a section there. When Job Shop No. 5 was organized by the engineering department at West Street, a man was needed to get the screw machine section going. Mr. Fischer looked like a good man for the job so he was brought back to where he started twenty years ago.

J. S. Smith



During those unfortunate times when we have a plumber at the house making a two days' job out of fifteen minutes' work we are always struck with a thought that he ought to be the most blissful being east of the happy hunting grounds—nothing to do and an apprentice to help him do it. Now a steamfitter also works on pipes, but it seems that the "dolce far niente" stuff doesn't go in that trade—at least not for the helper. J. S. Smith's first work with the Western Electric was as a steam-fitter's helper, and he never had to complain of a lack of duties. He held pipes, tightened pipes, cut pipes, threaded pipes, smoked pipes and dreamed pipes, not to mention doing little odd jobs in between.

After about two years at steamfitting, Jimmy went into the toolroom, where he worked at ordering the stock required for the various jobs. He liked the looks of the place so well that he later learned tool and die making and has remained in the tool-room ever since. He now has charge of the emergency tool section.

Jimmy used to raise fancy game chickens, but he has recently annexed a Saxon sax and expects to spend his spare time from now on killing other people's chickens while smoking a hole through the speed limit. He will take a twenty-year service button with him on his trips.

F. C. Fischer



Two Fischers appears on the Service Badge records this month. H. W. Fischer's exploits are described above on this page, and now it is F. C. Fischer's turn. He began work in the New York shop on June 1, 1898, as a bench assembly hand. In the next few years he worked up to the position of assistant foreman on assembly of protectors and cable terminals.

When Hawthorne came into being, Mr. Fischer was one of the first men in the New York shop to be trans-

ferred. He went to Hawthorne twelve years ago and while there was advanced to the position of foreman of the protector and cable terminal assembly department.

At the present time, Mr. Fischer is back in New York to organize the work in the tube shop. He is not a fixture at West Street, however, as Hawthorne has only loaned him, and insists that he must come back when the job is done. When he does get back he will have a two-star service button to show his friends.

P. Reilly



When Peter Reilly began to work for the Western on June 22, 1898, he was enrolled as a member of the factory service department. Now his name appears on the pay-roll of the building and maintenance department. That sounds as though he had shifted his allegiance, but the fact of the matter is that the department is the same but is now masquerading under a new name.

The best time to see "Pete" is at night, because that is when he works, but as it isn't exactly safe to invade the West Street building at night now that a war is on, this biography is shorter than it otherwise might have been. Suffice it to say, that he is one of the excellent reasons why it is a good idea to refrain from prowling around his bailiwick after hours. He has plenty of work to do, but he always has an eye peeled for intruders. The men who work at West Street at night are faithful guardians of the big establishment.



C. A. Finley

The year 1892 was famous for several things. Among the epoch-making events of the year, however, none looms larger than the employment of C. A. Finley by Hammond V. Hayes, of the American Bell Telephone Co. at Boston.

In those days the parts for transmitters and receivers were manufactured by the Western at New York and shipped to Boston for assembly and inspection by the Telephone Company. Some years later the assembly operations were taken over by the Western, but the instruments were still shipped to Boston for final testing, after preliminary tests in the factory. To supervise the making of these tests, Mr. Finley was transferred from the Telephone Company to the Western, taking up his work with this Company in 1898. From that time, until his transfer to the Transmission Laboratory of the Engineering Department in 1908, he was employed continuously in a supervisory capacity on the inspection of transmitters and receivers. When he was transferred to the Transmission Laboratory Mr. Finley constituted one third of the entire department. Of the trio of employes he is the one only left in the laboratory, the other two men now serving the Company in different departments.

At the present time Mr. Finley has charge of the testing of all transmitters and receivers for the selection of standards for use in the shops at Hawthorne, in the Branch House Repair Shops, and in the Engineering Department. During his twenty years with the company the victim of this write-up has spent nineteen on the ninth floor of the West Street building; the twentieth year broke the chain, for he was transferred to the tenth floor with the rest of the Transmission Laboratory Force, which from three members in 1908 has now grown to 120.



The Fifteen-Year Division



Miss M. Keep



J. Horesvosky



G. Hatcher



O. H. Nehrke



H. Holmstrom



E. Rossbach



Miss B. Rader



C. Bergmann



A. Euler



H. Schmidt



W. G. Britten



C. Diehm

AFTER THE WHISTLE BLOWS



Hawthorne Athletics

Another Western Electric Wrestling Champion



V. V. Vosen, department 6460, Hawthorne, National Amateur Wrestling Champion, 115-lb. Class

Just to prove that we can throw something besides the bull at Hawthorne, allow us to present to you another of our wrestling champions, Valentine V. Vosen, who recently won the 115-pound amateur championship of the United States at the A. A. U. meet in Chicago.

Mr. Vosen also entered in the 125-pound class, where he wrestled into the semi-finals. He lost his semi-final match in an extra-period bout, in which his opponent got the decision on aggressiveness.

Inter-Corporation Bowling Match

FOR the first time in three years our team failed to carry off a prize in the annual inter-corporation bowling match held at Bensinger's Madison Alleys in which teams from the Commonwealth Edison Company, the People's Gas Light & Coke Company, the Chicago Telephone Company, and our own Company participated. The match was the closest rolled during the three years the league has been in existence. The winning team led the second by only six pins, the third by 15 pins and the last by but 46 pins.

There were two prizes—\$30 for first place and \$15 for second place. The Commonwealth Edison team won the first team prize with a total of 2,621 pins and the People's Gas Light & Coke Company won the second prize, with a total of 2,612 pins to their credit. There were also two individual prizes of \$2.50 each for the high total for the three games and for high single game. The first was won by Mr. Kingsbury, of the Chicago Telephone Company team with games of 221, 171, and 190,

a total of 582 pins. The second was won by Mr. Klopp, of the People's Gas Light & Coke Company with a high game of 227 pins. The results were as follows:

| Commonwealth Edison Co. | | | People's Gas Light & Coke Co. | | |
|----------------------------|-----|-----|-------------------------------|-----------|-------------|
| Sindelar | 158 | 181 | 181 | Matha | 171 179 183 |
| Munk | 185 | 184 | 169 | Jamison | 160 178 167 |
| Johnson | 226 | 161 | 189 | Klopp | 227 154 168 |
| Doyle | 143 | 171 | 169 | Saw | 181 172 165 |
| Zuhn | 208 | 191 | 160 | Seldman | 161 177 173 |
| Totals | 915 | 888 | 818 | Totals | 900 860 855 |
| Grand Total—2621 | | | Grand Total—2615 | | |
| Western Electric Co., Inc. | | | Chicago Telephone Company | | |
| Larson | 176 | 170 | 159 | Love | 190 159 151 |
| Jenkins | 186 | 153 | 224 | Bontemps | 145 159 170 |
| Shoda | 190 | 208 | 189 | Kingsbury | 221 171 190 |
| Skoog | 154 | 148 | 171 | Lindgren | 170 186 181 |
| Fliger | 179 | 196 | 158 | Welch | 170 193 169 |
| Totals | 885 | 870 | 851 | Totals | 896 868 811 |
| Grand Total—2606 | | | Grand Total—2575 | | |

Hawthorne Employees' Bowling Tournament

ONE hundred and six men entered for the singles and 43 teams for the doubles in the eighth annual bowling tournament for Hawthorne employees, played at Crouse's Central Alleys, 56th Avenue and 22nd Street, April 25, 26, and 27.

This tournament has always created considerable interest among the employees at Hawthorne and this year was no exception. The enthusiasm ran high, as each squad was cheered on by friends "pulling" for them to beat previous scores. Although the scores made were not as high as in former years, the best efforts had to be put forth to win the prizes.

Ten prizes were given in the singles and seven in the doubles, with two extra prizes, one for high individual game and one for high team game.

In addition to the entertainment derived from the competition, the tournament always provides a means of obtaining a line on available high-class bowlers for future league teams. The results of the tournament are as follows:

| Place | Prize | Doubles Score | Name |
|--------|---------|---------------|-------------------------------|
| First | \$25.80 | 1148 | { G. Voss J. Nevaril |
| Second | 17.20 | 1137 | { J. Fliger P. Wehrmeister |
| Third | 12.90 | 1094 | { E. Knoke A. Jenkins |
| Fourth | 8.60 | 1088 | { H. Stepenski F. Krueger |
| Fifth | 6.88 | 1085 | { J. Larson O. Pierson |

| | | | | |
|---------------|------|------|-----|---|
| Sixth | 6.02 | 1068 | Tie | { C. Kolar S. Penkava A. Vanderau J. Ostrowski G. Fortner W. Teichtler |
| Seventh | 4.80 | 1048 | | |

High Team Game

G. Voss and J. Nevaril, 440 pins; prize, \$4.80

Singles

| Place | Prize | Score | Name |
|---------------|---------|-------|----------------|
| First | \$21.40 | 592 | L. LaFont |
| Second | 16.05 | 591 | A. Stefani |
| Third | 12.84 | 589 | E. Volach |
| Fourth | 10.70 | 578 | P. Wehrmeister |
| Fifth | 9.63 | 571 | L. Schults |
| Sixth | 8.55 | 568 | F. Franke |
| Seventh | 7.48 | 567 | J. Holakovsky |
| Eighth | 6.42 | 566 | J. Cinkel |
| Ninth | 5.35 | 564 | F. Krueger |
| Tenth | 3.21 | 562 | J. Ostrowski |

High Individual Game

F. Krueger, 233 pins; prize, \$5.35

Interdepartment Bowling

THE champions of the season in the Hawthorne Interdepartment league are the Technical Branch's Team, which won the honor by a narrow margin of two games. The Machine Departments' Team was runner-up. The race this season was as interesting as in former seasons. There was a difference of only two games at the beginning of the last round, and as this same difference of two games existed at the end, it is evident that both teams played hard to gain the victory. The winners finished the season with an average of 860-13/90 pins per game against 859-43/90 pins for the Machine Departments' Team. These averages show how evenly matched the teams were.

The Technical Team was composed of O. Jenkins, captain; J. Fliger, E. Knoke, J. Ostrowski, A. Anderson, and C. Vanderau. The anchor of the team was Joe Fliger ("Old War Horse"), who gathered in the high individual championship, averaging 180-47/84 pins per game. O. Jenkins, captain of the team, took the high-game prize with a score of 266. The Technical Branch Team also had the season's high average for one night's play—926 pins per game.

The Inspection Team, which was a possible contender at the beginning of the last round, fell by the wayside, finishing 12 games behind the champions. Its average was 639, or 213 pins per game.

The high game for the season was 1,026 pins, bowled by the Production Department's Team. Bill Teichtler, of the Inspection Department's Team, rolled the highest three individual games in one night's play. His total was 826-3/90 pins per game.

The race for the individual championship was between J. Fliger, Gus Voss, and O. Jenkins in the last round. J. Fliger proved to be the strongest of the three and not only passed both the others in the last nights of bowling, but kept the lead to the finish. Although Gus Voss, last year's individual champion, did not win the individual championship this year, it is worthy of mention that he

lately beat Jimmy Smith, world's champion bowler, in a series of three games. The final standing of the league is as follows:

Team Averages

| Team | Won | Lost | Total Pins | Average |
|---------------------------|-----|------|------------|-----------|
| Technical | 61 | 29 | 77418 | 860-13/90 |
| Machine | 59 | 31 | 77353 | 859-43/90 |
| Inspection | 49 | 41 | 74848 | 826- 3/90 |
| Switchboard & Engineering | 44 | 46 | 74515 | 827-34/90 |
| Production | 37 | 53 | 72596 | 806-56/90 |
| C. R. & I. Shops..... | 20 | 70 | 69592 | 773-22/90 |

Individual Averages

| Name and Team | Score | Game | Total Pins | Average |
|------------------------|-------|------|------------|-----------|
| Fliger, Technical | 84 | 282 | 15167 | 180-47/84 |
| Voss, Machine | 78 | 229 | 18992 | 179-30/78 |
| Jenkins, Technical ... | 90 | 266 | 16056 | 178-36/90 |
| Skoog, Machine | 87 | 237 | 15288 | 175-53/87 |
| Larson, Machine | 90 | 284 | 15601 | 173-31/90 |
| Shoda, Inspection | 72 | 222 | 12410 | 172-36/72 |
| Bener, Switchboard .. | 78 | 242 | 13261 | 170- 1/78 |
| Ostrowski, Technical.. | 78 | 222 | 13257 | 169-75/78 |

The Technical Branch Team, the season's champions, received a large cup as a trophy. This was donated by F. J. Kohout, jeweler, of 3622 West 26th Street, who also donated six small cups for the high average bowler of each team. The members of the Technical Branch Team will receive gold medals with Western Electric monograms.

W. Teichtler, chairman; and the bowling committee, consisting of O. Jenkins, G. Rude, J. Larson, F. B. Wilkerson, G. A. Preble, and A. E. Higgins, deserve much credit for bringing this season's schedule to a successful close. It required considerable effort on their part to keep up the enthusiasm among the bowlers during these strenuous war-times.



Technical Branch Bowling Team Champions of Western Electric Bowling League, Season 1917-18. (From left to right) standing, E. Knoke, J. Ostrowski, J. Fliger; sitting, C. Vanderau, O. Jenkins (Capt.). On the table, the Kohout Cup

Broadway Boys Win On Diamond

A BASEBALL team organized by the younger employees at 195 Broadway has begun its season in auspicious fashion by winning its first three games. One contest—that with the Western Union team, went into extra innings, but the other two were easy victories.

The season began with a game with the Westinghouse team, played on Saturday, April 27. It proved to be a one-sided affair, and the Western Electric players batted out nine runs while Dodd was holding the Westinghouse team scoreless. The score:

| | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------|
| | <i>R. H. E.</i> |
| Western Electric Company..... | 1 0 8 2 0 1 0 2 0—9 12 2 |
| Westinghouse Electric Co..... | 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0 5 5 |

In the second game, played on May 5, the Western Union boys carried the fight to the eleventh inning. They piled up a big lead early in the game, but the Western Electric team gradually caught up, and finally won in the eleventh. The score was 11 to 10. The score:

| | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| | <i>R. H. E.</i> |
| Western Electric Company..... | 0 2 0 0 0 4 2 0 2 1—11 12 4 |
| Western Union Telegraph Co..... | 1 2 5 0 1 1 0 0 0 0—10 10 4 |

Victim No. 3 was the nine of the Company's Fifth Avenue house, and in a game played Saturday, May 18, the uptown aggregation went down to defeat by a 10 to 6 score. The fact that their opponents were fellow Western Electric employees seemed to make no difference to the hard hitting boys from the General Departments. The score:

| | |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| | <i>R. H. E.</i> |
| Western Electric Company (B'way)..... | 5 0 0 8 0 1 1 0 x—10 8 5 |
| Fifth Avenue | 1 0 2 0 0 1 0 1 1—6 8 3 |

E. Ivers, of the Administration Department, is captain of the team, and plays third; J. Dempsey, of the Advertising Department, manages the team, and when he feels ambitious plays in left field. W. Dodd, of the Voucher Department, pitched in two of the three games and struck out twenty-four men. E. Bodensadt pitched the third

game. Thus far W. Higgins, Statistical Division, the first baseman, leads the team at the bat.

The other regular members of the team are: P. Scott, of the Voucher Department, center field; Edgar Johnson, of the Purchasing Department, second base; Harry Achstedt, of Fortieth Street Store, catcher; John Rothamel, of Mr. Swope's office, shortstop; W. Shaumburg, of the Tabulating Department, left field; A. Weeks, of the Model Shop, right field, and Roy Hopkins, of the Traffic Department, a substitute.



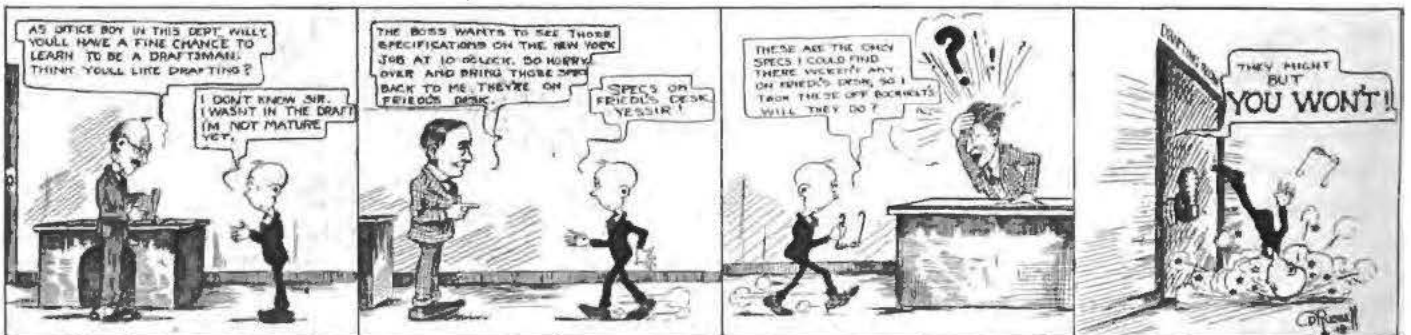
San Francisco and Emeryville teams opening the baseball season. 'Nobody told the News which team won'

Not Beaten Yet

A game of baseball between the instructors of the Training School and the installers at the Forsyth Central Office at Van Cortlandt Park Saturday afternoon, May 4, was the first of a series to be played among the New York City job teams. Unexpectedly, the instructors were beaten by a score of 17 to 10.

Some interesting games are expected, as the Forsyth nine haven't lost a game yet. (They only played one.)

Willy Neverlearn—A Flying Start



Western Electric Company

H. B. Thayer, President; H. A. Halligan, Vice-President; W. P. Sidley, Vice-President and General Counsel; A. L. Salt, Vice-President and General Purchasing Agent; Gerard Swope, Vice-President and General Sales Manager; H. F. Albright, Vice-President and General Superintendent; J. W. Johnston, Treasurer; F. B. Jewett, Chief Engineer; G. C. Pratt, Secretary; R. H. Gregory, Comptroller; C. E. Scribner, Consulting Engineer.

Office of publication and address of President, Secretary, and Treasurer, 195 Broadway, New York City.

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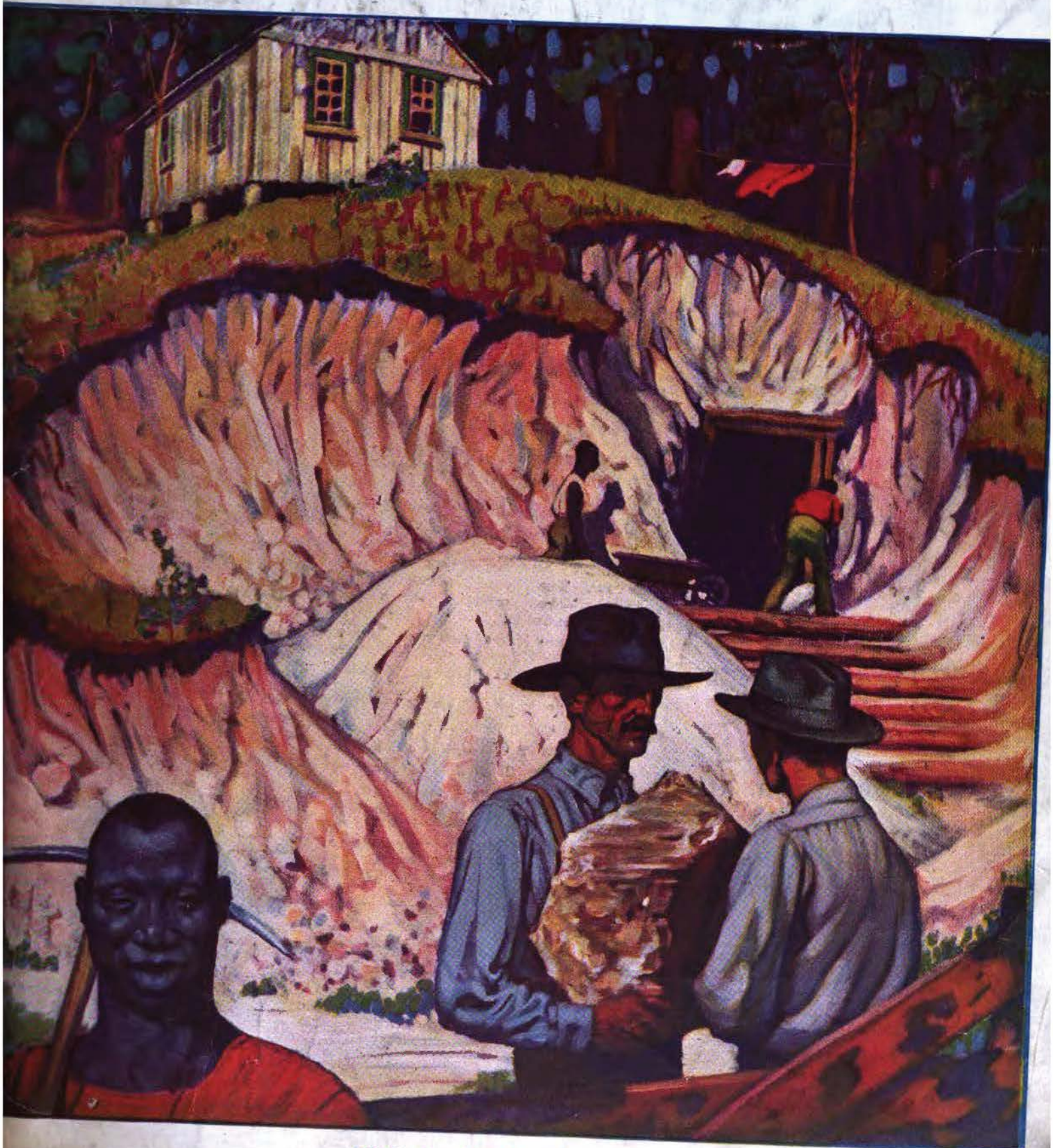
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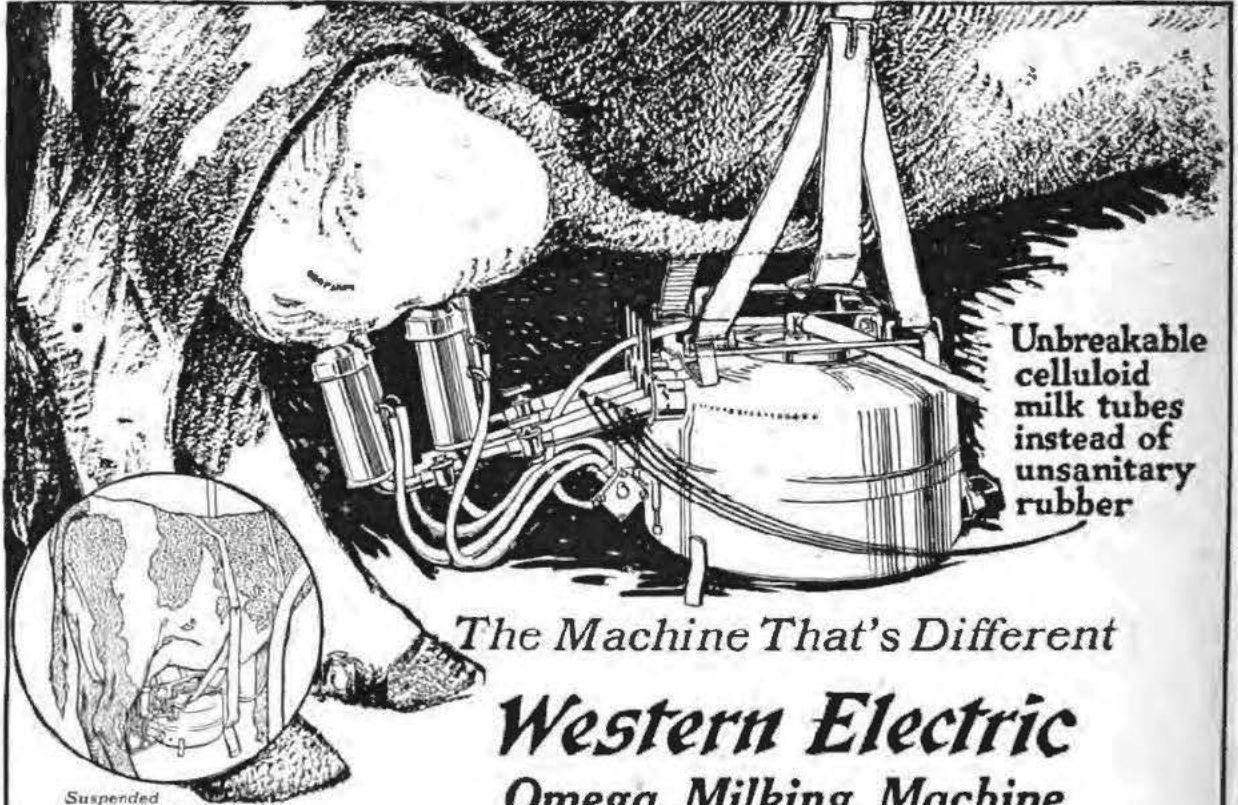
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ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

July, 1918



MICA MINING IN CAROLINA



Unbreakable
celluloid
milk tubes
instead of
unsanitary
rubber

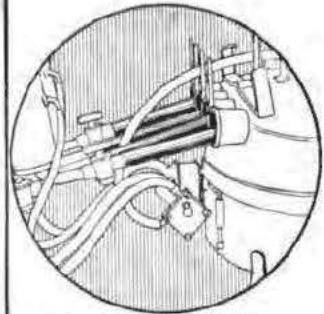
The Machine That's Different
Western Electric
Omega Milking Machine



*Suspended
from the cow*



Easily adjusted



You can see the milk flow

Here's a milker that has stood the test of use—a superior machine in every respect.

Its many features place the Omega in a class by itself—it will pay you to consider them.

Sanitary to a remarkable degree. Celluloid tubes carry the milk from teat to pail. This does away with rubber milk tubes and lowers the bacteria count.

Adjustable without loss of time. The Omega is easily suspended from the cow. The pail goes where it belongs—*under the cow*—the pail cannot be kicked over—the teat cups cannot fall off and suck up dirt. The suspended pail is a feature exclusive to the Omega.

Adaptable to any kind of cow—the hard milker, the nervous cow and the cow that holds up her milk. All *take* to the Omega because of the natural way it milks. It's easy on the cow.

Hand milking is giving way to machine milking because it cuts labor costs and increases milk production. The Western Electric Omega is no ordinary machine, and dairymen everywhere are testifying to its merits.

You can find out about it from our new book—"Better Milk from Contented Cows." It tells all about this model milker—how it is made, how it works, how it will help you. Mail the coupon today.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY
INCORPORATED

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY, Inc.
Please send me Milking Machine Booklet No.

Name _____

P. O. Address _____

County _____ State _____

A milking machine advertisement which will appear in farm papers during the summer and autumn.

Western Electric News



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VOLUME VII

JULY, 1918

NUMBER 5

Mica—Where We Use It and Where We Get It

By P. M. Marshall, Purchasing Department

MICA, according to the highbrows, is any one of a certain group of minerals having similar physical characteristics and related, though of different chemical structures. The chief members of this group are potassium mica, called "muscovite"; magnesia mica ("phlogopite"), sodium mica ("paragonite"), lithium mica ("lepidolite"), lithium iron mica ("zinnwaldite"), magnesium iron mica ("biotite") and iron mica ("lepidomelane"). Yet with all these high-sounding names to choose from, we called it plain "isinglass" in the days of our youthful ignorance when we used to watch the blue and yellow flames through the windows of the old base-burner. Mica is used in many other places besides stove windows. Some of these you will recollect if you just stop to think a minute. Remember when Dad used to send you over to the corner store after some axle grease for the old buckboard? The label on the box read "Mica Axle Grease," didn't it? The contents were finely powdered mica, mixed with grease. To-day if you rent a new house and go down to pick out the paper, you

will find that the highest grade wall-paper has the gloss put on with mica. At Christmas time, if you wish to have snow hanging from the Christmas tree, you buy artificial snow. Artificial snow is simply coarse flakes of ground mica.

When you go into an automobile supply house and ask them to see spark plugs, they will show you some spark plugs in which mica plays an important part. When you get funny with the electric lights and blow a fuse, you look through the mica of the fuse plugs to see which fuse is blown. When washday comes around, and the ironing is done with Western Electric Iron, there are sheets of mica inside the iron separating the resistance wires.

Those are only a few of the many uses to which mica is put. As far as the Western Electric Company is concerned, the most important use of mica in our product is for diaphragms in the carbon "buttons" of transmitters. Without the mica diaphragm, the button would not perform its function. Without the button the transmitter



One of the uses of mica for which the Company has no use. A series of pictures painted in India on sheets of mica. They depict occupations

would not perform its function, and without the modern transmitter there would be no such thing as a commercially efficient telephone, so that it is easy to see that mica is one of the essentials of the telephone industry. And the telephone is now one of the essentials of our daily life.

Mica also is used as an insulator in the transmitter. We use it in the manufacture of protector micas; in some of our fuses; for insulators in a number of pieces of coded apparatus, and to make micanite, a manufactured insulating material from which a great variety of insulators are punched. The cores and covers for our Nos. 18 and 19 resistances are also made out of micanite. During 1917, Hawthorne made a total of 20,500,000 good piece parts from mica, and used 17,035,000 such piece parts in the apparatus manufactured. I wish to lay stress on the statement of "good pieces," as the requirements on the parts made from mica are very stringent, so that a great many pieces are thrown out by the Inspection Department after being punched. You can realize how easily this can be true when you learn that some of the parts have a minimum thickness of .0009 of an inch and a maximum thickness of .0012 of an inch. Another part has a minimum thickness of .0014 and a maximum of .0017. These thicknesses are gotten, not by grinding, milling or sandpapering, but by splitting the sheets of mica to the proper size.

For such careful work the Company, of course, needs a good grade of mica. Formerly, we used Indian mica almost exclusively. India is the foremost mica producing country of the world, not alone because of its fine mines, but also because of the extremely low cost of operating them. The men working in



Three Views of a Brazilian Mica Mine

the mines earn from 2 to 2½ annas per working day. The accompanying photographs show one of the miners standing by an exposed mica "book" at an open cut mine and mica cutters at work, illustrating the methods the Indians use in splitting the mica

down to thickness and then cutting it to size.

Besides using mica in the ordinary commercial ways, the Hindus use it as a canvas on which to put their oil paintings. These paintings are done in vivid colors. Some of these paintings are shown (without colors), each of them representing some particular occupation. Bear in mind that a Hindu is very careful to do nothing except his specialty. I am told by people who lived in India that the Hindu is the most highly specialized workman in the world. You hire a "boy" to stand behind you at meal time and brush the flies away. That boy specializes in brushing flies, and refuses to do anything else whatsoever but brush flies. For this highly specialized occupation he receives approximately two cents per day. But while he is not brushing flies he is comfortably taking a nap somewhere out of sight and cannot be called upon to bring you a drink of water. If you want a drink of water, it is necessary for you to call upon the water boy. In case you wish a bath, you have to call on still a third "boy," the water carrier.

A very good grade of imported mica can be obtained from South America. To reach the Brazilian mines requires a few days' trip on mules after leaving the railroad. All supplies in and out of the mines have to be "packed" by mule train. The illustrations show a typical Brazil mine, except for the wheel-barrow. That is unusual and is a great curiosity in this part of South



Mica mining in India



Cutting the sheets

America, this particular specimen being the only one in miles around; a view from the entrance of the mine showing the dense wood surrounding it; and some of the miners at work.

The Brazilians, as well as the Hindus, have an unusual use for mica, although they do not draw pictures on it. I am informed that steady users of South-American mica often find a sheet of mica in a regular shipment which has the name and address of some fair damsel, with a request for a letter from the *Señor* in the United States who receives the missive. Unfortunately, all of this, of course, is in Spanish, so that very few of the *Señores* know what it means.

Many other sources of mica supply exist, including mines in various parts of our own country. Until the war interfered with the supply of Indian mica, we were little concerned with these, as we were at all times able to get an ample and dependable supply of mica well suited to our needs. When this supply began to fail early in 1915, however, it became necessary to investigate the domestic sources. It had always been possible to secure domestic mica, but to get it in dependable quality, and with dependable regularity, was something else again.

In view of the impossibility of securing a satisfactory supply of domestic mica on the open market, it became necessary to send some one down into the mining country to investigate possible sources, and perhaps lease a mine, if that seemed the most advisable procedure. The principal mica mines of the United States are in the North Carolina mountains, although important ones are located in almost every section of the country. The North Carolina hills, therefore, were selected as the region of our quest.

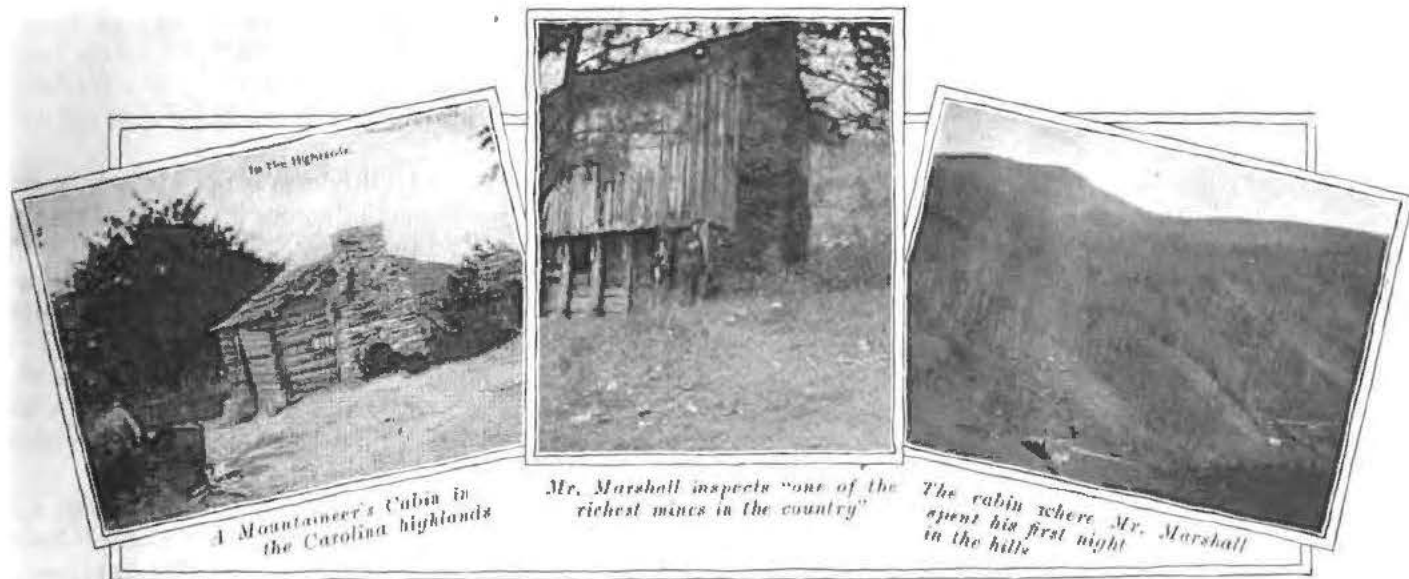
To get information anywhere you have to know your people. This is especially true among the Southern mountaineers, where every stranger is a prospective revenue officer and therefore to be viewed with suspicion and talked to sparingly. Consequently, it seemed wise to pick a mountaineer for the investigating job—some one

who could chew tobacco without getting sick, and if absolutely necessary, take a drink of "corn liquor" without gagging (said corn liquor being largely consumed in the mountains, although made without the regular sanction of Uncle Sam). Having been reared in the mountains of Georgia, I was able to qualify in both the above important particulars and was therefore elected to the job.

Attired as a typical "hill Billy" in high boots, soft shirt, etc., and carrying a clean pair of socks in my hip pocket, a tooth brush in my vest pocket, and a few of the green paper passes issued by the United States Treasury Department, I started into the Carolina mountains.

Sunday found me in the hills. Near evening, after having walked some fifteen miles, I began looking for a place where I could spend the night. I finally came to a house by the roadside and yelled "Hello." This was in conformity with the best rules of social usage, for in this country it is not considered etiquette to walk up and knock at a front door. You may hear something that is not intended for your ears, and besides there is a considerable likelihood of encountering one or more dogs, not averse to lowering the high cost of living by making a meal off the calf of your leg. Therefore, in the mountains a wise man never goes up to a house until the door has been opened by the owner, and he has been invited to come closer.

In this particular case the door was opened by an old man of about seventy-two, with a long, flowing beard. He looked at me very suspiciously and said, "Well, why are you disturbing the Sabbath?" I told him that I was badly in need of something to eat, and a bed to sleep in—that I understood he had an extra bed and let strangers come in sometimes. It should be added that extra beds are few and far between. Stepping out of the door and closing it tightly behind him, he looked me over from head to foot. I felt more uncomfortable than the first time I asked Mr. Sharp to cash a personal check. Both of them had the same kind of a look—that I was a



A Mountaineer's Cabin in the Carolina highlands

Mr. Marshall inspects "one of the richest mines in the country"

The cabin where Mr. Marshall spent his first night in the hills



rascal and was trying to get away with something. After about three minutes of silent study he said, "The Holy Book says that you must do your work in six days and rest on the seventh. That, young man, includes traveling on the Sabbath. You must have had some place to stay last night, and you should have stayed there all of to-day."

To make a long story short, it took some twenty minutes of pleading to persuade him that it would be more Christianlike to let me spend the night in his house, even though I had walked on the Sabbath, than it would be to let me sleep under the trees somewhere on the mountainside. Compare in your minds, the comforts of a large, deep featherbed in the house shown in the photograph to the comforts of the woods shown in the same picture and you will have some idea of how I pleaded.

After we had supper and got on a friendly basis, the old fellow proved to be an extremely nice chap. His heart softened. He told me that I looked tired, and seemed to need a "bracer," whereupon he disappeared for a while and returned with a jug that never had Uncle Sam's "OK." Nor was that action out of keeping with his former punctiliousness regarding the commands of the Holy Book. True, the Bible says: "Look not upon the wine when it is red," but corn liquor is white, wherefore, plainly, it does not come under the ban of the Good Book.

Anyone who has read "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" or "Happy Valley" has a good idea of these mountaineers. They have keen eyes, hearts of gold, and all can handle a rifle or revolver, so that every man, no matter what his size or weight, is on an equal footing with any other man. They are true Americans, controlled by the same feelings and ideas that controlled our forefathers. In the majority of cases, a man's word is as good as a surety bond, but they are very careful about giving their word. Incidentally, if they think that you are trying to "double cross" them, a local undertaker will have a new job very shortly.

A good illustration of their regard for their word is

a case known to me personally—that of an old man about sixty-five years old who was arrested for stilling ("stilling" being the local name for making illicit whiskey). The old fellow, whom we shall call John Smith, is well known throughout the country, and had been a personal friend of the United States circuit judge since boyhood. When it had been proved at the trial that the old man had been caught red-handed, the judge made him a proposition: "Now, John," he said, "I have know you for many years. You are an old man and I don't want to send you to the penitentiary if I can possibly help it, but you have been stilling, and the minimum penalty that I can give you is three years in the penitentiary. However, if you will give me your word of honor that you will stop stilling, I will suspend sentence and you will not have to go to the penitentiary." The old man thought for a minute, then, looking straight at the judge, made this reply: "Well, Jedge, I sure am some tempted, but it ain't no use. If I don't still, the boys they'll still, and if the boys don't still, the gals, they'll still, and if the gals don't still, the old woman (also over sixty) she'll still. You'd better go ahead and send me to that thar penitentiary. I guess I can stay there for some years, but stilling will be going on, jes' the same, Jedge, jes' the same." The old fellow did go to the penitentiary and stilling did go on just the same.

However, excessive truthfulness is not always the rule in the mica country, especially when it comes to disposing of a mine to a guileless stranger. Sometimes there is deliberate fraud, but more often, perhaps, it is just a case of letting the stranger take the chances, for mica mining is a precarious occupation. The chance of getting your money back when you invest it in a mica mine runs about the same as if you went to a horse race and bet on a ten-to-one-shot. Of course, we have seen ten-to-one-shots win, but they don't win every day.

This element of chance is such that it makes mica mining one of the most fascinating games possible. Every miner is on the verge of "striking it rich" and becoming

independent of all labor for the rest of his life, and they can point to certain definite cases where such has been a fact, but they are few and far between. However, this element of chance has largely standardized the price of a mica mine, the standard price being \$30,000 for the mining rights. This applies to a mine with a shaft 150 feet deep, or to a hole in the ground five feet deep, generally known as a "ground hog mine." If they have taken out any mica at all, it is a "mica mine," and if a stranger wishes to buy it, they will do him a favor and let him have it at the regular price of \$30,000. There is always an estate to be settled or a mortgage to be met or some other equally urgent reason for disposing of the mine at such a ridiculously low figure.

One of the pictures on Page 3 shows the writer standing near the office, living quarters, supply storeroom and warehouse of "one of the richest mines in the country," which, however, was not working at that time, but as a great favor could be bought for the standard price of \$30,000.

Perhaps one reason for the great "value" of Carolina mica mines is the fact that some of them are real antiques. Many traces of pre-historic diggings have been discovered, and about fifty years ago General Thomas L. Clingman collected the following facts and legends about them. Senator Clingman argued, and with no little force, that owing to the fact that the workings which he examined resembled those of the Mexicans, it was possible a party of Spaniards wandered into Western North Carolina when Cortez was in Mexico or De Soto was in Florida. Indeed, there is an old Cherokee legend, that

long ago companies of white men came on mules from the South and worked during the summer, carrying away with them a white metal. At any rate, Macon, Mitchell, Yancy and Buncombe counties bear undisputable evidence of the pre-historic miner of mica.

In one place in Macon County, at the depth of forty feet, signs of former workings were discovered. Even the marks left by the tools were visible, and at a greater depth, tools, such as picks, hoes, windlass, etc., were discovered in a remarkable state of preservation. From the best estimate obtainable, at least two hundred, and possibly four hundred years, have elapsed since this mine had been worked.

To the South of Franklin, in Macon County, there were, a few years ago, traces of ancient workings which seem to be the work of the "Little People," a race of dwarfs preceding the Indians, in the existence of whom the mountaineers have implicit faith. The workings are too small for a large man and the tool marks were also small. It has long been said among the native Carolina miners that the mines worked by the "Little People" never failed to pay handsomely.

We know that the Indians of the Mississippi Valley used mica as a decoration, and it was supposed that there was a considerable trading between them and the Cherokees, who occupied the mica country. The Norsemen were in America seven or eight hundred years ago. May they not have used mica for window panes?

We cannot say who worked these mines, but we do know (1) That Macon County was settled about 1810 to 1820, and the Buncombe before the Revolution; (2) that



Here is Mary Bailey

Hunting something besides mica

Interior of a mica mine

A view of the mountains

Mr. Koper and Mr. Challenier at the Franklin shop

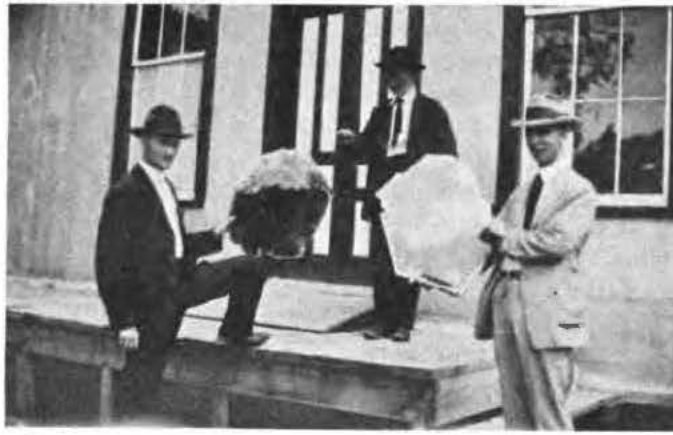
Mr. Koper and his team

before these counties were settled mines had been worked and large trees had grown up in the old diggings; (3) that the tools used appear very primitive; (4) that no one who examines the mines fixes the workings at a later date than 1700.

Was it the hardy Norseman seeking to keep the cold from his home yet let in the light? Was it the "Little People" of whom the Cherokee Indians have so many legends and to whom they attribute so much of the supernatural? Or was it the daring Spaniard drifting North from Florida? Or, as most likely, was it the "Little People" and later the Spaniard?

Now a few words on mica mining in general. Mica lies between walls of rock which have to be separated by blasting. The mines in a great many cases are located high up on the mountainside where it is impossible to get a wheeled vehicle, so that the supplies are carried up either by pack horses or on the backs of men. Taking the mica from these mines is a great problem, because it has to be handled very carefully. A scheme followed by one miner, which struck me as being very original, was to place the mica carefully in boxes, cut down a tree some thirty feet high, shape up the branches in such a way that the trunk of the tree would stay about four feet from the ground, then pack the boxes of mica on the trunk of the tree, fastened securely, hitch two oxen to the big end of the tree and start down the mountain, this being one of the mines where it was impossible to get a wagon to the mine. I doubt if any artificial springs or shock absorbers have gone over the same road with as little damage to the mica. It is true that when they get down to the "big road," some two miles off and 3,000 feet below the level of the mine, the limbs which originally held the trunk some four feet from the ground had been worn down so that the trunk of the tree was only six or eight inches above the ground, but the object had been accomplished—the mica delivered safe and sound.

The value of mica depends upon two factors—quality and size, so that the value of any one mine producing the same quality throughout the vein depends largely upon the size of the product. To show how prices increase with size, taking standard stove sizes (that is, mica that has been sheeted, cleaned neatly and cut carefully to specific sizes), we find that in the early part of 1917, pieces 2 x 2 inches were worth approximately \$2.00 per pound; pieces 3 x 3 inches were worth \$4.50 per pound; pieces 4 x 4 inches, \$6.00 per pound, and pieces 8 x 8 inches, \$17.00 per pound. You will see by this why mica men take such pride in showing large sheets that have been produced from some mine. Two such pieces are shown in the illustration. Incidentally, the gentleman in this picture is not trying to sell a mica mine.



This picture shows two mica "books" that are of more than average size and value

You have, perhaps, learned enough by now to guess that the Western Electric Company did not buy a mica mine. It acquired J. W. Roper instead. Mr. Roper has his headquarters at Franklin, N. C., and his job is to cover the southern mica fields, buying such mica as is suitable for our use. To do this, on many mornings he starts out at four o'clock to go through the mountains in a horseless buggy. In the

army they are called "mules," and many other things not printable.

The mica is shipped to Franklin, and is there cut in our Franklin shop. This picture shows Mr. Roper and Mr. Challenger, our shop superintendent, standing at the main entrance.

The force of the plant at Franklin varies in number, but in August it consisted of nine people. The little girl is Mary Bailey, and she was the baby and pride of the shop up to a few months ago, when she left to return to school. However, as soon as she gets a little more schooling, she intends to return to work for the Western Electric Company, which, she says, is the finest company in the country.

And such a recommendation is perhaps after all worth at least as much as securing a new source of mica supply.

Road Salesman

The salesman, he ariseth late in the morning
 He eateth a good breakfast,
 Yea, verily, bacon and eggs eateth he.
 He lighteth a good cigar and calleth on his customer
 Sayeth he to said customer, "This here Ross D
 Doth loud and long howl about specialties
 Buy a sewing machine or eke six irons of the famed W. E.
 So that he will close his face."

"Oh, well," sayeth his customer,
 "Ship us one or two."
 Then doth the salesman pat himself upon the back!
 Thinketh he "A good job have I done."
 Yet no constructive work hath he accomplished.
 No new customer hath he developed
 Perchance he batteneth on his predecessor's work
 And pulleth down a fat bonus.
 Yea, life for a salesman is one grand sweet song!

He floateth into the office on Saturday morning,
 Bulleth he the Sales Manager
 As to how hard he worketh
 Kicketh he to the Specialist about how the
 Order he took yesterday has not been delivered.
 Great promises giveth out the salesman
 Next week big orders will he take, all new business
 Wearily to this listeneth the Specialist.
 Sayeth he, it is old stuff and requesteth the
 Salesman to tie it outside.

R. D. C.

Flag Day at Hawthorne



The Flag Is There

A GAIN, on Friday, June 14, All-Highest Bill, of the House of Hohenzollern, made his usual daily discouraging discovery that "our flag was still there" and that our boys were still behind it with their shooting eyes on straight. If he had jumped aboard one of his pirate boats and come over to the States for the day he would have had a fine chance to see how solidly the rest of the 100 million nieces and nephews of Uncle Sam are behind those boys and behind that flag.

We would have been more than glad to welcome His August Altitude at the celebration held at Hawthorne during the noon hour.

For Hawthorne's cosmopolitan population turned out in force to show their affection for the grand old flag which has no "ueber Alles" aspirations, but which, for all that, does not intend to occupy an "unter anybody" position, either.

Just after the noon whistle blew the Western Electric Band marched from the Cable Plant through the grounds. At the gas tanks a detachment of soldiers fell in behind the band. A sergeant of police, bearing the colors and escorted by two officers from the rifle squad, led the procession to the athletic field, where they lined up before the speakers' stand. Seated in the stand were Vice-President H. F. Albright and the superintendents

and assistant superintendents of the Works. W. H. Meese acted as master of ceremonies.

The program was short, but very effective. It opened with one stanza of "The Star Spangled Banner," followed by America's Creed, read in unison.

The flag was then raised while the band played the national anthem. When "Old Glory" had reached its position at the top of the staff the audience repeated the pledge of allegiance: "I pledge allegiance to my flag, and to the republic for which it stands—one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

J. W. Palmer, of the National Council of Defense, then spoke briefly of the war. The program closed with the singing of the first stanza of "America."

Moving pictures were taken of the ceremonies and will be incorporated in the reels of Hawthorne pictures now in preparation. A panoramic "still" of the crowd also was taken, at the conclusion of the program, with everyone facing the photographer, who stood on the roof of the General Merchandise Building.

If the All-Highest cares for a copy of this photograph, as a souvenir, we shall be glad to have one of the Allied aviators deliver it to him, provided he will send us his present address. By attaching it to a bomb the airman could make certain of its reaching the ground all right.

A Russian Officer's Experiences

The Writer of This Article, Wladimir Behr, is Now Employed by the International Western Electric Company. Before the Russian Revolution He Was an Officer in the Russian Army Holding the Rank of Stabs Captain, Which About Corresponds to a Captain in Our Army

THE present world-war began because the Imperial Russian Government was true to its old historical policy of protecting the small Slavish nationalities of the Balkans and did not allow Austria to have a free hand concerning Serbia. This step brought Russia into contact with two very mighty enemies and forced her into the war with them, a struggle which created a battle front from the Baltic Sea to the Carpathians, a front which she defended in 1914 with 5,000,000 soldiers, which number was increased to about 20,000,000 in January, 1917.

The purpose of this little article is by no means to write an historical sketch of Russia's part in the war. It is simply to express my personal experiences for a period of three years in different parts of our front and over almost all of Russia.

On the 19th of July, Russian style (August 1, new style),* Germany and Austria declared war on us. A tremendous patriotic wave went all over the country, enthusiasm and devotion for the war fought for the right cause, for the defense of the weak. Nobody who knew Russia in peace times would have recognized her now. It was like liberation from a long imprisonment. It was like fulfillment of the most ardent wish to achieve the unification and liberation of all Slavish nationalities from foreign tutorship and slavery. Enthusiasm knew no limit. The streets were decorated with national flags and the Russian hymn was heard everywhere. Mobilization was executed in a most marvelous way. Train after train left Moscow, officers and soldiers singing patriotic songs and cheered by the whole of Russia. The number of volunteers was enormous. I remember having had to wait for five hours at the enlistment office for volunteers in the line of men offering their services on the same day I did.

Such was the spirit in Russia when I left Moscow in the beginning of August, 1914, and was ordered to go to one of the Russian fortresses in the northern part of our German front, Ossowetz by name, twenty miles from the German frontier. This fortress was designed to defend the northern part of Poland with a special view of the strategically very important railway center of Bjelastock. I was assigned to the heavy fortress artillery. The first four weeks of my stay in Ossowetz I spent in adapting myself to my new environment. The military system in Russia was based on the educational census.

Everybody served according to the degree of his education from one to four years, and men who served but one year were eligible as officers, having passed, of course, an officer's examination. On account of this law, I was promoted to the first officer's rank in 1913, so that in Ossowetz I occupied the position of Assistant Battery Commander.



Russian Fortifications Like Those Described in This Article

Russia's first offensive in August, 1914, which was in East of Prussia, drove the Germans almost to Koenigsberg and to their famous Oder defense line, forcing them to withdraw a considerable number of troops from the Western front, and so weakened their offensive strength against the menaced French capital. It left no work to be done for Ossowetz, however, and only after the Germans had concentrated the greater part of their strength

against this offensive, the Russian troops had to give ground on this front, and Ossowetz had its chance to play an important rôle in stopping the Huns. In a four days' battle we succeeded in stopping the enemy and drove them back to the Masuric Lakes, where the whole artillery from Ossowetz was concentrated. Here we were holding the front for four months, but a tremendous German offensive on a very big scale, with Warsaw as its aim, forced us back to Ossowetz. There we held out for six months, in spite of the most terrible bombardment from the famous forty-two-centimeter monster guns, gas attacks, explosive bullets, etc.

This period, and especially the last two weeks of our stay in Ossowetz, was probably the most interesting I spent in the trenches, and if my readers will permit me I will try to give them a picture of the events of the last two weeks before the evacuation of our fortress.

During the night of July 21 to 22, 1915, I was awakened by a soldier who told me that a huge thick cloud of gases was moving upon us. I got up immediately and reported the news to my superiors, who ordered the whole artillery of the fortress to prepare at once for the fight to repulse the gas attack. Bonfires were scattered all around to consume the gas and the soldiers were ordered to have their gas masks handy and to prepare large quantities of water for drinking and watering purposes. I was at that time the commander of a battery and so I immediately went to my observation

*The Russians use the Julian calendar which is thirteen days behind the Gregorian calendar used by us and by most European countries.

post and from there saw at a distance of about one mile from the fortress an immense thick, dark-gray cloud slowly moving toward us. The gases already had passed the infantry trenches and we received word from there that the Germans were attacking following the gases.

The whole artillery of the fortress immediately opened fire and we succeeded in the course of ten to fifteen minutes in checking this first German attack. By that time the gas had reached the fortress and the officers and soldiers were ordered to put their gas masks on. It may be of interest to mention that, since this was the first year of the war and this was almost the first gas attack hurled by the Germans on the Russian front, our gas masks were, of course, not as efficient as those that are used by the Allies today on the Western front. The masks that we used considerably hampered the free movements of the soldiers, and they had to be removed every fifteen minutes in order to dry the lenses which became steam-covered. In addition, a great deal of the gases penetrated through the mask and then it became impossible to breathe. In spite of all these hardships the conduct of the soldiers was marvelous and the work was not slackened in any way. At nine o'clock the Germans flung another dose of gases at us and behind these clouds of gas they again tried to advance. Soon the gases penetrated the whole fortress where they remained longer than would have been the case had the fortress been located, not in a forest, but in the open field. Our losses were very great, but notwithstanding this the artillery continued the fire and the infantry did not abandon their trenches.

Up to 11 o'clock in the morning the Germans attempted several times to capture our first-line trenches, but only after their sixth attack they succeeded. On account of our losses they almost reached the fortress but our reserve infantry arrived in time to force the Huns back, and with the help of the heavy artillery we even succeeded in capturing their first-line trenches. At about 2 o'clock everything was quiet. The Germans had failed to capture the fortress.

It had been a hard and costly day for the Germans as well as for us. I myself being on the observation post lost consciousness three times and only after having been watered regained it. The whole day we were busy in fixing up the fortifications and repairing places that had suffered from shells, in order to be ready for the next attack.

The next day a few captured prisoners told us that the Germans were preparing another attack on an even bigger scale than the last one. We were prepared and waiting for this attack several days, but on account of the wind blowing in the wrong direc-

tion (against the Germans) they were unable to repeat.

About 10 days later the Huns succeeded in capturing Warsaw which was south of Ossowetz and in the North the biggest Russian fortresses, Grodno and Ossowetz, had to be evacuated.

Our fortress had remained the foremost point in a sharp salient and had to be given up to avoid being cut off from the rear. The spirit of sacrifice among our men surpassed everybody's expectations. We worked for eight days without sleep or rest, without regular meals, having nothing but hard bread, tea and occasionally a cup of soup, but we succeeded in evacuating everything, not leaving a single gun to the enemy and blowing up all the fortifications.

Our heavy artillery from Ossowetz was transferred to Moscow, to be transformed into field artillery units. In connection with its prospective use, I was sent for two months to the Galician front with a high general to inspect the conditions of the field artillery there. Having fulfilled my duty, I returned to Moscow where I was busy helping to organize fortress artillery into field artillery, and with one of the first newly equipped regiments, left Moscow again for the Roumanian front. The very plucky Roumanian advance across the Transylvanian mountains was soon stopped by the enemy, superior in number, and the Russian armies which came to the rescue of Roumania in the strength of a few hundred thousand men, had a hard time to hold the Germans who, by that time, had succeeded in penetrating into the Roumanian territory and occupying the Roumanian capital. We succeeded in saving only a strip of Roumanian territory bordering on Russia, and the important towns of Yassy and Galatz. Here we finally checked the German advance.



Taking Back Artillery After the Fall of Warsaw

same army in which the spirit of sacrifice had worked such wonders that whole regiments insufficiently armed had succeeded, after being surrounded by the enemy, in breaking their way through; the same army for which no hardship was too much, which deprived from sleep and rest, fought and resisted a vicious and overwhelmingly strong enemy; the same army in which the spirit of subordination and discipline was almost proverbial.

Whatever happened in Russia since February, 1917, is well known to everybody, but I do not want to finish

this story without saying that the fighting spirit of the Russian people is not dead, neither is their national pride in the Allies nor the hatred against the German invaders. There are elements in Russia among the most conscientious and best of people who are working for the reconstruction of Russia. They have strong enemies in the Russian borders, besides their foreign enemies.

These loyal people need the sympathy and the help of

the Allies to whom they never have been traitors, but only have not been strong enough to support them, being overwhelmed by an unreasonable and misled mob. The peril lies in the delay. The sooner help comes the better will it be for the common cause from which Russia's cause cannot be detached, just as the common cause cannot be detached from Russia's cause. This is the ray of hope—the only ray of hope of every national thinking Russian.



Alexander Brown, Manager at Denver, Dies

End Comes Suddenly While at Wheel of His Automobile on
Way to Summer Home in the Mountains

ALLEXANDER BROWN, for twelve years manager of the Company at Denver and Salt Lake City, died of heart disease Saturday evening, June 1, while on his way to his mountain cottage at Cresecent. Without a word or sign, he stopped his car and was gone, thus devoting his last energy to the safety of his wife and daughter and thereby saving them from injury and perhaps from death.

All through his life the dominant note in Mr. Brown's character was loyalty. He was invariably loyal to his friends. They could depend upon him in every emergency. This same loyalty, intensified and more tender still, was ever manifested toward his family. To the Western Electric Company and its officers he was devotedly true. No matter what his health, he gave his best efforts, always efficient and attentive to details. And to it all he added an unusual care for the interests of the men and women working under his direction, thinking constantly of their welfare and sympathizing with them in their difficulties.

One of his most marked characteristics was his judicial way of looking at matters. He was never swept off his feet. He had the faculty of quietly weighing pros and cons. When he arrived at a conclusion it could be depended upon. He was signally free from irritability and never descended to any jealousy. Deceit and conceit were unknown to him. His dealings were straight and his word was true. He was a large-bodied, large-souled man, like the mountains which he loved so much and to which he always went for rest.

His funeral on the afternoon of June 5 was largely

attended by officers and employees of the Western Electric Company, among them G. E. Cullinan, Western District Manager of St. Louis; Manager Fred B. Uhrig, of Kansas City, and C. H. Talmage, Manager at Salt Lake City, and by representatives of many other companies in similar lines of business, as well as by members of the First Congregational Church, of whose trustees he had long been chairman, and by a host of other friends in Denver.



Alexander Brown

A Friend's Tribute.

My friendship with Alex Brown was of long standing. During those years when I was more actively engaged in "road work" there was no manager from whom I received a heartier welcome or more thorough co-operation. It was a pleasure and privilege to work with him.

His home, always open to me as to other friends, was an oasis in the desert for the tired W. E. man on his trip from coast to coast. His home life was ideal, due in no small part to his tender and sympathetic nature.

His life was one of heroism—the long illness of his younger days and fight for life when told that his time was short, a later and lingering illness, when stronger men would have given up their work—the loss during this time of his excellent mother, whom it was the writer's privilege to know, and a few years ago the death of a beloved child. He bore all bravely and without faltering, and, in Mr. Uhrig's words, he died as he would have wished—with his wife at his side in the beautiful mountains he loved so well.

D. C. RICHARDSON.

The Government Department

IN order that the resources of the Company may be placed at the disposal of the Government to a greater extent than has been possible in the past, a new department has been formed known as the Government department. Harry L. Grant, for many years sales manager of the Chicago house, is in charge of the department, with the title of manager. J. C. Enders is sales manager, G. A. Sherman assistant manager, and A. L. Perry credit manager. Headquarters are at 463 West Street.

The Company now deals with between 40 and 50 Government bureaus; and it is to provide a clearing house between these bureaus and the various Western Electric departments and houses that the new form of organization has been adopted.

The Government department also has the job of making sure that Uncle Sam not only gets what he wants, but gets what he wants when he wants it; for the time of delivery is a big factor in these days of war. A little delay on this side of the Atlantic, even in the furnishing of something that seems of only minor importance, may make trouble over in France where the nation's soldiers are fighting dependent upon the supplies which must be sent from home. The service end of the Government Department's job is of first importance.

Now, a few words about the men in charge of the new department. Harry Grant hardly needs any introduction to the readers of the *News* as his name frequently has bobbed up in its columns.



*Harry L. Grant,
Manager*

*G. A. Sherman,
Assistant Manager*

*A. L. Perry,
Credit Manager*

*J. C. Enders,
Sales Manager*

Mr. Grant was first employed by the Company in 1905 in the clerical inspection department, and remained in Chicago until last year when he came to New York to prepare himself for his new position. During his last eight years in Chicago he was sales manager.

John C. Enders, the sales manager of the Government department, has been dealing with the Government on behalf of the Company for a number of years and brings to his new work a thorough knowledge of and familiarity with the Government's requirements and desires.

Mr. Enders has been an employee of the Company since September 23, 1893, when he began as an office boy, and since 1899 has been a salesman at the New York house, Government work being his peculiar province.

George A. Sherman, the assistant manager of the Government department, is a product of the San Francisco house where he has been employed since March, 1906. He began work at that time as an order editor and was advanced from time to time with most com-

mendable regularity until he became stores manager in 1912.

It is a long jump, in a strictly geographical sense, from San Francisco to New York, but before he left the Golden Gate, his many friends of the San Francisco house entertained him at a dinner which was so enjoyable that he went away almost reconciled to the prospect of living in New York.

Alphonso L. Perry, who has charge of the accounting and collections of the new department, began his Western Electric career by doing inventory work at the Chicago house in 1905. He stayed there for only a few months when he was transferred to Kansas City as cashier. He stayed in Kansas City for nearly four years, going to Chicago at the end of that period as chief clerk. After a year in Chicago he was transferred to clerical inspection work in New York, and from there was sent to Hawthorne. He became stores manager in St. Louis in 1915, and retained that position until he took up his new work in New York.



Other Changes in Organization

William H. De Witt, Jr., has been made general traffic manager and is now stationed at Hawthorne. He reports to A. L. Salt, Vice-President in charge of traffic.

Mr. De Witt began to work for the Company in New York as a shipping clerk in December, 1905. In the next two or three years he held various clerical positions in New York, and in 1909 was made head of the traffic department. In 1913 he became eastern traffic manager and remained in that position until his latest advancement. His transfer to Hawthorne is his first change in location since he has been with the Company.

The much-traveled Tyler Holmes has jumped again, this time to Denver, where he will succeed the late Alex-

ander Brown, whose death is recorded elsewhere in this issue of the News. There isn't room enough to give a detailed account of the journeys which Mr. Holmes has taken since he began to work for the Company in 1900, but his itinerary reads something like this: New York, Kansas City, Pittsburgh, Harrisburgh, Syracuse, New York, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, Hawthorne, Philadelphia, New Haven. He was manager at New Haven.

On June 21 District Manager Leggett gave a luncheon to the officials of the Southern New England Telephone Company in honor of Mr. Holmes, and his successor, A. W. Bates.

Emil L. Spolander, the new stores manager at St. Louis, has been an employee of the Company since 1899, when he began work in Chicago as an office boy or, as he puts it himself, "chasing the buzzer." In two months he was transferred to the order department and after



W. H. De Witt, Jr.



A. B. Vandercook



E. L. Spolander



H. P. Stewart

working in various other departments of the Chicago house went to Kansas City in 1902. He has been there up to the time of his latest advancement, being advanced from time to time until he reached the position of stores manager.

H. P. Stewart succeeds Mr. Spolander as stores manager at Kansas City. He has been an employee of the Company since 1910, beginning with an educational course at Hawthorne. From 1911 to 1913 he was engaged in various kinds of work at Hawthorne and then went to Dallas, where he stayed for a year. Since March, 1914, he has been at the Salt Lake City house.

In order to fill the vacancy made by the advancement of Mr. Sherman to the Government department, Hugh P. Treat has been made stores manager of the San Francisco house. He was first employed by the Company in 1906 working for a time in the apparatus stock room at West Street, New York. After a month or two in the billing department he was transferred to the foreign sales department where he stayed until 1910, going at that time to the telephone sales department.

In 1912, Mr. Treat was made statistician in the sales department, reporting to Mr. Swope, and held that position until 1914, when he went to the Cleveland house to get acquainted with distributing house methods. A year later he went to San Francisco as assistant stores manager.

Condon R. Bean has been appointed stores manager at Los Angeles to take the place of O. S. Lair, who has resigned. Mr. Bean has been an employee of the Company since 1914, beginning as a city salesman in Portland. He has been at Portland ever since, with the exception of three months at San Francisco in 1915. He was office manager at Portland at the time he was transferred to his new position.

Credit Men Meet

THE twenty-third annual convention of the National Association of Credit Men was held in Chicago June 19 to 21, more than 1,700 attending. The Western Electric Company was represented by ten Credit Managers.

On Wednesday evening, June 19, a Western Electric dinner and conference was held at the University Club and the discussions lasted till the wee sma' hours.

L. R. Browne, who for a long time has been the News' correspondent at the Philadelphia house, has been transferred to the International Western Electric Company of which he will be credit manager. Mr. Browne became a Western Electric employee in December, 1906, beginning as a claim clerk in Chicago. In the following year he was sent to Omaha, but returned to Chicago in 1908. Later in the same year he was transferred to Philadelphia, where he has been for the last ten years. At the time of his recent promotion he was credit manager and cashier.

Albert E. Case, who will succeed Mr. Browne in Philadelphia, has been with the Company since 1910. He began in the credit department in New York and since March, 1916, has been credit manager and cashier of the Boston house.

H. P. Litchfield goes to Boston as credit manager, to succeed A. E. Case. Mr. Litchfield has been in the credit department of the New York house for some time and for the last eight months has been the correspondent of the News. Boston is no stranger to him, however, as he lived there before going to New York.

A. B. Vandercook has been appointed sales manager at Los Angeles. He was first employed by the Company in 1916 as a salesman. For the last six months he has been a specialist at Los Angeles.

A. W. Bates, who takes charge at New Haven, entered the students' course at Hawthorne in 1909, and has been for several years in the A. & B. service department at New York.

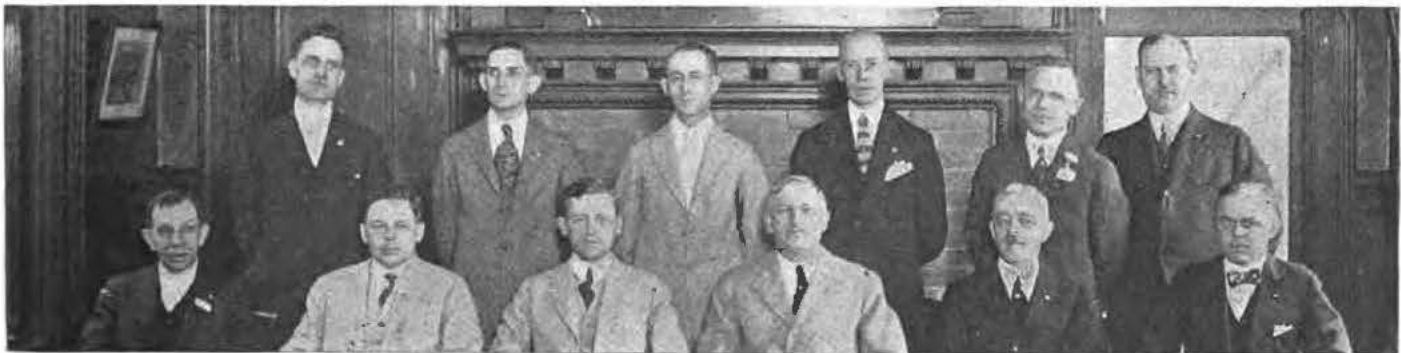
Who Wants a Washlady?

This Letter Was Received by the Employment Department

"Western Electric Co.,
Chicago, Ill.

"Dear Sirs:

"I saw your ad for a washer and wringer in the November *Ladies' World*, and would be very glad to receive your book '97 L-W' as soon as possible.



Western Electric Credit Men at Chicago—Front Row (left to right) W. A. Williford, Credit Manager, St. Louis; E. W. Shepard, Credit Manager, Cleveland; M. A. Curran, General Credit Manager; F. A. Ketcham, Central District Manager; E. R. Gilmore, Assistant Treasurer, Chicago; A. C. Fredbloom, Credit Manager, Chicago. Back Row (left to right) F. J. Kelly, Credit Department, Chicago; E. W. Wolfstyn, Credit Manager, Cincinnati; J. E. Stiles, Credit Manager, Omaha; I. B. Stafford, Credit Manager, Pittsburgh; C. E. Vandel, Credit Manager, Kansas City; J. J. O'Reilly, Credit Manager, Seattle

Around the Circuit

Atlanta

WHILE it is a noted fact that Western Electric salesmen are called upon to furnish almost everything, still it hardly ever occurs that they are asked to furnish ships. Mr. Smith, of the Mason-Hangar Contracting Company, which is building the large Government warehouse at Charleston, S. C., was talking recently to H. B. Stanton, getting prices on a large list of material, for which material they afterwards gave Mr. Stanton their order.



Will you take it or have it sent?

During the conversation relative to prices and deliveries, etc., on a regular line of material, Mr. Stanton asked Mr. Smith what else there was that he could furnish him, and Mr. Smith turned to him and said he wanted a passenger steamship with a capacity of three to five hundred passengers. Mr. Stanton told him he could fill that order, too, and within twenty hours from the time this conversation took place he had found the vessel, negotiations had been opened between the parties owning it and the Mason-Hangar Company, the matter was satisfactorily arranged, and they telegraphed Washington for permission to charter this vessel for six months.

Fifth Avenue

JUST about noon on Wednesday, May 15, the New York, New Haven & Hartford met with a most serious misfortune, in that their station at New Haven was completely wrecked by fire, destroying all of

their train dispatching outfit. They immediately sent in a telephone call to the Western Electric Company for help. C. R. Wharton rushed to the scene, arriving there that same night, taking with him as baggage a number of special dispatching instruments. Mr. Shepard, the General Purchasing Agent, and Mr. Wharton worked tirelessly through the night, figuring out just what was needed to replace the outfit, and at eleven o'clock on Thursday morning the order was telephoned to New York for the equipment which was necessary. Early on Saturday morning a train pulled into New Haven carrying over ninety per cent. of the material ordered.

Through all this time, R. Mason, of our New Haven house was on the job supplying such material as was carried in New Haven stock, and in less than three days the road had everything on tap ready to be installed.

The officials of the New Haven Road conveyed to the Western Electric their sincere appreciation of our services.

Omaha

Here is an interesting order we received last month:

Ship, no charge, to U. S. Army Balloon School, at Fort Omaha, care 64th Balloon Company, one only Telephone, Farm Light and Electrical Specialist, Inducted Type, code name A. C. McLean.

We shipped Annis Cleaveland McLean the same day.

M. A. Buehler and E. Lum took up the W. E. end of the second big Red Cross Drive stretcher and under cover of a most generous barrage of subscriptions, went over the top without any opposition.

Our Picnic

June is the month of Roses,
Of picnics and parties and swims,
Herewith our girls in two poses,
Imagine—a picnic without any Jims.



Manawa Park was the loadstone,
A flivver, a dance and some lunch.
They told us they were there alone,
But as to that we've another hunch.

H. L. M.

Broadway

Farewell to the Milk Maid.

“THE milk maid all forlorn” that we used to read about in Mother Goose would have a good reason for feeling that way nowadays. A whole lot of her species is probably working in munition plants already, more are likely to follow and all because Western Electric-Omega Milking Machines are taking the place of the time-honored milk maid with the three-legged stool.

Perhaps you did not know that your Company is in the milking machine business. It is, and has been for all of a year, but up to this time only four of our houses—Chicago, Minneapolis, Philadelphia and New York—have been actively engaged in selling these efficient extractors of the bovine lacteal fluid. The success attained by the four houses mentioned has been a sufficient indication that the Western Electric Company is justified in jumping into the milking machine game with both feet or, to be more accurate, with all of its houses.

Yes, the milk maid is on her way. Not that she did not do a good job. We don't mean to be ungallant. But the Western Electric-Omega really can do it ever so much better, more quickly and thoroughly and in an absolutely sanitary way. Besides, it will do its bit in making up somewhat for the shortage in farm labor. With the machine one man can milk a herd in mighty quick time. The machine is fastened to the cow by means of a surcingle and a motor-driven suction apparatus does the rest. Cows seem to like the machine better than hand milking. At least, that is what dairymen tell us, and, by heck, they ought to know.

Even though the milkmaid is on her way, her co-worker, the farmerette, is still hard at work. In the photograph below two farmerettes from 195 Broadway are shown tilling the fertile soil of Staten Island. Miss Ruth Dickson is on the left and Miss L. Wendemuth on the right.



All from Omaha

Our shop girls have been outfitted with “Liberty Overalls.” The office girls are contemplating a like move. Miss Tillie Vitoush donned the khaki blouse and breeches just to try them. Result of trial censored. Proposition pigeon-holed.

Memphis

WILL WHEELER, our Stores Manager in Memphis, was never South of the Mason Dixon Line until he went to Memphis, but since that time Will has learned many things about the South that he never knew before.

In going into Memphis on his initial trip, Will was very observing of the beautiful scenery along the Mississippi and, among other things, he noticed a building with a sign reading “Free Gin.” Now this looked rather queer to Will, for all the Gin he ever drank around St. Louis cost real money, so the happy thought of indulging in a “Free Gin Rickey” during the hot summer months ran through his mind for several days, until one day at lunch, when the matter of prohibition in Tennessee was being discussed. When Will learned the truth about prohibition in Memphis, and that the sign “Free Gin” meant a Cotton Gin instead of a refreshing drink, he felt bad for several days.

After landing in Memphis, Will wanted to hire a porter, so he put an ad in the local papers and asked every ducky he met as to where he could find a good porter. Well it was not long until Will had a line of applicants a block long; so he picked the best ducky in the line and told him to report for duty the next morning, but the ducky never showed up. The next day Will hired two porters to report the following morning, thinking that if one failed to show up he could depend on the other; but neither of them reported. So Will decided one morning to hire every ducky that applied that day, so he hired fourteen porters, and of the fourteen only one reported for duty the next morning.



Farming in New York City

San Francisco

THE second annual picnic of the San Francisco House was held on May 25, among the beautiful oak trees of Paradise Cove at the north end of San Francisco Bay. A splendid day, a large and jolly crowd, and perfect handling of the ambitious schedule made the affair highly successful, although it, or in fact any, of the successive annuals can never displace in our minds the memory of that classic "FIRST." There were missing, too, many faces of those who are now serving Uncle Sam and who are slated to undergo many perils by sea, land and air before they will be among us again.

Various races and games occupied the morning. The afternoon was devoted mainly to dancing to the music of an excellent jazz band, the floor being cleared now and then for special events such as the insulator race, the nail driving contest and the exciting finale of the tug-of-war, in which Emeryville reversed previous history by gaining two feet on the San Francisco team and holding this advantage through ten tense minutes.

Grace Greenwood proved to be an athletic "find" for she won two contests, one of them after a splendid final sprint. The Gold Dust twins ran a good three-legged race and would perhaps have won—had they not upset five yards from the start. Starter Treat, as the official gunman, performed like Bill Hart, or our own "Doug."

The game prizes were all awarded in various values of Thrift Stamps, and the gate prize was a Western Electric sewing machine, donated by the Company, and won by Torres of San Francisco. At five, six and seven o'clock the return boats left the grounds, bearing a merry crowd of singing and laughing people, all well pleased with the events of a perfect day. To General Chairman C. H. Binkley, of Emeryville, and his capable committee great credit is due for their successful handling of an ambition plan. Following is a list of events and the winners, and at the bottom of this page and the next is a picture showing the picnic in full blast. It takes more than a page to show San Francisco's host, especially when they are wandering hither and yon through the groves of Paradise Cove.

First race, 25 yards—(For boys and girls under six years) won by Alice Gibson. Second race, 50 yards—(For boys and girls between six and eight) won by Mildred Gibson. Third race, 50 yards—(For boys and girls between eight and ten) won by Ernest Parnow, Dorothy Nelson. Fourth race, 50 yards—(For girls between ten and fifteen years) won by Bertha Charlotte. Fifth Race, 50 yards—(For boys between ten and fifteen years) won by William Earley. Sixth race, 100 yards—(For men) Keegan, first; Harris, second. Seventh race, 75 yards—(Free for all ladies' race) Grace Greenwood, first; May Lippincott, second. Eighth race, 50 yards—(Men's three-legged race) Keegan and Todt. Ninth race, 50 yards—(Sack race) Sharetto. Tenth race, laies' insulator race—Grace Greenwood. Eleventh, tug-of-war—(Emeryville team, Joe Smith, captain; Miller, coach; Estes, anchor man; Johnson, Singen, Denig, Sheer, Harris. Twelve—ladies' nail-driving contest—Mrs. Gilfillen.



This photograph shows San Francisco's contribution to the recent Red Cross Parade. Miss Dolcini, head of our Red Cross Auxiliary, led our section, assisted by Miss Curry and Miss Rasmussen. Our girls had the advantage of some coaching from Seaman Carter, of the Naval Training Station, and performed very creditably.

From Somewhere in France Dee Murray writes:

"Received a very valuable box from the Western Electric Company which contained cards, smokes, and, best of all, a Daylo Flashlight. I will not longer be obliged to feel my way to my bunk at night. Many times I have repented not having brought one with me and I have been doing without one all this time. It easily fits in my pocket and I carry it around all day and night. Outside of my rifle, gas mask and bayonet it is the most convenient thing I carry. Many thanks to the Western Electric Company and its employees for their kindness."

We are glad to hear that there is no longer any danger of Dee's wandering out into No Man's Land and heading straight for Berlin before he is scheduled to do it, along with a few thousand more.



Why Did Sherman Say It?*

A Wartime Drama in Two Acts

ACT 1—BEFORE

Solomon Grundy†
Took order on Monday,
Wrote it on Tuesday,
Mailed it on Wednesday,
Anxious on Thursday,
Long Distance on Friday,
Cursed on Saturday,
Exhausted on Sunday.

ACT 2—AFTER

Solomon Grundy†
Took order on Monday,
Declined it on Tuesday,
Re-accepted it on Wednesday,
Mailed it on Thursday,
Forgot it on Friday,
Assured by delighted customers on Saturday
(six months later) that it had just been received.

* G. A. Sherman says he didn't.—Ed.
† Any road salesman, per service man.

Minneapolis

THERE has been considerable talk regarding the status of Philadelphia in the progress of the human race. We now have specific data that they are no farther behind than 1899 and no nearer up to date than 1907. Their order No. 4Z-1408-Y of May, 1918, calls for one No. 3-A spark coil and was placed on the American Electric Co., of St. Paul, Minn., a concern which started in 1899 and which was bought by the Western Electric Company in 1907.

Introducing the Rev. Mr. Bannister.

Mankato, Minn., May 4, 1918.

"Western Electric Company,

"Minneapolis, Minn. Attention, Mr. Courtney.

"Dear Mr. Courtney:

"Have been trying for the past ten minutes to think of the name of your Sales Manager and for the life of me I cannot. You know who I mean, the gentleman I thought was a preacher. Inasmuch as I cannot remember it I am writing to you and I trust you will deliver the message."

Chicago

THE Chicago house is rather proud of its Red Cross work. During the recent Red Cross drive, Chicago employees subscribed \$2,800, or about \$8.80 per person. It was scarcely a drive, though, at the Chicago office, for a great many of the employees gave without solicitation, and all gave willingly. In more than half of the departments every employee subscribed.



Last November the girls of our organization organized a Red Cross Auxiliary and since that time have sewed two evenings a week from 6 to 8 P. M. The Company has loaned sewing machines to the girls, and on Tuesday and Friday nights our restaurant is a busy place as is shown by their output since last November.

The picture shows Miss Zette Glichman and Miss Minnie Fries, both active members, and Miss Margaret McKean, Chairman of our Red Cross Auxiliary, participating in the Red Cross parade which took place the Saturday before the Red Cross War Fund week.

The girls also have been turning out "Quality products." Their needlework having been classed "Excellent" by the Inspection Department of the Red Cross.



OVERSEAS



Nippon Electric Company Picnic at Yebisu Park

THERE is an old Japanese saying, "Wind and rain are frequent in flower season." A true saying, indeed, for this year again, the complete success of the annual picnic of the employees of the Nippon Electric Company was marred by inclement weather.

Some of the twenty-five hundred employees and their guests were kept indoors by the rain, but a goodly number were on hand when the gun boomed for the start of the 200-meter run, promptly at 9:15 A. M., and the ardor of those present was not at all dampened by the rain.

The guests arrived about 10:30, just in time to take their entries in the "Guest Race," which, as usual, was a "ball-in-spoon" race—only the ball wouldn't stay in; and among those who started were Mr. Iwadare, Managing Director of the Nippon Electric Co.; H. F. Albright, Vice-President of the Western Electric Co.; A. C. Henning, of Wm. Forbes & Co., Peking; Master Heiachi Iwadare, and Messrs. Spiller and Eliot. Once more youth and vigor triumphed and first prize was carried off by Master Iwadare. Mr. Henning breasted the tape for second place, and Mr. Spiller panted across the line a good third.

There followed a triumphal procession of the winners and losers, which was received with great enthusiasm by the audience. Your readers would have been surprised and pleased to see their dignified Vice-President

parading around the track, crowned with a paper crown, and beating a miniature Japanese drum.

The track events were followed by a series of fancy parades. The photographer who was on the job complains of the bad day, but some professional pictures on the opposite page, give an idea of the elaborate costumes and fantastic appearance of the events, in which different departments vie with each other to make the best

showing. One of the most clever was the "Barrel-Mobile," gotten up by our power plant employees. This vehicle moved about with ease and nonchalance, and had smoke coming out of the exhaust and yet the legs of the rider are readily visible four feet above the ground. Can you guess the answer?

In the afternoon, more parades, theatrical performances, and at 4 o'clock a successful wind-up of a successful picnic. We are now getting ready for next year and the committee has ordered a warm, sunny day. Here's hoping.

N. B.—Notice to readers of the News: To anyone who will guess how the "Barrel-Mobile" mobilizes, we will send a picture of it, free gratis for nothing!

Dinner Given By Mr. Albright at the Maple Club

ON Wednesday, April 10, a dinner was given at the Maple Club, Shiba Park, Tokyo, by Mr. Albright, for about twenty-five of the directors and employees of the Nippon Electric Company. Dr. Saitaro Oi, formerly Chief Engineer of the Government Department of Communications, also was present.

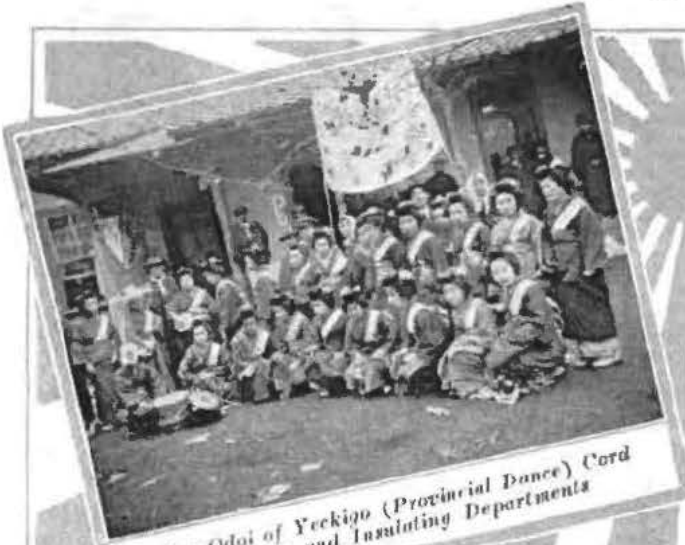
The banquet room was tastefully decorated with draped Japanese and American flags, and presented an attractive appearance. As is customary on such occasions, the guests were amused during the evening by a variety of entertainments, which included a slight-of-hand artist and many pretty and attractive Geisha dances. As it was not desired to make this dinner a formal occasion, speechmaking was omitted. However, at the close of the evening the following toasts were responded to: By Mr. Iwadare to Mr. Albright and the Western Electric Company; and by Mr. Albright to Mr. Iwadare and the members of the Nippon Electric Company.



The Barrel-Mobile



Mr. Albright in a Grass Raincoat



Bon-Odoi of Yeckigo (Provincial Dance) Cord Winding and Insulating Departments



Takara Bune (Treasure Boat) and Seven Gods of Fortune with Retinue, Varnishing Department



Mr. Albright and his guests at dinner given at the Maple Club, Tokyo. Mr. Albright and Mr. Iwadare are in the center of the front row. The News Correspondent, D. Elliot, is the third man from the right

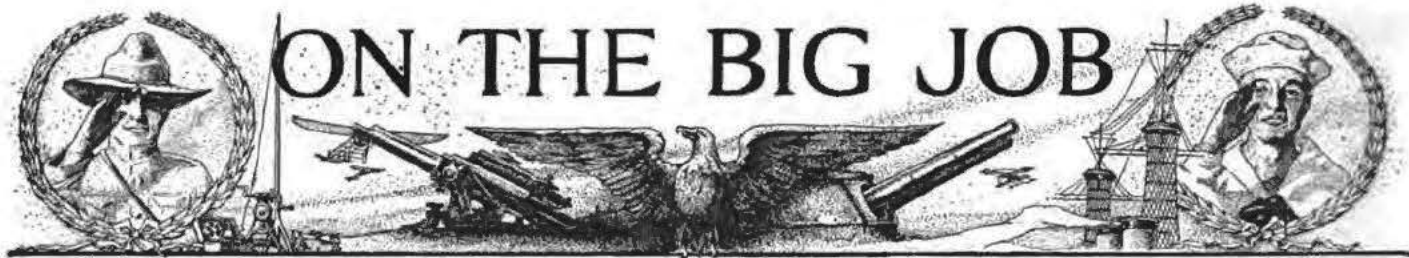


Tamorini (Acrobats on Balls) Automatic Screw Machine and Lathe Departments



Dojaji (Kisamine and Priests), Miscellaneous Assembling Departments

Some Tokyo Scenes



Employees Who Have Entered the Various Branches of the Military Service Since the Last Issue of the News

General Manufacturing Department

Hawthorne

ANDERSON, OSCAR, Quartermaster's Reserve Corps
 BARTON, JAMES J., U. S. Army
 DAUGHERTY, L. R., U. S. Army
 DYER, JAMES J., U. S. Navy
 HRIVNAK, AUG. J., U. S. Army
 JAGAR, JR., JULIUS, U. S. Navy
 KRATOCHVIL, JOS., U. S. Navy
 MONAHAN, MICHAEL, U. S. Navy
 POCUS, JOHN F., U. S. Navy
 PRITCHARD, A. D., Naval Aviation Section
 RIDER, WALTER C., U. S. Naval Reserve
 RIVA, L. F., U. S. Naval Reserve
 RODEWALD, EDW., U. S. Navy
 SOLIMINE, E., U. S. Navy
 TATE, D. E., Reserve Signal Corps
 TIDWELL, PERCY, U. S. Naval Reserve
 UTLEY, C. L., U. S. Navy
 WALSH, M., U. S. Navy
 WIEBE, W., U. S. Navy
 WITT, A., U. S. Navy

Richmond

DIXON, FLOYD, U. S. Army

General Accounting Department

New York

NORRIS, Richard W., Naval Reserve

General Sales Distributing

New York

BUB, JOSEPH A., Medical Reserve Corps
 CULLINEY, M. A., Quartermasters' Reserve Corps
 JENNER, EWALD, U. S. Army
 KIRCHNER, GEORGE, U. S. Army
 LAKE, JR., A., U. S. Naval Reserve
 McHUGH, THOMAS J., U. S. Navy
 MUMFORD, C. S., Ordnance Reserve Corps
 PURCELL, EDWARD T., U. S. Navy
 RYDER, PERRY A., Reserve Officers' Training Corps
 STARK, VINCENT GANEVET, Naval Reserve Force
 WALKER, WALTER T., Signal Corps, Aviation Section

Engineering Department

BURWELL, JOHN A., Officers' Reserve Corps
 GUDEHUSS, CHARLES D., Reserve Signal Corps
 MAY, C. A., Quartermasters' Reserve Corps
 NAPIER, DAVID W., U. S. Navy
 WEIKERT, WILLIAM A., Naval Reserve Corps

Hawthorne Man Dies in France

THE first Hawthorne man to give up his life in France is G. J. Geeting, who was employed in Department 6113 previous to his enlistment in the National Guard, April



G. J. Geeting

17, 1917, for service during the Mexican border troubles. Later, when our country entered the Great War and invited National Guard men to enter the United States Army, Gordon Geeting was among those who took the oath.

Dispatches state that Geeting was drowned. From the fact that he had been in the front line for

some time as regimental supply sergeant it seems probable that he slipped into some water-filled shell hole while supplies were being brought up at night.

Sergeant Geeting leaves a widowed mother and a sister, Miss Cora Geeting. His father, the late John F. Geet-

ing, was a prominent Chicago attorney, for many years a professor in the Kent College of Law.

Hawthorne shares Mrs. Geeting's pride in her boy who gave all for the great cause.

West Street Man in Hospital Victim of Shell Shock

WORD was received from France recently that Corporal Thomas P. Lawless, of Company B, Sixth Engineers, had been sent to a base hospital suffering from a case of shell shock.

Corporal Lawless, who lived in East Orange, N. J., was employed in the accounting division of the engineering department at West Street before the war. He was one of the early ones to enlist, joining the colors on May 22, 1914. After a seven months period of training he was sent to France with his regiment, arriving there on December 24 last.

Fighting seems to run in the Corporal's family, as eleven of his first cousins are now in service, ten of them in the British Army and one with the United States Engineers. The news that Corporal Lawless was in the hospital was sent to his parents by Chaplain Harley W. Smith.

News From Western Electric Men In Camp And Field

Lieut. A. P. Peterson Severely Wounded



A. P. Peterson

AMONG the casualties published June 1 appeared the name of Lieut. A. P. Peterson, who was in the Chemical Research Branch at Hawthorne when the United States entered the war. He at once obtained admission to the first Officers' Training Camp at Fort Sheridan. As he is an expert chemist and a fine mathematician, his friends at Hawthorne urged him to enter the ordnance branch and specialize in the poison gas division, or to go into the artillery, where his knowledge of mathematics would be of great service. "Pete," however, refused to enter any branch where he could not get into direct personal contact with the foe. Consequently, he entered the infantry.

Since he went across Lieut. Peterson has written several interesting letters to Hawthorne friends. Excerpts from two of these were published in previous issues of the News. No direct word has come from him since he was wounded and no details of the severity of his injury have been received. Naturally, his friends are anxious, but we hope to hear that his wound will not have any permanent bad effects.

Lieut. Walter J. Blum, formerly of the Sales Department at Chicago, writes from France to all his friends at the Chicago house. He says:

"I am spending a quiet two weeks in the country. One could ask no better weather. To-day is like our perfect days in June, warm, bright and lazy. That 'quiet' above is comparative, based on what I had expected. I am writing within two hundred yards of the French front-line trench, at headquarters of a French company. The German lines here are nearly a thousand yards away, in bad positions. Hence the peace. A photograph of this little village would be just like those thousands you see in the papers every day, just piles of stone that were houses. There isn't a roof in the place. We are living in the only habitable place in the town. It is only half a house.

"But get this. Breakfast in bed. Get up when you please. Six course meals, two hours at a stretch. Grate fire in the morning and evening. A Poilu to wait on us (two). Bridge after lunch and dinner. Warm water to shave in. This is paradise.

"At my last place, an American training camp, it was teetotally different. For three weeks we broke the ice in a water trough (for cows) to wash in the mornings—when we washed. For three weeks it rained and inside our barracks, I mean shed, it was only slightly more muddy than out of doors.

"I specialized on automatic rifles and grenades—not by my own choice—and knocked 'em on the head. The fellows who got by big were sent into the French lines to learn a bit more at first hand. You know that old one about the good dying young. I have a few more days here and then move up with our own troops. It was very interesting work at the camp. Back home we played a little with blank Springfield ammunition. No blanks here. All honest to goodness live stuff; machine guns, auto-rifles, 37 mm. gun, trench mortars and the bloody grenades. Talk about holding a firecracker in your hand, Oh, boy!

"I know what it is to have a three-inch shell drop too close and have a 'splinter' sing by a few feet from me. About then a fellow wants to go home and not play any more. The closest call I have had here was when a shrapnel case fell a few yards away. I heard it coming and thought it was a shell. All I could think of was 'Auf Wiedersehn.' I want to stay about sixteen miles from the real big guns. They shoot about fifteen miles.

"Speaking, or rather writing, of shrapnel, you should see the Boche aviators dodging the shrapnel sent up for a welcome. They are up so high one can hardly see them without glasses. One has to locate them by the puff of smoke from the shells. These little clouds are remarkably pretty up there in the sunny sky. They just appear out of nothing. One doesn't hear the explosion. But I don't want to fly.

"They say this is the quietest sector on the front, almost the only one. Yet we are only a very few miles from one of the hardest fought sectors of the war. We hear the big boys bark over there most of the time. The guns talk here a little, but most of the shells go far back of the line. Praises be.

"I was out in 'No Man's Land' for two hours one night. Great sensation. But a satisfying sensation. You know, 'try anything once.'

"These French officers are wonderfully fine fellows. They are looking for big things from us and make a big fuss over us. They treat us and feed us fine. We eat regularly at company headquarters, but we have dined with a battalion commander and with the colonel, and at corps headquarters. The general was out but left his apology. We met him later. It is as if we were representing the United States. Nothing is too good.

"We manage to get along in speech with English, French and German. I know about four words in French and ten in German. But we have an interpreter, a Red Cross private, who is very good, and is always with us.

"P. S.—I have had only one drink of water in two weeks. Some place."

Further word has been received from Lieut. Blum who tells of a wound that he received. He says:

"Your letter came to me early on the last day of a long 'hitch' in the front line. Funny thing. I had a hunch it was there and lighted up in my little hole in the ground to see. Quite cheering to find it.

"Then in about fifteen minutes Fritz put a rifle bullet through the left side of my face, and now I'm holding down clean sheets in a French hospital instead of muddy blankets in a ditch. Don't know which is the worse.

"Guess I'm going to come out all right. My eye lets in the daylight now after being swelled shut for several days. I'm not sure whether my ear is O. K. and my jaws won't open much yet. But luck seems to be with me and I expect to be up and kicking again before very long."

This youngster, Cass Dimler, was a veteran before he entered the employment of the Company, as he first enlisted over in England at the age of sixteen and saw service in the Royal Field Artillery as a dispatch rider in Egypt and in France. He was discharged as too young on August 11, 1916, and came to this country with his parents, going to work at West Street in the engineering department as a vacuum pump operator. He



Cass Dimler

stood civilian life as long as he could and then was off again, this time as a cavalryman in the Canadian forces.

In the photograph at the right he is shown in the Royal Field Artillery uniform which he wore during his first enlistment.



J. F. Zegermacher

All of Private John F. Zegermacher's friends at Hawthorne, undoubtedly will recognize this excellent portrait of him, and will be glad to see that he is looking so well and happy. The letter which accompanied the picture thanked the members of the Hawthorne Club for the box sent out at Christmas time, and also said that the *News* was interesting and welcome. Private Zegermacher is with Battery B of the 122nd Field Artillery at Camp Logan, Texas.

Frank R. Fielding, who formerly worked part of the Virginia territory for the pole division and was later in the office at Philadelphia, and who enlisted about ten months ago as an ordinary sailor, has received his commission as Ensign. He has not been definitely assigned and is still on the U. S. S. *Emeline*.

It would be hard to find any branch of the military service in which the Company is not represented. Here is a brief description of what Corporal Harry J. Springmeier, formerly of the Cincinnati house, is doing:

"I am now in Washington, D. C., going to the Military School of Photography. I was one of six men from Camp Sheridan picked to take this course, as I have had some experience in this line from an amateur point, and as they are in need of men in this line of work, I was sent, arriving here on March 18, to take a three weeks' course, and then return again to my company at Camp Sherman and to be the Company Photographer. Of course, this work is fine on this side, but it is not the best in the world to have on the other side. In fact, I don't imagine photographers live long, as you can't offer any excuse for not getting a photograph if your General or Captain wants it. However, life is all a gamble anyway in this business."

A copy of the *Reconnaissance*, a newspaper published by the soldiers at Camp Bowie, Texas, lists the name of Corporal George B. Webster as advertising manager. Corporal Webster was contributed to the Army by the Dallas house, which is most properly proud of his achievements. Anyone who wants to see what Corporal Webster looks like is respectfully referred to the December, 1917, issue of the *News*.



C. C. Nowell

A Philadelphia employee, Sergeant C. C. Nowell, of the 307th Engineers' Headquarters Company, writes from Camp Mills and begins by saying that "Mr. Kennedy was surely a prince, and I am glad to hear of his promotion." He also tells something about his work as the sergeant in charge of the mounted section. He says:

"Possibly you wonder what the duties of a mounted section are. Our work consists of reconnaissance work, reconnoitering and patrol duty, also look after officers' mounts. Have our seventy horses to look after, but thank goodness no mules."

"I found France very pretty—all in bloom," writes Major John A. Kick to friends in New York. He has been in France since May and by this time probably is on active service.



John A. Kick

Sergeant Wright D. Jackson, of the 190th Aero Squadron, at Ellington Field, Houston, Texas, wanted to join one of the companies composed of Western Electric men. He was unable to do so, but he insisted in getting into the fight in some way, and after serving as drill master at Hawthorne for a while, he joined the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps. He soon was made a First-Class Sergeant, and later was sent to a ground school for training for a commission.

Here is a letter from a soldier in France who claims that it is just like home. He is E. P. Bancroft, who was formerly employed in Department 1111 at West Street, and he has this to say:

"Locke tells me that you are interested in what is going on over here, and what experiences of especial interest we have had. The first question is one that is hard to answer, because we over here get practically no news at all. We know that there is a war because we see men in uniform everywhere, and likewise many of those who have been at the front and are now back on crutches. That is, I mean French soldiers. I haven't yet seen any Americans in that condition, though no doubt there are a few.

"We here in this work are living a perfectly normal life. We are doing work of all kinds. I, for instance, have been doing mostly engineering work in connection with the L. of C. I have, however, done some installation work and some of various kinds. However, it is nothing of particular interest. What might be of interest is the fact that thus far we have done practically all of our work with French instruments, and, what is more, have been getting away with it.

"The only experience of interest that has happened since I left the States was on the way over. We got bumped one night about six o'clock, not by a torpedo, as you might guess, but by one of our sister ships. Through some mistake in orders we came together at an angle of about 80 degrees, and it certainly gave us a good scare, even if it didn't do any material damage to either boat. The boys all behaved like good soldiers, and I was proud of them."

Everett W. Shingleton, a former Hawthorne employee, who is now at Camp Doniphan, Fort Sill, Okla., writes that he expects to be sent to France before long. He is a member of the 11th Field Artillery, Headquarters Company.

Before the war G. C. Edgar, whose photograph appears on the right, spent his time in interviewing the male applicants for employment at West Street. Now he is a soldier in Battery B, 307th Regiment, Field Artillery at Camp Dix, New Jersey. From the picture it looks as though Mr. Edgar were finding life in the Army to his liking.



J. C. Edgar



M. Komorowski

This is Lieut. Michael Komorowski. Mike is from department 6305, Hawthorne, and was at Camp Logan, Texas, at the date of his last communication. Our Polish is a little defective, but we translate Mike's last name to mean "Come out here and fight. At least, "Komm heraus" means "Come out here" in German, so the Huns will understand that much; and Eddie Paquin says that if they get within gunshot of Mike they will just naturally have to fight. If that doesn't prove our case, maybe Mike's history will.

He is a veteran of the Philippine campaigns. When he returned to Chicago from the Islands he joined the 2d Regiment, Illinois National Guard, just to keep his hand in lest haply a little scrap might show up somewhere. Then when Villa occupied the front pages some time ago, it looked for a while as if there might be a chance for Mike to mix in, but he returned from the border without having punctured a single Mex.

Shortly after this the State Guard took the oath of service for Uncle Sam, signing up for the job of strafing the Hun. And Sergeant Michael Komorowski—Mike was a sergeant then—was told that he would have to stay at home. Uncle Sam would take no married men—that is, unless they could get their wives' consent.

The picture tells the rest of the story.

Most of the boys in the naval service who write to the News are not allowed to tell where they are, but in a letter which had been duly censored, Charles W. Wellington began with the following address, "U. S. S. Brown, No. 1050 Mid-Stream, Del. River, Phila., Pa." Whether or not the U. S. S. Brown is still in mid-stream it is impossible to say, but the presumption is that Mr. Wellington is still aboard. His letter was only a few lines long, and he was one of the many men in the service who have written to say how much they enjoy getting the News.



Sam Shovelson

It is Lieutenant Walter C. Kiesel now, and he is stationed at Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Ga., as a member of the 307th Field Signal Battalion, or at least that was where he was when he wrote to the News recently. His course of training for his commission was pursued at the U. S. Radio School, College Park, Md.

The soldier on the left is Sam Shovelson, formerly a shipping clerk at the Cleveland house. He is a private in the Aviation Service and when this picture was taken was stationed at Kelly Field, Texas.

That the hurry and rush of Army life doesn't keep the true Western Electric man from keeping his former fellow-workers in mind is shown by a few sentences in a letter received by Manager Ray, of the Pittsburgh house, from C. H. Maier, a former telephone specialist. Sergeant Maier says:

"Was very glad to hear of your promotion to manager of the Pittsburgh House, and I wish to extend to you my heartiest congratulations and wish you great success and many good wishes in your new office.

"I am inclined to believe that you had a very successful year at the Western Electric Company and I certainly hope that you will be able to improve and beat all former records this coming year, as I am still very much interested in the Western Electric Company and trust that I may see all the boys soon again.

"I also wish to express my thanks to you for the kind and considerate manner which everybody in your employ has shown my wife, as it is a great relief to know that she is getting along so nicely



C. H. Maier

Fred J. Ashley, of the New York house, who recently went to training camp, has now reached Paris and writes to his W. E. friends that he is full of "pep" and ready for the big hike to Berlin. In the past month he has been promoted twice; and his pal, Ray Senier, and fellow-worker of the old New York service department, has been made First-Class Quartermaster Sergeant. Nothing strange about that, it's regular W. E. training showing itself.

George C. Krenning, of the New Haven sales department, has entered the Probation Camp, of the Pelham Bay Training Station, where he is being thinned down a bit. You see George got such a fat bonus, April 1, he had nothing to worry about, and while he is trimming down, those Liberty Bonds are continually swelling his financial weight.

Private H. Vincent Kacinski, of the "Dandy First," who left the Assembly Department at Hawthorne a year ago to answer his country's call, has arrived safely overseas, and we expect to hear some interesting news from him in the future.

The name under the picture on the right may enable George Wildung's friends to recognize him. Otherwise they might have a hard job. Before the war he was employed in the catalogue division of the advertising department in New York. He is now in the hospital division of the 105th Field Artillery, and when last heard from was at Camp Stuart, Virginia.



George Wildung



R. F. Przybylski

Another Hawthorne boy who now is probably in France is Roman F. Przybylski, of department 6878, who belongs to Company C, 180th U. S. Infantry. He writes:

"I am in a New York camp and will leave for France in two or three days. I am very glad to go, because I am fit and in first-class shape for any German that comes in front of me. Please send me a copy of the *WESTERN ELECTRIC NEWS* to Camp Upton, N. Y., and I think it will reach me in France."

We all hope he will get his copy in Berlin before long.

Last month the *News* printed a few lines about Don M. Julien, a former employee of the Chicago house, and now it has the pleasure of recording the fact that he has been promoted.

He is Captain Julien now, and he is engaged in completing a course in the School of Fire at Fort Sill, Okla.

Lawrence Bloom, who has been in the Los Angeles office for the last year in the service department, has enlisted in the Marines and is now at Mare Island, California. Lawrence says "the three squares" he gets at the Navy Yard are enough for two averages men in civilian life, and that the grub is great.

William B. Beavers, who was employed in Inspection Group 6646 at Hawthorne, is now a water tender on the U. S. S. *Neptune*. He wants to hear from some of his former fellow workers and sends his photograph so they can see that he is alive and happy.

John J. Meyer, who is in the Navy, is a former West Street employee, but more than that he is a member of a family which is setting a high standard of patriotism. He is one of three brothers, all of whom are in military service. He is attached to the U. S. S. *Prometheus*.

R. A. Patnoe, formerly of department 6410, Hawthorne, appears here with the regulation army pack on his back. The picture was taken at Camp Merritt, N. J. It is not a case of "all dressed up and no place to go," either, for "Pat" left for France a short time after the picture was taken. He is in the ordnance branch of the service.

After working amidst the roar of Hawthorne's big battery of automatic screw machines, Florian J. Fingel ought not to mind the rat-tat-tat of the Browning rapid firers. Apparently he doesn't, for he sends the *News* this picture of himself from Camp Hancock, Ga., where he is training in the machine gun school at the ordnance camp. Presumably the bulge in his left top pocket is a bunch of screws he has carried with him from Hawthorne to fasten the lid on the Kaiser's coffin when he gets "over there."

The soldierly looking youngster on the right is George B. Small, of the accounting division of the Engineering Department at West Street. He is a corporal in the Marine Corps stationed at Paris Island, S. C., and although under draft age himself, has attained so great proficiency that he has been acting as a drill master. In a recent letter he said that he had just finished drilling one company of recruits and that when he completed his work the boys clubbed together and presented a gold watch to him.

Here is what Wagoner Henry W. Knudson, Battery B, 59th Artillery C. A. C., writes to the *News* from "somewhere in France."

"To-day's mail brought a copy of the April *News*. It belonged to one of the fellows, but as soon as he had glanced through it, I got it and I read everything from the first page to the last for it was full of interest to me. . . . Here's wishing the *News* continued success for the wonderful work it is accomplishing for the employees with the 'Western' and in the service of Uncle Sam."

J. Neuman, who worked in the research laboratory at West Street before enlisting in the aviation section of the Signal Corps, is now stationed at Columbia University where courses of instruction are being given to certain men who are sent there by the Army authorities. His address is Radio Officers Training School, Columbia University, New York City.

Private Josephus M. Rosseljong, who was employed in Department 33, is now in the Coast Artillery Corps and is stationed at Fort Screven, Ga. His address is Fifth Company, C. A. C., Barracks 22, Fort Screven, Ga.



F. J. Fingel



G. B. Small



J. S. Rosseljong



W. B. Beavers



R. A. Patnoe



James McConnell

James V. McConnell is the latest acquisition of Uncle Sam from the Los Angeles branch. McConnell has just enlisted in the Navy Hospital Corps and has gone to the Training Station at Goat Island, San Francisco. He has been with the Western Electric three years and was appraiser in the storeroom.

Mechanic F. V. Slaboszewski, formerly of the drafting department at Hawthorne, writes from Camp Pike, Ark., where he is stationed with Company B, 335th Machine Gun Battalion. He wishes to be remembered to his fellow employees at Hawthorne and says that he is enjoying life in the Army. Here is a picture of him.



F. V. Slaboszewski



Hawthorne Keeps Plugging Away on War Savings

THRIFT stamps are a real boon to the inspired slogan writer: "Buy a thrift stamp and paste the Kaiser." "Stick for Uncle Sam." "Stamp out Kultur." "If you hate the Huns buy thrift stamps and lick 'em good." "No quarter for the Huns; every quarter for Uncle Sam."

But no slogans are needed to convince any good American that he ought to put every cent he can spare and a few he can't spare into thrift stamps. Liberty is cheap at any price.

So, although Hawthorne people are busy buying bonds on the installment plan, they still succeed in finding a few loose quarters to invest in thrift stamps. The sales now average a little better than \$800 a day. Incidentally, the Western Electric Benevolent Association has invested \$1,000 of its funds in war savings stamps.

No general effort has been made to push the sale of war stamps, although posters are up in prominent places all through the Works and some of the departments have developed quite a keen rivalry in an endeavor to outdo each other in stamp purchases. One of the men in the



One of the Posters which help to sell the Stamps

Equipment Drafting Department, who is a notary public, boosts the sale in a novel way. Whenever anyone brings in a document for his notarial seal and offers him the customary 25-cent fee for his service he takes the quarter, hands the person two thrift stamps and asks him to produce another quarter for the second one. Nobody can refuse as fair an offer as that. This man, by the way, is of Polish descent. Evidently he hasn't much use for one William Hohenzollern, self-styled "liberator" of Poland.

To make stamp purchases convenient for Hawthorne employees the cashiers' department sends out young ladies with a supply of thrift and war savings stamps. These girls accompany the paymasters on their rounds through the departments. One of the illustrations shows them starting out. The other photograph shows one of the Works' posters giving its message to a couple of Hawthorne girls. To complete the series we should have a picture of one of our boys at the front running a bayonet into the Kaiser's anatomy.

Just wait, though. We'll get that one yet!



Keeping Up With the Cash. These Girls Accompany the Paymaster at Hawthorne and Sell War Savings and Thrift Stamps

New Company for Foreign Business

International Western Electric Company, Incorporated, is formed. Offices at 195 Broadway

AS the readers of the News may know, our export and foreign business has been steadily growing for many years, the Western Electric Company being among the pioneers of the electrical export business, and of course, during the war, it has grown phenomenally.

Our export business with customers, mainly in South America, has been handled by the distributing houses, but largely by local New York. The sales of our apparatus to our foreign allied and associated companies have been handled through the foreign sales division of the general department, while our interest in our associated and allied companies and our investments abroad, have been supervised by the Western Electric Company, Limited, of Canada.

With the thought of co-ordinating all of this work, the International Western Electric Company, Incorporated, has been formed.

The Western Electric Company, Incorporated, will no longer do a foreign business directly, and the new International Company will devote itself exclusively to the foreign business.

The export department of the New York house has been combined with the foreign sales division of the

general department, which will be the sales and foreign service division of the new organization.

The offices of the International Western Electric Company, Incorporated, are at 195 Broadway, New York.

That part of the new company which will look after the export sales of the old company will combine the personnel of the Export Department at New York and the foreign sales division of the general department, and its organization is much like that of our distributing houses, W. E. Leigh being Assistant Foreign Manager; J. J. Gilbert being Export Sales Manager; J. R. Tulloch being Stores Manager, and L. R. Browne being Credit Manager.

The Buenos Aires house, and other houses that may hereafter be created in South America, or elsewhere, will report to the Assistant Foreign Manager.

The Directors of the International Western Electric Company, Incorporated, are H. B. Thayer, H. A. Halligan, Gerard Swope, A. L. Salt, and W. P. Sidley.

The officers are: H. B. Thayer, President; H. A. Halligan, Vice-President; Gerard Swope, Vice-President and General Manager; R. H. Gregory, Comptroller and Secretary; J. W. Johnston, Treasurer.

The Employees of the International Western Electric Company



This photograph was taken on the roof of 195 Broadway, New York, on a windy day. Part of the Woolworth Building may be seen in the background. STANDING, LEFT TO RIGHT (BACK ROW): A. F. Renke, M. Witbeck, J. W. Foard, G. E. Scheller, Miss Beatrice Burns, H. C. Boble, Miss Lillian Russell, E. T. Giles, Miss Ruth McArdle, F. Wind, Miss Florence Walters, W. A. Behr, M. Collins, W. E. Leigh, W. E. Merrill, J. J. Gilbert, F. M. Borja, Miss Mary Benner, E. C. Sargeant, Miss F. Lanning, H. F. Branstater, Miss Freda Saper, J. B. Reddy, G. H. Paclian, F. J. Hyland, Miss Anna Gorman, J. R. Tulloch, J. A. Norman, A. E. Malone, W. J. Brown. SITTING, LEFT TO RIGHT: Miss Frances Harmon, Miss Virginia Heseman, Miss Florence Cronin, Miss Viola Curtis, Miss Anna Reatel, Miss Elizabeth Doran, Miss Dorothy Port, Miss Susan Wagner, Miss Leah Sturtevant, Miss Julia Rosso, Miss Alice Stewart, Miss Marjorie Lindsey, Miss May Tamboer, Miss Hermine Slemom, Miss Minerva Woerner, Miss Adelaide Fatella. FRONT ROW: A. J. Tucker, M. Moran, E. T. Johnson, H. D. Lissaman, Lewis Vettrano, George Meekes, Philip Artese, A. D. Keller, F. Lleva



To be Awarded in July

| THIRTY YEARS | | | |
|---|------|----|--|
| Gilbert, F. W., Hawthorne, 5902..... | July | — | |
| Miss A. Leseier, 7892..... | " | 5 | |
| TWENTY-FIVE YEARS | | | |
| Spengeman, H. L., Hawthorne, 6374..... | July | — | |
| Schaberg, A., Hawthorne, 5376..... | " | 5 | |
| Pearce, J. W., New York..... | " | 14 | |
| TWENTY YEARS | | | |
| Vander Ploeg, R., Hawthorne, 6163..... | July | 5 | |
| Rylander, C. A., Hawthorne, 6372..... | " | 11 | |
| Short, S. F., Hawthorne, 6363..... | " | 13 | |
| Just, E. B., Hawthorne, 6321..... | " | 18 | |
| Luce, E. J., Hawthorne, 6470..... | " | 23 | |
| Symons, J. H., Minneapolis..... | " | 19 | |
| Leggett, F. H., New York..... | " | 2 | |
| Leigh, W. E., New York..... | " | 5 | |
| FIFTEEN YEARS | | | |
| Dye, H. W., Denver..... | July | 1 | |
| Van Valkenburgh, R. W., Dallas..... | " | 23 | |
| Stewart, C. R., Hawthorne, 5983..... | " | 8 | |
| Kane, C. D., Hawthorne, 6807..... | " | 9 | |
| Schmid, H., Hawthorne, 6109..... | " | 10 | |
| Nilles, A. L., Hawthorne, 5958..... | " | 11 | |
| Plzak, J., Hawthorne, 6344..... | " | 15 | |
| Stark, A., Hawthorne, 7486..... | " | 15 | |
| Olsen, A. H., Hawthorne, 6606..... | " | 20 | |
| Palmer, H. H., Hawthorne, 6641..... | " | 27 | |
| Wrolson, T. J., Hawthorne, 6460..... | " | 27 | |
| Reilly, T. J., Hawthorne, 6606..... | " | 30 | |
| Schroder, F. W., Hawthorne, 5353..... | " | 80 | |
| Hess, G., New York..... | " | 23 | |
| Laird, L. R., New York..... | " | 15 | |
| Paterno, A. C., New York..... | " | 7 | |
| Robinson, Etta H., New York..... | " | 14 | |
| Colgan, J. A. H., New York..... | " | 30 | |
| TEN YEARS | | | |
| Tibbits, F. A., Boston..... | July | 13 | |
| Hoppie, H., Hawthorne, 7883..... | " | 6 | |
| Knistoft, A., Hawthorne, 7383..... | " | 6 | |
| Safar, Emily, Hawthorne, 5934..... | " | 6 | |
| Greaney, P. J., Hawthorne, 6161..... | " | 7 | |
| Anderegg, G. A., Hawthorne, 7985..... | " | 13 | |
| Howe, Mary E., Hawthorne, 6437..... | " | 14 | |
| Norris, L., Hawthorne, 5756..... | " | 14 | |
| Peklar, G., Hawthorne, 6161..... | " | 15 | |
| Heiser, Catherine, Hawthorne, 7393..... | " | 20 | |
| Bailey, B., Hawthorne, 5771..... | " | 21 | |
| Salchow, E. F., Hawthorne, 6498..... | " | 21 | |
| Nemec, J., Hawthorne, 8198..... | " | 21 | |
| Stajenka, J., Hawthorne, 7892..... | " | 22 | |
| Kaupert, A., Hawthorne, 7892..... | " | 23 | |
| Anderson, F. T., Hawthorne, 6520..... | " | 26 | |
| Gibbons, P. P., Kansas City..... | " | 1 | |
| Friddell, Lotta Mrs., Kansas City..... | " | 15 | |
| Lane, J. W., Kansas City..... | " | 15 | |
| Burnet, F., New York..... | " | 22 | |
| Roseborough, D. F., Omaha..... | " | 20 | |
| Hogan, W. J., San Francisco..... | " | 18 | |

Who They Are

Miss Anna Leseier

Working 30 years for one Company and going 30 years without having one's photograph taken are certainly records that are seldom attained by members of the gentler sex. However, Miss Anna Leseier, of Department No. 7892, Hawthorne, holds both records.

Becoming properly imbued with the spirit of independence on July 4, 1888, Miss Leseier forthwith decided that she too would declare her independence and would start out for herself. On July 5, 1888, she entered the service of the Western Electric Co. in the wire insulating department at the old Clinton Street shops. Since that time she has been employed continuously insulating and rewinding magnet wire and tinsel conductors, moving to Hawthorne at the time of the transfer of the Clinton Street shops to the new factory.

Miss Leseier gets her 30-year service button this month, but, as explained above, she had no photograph to accompany this brief sketch of her career. Perhaps when she gets that new gold button with its four stars she will reconsider her resolution and will have a photograph taken.

H. L. Spengeman



When you see H. L. Spengeman wearing his new three-star button this month you will probably conclude that somebody made a mistake and slipped a few extra stars onto the emblem. To prevent such a misunderstanding, we had better state at the start that three stars are quite correct. Mr. Spengeman started in the New York shops when a boy back in 1893.

His first work was done in the instrument making department. As he grew older and wiser he was promoted and became assistant foreman of the transmitter department. Later he served successively as night foreman of the spool making department, assistant foreman of the repair shops, foreman of the graining, lacquering and sand blasting department and foreman of the Western Union repair shop.

Mr. Spengeman next went to the jobbing division and has stayed there ever since. In 1914 he was transferred to the jobbing shops at Hawthorne, where he is now in charge of train dispatching apparatus work.

A. Schaberg



A man who has a continuous service record of 25 years with one company can safely be assumed to have fairly good staying qualities. However, in the case of A. Schaberg it was not ever thus, as they say in poetry.

Mr. Schaberg first worked for the Company in 1884 at New York, finishing binding posts for the telegraph sets. He stayed for three years and then his feet began to itch for the long road leading to Nowhere-in-Particular. During the next six years he traveled from hence to yon (a couple of stations you won't be able to find on your railroad map). Anyway, he "saw the United States first."

In 1898 he landed in Chicago, ready to settle down. Of course he looked up the Western for a job, and he landed one in the repair department at Clinton Street. Later he was made foreman of the department. Repeating coil assembly and generator and ringer assembly were added to his duties for awhile, but the work grew so heavy that the departments were again separated later. Mr. Schaberg remained in charge of the repair work, and has been with that department ever since, with the exception of a leave of absence due to ill health.

So after all it appears safe to say that Mr. Schaberg has almost overcome his early-day restlessness.

J. W. Pearce



J. W. Pearce began work as an office boy down on Thames Street in New York in 1898. He didn't last long as an office boy because he was soon promoted to the retail store a little farther uptown. Two years later he became an outside salesman for the New

York house and has been prowling around and picking up orders ever since.

Mr. Pearce is married and lives in Bayonne, N. J. He has two children. Several other employees of the Company also live in Bayonne, and as they all say good things about him, the News is safe in saying that he is all right. 1898 from 1918 leaves 25, so it is a three-star button that Mr. Pearce gets this month.

R. Vander Ploeg



Unless R. Vander Ploeg takes on weight at an unprecedented rate there is small danger that he will ever go after Jess Willard's heavyweight title. At that Van is heavier now than he was when he applied for a job at Clinton Street in 1898 and got one as

stock roustabout in the retail stores stock room. At least Van thought that was his job for about two weeks while he sweated under bags and bales and boxes. At the end of that time his boss called him over and told him he had made good and promoted him to a clerical

position. The boss had merely wanted to see whether Van had the stuff in him to stick it out.

Since then Mr. Vander Ploeg has had a varied experience. His record includes work in the supply service branch, scheduling department, power apparatus output department, shop capacity department and several others. He was one of the first employees transferred to Hawthorne in 1905, where he held the position of receiving clerk. Here are some of Van's more recent jobs.

In 1918 he was made chief storekeeper of the C. R. & I. Shops. In 1916 he was placed in charge of the plant production department. From there he went to the position of assistant chief storekeeper of the T. A. Shops. His present position, head of the receiving and transfer department, was acquired early this year.

Van gets two stars on his service button this month.

C. A. Rylander

Everyone expects slim girlish fingers to be deft at small work, but it is always a puzzle to figure out how a big fisted man is able to manipulate the minute parts that must be handled in instrument work. Yet you will often see heavy-handed men in that trade picking up tiny screws or attaching fine springs almost invisible to the naked eye.

In view of that fact it is not so surprising that "Big Charley" Rylander was able to make good at this difficult trade. Charley came to the Western at Clinton Street in 1898 from the rolling mills of the Illinois Steel Company. He is built steel mill size, too, and consequently did not find his muscles cracking under the strain when he was put at instrument making. The only thing that bothered him at first was to know that he was working at all.

However, he must have been satisfied with the job, for he is still at it after 20 years of it. That record puts the second star on his service button.

S. F. Short



S. F. Short had worked in a good many places before he joined the Western as a toolmaker in 1888. The new job appealed to him so strongly that he took his bonnet off and has remained with us ever since. In fact, there is more of him with us every day,

although we wouldn't want Herby Hoover to find out about that.

Mr. Short went from the tool room to the desk stand job. Then he was given the job of organizing the general assembly department and was made foreman of this department. He remained on that job until 1909, when he was transferred to Hawthorne as general foreman over all the assembly departments, a position he still holds.

If you will now get out your lead pencil and subtract 1888 from 1918 you will find that Sam is entitled to wear four stars on his service button.

E. B. Just



E. B. Just has split his 20 years of service about 50-50 between the inspection and the operating branches of the Company. He began at New York in the department that produced the wall sets then in almost universal use. After four years in that department

he went over into the inspection department on special apparatus inspection.

Mr. Just stayed with the inspection department for the next six years, moving to Hawthorne in 1910. During this time he rose through various positions to assistant head of the process inspection department. In November, 1912, he was transferred to the condenser and loading coil department, thus returning once more to the operating fold. Later the work of the department became so heavy that it was divided. Mr. Just remained in charge of the loading coil and repeating coil work, his present position.

E. J. Luce



The bicycle craze was responsible for the failure of the Western to acquire a fine baseball pitcher when it hired E. J. Luce as a machinist in 1898. The story is this: One day just before he came with the Company, Luce was hurrying home on his

bicycle when a negro tried to pass him. "They shall not pass," apparently works as well against the colored folks as against the Germans, for the "smoke" did not get by. However, as Luce was scorching along with his head down, he collided with a third cyclist and landed some twenty feet away on his right shoulder. Result: One perfectly good pitcher ruined.

However, Mr. Luce has amply made good in other fields, even though he was kept out of Company athletics. He worked as a machinist and toolmaker until 1915, when he was transferred to the engineer of methods department. About six months later he was again transferred, this time to the tool drafting department. He is

now in the machine equipment department as head of the expense tool order group.

Mr. Luce's main hobby outside of baseball—(he is still a "fan")—is photography. This month he will have a chance to take a picture of himself wearing his new two-star service button.

F. H. Leggett



Twenty years ago this month, the order was given "Let there be light," so Fred Leggett lit on the Western Electric pay-roll and has stuck there ever since. After accumulating the necessary clerical experience at New York, he was transferred to the land

of the Rising Sun and remained in Tokio for three years as secretary of the Nippon Electric Co., Ltd. Following this he was sent to Antwerp as manager and later transferred to New York in charge of the Foreign Sales Department. In 1913 he was transferred to San Francisco as District Manager, and in 1916 returned to New York in the same capacity.

W. E. Leigh



It isn't always necessary to work for the Western Electric Company in order to get a service badge and your picture in the News. Witness the case of William E. Leigh who now works for the International Western Electric Company, Inc. But he is a member of

the Board of Editors of the News so perhaps that accounts for it.

Be that as it may, history records that W. E. Leigh entered the service of the Western Electric Company on July 5, 1898, as an office boy. In February, 1905, he was transferred to the comptroller's department in Chicago. Later on in the same year he was sent to Antwerp, and since that time he has worked in London, Paris, and Chicago. He was Foreign Sales Manager of the Western Electric Company before the organization of the International Western Electric Company, of which he is assistant foreign manager.

The July Squad of Fifteen Year Veterans



T. J. Wrolson



R. W. Van Valkenburgh



L. R. Laird



J. A. H. Colgan



E. H. Robinson



A. L. Nilles

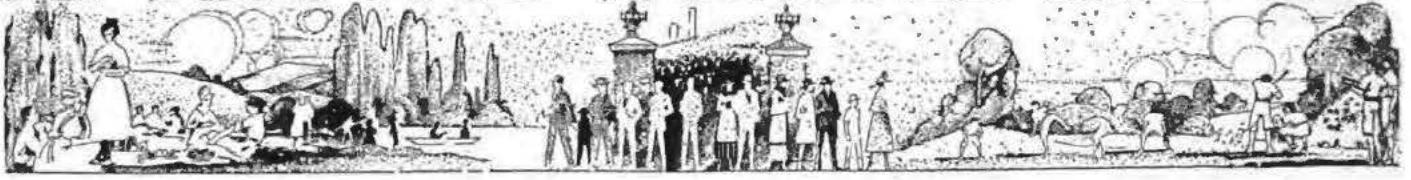


G. Hess



F. W. Schroder

AFTER THE WHISTLE BLOWS



Two Farewell Dinners

Kansas City

TWENTY-SEVEN members of the Kansas City Service and Sales Organization attended a farewell luncheon at the Hotel Muehlebach recently in honor of E. L. Spolander, recently appointed Stores Manager at St. Louis.

The dinner was a complete surprise to the guest of honor, and even after he had been escorted into the dining room by H. L. Harper, with sufficient camouflage, he did not realize his surroundings until his friends stood up and applauded his entry. F. B. Uhrig, as toastmaster, presented a handsome traveling bag and toilet set. Mr. Spolander, of course, responded gracefully. Short talks were made by W. A. Schnedler, of the General Department, New York; L. A. Davies, of the St. Louis house, and Miss Margaret O'Gara, Head of the Stenographic Department, Kansas City.

Mr. Spolander came to the Kansas City house in 1903, and was the oldest member of our Kansas City Organization from the standpoint of continuous service. An interesting side light on the luncheon is the fact that twenty-four of the Western Electric employees present represented 235 years of continuous service.

Cleveland

THE employees of the Cleveland house gave a dinner recently in honor of Messrs. "Cap" Helwig, "Bob" Hills and "Gene" Doeker, who were leaving for military service. The attendance at the dinner, which was arranged by the girls of the organization, was such that it must have shown the men for whom it was given that while we regretted the loss of such a trio—all of them employees of some years service—we wished them good luck in their new adventure.

Mr. Shepard, our Credit Manager, again demonstrated his ability as toastmaster, and, as the dinner was at the close of the War Chest Campaign, he was able not only to compliment the Western Electric girls on their spirit in general, but in particular in that they already boasted of a Western Electric Girls Honor Roll poster showing one hundred per cent. subscriptions.

The employees leaving were duly toasted, as were the Western Electric girls and the Western Electric men. The latter toast was given by Miss Jarman, chairman of the girls' committee of arrangement, and said so many nice things about the men that they wanted everyone to know about it through the News.

Hawthorne Golf Season Opens

THE Hawthorne Golf Club began the season of 1918 on May 4 with a medal play event. The prize winners were as follows: First, J. C. Vanselow, mid-iron; second, O. Goensch, putter; third, M. Kelley, ball; fourth, R. W. Kuhnle, ball.

The second tournament, held May 18, was at match play against bogey. The prizes were distributed to: R. W. Kuhnle, first, mashie; A. F. Potraz, second, putter; J. F. Taylor, third, ball; J. J. Glenn, fourth, ball; M. Kelley, fifth, ball.

The program this year was gotten out in booklet form. A one-day event is scheduled for every other Saturday and a monthly match play elimination tournaments during June, July and August.

Silver cups, medals and other valuable prizes have been provided for the three monthly tournaments and keen competition is looked for throughout the season. The Golf Club was fortunate in obtaining several crack players among the new employees at Hawthorne, so that for the first time in years it looks as though our champion, Mr. Rautenbusch, will have competition for his title.

The New York Inter-Job Baseball League

AMONG the baseball teams of the New York City Inter-Job League the installers at the Bowling Green Central Office lead with three easy victories to their credit, having won every game they played so far. They have an excellent team and are anxious to meet others of their calibre.

The Cathedral installers have won two games and, having lost none, they are entitled to second place. A game between Bowling Green and Cathedral in the near future is expected to be a very close one.

Next comes Coney Island, with a record of winning one game and losing another. Unfortunately, they will be unable to remain in the League on account of the installation being completed.

Much cannot be said of the Forsyth nine. They haven't got very many men to pick from so you can't expect too much. However, they won one game and lost only three.

The installers at the Telephone & Telegraph Building have not been very conspicuous, having lost the one game they played. They have a promising team, though, and we had better not convict them unless they lose again.

Camera Section of Hawthorne Club Holds Exhibit

THE photographic work exhibited this year by the members of the Camera Section of the Hawthorne Club at their third annual contest and exhibit showed a marked improvement over last year's exhibit. A very noticeable difference was the size of the prints submitted. The members are now more and more resorting to enlargements for their exhibition work.

Such veterans as Mr. Barta, Mr. Kjeldsen and Miss Rose Smoller brought forth some excellent work. Mr. Barta's "Landscapes" are always pleasant to look at. Mr. Kjeldsen's "Portrait of Carl," "The Smile" and "Evening in the Park" are among his best. Miss Rose Smoller's "Park Scenes" are prints that will long be remembered.

Two new stars have loomed up in the firmament and bid fair to give the old-timers a hot tussle. These are Mr. Rosendale and Mr. Weiss. Mr. Weiss's "Evening on the Dunes" and Mr. Rosendale's "Home Portraits" were especially good.

The jury of awards, G. C. Abott, A. C. Brace and F. Rich, of the Chicago Camera Club, decided upon the following prize winners:

Group 1, Landscapes—K. A. Kjeldsen, first; E. F. Weiss, second; R. W. Rosendale, third; R. W. Rosendale, Honorable Mention.

Group 2, Miscellaneous (open only to members that had not previously received a prize in any previous Hawthorne contest)—R. P. Decker, first; K. E. Sutherland, second; R. W. Rosendale, third; A. C. Link, Honorable Mention.

Group 3, Home Portraits—R. W. Rosendale, first; R. W. Rosendale, second; K. A. Kjeldsen, third; C. H. D. Osborne, Honorable Mention.

Group 4, Vacation Snapshots—G. E. Olsen, first; C. H. D. Osborne, second; G. E. Olsen, third; C. H. D. Osborne, Honorable Mention.

Group 5, Babies under three years of age—Miss Rose Smoller, first; K. A. Kjeldsen, second; L. T. Marks, third; K. A. Kjeldsen, Honorable Mention.

Group 6, Collective—K. A. Kjeldsen, first; F. W. Barta, second; Miss Rose Smoller, third; C. C. Carr, Honorable Mention.

Group 7, Camera Club Hikes—F. W. Barta, first; F. W. Barta, second; E. F. Weiss, third; K. A. Kjeldsen, Honorable Mention.

K. A. Kjeldsen also recently secured a prize on a picture ("Portrait of Carl") entered in the fifteenth annual exhibit of the Chicago Camera Club at the Art Institute, Chicago. His photograph took fourth place. Prizes in this exhibit were awarded on the result of a popular vote. Several of the prize-winning photographs are reproduced below:



The portrait in the upper left-hand corner which was taken by K. A. Kjeldsen received third prize for home portraits; the evening scene in the center also by Mr. Kjeldsen won first prize for landscapes; the beach scene on the right by E. F. Weiss took the second landscape prize. Below, on the left, is the Camera Club taken on June 2 by Mr. Weiss, and on the right the first prize vacation snapshot by G. E. Olsen

Chicago Installers Play Ball



The Winning Team

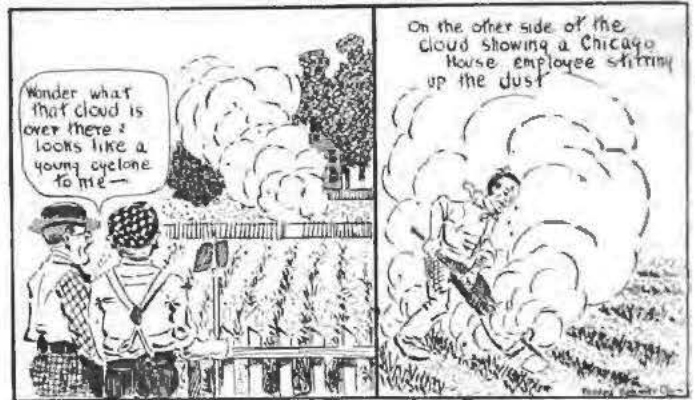
winning a fourteen-inning game from a Chicago Telephone Company team. The score was 8 to 7.

D. J. Yakas was the batting hero of the affray, for he not only made three hits, but banged out one of them in the fourteenth inning and brought home the winning run. There were only eight men on the W. E. team, but that didn't keep them from winning. Those who played were D. J. Yakas, centerfield; M. H. Romberg, first base; E. Jelinek, pitcher; A. Borowsky, 2nd base, shortstop and manager; E. J. Markie, catcher; H. Kommer, 3rd base; H. M. Marshall, right field, and C. L. Monson, left field.

Clinton Street Agriculturists

WHERE was the man in years past, with red blood in his veins, who didn't delight in getting hold of a golf stick or a baseball bat or a pair of oars? If he didn't have plenty of red corpuscles in his system, vigorous action with the above paraphernalia, under the balmy summer sun, would soon put them there.

Now Clinton Street employees, in line with other stay-at-home patriots, have laid aside the golf sticks and other athletic equipment and grasped the hoe handle instead and to use the bucolic vernacular, "are everlastingly making the dirt fly."



Would-be agriculturalists at Clinton Street started early to make their plans for a summer drive up and down the Golden Bantam rows. They began by organizing a garden club, almost before the snow was off the ground. The club has a membership of about 100 men and women. It purchased large quantities of seeds for its members at a discount. Recently several hundred tomato, cabbage and cauliflower plants, etc., were distributed free of charge.

With the crop in, the club now plans to dispense advice to its members and others interested on insecticide and a little later when the vegetables begin to mature, will help to dispose of the "overstocks" to avoid waste.

Minneapolis Employees Dance

The employees of the Minneapolis house joined with the employees of the other companies in Minneapolis, identified with the telephone industry, recently in a Liberty Dance and Entertainment. The gross receipts were used to purchase Thrift Stamps, all expenses were paid in Thrift Stamps and the profits were all turned over to the Red Cross Fund. John Symons was chairman of the floor committee.

Married.

June—Miss Bessie Blaha, Department 7724, Hawthorne, to Otto W. Swehla, Department 6644, Hawthorne.

Willie Neverlearn—He Becomes an Engineer



Western Electric Company

H. B. Thayer, President; H. A. Halligan, Vice-President; W. P. Sidley, Vice-President and General Counsel; A. L. Salt, Vice-President and General Purchasing Agent; Gerard Swope, Vice-President and General Sales Manager; H. F. Albright, Vice-President and General Superintendent; J. W. Johnston, Treasurer; F. B. Jewett, Chief Engineer; G. C. Pratt, Secretary; R. H. Gregory, Comptroller; C. E. Scribner, Consulting Engineer.

Office of publication and address of President, Secretary, and Treasurer, 195 Broadway, New York City.

Western Electric News

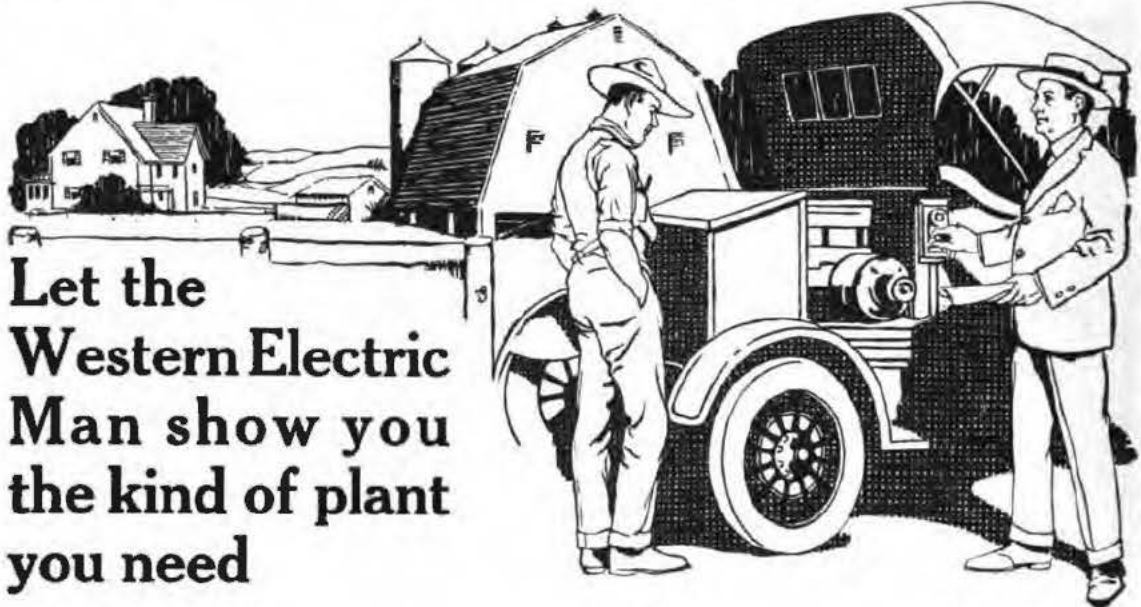
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Vol. VII. No. 6

August, 1918

Western Electric POWER and LIGHT



Let the
Western Electric
Man show you
the kind of plant
you need

THERE is as much difference in electric light plants as there is in automobiles or gas engines. No one type is equally suited to all farms, and your power and light requirements may be different from your neighbors'.

Like every farmer, you want electric power and light, but you don't want an outfit either too large or too small for your needs. Start right! Get all the facts! *Let the Western Electric man show you the kind of plant you need!*

Our business is bigger than the mere selling of any particular electric plant. We sell electricity for the farm. There are all sizes and types of Western Electric outfits. We are not forced by policy to sell one type for every purpose. We can sell you an outfit with or without a gas engine.

If you have a gas engine, it may be a needless expense to buy another engine as a part of an outfit. On the other hand, if you want an outfit with built-in engine, the Western Electric man will tell you about a new outfit of this type ready for delivery this Fall. In any case, it is just a matter of fitting our equipments to your needs.

More than forty years of electrical manufacturing experience is back of all these Western Electric Power and Light Outfits.

Make your entire equipment Western Electric. You can get Western Electric Motors, Water Systems, Milking Machines, etc., to save labor on the farm; as well as Irons, Vacuum Cleaners, Washing Machines and other electrical helps to save time and labor in the home.

There is a Western Electric man near you. Mail the coupon for Booklet No. _____, and we will tell him to get in touch with you.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY INCORPORATED

195 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
410 South Clinton St., Syracuse, N. Y.
11th and York Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.
910 River Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
413 Huron Road, Cleveland, O.
129 Government Square, Cincinnati, O.

WESTERN ELECTRIC CO., Inc.

I want to know more about your electric plants, so please send your book No. _____, "Power and Light on the Farm."

Name _____

P. O. Address _____

County _____ State _____

This power and light advertisement will run in an extensive list of farm papers during August.

Western Electric News



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VOLUME VII

AUGUST, 1918

NUMBER 6

We Go Into the Movies

The Western Succumbs to the Lure of Celluloid Celebrity

IT may be a very easy, not to say delightful task, to take pictures of winsome and high-salaried movie queens, who toil not, neither do they spin, yet even Solomon's, with all the advanced 1919 styles in the windows, was not arrayed like one of these. However, in these days of numerous "vampire" productions, the News staff hastens to save its reputation by pleading absolute, total, entire, dark, deep, and complete ignorance of all phases of the movie game involving the face cards. That may be a disappointment to our readers, but perhaps we can lead you a little way into the mysteries of the movies over the "industrials" route.

"Industrials," in moving picture language, are films produced for business organizations. Sometimes these pictures are intended for the use of salesmen, handling, say, heavy machinery, which cannot be carried around and demonstrated to prospective customers. Sometimes they are designed to impress upon the general public the excellence of a firm's product and the modern, efficient and sanitary methods used in

preparing the product. Still other reels aim to give widely separated branches of a big organization a knowledge of each other. Salesmen in branch houses, for instance, can do more effective sales work if they gain some idea of the manufacturing process in use at the factory which produces their goods.

The last classification is the one that most nearly fits the reels which the Company is making at Hawthorne. These reels will be shown at branch houses in foreign countries, sales conventions, telephone and electrical society meetings,—in short, to all organizations directly or indirectly interested in our factory. They will doubtless also be welcomed by high school and college students,

who want to learn something of opportunities and working conditions with the Western.

Now a man to whom is assigned the sizable job of telling all about Hawthorne in pictures is like the side-show dwarf trying to put his arms around the fat lady—he doesn't know where to begin. As it takes nine hours steady walking merely to pass once through every



Raymond Kasmar, hero of the Hawthorne Movie, gets his final instructions



"Drink, Pretty Creature, Drink." Filming a Fountain at Hawthorne

room in the Works, it is quite evident that a picture showing even just the most important things in every room would rival a Chinese drama in length. Since most of us haven't time to go to a show every day for a month, the first problem was to omit practically all of the available material and still keep enough of the typical things to show people what a big, modern, well-managed factory is like.

The plan finally adopted was to tell the story in two separate reels. One emphasizes what Hawthorne's machines do. The other deals with what Hawthorne's people do and the opportunities for a newcomer to make good among them.

About half the manufacturing reel shows the machinery used in making a desk-stand and receiver. It includes views of the rotary furnace for hardening the magnets, one of the wheels for grinding them and the big electro-magnet that charges them; also a punch press drawing the receiver cup, an automatic screw machine making the terminals, a machine welding the magnets, another welding the spool cores to the magnets, an automatic lathe profiling the rubber shell, and machines braiding the cords, besides several assembly operations. The remainder of the reel covers cable making. It begins with the insulating of the wire and follows through the twisting, stranding, drying, sheathing, testing, sealing, and shipping.

One of the features in the manufacturing reel is a "trick picture," showing parts of a desk stand assembling themselves, piece by piece, until a completed telephone results. Like everyone who has seen it, you probably will want to know how it was taken.

Now the generally approved way of opening an explanation to a novice in any subject is to begin by telling him that "it is all very easy when you know how." How-

ever, in this case, the reverse is true: Knowing how is easy; doing it is hard. Here is the how of it:

Let's start away back among the elementary facts. Moving pictures are photographed on long ribbons of film, sensitized just like an ordinary kodak film. These strips of film are perforated along the edges for their entire length by two rows of holes, which furnish a means of moving the film past the camera lens in this way: The camera is equipped with toothed wheels, which turn when the operator rotates a crank. The teeth in these wheels go through the holes in the film and pull it along. The crank also operates the take-up reel or spool, on which the exposed film is wound. The pull of the film itself is sufficient to unwind it from the unexposed reel. The shutter of the camera is also operated by the crank and is so geared that it opens once for every three-quarters of an inch movement of the film. That, you will find if you figure it out, gives 16 pictures to each foot of film, since 16 times three-fourths of an inch equals 12 inches. Each of these pictures differs slightly from the preceding and following pictures, if there is motion in the scene photographed. The pictures of a man taking a step, for instance, will begin with a foot on the ground. The next picture will show the foot slightly raised; in the third it will be raised a little higher, etc. Then it will begin to be lowered and continue until it reaches the ground again. Usually 16 pictures (one foot of film) are taken per second, and the differences in the successive pictures are very slight. When these pictures are thrown on the screen they flash by so fast that the eye does not detect the successive pictures, but gets only the effect of the original movement photographed.

That gives you enough facts to understand animated work. Suppose for the man we substitute a jointed doll. If we first take one picture of it with a foot on the ground, then move the foot up a little and take another picture; move it a little more and take a third picture and continue until we follow through a complete step, these pictures, thrown on a screen, will show the doll walking. All the intermediate processes, where the hands were moving the doll are, of course, not photographed and so do not appear on the screen. As a result, the doll appears to be alive.

Our desk stand assembly was worked out on exactly that principle, except that we actually disassembled it, since that could be done more easily than the assembling operations. By cranking the camera backwards and projecting the film forward in the normal way, the action seen on the screen is reversed, so that the telephone appears to go together instead of falling apart (which, of course, would not have been true to life, for no Western Electric 'phone was ever known to fall apart).

Now to give you some idea of the work involved in taking such a trick photograph: Suppose we want the mouthpiece of the telephone to move across the table and jump into place. If we want it to take two seconds to make the move we must divide our distance into 32 parts (remember there are 16 pictures projected each second) and move the mouthpiece one thirty-second of the table-length between successive pictures. The dis-

tance can be estimated by the eye nearly enough, since it really makes no difference whether the action takes exactly two seconds or only $1\frac{3}{4}$ seconds, say. Consequently, if we guess our spaces a little too long no great harm is done. However, great care must be taken not to disturb anything else on the table, for if something has been moved out of place between two exposures, it will, when the film is projected, appear to have jumped to its new location.

The entire trick assembly of the desk stand is photographed on about 200 feet of film and takes, therefore, about 200 seconds (or $3\frac{1}{3}$ minutes) to run. The actual work of photographing it, however, took nine full hours. That does not include time consumed in setting up the camera and preparing for the picture, but only the time actually needed to make the movements which go by on the screen in about three minutes. So when you go into the movie game sign up as a Mary Pickford and not as a director of "animated" films.

And now for a brief summary of the second Hawthorne reel:

It begins with a scene showing a newly graduated technical high school boy getting off the elevated at the 48th Avenue station. Of course you immediately guess that he is looking for the Hawthorne Works. He is, and our sign on the T. A. Building shows him that for once an "L" guard has directed him correctly.

The next scene shows the boy going in at our main gate. In the third scene he enters the office of Fred J. Holdsworth, warehouse manager, to whom he carries a letter of introduction from his school principal, which explains that the young man is looking for a position where brains and initiative will count.

The rest of the film shows Mr. Holdsworth taking the boy about the Works and explaining something of the opportunities for advancement with the Company. It includes views of our grounds and buildings from various points, several scenes in the shops, including a fire drill in the coil winding department; scenes in the evening classes, our fire department in action, how we keep fit by baseball, tennis, bowling, etc.; the Camera Club on a hike, the Gun Club, the band and orchestra and numerous other scenes of Hawthorne life.

The part of the boy is taken by Raymond E. Kasmar, a student in the Works Training Division. In fact, all of the acting in both reels is done by Hawthorne employees, and it is done so well that no one realizes it is acting. The operators at the machines go about their work in the accustomed way, with no self-conscious glances toward the camera, and the people who take part in the staged scenes are equally natural. All of which goes to prove that Western Electric people can do a good job at anything, whether it is making telephones or acting in the movies.

The reels are now almost completed and will probably be ready for a public showing within a month or two. Putting the finishing touches to a reel, so that it will run smoothly and logically, is one of the hardest parts of the job. Luckily a film can be cut anywhere and pasted together again in any desired order, so that mere re-

arrangements do not involve rephotographing the whole thing. This makes it possible to develop the details of the story as the work progresses (a process similar to trying out a new musical comedy on the long-suffering inhabitants of some "tank town"). When all crudities and lack of coherence have been removed the film is ready to be shown to the public.

The sight of the movie men at work in different parts of the plant during the last few months has naturally stirred up considerable interest and a desire to know "when we are going to get a chance to see these pictures." Perhaps the foregoing explanation will help Hawthorne inhabitants to possess their souls in patience yet a little while longer. The improvements in the finished films will be worth a little extra wait.

All this space devoted to the Hawthorne movie tends to create the impression that it is an only child, which is far from being the case. The oldest member of the Western Electric movie family, "The Education of Mrs. Drudge," is a sturdy youngster some two years old, and was described in the News a long time ago. The other children, two in number, are the engineering department film, "Telephone Inventors of Today" and another sales department picture, "A Square Deal for His Wife."

The latter really should have been mentioned first because it was completed several months ago and is now being shown in theatres in a dozen or more states. The genesis of this film was an advertisement of the Company's in the leading magazines of the country last year. The advertisement depicted a young husband seated in his office surrounded by every convenience which is to be found in a modern business building. He is suddenly gripped by the realization that his wife is just as much entitled to a modern electrically equipped house in which to carry on her business of managing the home, as he is to his splendidly appointed office. That was the central



A little aerial work

idea of the advertisement and it is easy to see how readily it could be adapted to the movies.

In the film *Ralph Graves*, a professional motion picture actor, whose name is familiar to many followers of the movies, plays the part of the unthinking husband who does not realize what a real job housework is until his wife is compelled by illness to go away for a rest, and he is forced to try it himself. The results are disastrous, and by the time his wife returns he has had the house electrically equipped from cellar to garret. Needless to say, the film ends in a "clinch."

There is not space enough available to describe the film more fully. The best way to satisfy your curiosity is to see it with your own eyes. The way to do that is to watch the lobby of your favorite movie theatre for the poster which is reproduced (minus its colors) on this page. And in case you miss the poster you may get a little folder in your mail with your electric light company's monthly bill, which will tell you where "A Square Deal for His Wife" is to be shown. And even if you shouldn't happen to see the film in your neighborhood theatre you will undoubtedly get a chance to see it some



The Poster that Draws the Crowds

day at the office or factory, because all of the Company's films will be shown to the employees at Hawthorne and at the distributing houses. Everyone will get an opportunity to see them in this way and so gain a clear impression of the manifold activities of the Company.

Now for the fourth child of the Western's movie family, the *Engineering Film*. It hardly is necessary to speak of the reasons for the existence of the *Engineering Film*. You probably have guessed it, but in case you haven't, here it is. The engineers heard that Hawthorne was going to have a movie taken of itself, so of course they wanted one of themselves. It is a good thing that they gave expression to their desire, because the film is a most interesting one. It begins with a view of the West Street building and even is brazen enough to announce that the building has thirteen stories, so

little do the engineers care for those wholly unscientific things known as superstitions.

As soon as you have had a good look at the outside, you are invited to come in, and then follows an almost

(Continued on page 16)



Before buying Western Electric Quality Products



This picture tells its own story

Hawthorne Hears Inventor of Tanks

Gen. Swinton, British Commander, and Dr. W. S. Moore, of Detroit, Give Stirring Speeches During the Noon Hour, July 5



Patriotism is Popular at Hawthorne. A view of the speakers' stand on July 5

“WHERE will we send the Kaiser?” “HELL! HELL! HELL!”

Not “H—l,” Mr. Linotype man. Spell it out. Make it the way you say it when your lower-case “e” sticks—plain, loud and fervent. For that’s the way Hawthorne’s workers said it on July 5th, when Dr. Willis S. Moore, of Detroit, and Gen. E. D. Swinton, of Over There, talked to them on what American workers are doing and what more they can do to “make the world safe for democracy.”

General Swinton and Dr. Moore are touring the country under the auspices of the National Service Section of the Emergency Fleet Corporation. Their message is, “Full speed ahead for Berlin!” And that means top notch for the workers back here, too, if the boys at the front are to get their job through on schedule time. For it takes ten workers *working* to supply each fighter. The thing boils down to this: Work for Uncle Sam or shirk for Kaiser Bill.

Well, there is only one answer to that, and we have already shocked the sensibilities of the patient printer man by making him set it up once.

However, the only thing that shocks the Kaiser is a good punch on his western front or a jolt between the

ribs of his U-boats. Dr. Moore demonstrated a few of the motions necessary to deliver such a jolt. Charlie Schwab’s boat builders had just got in one such blow on the Fourth, when they made that memorable splash, which carried clear to Germany and gave a briny taste to the Kaiser’s beer. They didn’t do it merely by taking off their hats to the flag, either. Taking off their coats was what turned the trick.

Dr. Moore pointed out the fact that we cannot all have the satisfaction of seeing a big hunk of our achievement splash into the water, as the shipbuilders do, but we can all have the satisfaction of knowing that our labors are every bit as important, for it is only through the maximum effort of everyone here at home that the war can be won quickly. The doctor asked to see the right hand of everyone who would pledge himself to make that maximum effort—and there wasn’t a left-handed person in the crowd!

At the close of his address Dr. Moore introduced General Swinton. Of course you know General Swinton, the man who proved that “even the worm will turn” when he transformed an American caterpillar into a British tank. As an agricultural implement the tank has proved to be a great little Hun harvester, too.

General Swinton is a Britisher—or was when he landed in this country. Two days later, he confesses, a beautiful and charming lady looked over at him in a New York elevated train and remarked, "Oh, boy!" Since then, he says, his allegiance is split 50-50. Which shows that his heart must be about one-half of him. Still we would much rather have him captured by one of our loyal American girls than by the enemy.

The English and Americans are beginning to understand each other, the General said. We find that we not only have the same language, but the same ideals. As the speaker put it, "the things that make us square our jaws and put out our chins make you square your jaws and put out your chins, too." Against those things the Allies stand united in a war of the soul against the flesh—ideals against a rank materialism that claims might as right, that practices slavery, treachery, terrorism and methods of war unspeakable.

America, American workers, declared General Swinton, must put every ounce of strength into this war to save their women and children from the horrors of Belgium, Serbia, and France. The General has seen things over there and he knows that when our soldiers see them, too, they will need no urging on. His message is to us at home, who may fail to realize that our prosaic tasks are important—nay, vital to the success of the mighty world struggle. To us when we feel discouraged, tired, "fed up." Stick it out! The boys at the front are often tired. They are often "fed up" on the war. But they



Gen. E. D. Swinton

don't quit. They know what they have to do. And we, too, must awake fully and realize our share in the task. The workers and the fighters of the civilized world must stop the Huns! Nothing else matters but winning this war.

General Swinton's conviction on that point is absolute. Like everyone who has faced the boches, he voices it with an earnestness that is beyond mere oratory. It is a conviction that has been seared into his soul.

He brought out the decent fighter's opinion of Germany's military maniacs by contrasting the attitude of the British soldier toward the Boers with their feeling toward the Germans. "During the Boer War," he said, "we always referred to our opponent as 'Friend Boer,' but you never hear an English soldier in this war refer to 'Friend Fritz.' Not any more. The Huns are the swine of hell. I only moderate my language because there are ladies present." The General's vocabulary must be glorious during the heat of a battle!

At the close of the meeting W. H. Meese rose and proposed three cheers for General Swinton, and the audience certainly put its heart into them. Apparently the General's "50-50" is catching. Hereafter we shall feel a little more of personal pride mingled with our satisfaction every time we read that Tommy has landed another body blow on Friendless Fritz.

And now, workers here at home, once more: Where will we send the Kaiser? But wait! Let's not spend any more time talking about it. Let's go to it!



Another Speech

If the soldiers can address the civilians, why can't the civilians address the soldiers? They can and here is a picture to prove it.



Theodore N. Vail addressing a Telegraph Battalion near Monterey, Cal.

Do It Electrically

When Milli Ampere first saw Volt
Her charms passed all resistance.
A spark coiled in his heart poor coil—
He needed prompt assistance.
And she, though plighted to old Watt,
Could alternate affection,
So let her eye bolt glances hot,
Right in poor Volt's direction.
The current of Watt's wrath flowed strong!
He vowed Volt should not meter.
For daughter Poly Phase had long
Hoped that Volt would be sweeter.
And so to Milli Ampere, he
A stern note did transmitter,
Requesting she transform, and be,
If possible, less bitter.
So Milli Ampere flirted not,
But knew that it was wise
To regulate the rage of Watt
And with him synchronize.
Then Volt with Poly Phase did fuse—
From her he did not roam.
They rectified divergent views
And started a small Ohm.

W. F. LEGGERT, New York-Broadway.

Untechnical Talks on Technical Topics---Keys

As telephones came into commercial use devices for readily making changes in the connections of the circuits in which they were used became necessary. At first these devices were few and simple, but with the increased use of the telephone, they grew more complicated and numerous. Although classed as switches, the majority of them are very different from the ordinary electric light and power switch with which most people are more or less familiar. In the development of the telephone exchange they evolved into three general forms—

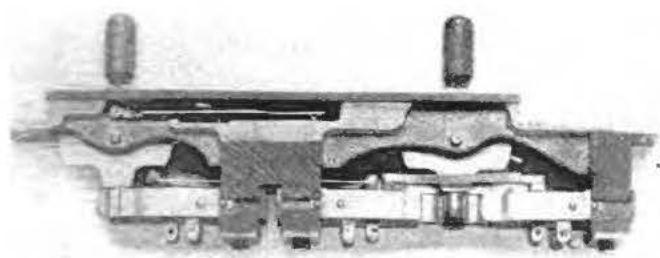


Fig. 1—Cord-Circuit Key of the Old Type

the relay, the jack and plug, and the key. The relay is an automatic switch operated by an electro magnet and has been described in a previous issue of the News. The jack and plug consist of a finger (the plug) made up of metal parts insulated from each other and connected to flexible conductors, and a thimble (the jack) associated with a number of springs with which the plug comes in contact when inserted in the thimble.

It is the purpose of this article to describe the manually operated switch known as the telephone key.

This piece of apparatus usually consists of a base on which is mounted a frame having one or more groups of flat springs provided with contact points. The opening and closing of the contacts is controlled by either push buttons or cam levers, which operate the springs. The push-button type of key is usually used in cases where comparatively simple units are required, and it is necessary to occupy a limited area on the keyboard. The lever type may have two operating positions and lends itself readily to uses where it is necessary to close circuits for a considerable length of time. Keys used for this class of service are known as locking keys.

The lever type is also adapted to actuate a larger number of springs to the unit than the push-button type. Of course, there are locking push-button keys and non-locking lever keys, and their selection for any particular work is determined by the operating conditions. The number and arrangement of the contact springs in both types of keys vary with the use for which they are in-

tended. They are used when the telephone operator rings the subscriber's bell, when she listens for instructions, in making calls between exchanges, in controlling the coin collections of pay stations and for many other purposes where opening and closing of circuits by hand is desirable or necessary.

In the development of the telephone industry, the number of different types of keys and combinations required, increased very rapidly. In fact, it appeared that no limit could be fixed to the number of combinations that might be necessary. Up to a few years ago the forms of the bases and frames as well as the spring combinations used in keys designed for various purposes were numerous. This variation implicated the stocking and merchandising of keys, and as the number of different types required increased, this condition would become more complex.

An important step then was taken in key design through the development of the universal key shelf and the universal key. This development had for its object a simplifying of the manufacture of keys by making as many parts as possible common to the different types, thereby reducing the number of stock parts necessary. Where, in the old line of keys, it was necessary to use

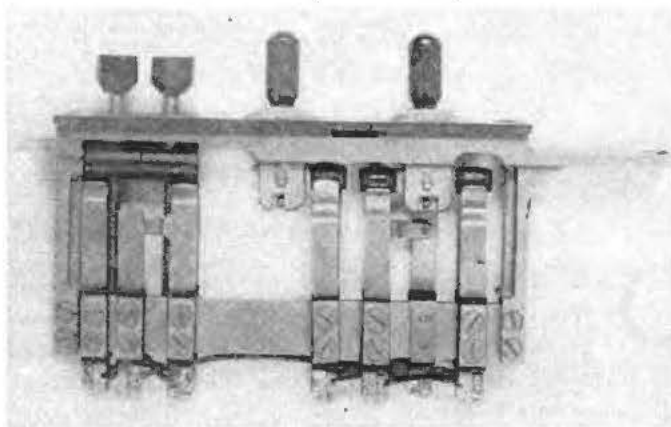
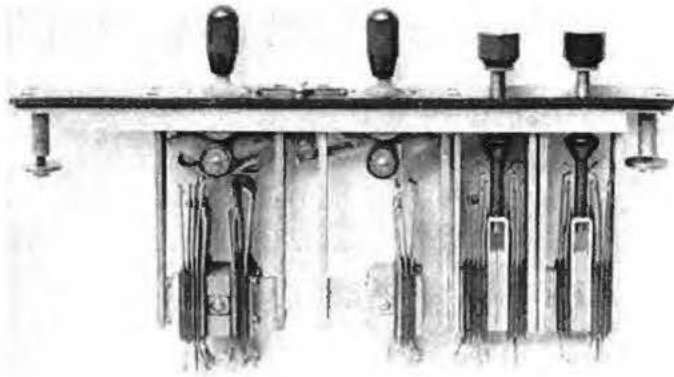


Fig. 2—Another Old-Style Key

many different castings for the bases and frames, in the universal type a few punched bases and a small number of punched frames probably will cover the entire field. The assembly of a frame with its contact springs and push-button or lever forms a key unit. All the combinations which are used extensively are standardized as units and can be used in any of the standard bases, thus developing a commercially ideal line of keys. As the universal key is constructed mainly of punchings, this system not only reduces the number of different parts necessary, but also makes possible the manufacture of the parts at a comparatively low cost.

Figures 1 and 2 show cord-circuit keys of the old type. Figure 3 shows a cord-circuit key of the universal type. The universal key units are shown in Figures 4 and 5.



In the center is a cord-circuit key of the universal type, and at each side are units of the universal key. They are referred to in the article as Figures 3, 4 and 5

In the daily operation of the telephone exchange, keys play a very important part and in busy exchanges are operated thousands of times in the course of a year. As they are manipulated by hand and there is no certainty as to the pressure which may be applied by the operator, they must be constructed so as to give satisfactory service during a reasonable life with a considerable margin to spare.

As it is not practical to use lubrication on the keys, the question of durability has necessarily been the subject of much study. There are, of course, numerous re-

quirements which keys must meet in order to be satisfactory in the telephone service, which the limited space does not permit to be given in detail. Owing to the very important work which they are intended to perform in connection with means of communication, and as it is recognized that failure in the performance of any of their functions might mean a crippling of one or more telephone connections, much thought and time has been spent in bringing them to their present state of perfection. They are not very big but they do a big job and do it well.



The New Haven Cable Installation

ONE of the most important cable installations ever undertaken by the Company is now in progress on the line of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. Of course the Company has done numerous telephone jobs of equal or greater magnitude, but thus far the railroads have been slow to appreciate the advantages to be gained by the use of cable. Some time ago the Pennsylvania installed cable on some of its most important divisions, and now the New Haven is falling in line.

The new cable is to start at Mott Haven in the upper part of New York City and extend to New Haven, a distance of approximately 70 miles. It will be carried both over head and under

ground, the overhead sections coming at points where the rocky conditions make underground work unnecessarily expensive. On the overhead sections the cable will be carried on heavy poles, such as those shown in the photograph in which a portion of the cable near New Haven appears.



H. H. Shepard of the New Haven, and C. R. Wharton, Western Electric, inspecting the new cable

All of the railroad's telephone, telegraph and train dispatching circuits will be taken through the new cable, and in the future the New Haven's train dispatching will be conducted by telephone. The cable is to be loaded according to the terms of an agreement entered into by the railroad company and the A. T. & T. Co. N. E. Smith, Superintendent of Telegraph, is in charge of the work.

The Naval Hospital at Norfolk

By Yeoman Julia A. Schnebbe, U. S. N.

(Miss Schnebbe formerly was employed by the Company at West Street where she was a secretary)



Yeoman Schnebbe

AS the observations of an enlisted woman in Uncle Sam's Navy may be interesting to my co-workers in the Western Electric Company, I am writing of my experience for a period of four months as yeoman to the Commanding Officer of the U. S. Naval Hospital, Norfolk, Virginia.

In the first place, the U. S. Naval Hos-

pital is really located in the City of Portsmouth, Virginia, Norfolk lying on the opposite side of the Elizabeth River. The spacious main building stands like an old Colonial mansion back of the tree-covered lawn that stretches down to the river, the marine barracks and the detached buildings of the isolated wards clustering like little villages beyond its great wings.

The Government Reservation juts out like a peninsula into the Elizabeth River. Near the boat landing, above the old trees, floats our starry banner from its tall white flag pole, while in the background, from the pointed cornice of the high white-pillared portico of the main building, waves the flag of mercy, the red cross on its white field.

For the first two months my desk was in the office of the Commanding Officer, who has been in the service many years and is one of the best-liked men in the whole Navy. As the hospital is conducted like a ship my stay in these quarters has been a liberal education.

When men break the rules of the Navy they are brought before the Commanding Officer, who either reprimands them, orders a few hours' extra duty, or decides whether a deck court, a summary court martial, or a general court martial is necessary. This is called holding "Mast," a relic of the days of the old Navy, when the captain of a ship actually did hold court at the foot of the mainmast of the boat. For minor offenses, committed for the first time, such as crap shooting, or smoking in forbidden places, men are usually warned or their "watch" extended a few hours. About three times a week one of the officers taps on the door of the Captain's office and says: "Sir, will you hold mast this morning?" On receiving an affirmative answer he shortly leads in a line of sheepish-looking chaps, one of the chief mates

fetching up in the rear carrying the record books and the evidence, the latter usually consisting of dice and coins, which the Chief Petty Officer solemnly deposits in a conspicuous place. The men are placed in a straight line before the Commanding Officer, and their misdoings stated by the officer who made the capture. Each man gets a chance to defend himself, and the replies made show much forethought and originality. One day the first man began glibly:

"Captain, I often heard of that game of crap and wondered what it was, so when a fellow offered to teach me, why I thought I'd learn, just for curiosity."

"Who acted as teacher?"

"He isn't here, sir."

"Where is he?"

"Captain, I can't act as tale-bearer, you can give me any punishment you want, but I can't tell on a shipmate."

"Hum," said the doctor, turning from this honorable gentleman and looking over the tops of his glasses at the next one, "I suppose you were only learning, too?"

"Yes, sir, yes, sir," with alacrity.

"And you, also?" turning to the others.

They all proved to be beginners at the game, and as it was the first time they were caught at the hospital they were let off with a few hours' extra duty. Just as they were filing out the Commanding Officer said:

"I would advise you fellows to forget all you learned last night as quickly as possible."

Another time it was a darky who was in trouble. He was in the brig and had been sentenced to pay a fine, when his wife wrote in complaining that he was not supporting her. He was called before the Commanding Officer and told that he must make an allotment. After filling out the usual form, he turned to the doctor and said:

"Captain, I'm awfully sorry for my wife, as I can't begin paying that money very soon because of that fine."

"That's all right, Williams," heartily assured the doctor, with a twinkle in his eye, "your wife won't suffer a bit. The Government will see that she gets her money. Only it will take you that much longer to pay the fine from your share."

From my observation it seems as though most sailors do not thoroughly enjoy a cigarette unless they are in prohibited places, actively engaged in dodging officers. At the hospital they can smoke anywhere but in the wards or main corridors. A large recreation room is provided for them, and there is also the fine Government park, but these are nothing compared with the joys of the chase.

Some sailors are safe only on board ship. An old tar



The Naval Hospital in which Miss Schnebbe worked

requested leave to go home to visit his family living in Baltimore. The doctor looked at him reflectively, and then thoughtfully inquired:

"Let me see, Jones, what brought you to this hospital?"

"Sir, it was a case of mistaken identity. I was walking along the street in Norfolk when a fellow came along, took me for some one else, and hit me on the side of the head with a club. When I came to, my watch, money and some of my clothes were gone."

"Weren't you found in some alley over in Norfolk?"

"Yes, sir, but I don't know how I got in it. They must have carried me there."

"Well, if I give you five days' leave you can write home to-day, take the boat for Baltimore to-morrow night, and your wife can meet you at the pier Thursday. Then Monday night you can take the boat back."

"But, captain," hastily, "it takes twelve hours to go to Baltimore by boat and I can make it in four hours on the train."

"No, Jones, I'm afraid if you go by train another fellow might come up and hit you on the other side of the head."

"Captain," earnestly, "I'm willing to take a chance."

But Jones' bravery was not put to the test. The hazardous trip by train from Norfolk to Baltimore was not taken. Instead, he went by the only safe route known for sailors.

In the Navy we have no working hours, but keep watch. My "watch" included Thanksgiving Day and New Year's, for there are no Sundays nor holidays in the Navy, some one must always be on watch, the Government never sleeps.

The sailors always speak of the different parts of the hospital as if it were a ship, the first floor, where the Commanding Executive officers' offices are located, being the "main deck"; scrubbing the halls is called "washing down decks," permission to go outside the Government reservation is called "shore leave," the kitchen is the "galley," the room where prisoners are kept is the "brig," while even in official correspondence the hospital is often referred to either as the "ship" or "vessel," under the command of the Medical Director, and many a sailor has asked me to "please do a shipmate a favor" by writing a letter for him.

The weekly fire drill usually takes place Saturday morning. First the big gong in the main building clangs, the power-house whistle takes up the warning, then the fire house, and finally the contagious camp. Soon the galley doors open and the white uniformed colored cooks and mess attendants run out in line formation, two abreast, about fifty deep, each carrying a bucket of water, headed for the contagious camp; then the officers hasten up, the sailors detailed as firemen rush out of the fire house with their fire-fighting apparatus, and then the marines dash up with their equipment. In the meantime, each one of the hospital corpsmen has taken his appointed place. Preparedness is the rule here, hence there is little danger of conflagration.

As this is the largest Naval Hospital in the United States, practically all the sick boys from the North Atlantic fleet that is patrolling our coast are brought here by the U. S. Hospital Ship *Solace*. After the boat is docked and all the patients taken to the respective wards to which they are assigned, the Commander of the U. S. S. *Solace* makes an official visit to the Medical Director in command of the hospital. He reports to the Officer of the Day. The latter then goes to the quarters of the Commanding Officer, taps on the door, and says:

"Sir, I have to report that the Commander of the *Solace* is here."

Directions are then given to usher in the Commander of the *Solace*, who is in full Naval uniform.

Sometimes there is a death. If the boy has no friends, or should his parents desire him to rest among his comrades, he is buried with full military honors in the old Naval Cemetery that lies inside the ancient brick wall beyond the hospital. Many generations of Naval dead are buried here, as the hospital dates from 1823. A detachment of blue jackets is sent from one of the battleships at the Navy Yard, and then, with martial tread, the lad, clad in a new blue uniform, is carried to his last resting place. After the flag-draped coffin is lowered, there are the prayers of the Chaplain, the dirge, then taps! When the great Reveille wakens those sleepers no old men will be found among their number, but the young, many in the first bloom of their youth, will answer—boys who have died in the line of duty, in the service of their country.



A driveway in the hospital grounds

Around the Circuit

Atlanta

THE annual outing of the Atlanta Organization was held at Silver Lake on Saturday afternoon, June 29, which was a very enjoyable occasion as will be noted from the accompanying photographs.

We had the pleasure of having our new manager with us, H. W. Hall, who will be seen in one of the pictures rowing a boat in the center of the lake. Mr. Hall is very good at catching Georgia peaches; beside the three he has with him in the boat, he caught four out of five other peaches which were thrown to him from the shore, giving him a total of seven. Mr. Hall had to leave for home very suddenly, and we haven't been able to find out whether it was on account of the rainstorm or the peaches.

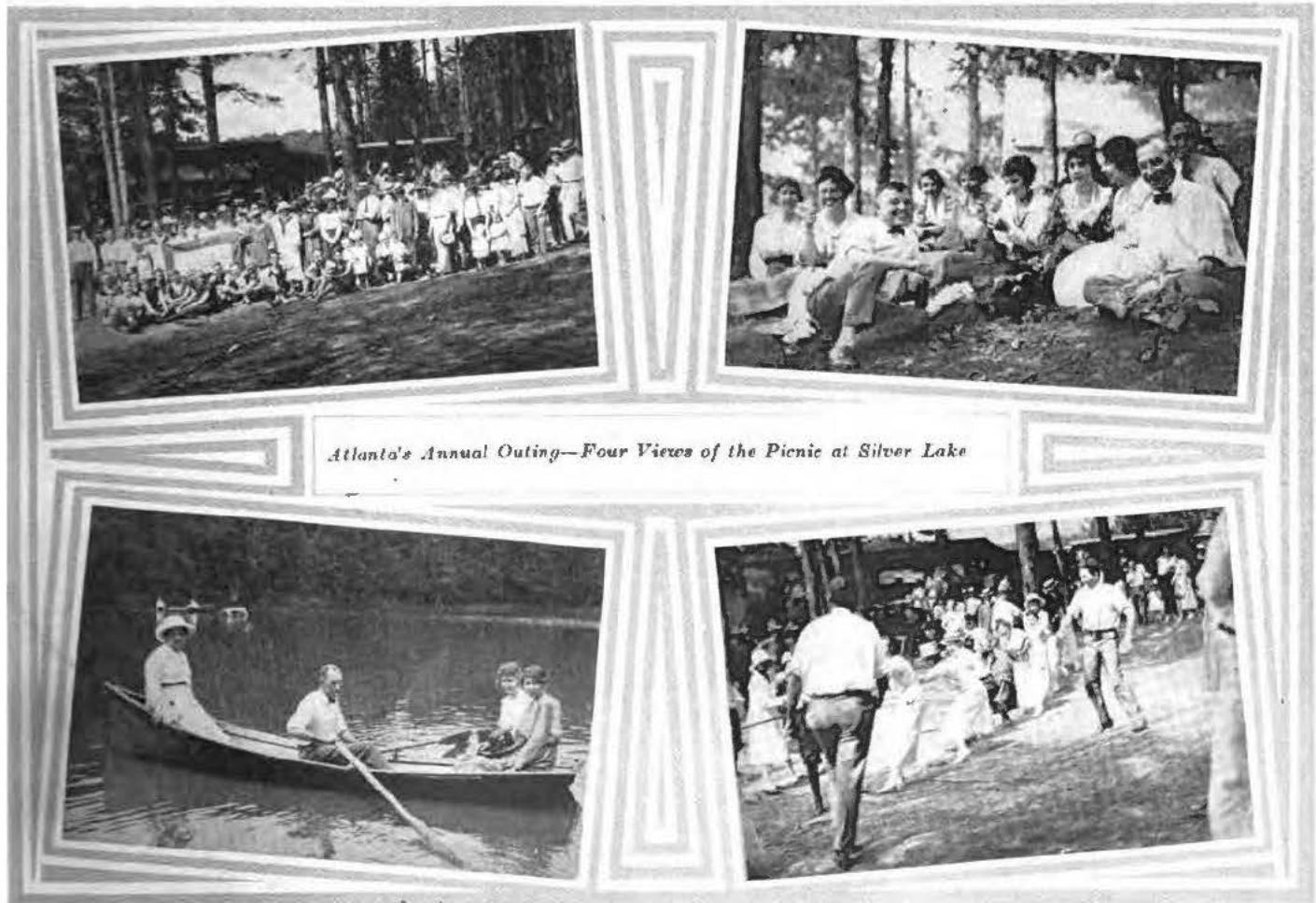
In the language of our Sales Manager: "Look at our little fat Stores Manager," in the front of the upper left-hand photograph. The photographer had to keep moving back from him in order to get some of the rest of the group in the picture.

We tried to get a picture of W. M. Dickenson, Chairman of the Program Committee, but he was running

around so fast he wouldn't take. Mr. Dickenson deserves credit for the manner in which he arranged and handled the program which consisted of boating, swimming races, three-legged races, sack races, nail-driving contests, tug-of-war, stogie contest, boxing, fishing, dancing, running races, etc. Thrift Stamps were offered as prizes, and a War Saving Stamp for the first fish caught (the Committee is in \$4.17).

One particularly interesting feature of the afternoon was the unfortunate predicament of one of our most enthusiastic swimmers, R. E. Robinson. While in bathing the truck left for Atlanta with his clothes, but he was able, however, to borrow one or two garments from Madame Petit Sheikerinsky, wife of the ground-keeper, and was able to reach Atlanta safely sometime before daylight Sunday.

The whole affair was a very enjoyable occasion, some of the crowd, those without bathing suits, had to leave a little early on account of the rain, for it did rain "Some." We all had such a good time that we are receiving suggestions, and beginning to plan already for next year's outing.



Atlanta's Annual Outing—Four Views of the Picnic at Silver Lake

New York—Broadway



ANOTHER Western Electric milking machine—though Josephine Piro, of the Advertising Department, whose picture it is, may not feel flattered at being designated “a machine” and, yes, it is Josephine, in spite of the trousers that might have made the reader think at first

blush that the proof

reader erred in not making it Joseph. Still, some women wear the trousers in the family and maybe Josephine got in some practice while she vacationed on her father's farm.

The Farmer in the Dell

The farmer in the dell,
The farmer in the dell,
Heigh-ho, the merry-o,
The farmer in the dell.

His crops are mighty fine,
His bank book's superfine;
Heigh-ho, the merry-o,
His bank book's superfine.

Since this is now the case,
He's dolling up his place;
Heigh-ho, the merry-o,
He's dolling up his place.

Not long ago this man
He saw an ad. we ran;
Heigh-ho, the merry-o,
He saw an ad. we ran.

It played up power and light,
A help both day and night;
Heigh-ho, the merry-o,
Would help him day and night.

Our agent got a call,
An outfit to install;
Heigh-ho, the merry-o,
An outfit to install.

The farmer now has juice,
That he can put to use;
Heigh-ho, the merry-o,
He puts it to good use.

No longer crooks come near
The brilliant light they fear;
Heigh-ho, the merry-o,
Night prowlers now steer clear.

The farmer's poor hens lay
Their eggs both night and day;
Heigh-ho, the merry-o,
They think that night is day.

The Sunbeam Mazda's glow,
Annovs his daughter's beaux;
Heigh-ho, the merry-o,
It frets his daughter's beaux.

(To be continued)*

W. A. W.

* Maybe—Ed.

Los Angeles

THE accompanying photograph shows a telephone line somewhere in Arizona. Attention is respectfully called to the “can-top” terminal box which is absolutely true to name. It is to smile to note this crude and antiquated paraphernalia, which has been in quite successful operation for approximately a dozen years.

The exact location is being kept sub-rosa because the Arizona representative from the Los Angeles office expects to sell Western Electric cable to replace the present underground (?) system.



Two Los Angeles employees recently joined the ranks of the married men. Condon R. Bean, a recent importation from Seattle, sneaked back there recently and returned with Mrs. Bean, who was Miss Anna Anderson. Clyde H. Wheeler picked a Los Angeles girl for his bride, Miss Jessie Murphy. Both marriages took place in June, the month set apart for that purpose.

Des Moines

DES MOINES employees, with their kin and near kin, very early on the morning of June 12 motored out to Union Park Log Cabin and in the cool, delicious morning air, deep in the wooded dells surrounding the Log Cabin, ate a delicious breakfast. The only requirements and qualifications necessary were to crow like a rooster, chirp like a bird, bark like a squirrel, sqwak like a goose, crawl like a worm and wake up at dawn. The June Breakfast is an annual event at Des Moines. Messrs. Tulk and Frost, of the Iowa Telephone Co., furnished transportation. W. K. Groves was chairman. Here is the crowd:



Chicago

FOLLOWING the plan which has proved so successful at Hawthorne and at West Street in New York, and which is now being extended to the distributing houses, the Chicago house has opened a class for its office boys.

Every Wednesday morning the boys gather in the Conference Room and listen to talks from representatives of the various departments. Assistant Manager E. S. Holmes has explained to the boys the position of the Western Electric Company in the business world. Beginning with the Gray & Barton organization, he told the story of the growth and development of the company to its present status.

John Valenta, of the Sales Department, has told the boys how he started in with the company 27 years ago as a messenger boy at \$3.50 per week and of his various jobs and experiences since that time. Manager F. A. Ketcham has given the boys some good advice along with a history of his service with the company.

Assistant General Sales Manager O. D. Street, in writing about the school to Mr. Ketcham aptly describes the situation as follows:

"Knowing, as I do, the spirit of the older men, I feel confident, as they pull themselves farther up the ladder with one hand, the other hand will be extended downward, helping up from below into the places they themselves are vacating the men of the younger generation.

"If the younger men, in addition to grasping the helping hand which is extended to them from above, will use their heads, their

other hand and their feet, the ascent towards a better job with the Company should be a rapid one. There are broad landings near the top where the Company can utilize most advantageously the services of those who have climbed the ladder of experience. In a business such as ours, experience—getting a grasp of the details connected with the various departments of the business—is an essential requisite for the performance of a successful executive job."

Chicago House Feels Flattered

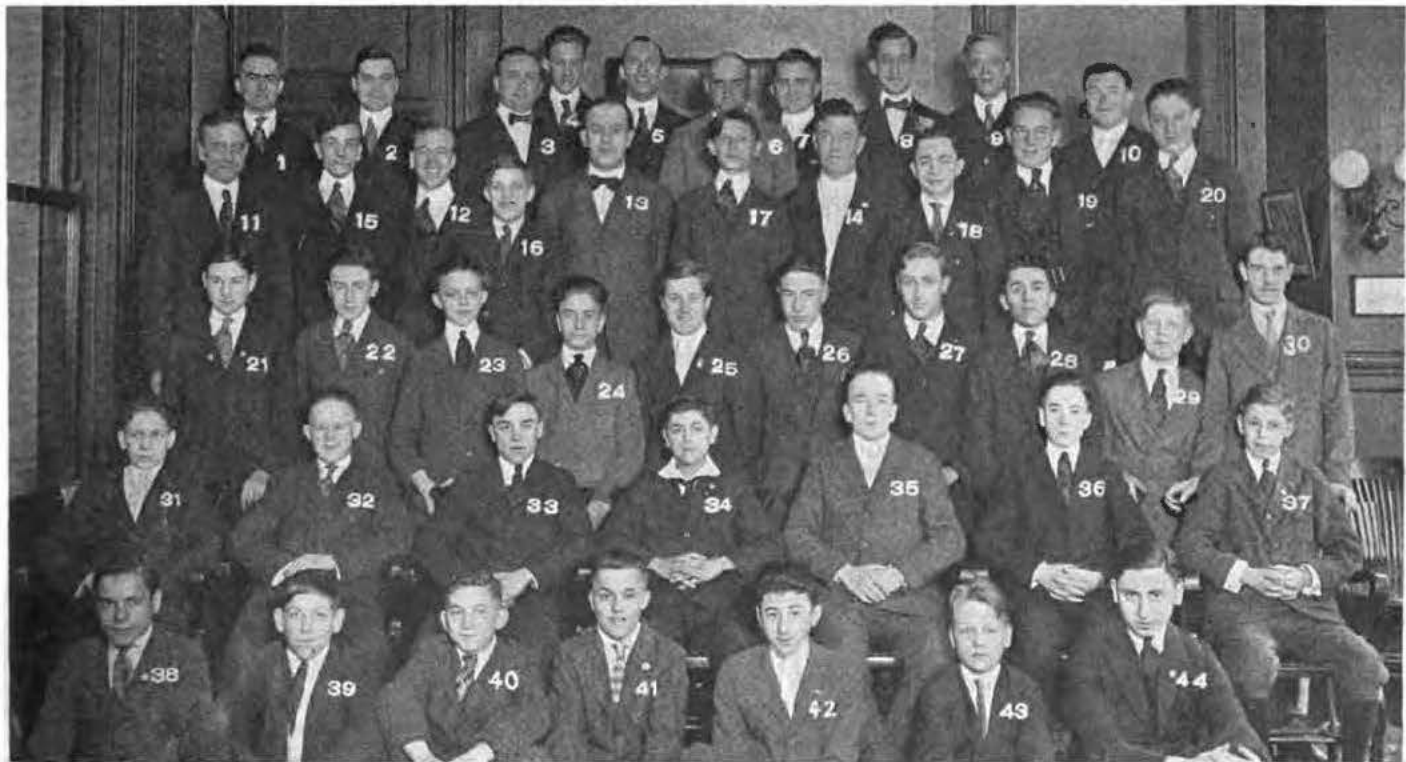
Imitation is said to be the sincerest flattery. Employees of the Chicago house, located at 500 South Clinton Street, are deriving considerable satisfaction over the fact that the new Syracuse house is located at 410-416 South Clinton Street and is managed by H. C. Goldrick, a former Chicago employee.

St. Louis

THE St. Louis employees note that the Chicago house is rather proud of its Red Cross work. In the article at the top of page 17 of the July issue of the WESTERN ELECTRIC NEWS it was reported that Chicago obtained about \$3.80 per person.

In connection with this we would like to say that the St. Louis house contributed the amount of \$4.65 per person to the second Red Cross War Fund.

The St. Louis house is a regular 100 per cent. house inasmuch as each and every employee subscribed to the Third Liberty Loan, and also to the Second Red Cross War Fund.



OLD OFFICE BOYS: 1, W. H. Binyon; 2, G. J. Cossman; 3, B. S. Culp; 4, F. C. Kumpfer; 5, J. Galla; 6, R. C. Kearsley; 7, F. J. Kastner; 8, G. N. Gould; 9, V. Wallgren; 10, A. E. Pinkall; 11, D. Johnston; 12, J. J. Rosenthal; 13, J. T. Valenta; 14, A. Letourneau.

NEW OFFICE BOYS: 15, Anthony Berardino; 16, Fred Grening; 17, Joseph Polak; 18, Joseph Lhotka; 19, Harry Wills; 20, Charles Brendel; 21, Carl Morris; 22, Harold Lockett; 23, Harry Tratner; 24, Salvatore Vitacci; 25, Lawrence Sbarbara; 26, panias; From left to right, bottom row—R. Downs, Western Belter; 30, Gordon Gross; 31, Domenick Markese; 32, Leroy Johnson; 33, Harry Whrie; 34, William Betrano; 35, Howard Gibben; 36, Edward Parker; 37, Walter Grandt; 38, Joseph Christian; 39, Harold Stoll; 40, Joseph Wolfson; 41, William Peters; 42, Erwin Pick; 43, David Hannenberg; 44, Norman Polen.

Omaha



The Picnic Committee

AN interesting letter from a battle field in France was received recently. The News is responsible for this. It caused quite a flutter of excitement for a time in the claims department. Miss Coufal is now Mrs. Andrew Kinder, whereupon this embryo romance seeketh more fertile soil. However, the letter did not remain unanswered. Here it is:

Paullac, Geronde, France,

My dear Miss Coufal:—

I just wondered if you knew how far you have traveled without knowing it. I was thinking that it would be proper for me to let you know where I picked you up.

I was on a road in a little village of Trompolioup, France. I was returning to camp one afternoon when I spied a sheet of an American magazine; it was about two months since I have seen any American paper or magazine. I certainly was glad to see it. I read what I could of it, as part of it was splattered with mud. One part was quite clean and that was the part that had your picture. It is a very nice picture. Seeing that it had such a wonderful picture on it I thought I would cut it out and save it. I cleaned part of the dirt off of it and found your address on it. I thought you would be glad to know how far you traveled. By the way, I do not know the name of this magazine, but by reading it I found it was a Western Electric publication. I have worked for them before I enlisted.

Now, if you want to know anything about this war, I will say that it is a great sport, lot of fun. I must say, I am with the Naval Aviation Unit. Some "bird" doing aviation duty.

I forgot to mention that this is the place where the famous "battle of Tromploup" was fought.

I better close because if I say too much you might not get this letter, so I will close, hoping to hear from you, I remain,

A true friend,

I. P. B., U. S. N.

June 15th having dawned bright and early saw our warehouse, office men and girls get together at Manawa Lake Park and simply "let fly." It was our "annual." The girls were transported by auto to and from the park. The melee began about 2 P. M. and lasted far into the balmy summery night. The Committee, made up of Messrs. Buehler, Shearer, Erickson, Hanson, Miss Foran and Miss Hoffman, ran things in accordance with a program that proved interesting, entertaining and instructive. The warehouse romped off with most of the honors including the annual Warehouse-Office baseball game. The game was a feature and Miss Frances Jones umped in real official style. Mr.

Goodell took the mound for the office but old Sol retired him in the eighth. Bix Six Ray Mathewson very successfully served 'em for the warehouse.

Minneapolis

HERE is a letter which drifted in recently from one of our telephone customers. It speaks for itself.

P. O. Box No. 71,
Jamestown, N. D.,
July 2, 1918.

Mr. C. R. Sargent,
c/o Western Electric Company,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

I have just completed nineteen years in the telephone business and today is the first time I have found a Rube substituting gunpowder in a transmitter for carbon. No one was hurt consequently. I wish you would send me the following:

1 No. 250 transmitter only (arm not included).

Yours very respectfully,

E. W. NEN.

Emeryville

EMERYVILLE'S Comfort Club has emerged from a mere theory to a booming reality and now boasts a membership of over sixty. We have notified all "Our Boys" of the Club's objects and its formation and from their replies we feel encouraged with our efforts. A short time ago we sent them Army and Navy handbooks published by the Scientific American Co., containing military information of various kinds, and all the boys who have seen these books think them very convenient and are very much pleased with them.

We are also planning to keep our boys supplied with mail and with the characteristic Western "pep" backing us, we feel certain of a very successful club. Our membership campaign is still on and we hope soon to have a "100% institution."

The dusky beauties in the photograph below are the members of the Four Point Club of the Emeryville organization, who recently gave a show. Its success can well be imagined by looking at the picture.



San Francisco

That Sales Conference

- The "9:30 A. M. SHARP!" notice.
- The 9:28 A. M. long-distance call.
- The stragglers at 9:36 A. M.
- The Old Man's cold eye that floodlights them.
- The enumeration of busted bogeys (the other fellow's lines).
- The bogeys that were not even dented (your lines).
- The Keen concern of the City Salesmen.
- The aggravating specialist who saw it all at Hawthorne on Nela Park.
- The scientific specialist who admits that he has Edison holding on to the ropes.
- The conscientious Specialist who pursues the nimble nail-head into its last talking point.
- The unfortunate Secretary who has to listen to everybody.
- The noon eats and treats.
- The re-entry of the Gladiators for the afternoon oratory.
- The interesting Manufacturer's Agent who passes about cigars.
- The uninteresting ditto who doesn't.
- The road salesman who tells how he cleaned them up in Smoky Gap.
- The stores departments' paper on "How to Make Salesmen Fool-proof" (Camouflaged as "Sales and Stores Co-operation").
- The final prayer and benediction.
- The sales dinner.
- The censor.

C. L. H.

Syracuse

ALTHOUGH the Syracuse organization has been in existence for only a couple of months, the members thereof have lost no time in "digging in," a fact which is proved by the accompanying photograph in which the chief characters are (from left to right): J. M. O'Donnell, farm light and telephone specialist; H. C. Goldrick, manager; F. S. Ruland, stores manager.

Says Manager Goldrick:

"Kindly note that this is not a 'Back Yard' or 'Kid Glove' garden but a 'Sure-to-Goodness' one which the Western Electric employees have in conjunction with the New York Telephone Company's employees. We have ten acres under cultivation. Furthermore, real work is required as you will note from our garb, also real crops are being produced as you will likewise note. This Fall I hope to be able to send you some photographs* showing the actual results."

* Why not the real stuff?—En.



New York—West Street



YOU'VE read a lot about the swarthy warriors from the Far East who have come to the battlefields of Flanders and Picardy to help in the common cause. Now we're glad that they have come but can you imagine living in a camp with the like of what's going on in the picture? Snakes and more snakes and the plaintive wailing of the near oboe. Well, stretch your imagination a little further and imagine a Western Electric man to be the piper. Honest injun. 'Sa fact. None other. Worse yet, a research engineer.

It happened this way. Some of our high brows were somewhere in the U. S. A. doing something. This included catching snakes and no "Kamerad" business allowed. An army officer conceived the brilliant idea of combining S. S. A. Watkins' coat of tan, his new beard, rags, gaspipes and snakes. The result is obvious.

Pittsburgh

OUR girls held a little picnic of their own recently at West View Park and the accompanying photograph is pretty good evidence that they had a good time. The photograph shows only twenty-three of the girls, but there were actually twenty-eight of them on hand. The camera wasn't big enough to hold them all.

It was a Western Electric picnic from start to finish, the start being furnished by the Company's motor truck, which transported the girls from the office to the park.





Some "stills" from the Hawthorne Movie.—At the left, girls working on cord-braiding machines; in the center, a fire drill in the coil-winding department; at the right, S. Bracken, as instructor in the evening class scene

We Go Into the Movies

(Concluded from page 4)

endless and bewildering display of the things that the engineers do. When it is all over you are quite ready to admit that they are real smart men, just as bright as the men who work at Hawthorne.

The progress that has been made in the development of the telephone is portrayed by showing Dr. Alexander Graham Bell's first telephone, and other early forms, and then gradually working up to the modern instrument. The development of the switchboard is shown in the same way.

Various tests made in the laboratories at West Street also are shown, the accomplishments of such instruments as the telephone "selector" in train dispatching and the telegraph printer, are revealed by the film. The workings of a telephone exchange also form part of the pic-

ture. The value of the telephone selector is portrayed by a scene taken on the Erie Railroad which is equipped with Western Electric train dispatching apparatus. The dispatcher is shown sending a signal to the tower man who then sets the semaphore which in turn causes the engineer of a train to stop as he comes around a curve. Amplifiers and loading coils and the important part they play in the achievement of transcontinental telephony are explained.

The engineering film soon will be ready and undoubtedly will be of especial interest to the workers at Hawthorne who will have a chance to see and realize the importance of the work that is being done by "those engineers at West Street."

As a matter of fact, all joking aside, the four new films which the Company is producing are the result not of departmental rivalry but form a part of a carefully developed plan of educational publicity. Those in



All Hawthorne gets into the movies. The men on the platform



Also from the Hawthorne film.—At the left, men welding receiver magnets; in the center, the gun club at the traps; at the right, the camera club out on a hike

charge of the Company's educational activities have recognized the motion picture as a new means of telling the interesting story of the opportunities the Western Electric Company offers to present and prospective employees. In the aggregate, there will be seven or eight reels of a thousand feet each, which in terms of a motion picture theatre means a show of a couple of hours. Each picture is a unit in itself and tells a complete story, but it is necessary to see all of them in order to gain a comprehensive idea of all the different branches of business in which the company is engaged. The complete set of films will bring before the eyes of the employees who see them, a better understanding than it has been possible to gain in the past, of the work of the various departments of the Company: manufacturing, engineering and sales, as well as some of the activities of the employees in their hours of recreation.

Our Cover

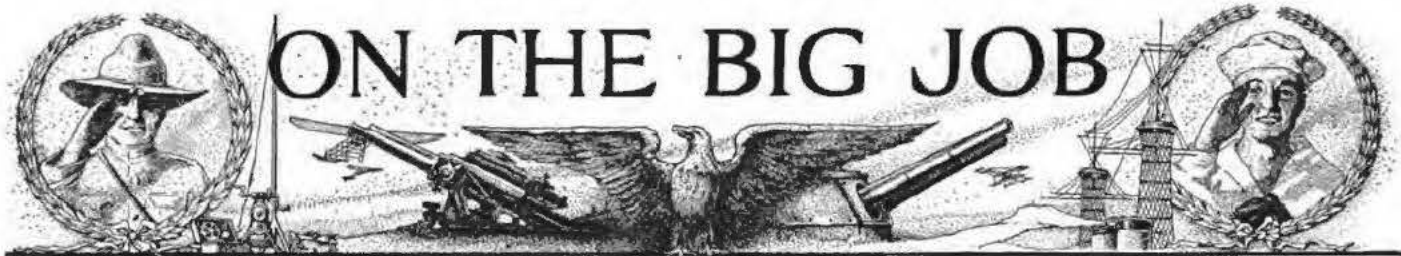
The scene on the cover of this issue shows the movie men in the act of photographing Raymond Kasmar as he enters the Hawthorne gates with his letter of introduction.

The frame is made up of four scenes from the Company's films. At the top is a short strip of the Engineering film, showing two of the engineers at work on an amplifier. Both films at the sides are from the Hawthorne reels. That at the left shows one of the machinery guards which protect the workmen, and the strip at the right gives a picture of a fireman throwing that rare mineral, coal, into the hungry mouth of a furnace.

The bottom of the frame is taken from "A Square Deal for His Wife." It shows the lonely husband seated at the breakfast table face to face with the prospect of doing his own housework.



In rear are filming the big celebration on Flag Day



Employees Who Have Entered the Various Branches of the Military Service Since the Last Issue of the NEWS

General Purchasing Department

195 Broadway

HORN, L. F., U. S. Navy.
STEWART, GEO. W., U. S. Army.

General Sales Distributing

New York

MULLER, G. R., Ambulance Corps.

Atlanta

ADAMS, JR., J. P., U. S. Navy.
LAURENT, J. G., U. S. Navy.

Minneapolis

AUBRECHT, ED. J., U. S. Army.
CUTTER, THOS. L., Naval Reserve.
SCHEIFELBEIN, W. F., Naval Reserve.

Seattle

LAHIAE, E. F., Signal Corps, Aviation Section.
ROSMUSEN, R. J., U. S. Naval Reserve.

Engineering Department

BICE, A. R., U. S. Army.
BLOT, JR., H. P., Naval Reserve.
BRUNS, G. C., U. S. Army.
COYNE, H. L., Naval Reserve Flying Corps.
DEALE, R. C., U. S. Naval Reserve.
FARRELL, ROBT. JOS., U. S. Army.
LACROIX, F., Reserve Signal Corps.
LAZAR, A., U. S. Navy.
O'NEIL, H. A., National Guard.
PAULSEN, O. J., British Army.
RAIBOURN, PAUL A., Signal Corps, Aviation Section.
RUSSELL, C. D., U. S. Marine Corps.
THEWLIS, G. D., U. S. Marine Corps.
TRACY, J. J., National Guard.
WHITFIELD, H. B., Reserve Signal Corps.



Two Hawthorne Men Give Up Their Lives For Liberty]



E. F. Meyers

THE Hawthorne service flag now bears three gold stars. The second was added in honor of Edward Frederick Meyers, killed in action on May 28th.

Mr. Meyers was in the pipe-fitting department at Hawthorne before entering the army. His home was in Berwyn with his parents, and the last letter received from him was

written to his mother on Mother's Day (May 12th).

Information received states that he was killed while defending a sharpshooter, who had been detailed to pick off machine gunners.

It has been impossible to find further details in regard to his death in time for this issue of the NEWS. After all, it is enough to say that he died on the field of honor.

AS reported in the July issue of the NEWS, Lieutenant A. P. Peterson was wounded in action on the Western front about June 1. The July 15 casualty list reports his death resulting from wounds.

Lieutenant Peterson entered the service of the Western Electric Company in the summer of 1911, after receiving the degree of Bachelor

of Science in Chemical Engineering and Master of Science from the University of Minnesota.

He was a thorough scholar, a practical investigator and engineer. Much of our development in the technology of hard rubber is directly due to Lieutenant Peterson's careful work.

Though not large of stature, he was physically thoroughly developed. His favorite athletic recreation was



A. P. Peterson

walking, swimming and wrestling. Readers of the News doubtless will recall that in the early issues were reported some of the first Hawthorne Club wrestling bouts, in which Mr. Peterson came off champion.

In Lieutenant Peterson's death the Western Electric Company has lost a talented and loyal employee, and his personal associates at Hawthorne have lost a real friend.

As indicated in the July issue of the News, Lieutenant Peterson's sense of justice, as typified by the case against the Teutonic barbarian, would not permit him to remain in non-combatant service, though his qualifications as an engineer undoubtedly better fitted him for such service. He wished to get at the boche first hand. He said before he left last August that he hoped that he might have the opportunity of accounting for at least six Huns before they got him. We don't know any details as to his service in the front trenches, but we hope that he was successful in carrying out his purpose. If the enemy knew that the spirit exhibited

by Lieutenant Peterson thoroughly pervades the personnel of the American Army, he would make haste to get such peace terms as he could as quickly as possible.

F. W. WILLARD.

Lieutenant Crowley Wounded

During the fighting at Cantigny, about May 15th, Lieutenant S. Crowley, formerly of Department 6968, Hawthorne, was wounded in the right shoulder by a shell. Recent reports state that he is getting along very nicely and expects to be out of the hospital soon.

Mr. Crowley, who was one of Hawthorne's best tennis players, received his commission at the Officers' Training Camp at Fort Sheridan, Ill.

His many friends at Hawthorne hope that the reports of his favorable progress will continue and that he soon will be able to re-join his command.



S. Crowley

News From the Western Electric Men in Camp and Field

LIEUT. V. U. AYRES, formerly of Department 6109, Hawthorne, and now in training for aeroplane service at Taliaferro Field No. 1, writes as follows on how it feels to be up in the air:

"As soon as you leave the ground when you 'taxi off'—(which is seldom under 75 or 80 miles an hour) you notice a perceptible loss of the sense of speed, due to the lack of the bumping and jarring of your landing gears or undercarriage as it rides over the earth. You are more or less startled on your first trip 'up,' by this new and indescribable feeling of vacancy or else it's the deafening roar of the good old engine which attracts your attention, and your first sense of fright is upon you so quickly you hardly realize it. At this stage of the first trip, you've most likely not had any inclination to look over the side of the aeroplane and have not yet opened your mouth, so a great surprise is still in store for you. The pilot has been flying in a 'straight away' and now he begins to turn and you get your first sample of a 'vertical bank.' As the aeroplane tips up, up and still more up on its edge, why, you've got to look down at the earth, and at the shock you get when you realize that in so few seconds you have climbed so high, why, nine chances out of ten you'll do the same as most others do—open your mouth wide and shout at the pilot to take you back.

"And then you get the surprise I said was in store for you, and you'll gasp with wonder—and the air pressure in your opened mouth) because for perhaps the first time in your life you won't be able to hear your own voice. The incredulity of the thing will give you sufficient food for thought to take your mind off of the 'little worries' of being in space a few thousand feet or so.

"About now it is more than probable that you will gradually awake to the fact that your muscles are crying out in pain, due to the way in which you have unconsciously drawn your head and shoulders down under the cowling, and that your fingers are clamped around some of the fuselage struts in a death-like grip, and that you are holding on for dear life, although the safety belt about your waist is the only support you really need. At about this stage of the game the pilot will be smiling to himself and reaching for the control lever to give you a few sample sensations of speed in going up, such as our old main entrance elevator at Haw-

thorne would never be guilty of. If these few little playful stunts of the pilot fail to bring your head and shoulders above the cowling he proceeds to give you a few more shocks and 'rolls' the 'plane a time or two, with a slight 'sum' thrown in extra, and a right and left bank to remind you that the earth is still below. This will be sufficient to bring up your head, and you will turn around and exhibit your idea of what a pleasant smile looks like, with a bravely put on expression of the highest degree of appreciation, for his small efforts, to show you a 'good time' (?). However, I know from my own experience that your thought and words, if you could say them, would do justice to German kultur, but would never be passed by the Western Electric News censor.

"The aeroplane is now perhaps 5,000 feet up. We all know how comforting just a spoken word or two can be, and especially is this so in an aeroplane, so the aviator will reach over and tap you on the shoulder and when you look around, he will shut the engine off. With the cessation of the terrific roar of the exhaust, and the increased whine and screech of the 'plane and 'flying wires' through the air, you subconsciously and spasmodically, again clutch

at anything you can get your hands on, and this time you don't have any doubts about being scared—you KNOW you are, and you also know that the end of this happy life is just about reached. Then—then a few words come drifting over to you. The pilot is saying: 'Fine stuff, hain't it? Turn around and talk to me, I'm kinda lonesome this morning,' and you turn around and look at his dirty oil-covered face, with a tantalizing smile on it, seemingly a foot long. Most of all you notice the lack of any expression of fear. In its place you read a sense of safety, and the ridiculousness of your own fears dawns upon you as suddenly as you first became frightened. You smile back at him, a real honest-to-goodness smile this time, and tell him: 'It sure is great; go to it.' You loosen your strangle grip on the poor inanimate 'fuselage strut' and settle down comfortably as the engine begins to roar again in the sweetest music on God's earth to an aviator. Now for the first time you begin really to enjoy your trip.

"As you look over the side of the aeroplane from an altitude of 10,000 feet on a so-called perfectly clear day, you'll see the soft, quiet, soothing land way, way below appearing so downy, with contours so gentle and graceful that you can't conceive of being hurt by a fall, if you landed on it. This is in part due to the separating mist, which blurs the rougher features,



A Fourth of July card from a soldier in France. Sent by Charles Y. Barnes, whose picture and letter appear on page 21

aided by the blending factor of 10,000 feet of space. Your attention will be drawn to that fast passenger train below, which your better judgment tells you to be traveling 60 miles an hour, but which to your eye is moving so slowly that its snail-like movement becomes monotonous to watch. That speeding auto with a tell-tale cloud of dust behind it is a mere speck, apparently standing still. You sail far above a hustling roaring city with its smoke drifting lazily and slowly along, with the traffic creeping by, the swarms of human ants moving in and out, and the maze of freight yards, trains, etc., below resembling a Chinese puzzle.

"As you loop, and bank and dip and dive you fully realize that, truly 'this is the life,' with your only unpassable competitor the American Eagle. Well may the Huns envy and fear the enigma of the Spreading Eagle on our battle aeroplanes, for they will soon feel its claws just as surely and truly as if the eagle were really there.

"Its indescribably great sport to pick out a pretty white cloud and go after it, watching the beautiful rounded contours of its snow-like glistening body gradually fade and blend into an enveloping shroud of misty balmy atmosphere, soothing your wind-bitten face with a touch as gentle as a mother's. Then as you pass on through and see the gradually increasing light of the sun and emerge on the other side you notice the beautiful iridescent glow all around the horizon and you have a wild desire to fly on and on, but a glance at the gasoline or petrol gauge brings your thoughts back to the material again, and you begin to figure how to get back to the hangars again before the gas is gone, to save a forced landing and the subsequent result of being called up before the C. O.

"Well, as I'm out of gas, I'm going to close, and leave you still up in the air about 2,000 feet. You can either get out and walk down, or, better still, why not use the good old Western Electric wireless and call Hangar No. 18 and have them send another aeroplane up to get you?"

The following letter was recently received by the Hawthorne Soldiers' and Sailors' Comfort Club from Otto C. Solger, of Department 6085, who enlisted in the Marines about a year ago. It shows how the work of the Comfort Club is appreciated by the boys in the service. At the date of his letter Mr. Solger was stationed at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

"I received with great pleasure the cigarettes and flashlight which your Club so kindly mailed to me. I was, indeed, surprised to hear from you, as I thought my location was too remote to invite any attention.

"American cigarettes are certainly appreciated here, as the native ones seem to have the proverbial 'kick of a mule' in them. I was certainly delighted to note that you have adopted an emblem as your standard which closely resembles the Marine Corps and, believe me, that is paying you some compliment.

"The climate here is wonderful and the scenery beautiful. We

are all in the pink of condition here and trained to the nth degree, longing for the day to 'shove off' across. When this outfit does, some rats had better hunt their holes. I certainly wish your Club success, which is certain, considering the meritorious work it is carrying on."

Among the Marines who are fighting so gallantly in France is a former Hawthorne boy, Clarence A. Shedden. He is a private in the 95th Company of the 6th Regiment, and writes a long letter to the News, in which he describes in detail the work which the Marines are doing. Some extracts from his letter follow:

"During the last few weeks I have been very busy in the trenches and at the rest camps. We are in the first line of trenches from one to two weeks. Then we are relieved and go to the second line, and here we stay about the same length of time. From the second line we go back to the third line.

"When the division is relieved they go to a Rest Camp behind the lines. Rest Camp is a camouflage name used in the Army. In a Rest Camp we are drilling, holding inspection and doing police duty."

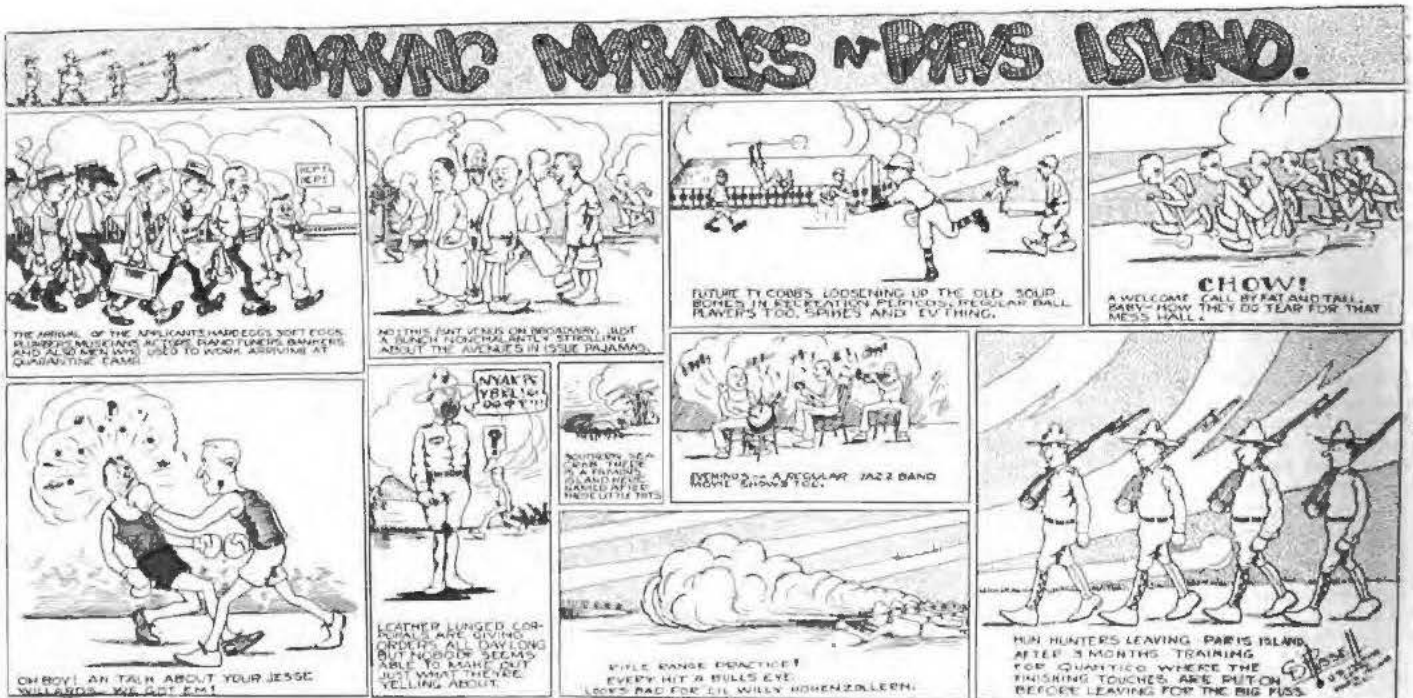
How well Uncle Sam treats his boys is shown in a recent letter from Private E. J. Petrosky, from Department 6808, Hawthorne, who writes from Paris Island, S. C., where he is training with the Marines:

"I am now a United States Marine and proud of it.

"We are surely treated well here and are furnished with everything we need—three suits of underwear, four pairs of socks, two pairs of shoes, two flannel shirts, swimming suits, clothes brush, scrub brush, tooth paste, tooth brush, razor, strap, six bars of soap, thread, buttons, cigarettes, woolen blanket, pillow and case, two pairs of pajamas, sea bag, six towels and a mess outfit. All of this weighs forty-eight pounds and is supposed to fit into a pack, but it takes a magician to arrange it.

"Our grub is much better than at home because it is simple and just as clean. We get about three different things to eat at one meal, but always changing—plenty of flapjacks, beans, potatoes, chocolate pudding, cottage white bread, rice pudding, peaches, apples, soups and boiled fresh beef. Oh, it's just great for building you up. I don't care if the war ends at times; that's how I like it."

The cartoon below was drawn by Private C. D. Russell, of the Marines, who worked at Hawthorne and West Street. He is now at Paris Island.





C. Y. Barnes

Charles Y. Barnes, formerly employed in the engineering department at West Street, tells of a wound which he received while on the front line in France. He is a member of the 11th Railway Engineers:

"Some time has passed since the bang in my forehead, and I am feeling much better. The results as I told you in my other letter are a bad dig just about in the center of my forehead and a rather bad right eye, out of which I can hardly see at all, but the doctors and nurses are taking great care of me and I think in time it will be O. K., so don't worry.

"I am going to see if I can tell you the story of the accident, but I must be careful what I say as the censor might object, but I will pick my way, remembering all the things I cannot tell you and try to give you an idea of how it feels to get hit. Well, to start with, it was a dandy day, the sun was bright and we boys were in the best of

spirits. After quite a little hike we arrived at our place of work and started in. Everything was O. K. until ten o'clock. A number of Fritz's planes were soon over our heads, but we did not mind that as they were very high and being shot at, as we could see the shrapnel breaking out in the blue sky in big white blotches, but they didn't hit the particular machine which was just over us. He finally started back for home, however, but we did not think much of that, as we had seen many such things before. About ten o'clock a shell broke about thirty yards in front of our trenches where we were working. Well, months of this kind of experience made us pretty quick in getting down on the ground. The first shell caused a little trouble, but after a little, we got up and started work again. Then a second one came and landed just about forty feet from the trench. Well that boy caused considerable trouble. A piece split my steel hat just like a piece of paper, and went through it striking me in the forehead, as I explained in the beginning of my letter. I still had sense enough left to drop into the trench and lie flat, but it seemed an age to me before all the dirt, stones, mud and sod came down out of the air, so you can see what heavy stuff Fritz was sending over. Several fellows ran to me, tore open one of the first-aid packages, and fixed me up a bit. Then I looked out of my one good eye and saw the most terrible things I had ever seen. When they got the bandages on me, two fellows started to drag me to the rear. I couldn't walk as it had made me a little numb and I had lost a lot of blood. While they were taking me to the rear another shell broke. Well a good army man knows what to do when shells are breaking, so down they dropped on the ground and me with them. The noise of this one finished me. I guess I must have fainted because I knew no more until I found myself under the sheets.

"This is my little story and pretty soon I shall be well enough to go back to my Company and do it all over again. A little bang like this cannot kill my spirit anyway. Here in the hospital where I am there are a number of my pals so I am not lonesome and we spend some pleasant times talking about the most 'glorious 11th.' I guess this is all this time, but don't worry, as I shall write once a week and let you know just how I am."



G. E. Paxton

G. E. Paxton, of the Kansas City house, is now a musician in the United States Navy, and perhaps by this time is in Asiatic waters. He was formerly a member of the accounting department, and enlisted in the Navy early in the war. He was a member of the Great Lakes Naval Training School Band for some time, and is now a musician on one of Uncle Sam's battleships.

Seemingly there is no branch of the nation's military service to which the Company has not contributed men.

If you will look sharply at the left arm of this soldier you may be able to discern the gold service stripe which shows that he has been in France for six months. As a matter of fact he has been there for ten months, and will soon have another stripe to show. His name is Robert S. Hill, and is a sergeant in the 37th Aero Squadron. Before the war he worked in the model shop at West Street.



R. S. Hill

A few paragraphs from a letter received a few days ago from Second Lieutenant W. W. Lowery, now with the Colors in France:

"Well, I have arrived at my destination at last, and believe me I have traveled around quite a bit too before I reached it. I have been assigned to permanent duty here—and I like it fine.

"My work here is a tremendously large one and requires quite a bit of engineering (W. E. style) and the responsibility is rather heavy. We are well located about 90 miles behind the lines (somewhere in France).

"I spent my first two weeks in France traveling around and have seen quite a bit of it, but it's impossible to explain in a letter just how she looks. All the houses here are made of stone on account of the scarcity of wood. The farms throughout the country look like America's artificial parks. France is certainly a beautiful country.

"It's a hobby among the American officers to adopt some orphan child about 6 or 7 years old as a mascot. A Captain and myself (room mates) have put in our names for one (for the time being, however), and I certainly hope they will not duplicate shipments. Guess I will have to name her Marguerite.

"I have met up with Old Full and Whit, already. I talk to Whit some days over the 'phone (W. E.). Full is in the Air now. He always did look like a bird to me.

"Our Officers' Club is just simply great, we have in it a pool table, telephone (W. E., of course), magazines, New York papers through Paris, writing tables, etc. Our eats are fine also.

"I noticed an account in a New York paper giving out information regarding a submarine we sunk on our way over. About 1 A. M. we were awakened by a sudden jar and crash, and what happened, a sub. popped up in front of us about 50 feet so our ship just simply rammed De Ell out of her, and I guess this said sub. has joined the ranks of the deep-sea fish."

David C. Hood, who was a pole inspector in the territory around Huntington, West Virginia, and who is now with the 308rd Field Signal Battalion in France, writes of some of his experiences. He says:

"I am now in France and am enjoying the training very much. I have been promoted to Sergeant, First Class, and am in charge of a Radio Section of my own. The life is great, I have gained about 15 pounds since the first of the year, and I never felt better than I do now. Am in a fine outfit. We have plenty of 'pep' and spirit, and hold our own any place we are sent.

"Give my regards to all the force, both in the office and out on the road. I'm coming back some day to hit you for a job."

The soldier at the right is Frank Cada, now with the Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., in France. He was night foreman of Department 6756 at Hawthorne before he went into the Army.



F. Cada



This has been called a "war of machinery." As such it requires skilled artisans, as well as shelled soldiers, and Uncle Sam is taking steps to secure them. The photograph shows a group from the draft detachment in training at Northwestern University. The man at the extreme right is Joseph Shalla, formerly of department 7696, Hawthorne.

The good news has been received that G. Hurford, formerly of the Antwerp House and a member of the Automobile Engine Department, has received a commission in the Royal Engineers. This news is doubly welcome as Mr. Hurford enlisted in the ranks as a private and later was appointed corporal. His commanding officer requested him to apply for a commission which he received on December 20, 1917. He is now on duty in London.

Do not conclude from the pyramid that our soldiers are in Egypt. The picture was not taken in Egypt but in Camp Hancock, Ga., which is just about as hot. The man behind the decoration is George C. Jacobs, of the equipment drafting division, Hawthorne, who was given the job of lettering the pyramids throughout the camp. The post-card on the back of the photograph stated that "Jake" had been transferred from Camp Hancock to Camp Raritan, N. J., and that he expected to leave soon for overseas duty.



William M. Goodrich, who was the News correspondent at the Chicago house, writes from Cornell University where he is stationed in the aviation school. He says:

"I thought I could write you a week ago, but I simply can't get a minute. That may sound funny but the boys who laid out this course fixed it so every single minute is occupied from 5:30 A. M. until 9:30 P. M. and believe me I am ready even at that early hour to turn in. We drill five hours daily and hike six miles besides our class work. My feet are so sore I can hardly walk, but I do just the same. Things are different in the army. We do have some time to ourselves but that time is taken up with making up your bunk and cleaning around it, shaving, bathing, shining your shoes or cleaning your rifle and all those things *must* be done. They call that time yours. You must make your bunk twice a day. Once first thing in the morning and at noon. You take it all apart and roll everything up for inspection and then make it up again at supper time. I have a great deal of respect for a fellow who gets through this course.

"The bugle is blowing every half hour for something and this place is just like a bee-hive. No songs or fun like one naturally expects of soldiers. We are so tired all the time that there's no song in us. There are about 800 of us here and we have Liberty Motors galore, so please nail that story about it being no good or none of them made. It's a peach and the whole world will know it before long."

L. A. Leatherman, formerly of Hawthorne Equipment Engineering Department, writes:

"This is to let you know that we are mighty glad to get the News and *Wig-Wag* and that two of your old students have made a 'cutover' somewhere in France. The fact that our plant is very 'petit' will, I am sure, not lessen your interest in our work and problems.

"This telephone system is primarily for regimental business and for the operation of the narrow gauge railroad that we have built, but we also have connections with both French exchanges and U. S. Signal Corps exchanges. It sure sounds sweet to hear one of the real live American girls at one of the latter come back at you with 'Number-r-r-r, please-e-e.' The train dispatching is all done by telephone, but we have one commercial telegraph working over a simple circuit on one of our lines for connection with the outside world.

"At the head of our telephone system is Gordon Donnelly. He is a wild Irishman that has worked as a Western Electric installer and has also bossed several big line construction jobs. His assistant chief lineman and master mechanic of the system is an old-time son of Thomas Bell called Thomas Noey. Cronk and myself have charge of the switchboards and all instrument trouble, besides occasional patrolling of lines to keep us from too much office work. I might mention here that the line patrolman carries an automatic, for all the line troubles are not crosses and grounds. When we started work on our plant I was out on the line gang and have tried my hand at everything from post hole digging to relay adjusting. I also used the spurs for the first time and 'burned' down several poles, much to the delight of some 'doughboys' who were present at the ceremony.

"These days of line construction are great fun. One day we received orders from headquarters to finish the line we were on before we came home that night. We had connections at 9:30 and walked eight miles home with light hearts and empty stomachs. No one kicked, from the laziest 'ground hog' to the boss of the gang, for we thought we had really done something worth while. On another occasion we had laid out a 27-pole line, installed the 'phone, and dug the hole, but were waiting for a chance to 'secure' the poles. We received orders to have connections by night, and as there are no 'ifs' in the army we went to it. We were only able to 'acquire' 18 poles and had to spread these out to carry the corners and split the longest spans. We had the line working as per instructions, but in some places the wires hung so low on long spans that the French kids could reach them, and they twisted said wires together on an average of about twice a day until we got enough poles to complete the line.

"Our 'subscribers' sets' are of varied descriptions. At one place we nailed a French field set to a tree and covered it with tar paper. In the dugouts and tents up the line we have American field sets. The shacks farther back have the W. E. 'fool-proof' wall type 'phones.

"Then back at headquarters are real W. E. desk stands. In one shack that we took over from the French we found one of the old 'Shingle type' transmitters. I hunted for some time before I realized that the front of the telephone box was the transmitter. The chief dispatcher up on the road sits at his desk with a head set made from an old French receiver and a piece of the brass shell casing of one of the famous French 75 millimeter guns. When he

wishes to add to the confusion on the already hot line he steps on a foot pedal that cuts in his transmitter battery.

"Now we come to our office equipment. The board is a parallel connection of two little W. E. ten-line cordless switchboards. We connected the busses or trunks inside of each board to the same trunks in the other board, forming one twenty-line board, but with only an instant connection capacity five. All calls are supervised by the drops of section No. 1. The Signal Corps told us that we could not connect in this manner but must trunk between the boards thus using up extra line drops and requiring the throwing of four keys for one inter-board call, but she works this way fine and only two keys are thrown per connection.

"As some of our higher-up officers have forgotten the days when they 'rang Central' with a 'crank' on the telephone, they objected to the hand generators. We took out their boxes and gave them a bell and a French induction coil and a push button to put their battery across the line for signalling the office. This worked, but as only the 'make' and 'break' affected the coil of the drop, there was no fluttering of the relay, as when A. C. is on the line, to attract the attention of the operator and at times he did not notice the drops being down. We tried leaving the night alarm on all the time but that nearly drove the entire office force to drink, so we placed a local night-alarm system in the board.

"Our lines come in through unit carbon block arrestors to a connecting rack. The switchboard cable comes through some queer French heat coils in a rack we have made ourselves and runs to a second connecting block. This then forms our main distributing frame.

"All in all it is a lot of fun and we work some days from early morning till late at night, not by orders but of our own free will and accord, and we are proud of our work and of our little plant."

* The *Wig-Way* is a paper of Hawthorne news and other interesting matter compiled by the equipment engineering division and sent to those of their members in the army and navy.

R. Z. Silcock, of the engineering department at West Street, probably is in France by this time. In a letter written just before sailing, he said:

"I have had a fine vacation since early December and ought to feel ready to go over and get on the job. The idea of war being hell seems to be all a mistake to me although it may be different 'over there.' I have had quite an experience and am in love with the life. The training I have enjoyed; and found it easy. The hospitals I have visited are fine and the one I was nursed in was the poorest I have seen. I met with a little misfortune in Texas and was taken to the hospital, and even though it was the poorest I've seen in my travel, I must say I enjoyed my stay. The nurses are jewels, so motherly and I, like many others sang, 'I don't want to get well,' and I didn't. Bed sore? If anyone can get bed sore in the beds I have seen and used then I want to know about it. I have smelled Mexican powder but with no effect on me nor my comrades. All said, the army isn't so bad after all.

"Wednesday last I met L. Stag who used to work in the lab. (761), rather unexpectedly. We had a nice visit, but it did make me think of the many days spent there. I must stop now with best wishes to all, and I hope we set sail soon because the END depends upon that. Our fellows have planned to be back by 1920, so be ready for us."

H. F. Dart, who left the duplex cable department section at Hawthorne April 1 to join the United States Signal Corps, sends the photograph at the top of the page and a short letter from the Radio Laboratories, Camp Alfred Vail, Little Silver, N. J.

"About April 30 the Commanding Officer at College Park called several of us over to his office and asked us some very disconnected questions (so they seemed). Two weeks later we received orders to leave on one day's notice and were sent here. We were in detention for ten days, and ten long days they were, too. They put us at hard manual labor, eating our grub out of mess kits, sleeping on straw ticks, without pillows, having to be in bed by 9 P. M. and confined to fifteen feet from barracks except when working. That was supposed to prevent the spread of all our communicable diseases and was certainly real army life, very different from College Park and our present home.

"After our release from detention we came over here to very excellently finished barracks. There were ten of us sent up from College Park and we were started in on different work, mostly laboratory. We are under the strictest rules about the secrecy and importance of our work, especially the department one of the others and myself are in."



Former Bell Telephone, Western Union and Associated Companies: At U. S. Radio School, College Park, Md.—From left to right, bottom row—R. Downs, Western Electric Co., Dept. 6964; P. L. Osborns, Southern Bell Tel. Co., Atlanta, Ga.; C. S. Prescott, Western Electric Co., Chicago, Dept. 6964; I. W. Gibson, Bell Tel. Co. of Pa., Philadelphia; D. C. Tate, Western Electric Co., Chicago, Dept. 6962; J. H. Mathews, Central District Tel. Co., Pittsburg. Middle row—J. J. Cox, Pioneer Tel. & Tel. Co. and Western Electric Co.; N. C. Stekates, Chicago Tel. Co., Chicago; Park Elliott, N. Y. Tel. Co., N. Y. City; E. C. Whitehead, Western Electric Co., Atlanta; O. H. Berthold, N. Y. Tel. Co., New York City. Top row—H. F. Dart, Western Electric Co., Chicago, Dept. 7988; P. G. Ward, Southern Bell T. & T. Co., Atlanta; W. M. Stork, Cumberland T. & T. Co.; G. A. Johnson, W. U. Tel. Co.; A. E. Johnson, Southern California Tel. Co.; Paul Hilker, Southern T. & T. Co., Dallas, Texas; H. B. Johnson, Western Electric Co., N. Y.

Oscar Vogel and H. A. Benson, of the Stores Department at Denver, have just been assigned to military duty. Mr. Vogel is located at Camp Cody, and Mr. Benson is a special student at the training school connected with the State University at Boulder, Col. The Denver employees gave the boys a farewell party and presented them with wrist watches.

Heiney Groscup, formerly of the Installation Department at San Francisco and now a Naval Storekeeper stationed at Key West, Fla., writes enthusiastically about life at that station, finding the drill, discipline and his fellows and officers very much to his liking. The country is very picturesque, and his regular work is simply the old "Store 9" on a larger scale and of more warlike material. However, Heiney should be right at home, for he is the wild Western individual at the left of this photograph.





J. E. Harris

The soldier at the left is a product of the Richmond house. His name is J. E. Harris, and he is a flying cadet at Mineola, Long Island. Another Richmond man whose picture appeared recently in the News, J. M. Jewett, has been transferred to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Hudson L. Grant, New York salesman, has joined the colors by enlisting in the Naval Reserves. The Reserve part didn't mean much because he was immediately called into active service at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Mr. Grant, a Canadian by birth, but a real American citizen, was connected at the Retail Store for quite a while, and later on became a city salesman.



J. J. Caestaecker

Julian J. Caestaecker, better known as "Leatherlung" because of his peerless talking powers, a former member of the Chicago sales department, has enlisted in the United States Marine Corps in the hope that he will soon be able to go "over there" and help stop the Hun. If talking could do it, Julian would soon win every known war cross. In this art he is absolutely pre-eminent. He says, however, that during the course of his training he

has had to ease up considerably, but is comforted by the fact that when he gets in the front-line trenches he can tear loose with all his colossal loquacity and then he is sure that he can simply talk the Huns to death.

"I am going through the most wonderful experience of my life," writes Private Caestaecker, from the Marine Corps training camp at Paris Island, S. C. "The camp is full of enthusiastic marines-in-the-making all of whom are putting their whole heart and soul into their work. When they get to France, Fritz will have something mighty hard to deal with."

Frank Caestaecker, whose photograph is at the left, started with the Company in 1911 as invoice checker at the Chicago house and worked his way up to head of the billing section. He was later transferred to the C. D. & E. Claims Section as City Claims Clerk. Frank is now at a naval base "Somewhere in France."

There is a third brother, not a Western Electric man, however, who also is in the service.



F. Caestaecker

Peter J. Bielawa, of the Chicago house, now in the 258th Aero Squadron, has been traveling about a good deal since he enlisted. He began at Kelly Field in Texas, where he spent three months, then was sent to Wilbur Wright Field at Dayton, Ohio, and when last heard from was at Mineola, Long Island.

L. J. Crissman, of the New York house, who has been in the Naval Training Camp for several months, has arrived safely in France, where he will take up active work in wireless operations.

He is one of the many Western Electric men whose training with the Company has aided their proficiency in this important work.



P. J. Bielawa

Our cousins from across the border have made for Canada, on the European battlefields, a record that is to be envied, and the Western Electric Company has a right to be proud of being represented in the rank and file of the "Canucks." Sergeant R. R. Pennycook, whose picture is reproduced here, was for over a year in the switchboard department at Clinton Street, Chicago, and later was transferred to the St. Louis house. He enlisted in the Canadian forces last September. Although unable to proceed overseas on account of a physical disability, he has been able to "carry on" in Canada, as evidenced by his quick promotion. His present address is with "C" Company, 2nd Canadian Garrison Duty Regiment, Exhibition Camp, Toronto, Canada.



R. R. Pennycook

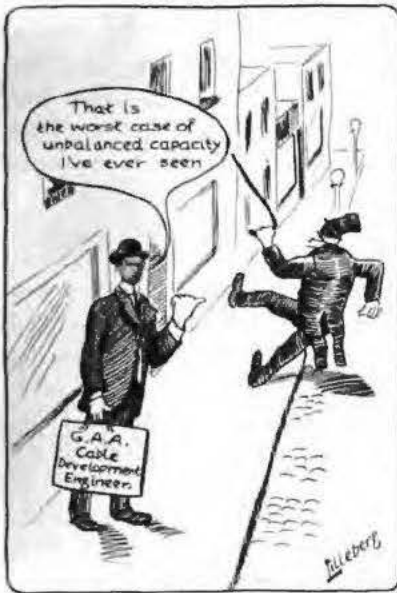
W. L. Marks, of the Cincinnati house, has been promoted to the rank of First Sergeant. He is a member of the 25th Aero Squadron, and is now in France.

Hugo Leckelt, the sailor at the right, started with the Western Electric ten years ago as file clerk in the Chicago A. & B. warehouse. He has been in various branches of service, and was head of the C. D. & E. Claims Section when he enlisted in the navy. He is now stationed at Cape May, N. J., which is nearer France than Chicago is, but not near enough to suit Hugo.



H. Leckelt

Who's Who at Hawthorne



Who rolling-stoned to New York's moss just when our lyre* was strung to put this who's who dope across—(but here goes, if we're hung!)? Who hands out high-brow cable facts until your head spins off—(yet he'd assault you with an ax if you should call him "Prof.")? Who's Herby Hoover's Hooverest who? Why, bless your lit-

tle souls, when chewing cheese † (his choicest chew) he even eats the holes! Who'll stay who's who in Hawthorne hearts and always share our keg when back to visit 'round these parts? Right! G. A. Anderegg.

* Oh, well, spell it your own way. Maybe you're right.

† Real Swiss, imported from Wisconsin.

Opportunity

A BOOKLET with this significant title has just been published by the Company for the purpose of placing before high school and college women, a brief insight into the careers that the Company offers to them. The cover shows the gates of Hawthorne standing open in welcome, and then follow twenty-eight pages of text and pictures which give a concise but comprehensive description of the Company's activities.

The first few pages tell the history of the Company. Following this there is a statement of the kinds of work for which prospective and present employees may fit themselves. "The Western Electric Company can place employees in one hundred and forty different kinds of work" is a sentence that tells volumes.

The Engineering, Manufacturing and Commercial divisions are then taken up in order and at the end is a section devoted to other educational opportunities. The Hawthorne Club, the Company's educational department, and the work of the News all are touched upon.

Many Western Electric people may be unaware of the many opportunities for advancement that are open to them through the medium of selective training courses that have been put into operation to make the process of getting on comparatively easy. "Opportunity" tells about these, too.

The booklet may be obtained from the managers of the various distributing houses, and copies are available at both Hawthorne restaurants and the Company's educational headquarters at Hawthorne and West Street.

The Catalog Man

The Catalog Man is the picture of woe
And to the asylum he's certain to go!
His life is as merry as June in Sahara,
He hasn't a friend from Alaska to Para.
All day juggles he with the shears, paste and cuts,
To simplify listings of fuses and nuts.

The credit men fool with their Bradstreet and Dun,
Or perhaps on delinquents may train a large gun.
The purchasing men have a life full of ease,
For they buy just as little or much as they please;
But the life of the Catalog Man is just grind—
And his copy is usually one month behind.

The Catalog Man writes each one of the houses,
Requesting suggestions which each one espouses.
Chicago demands that some old listings cease
Which two other houses suggest we increase!
So the Catalog Man plans from morning till night,
But can't seem to get the blame listings just right.

The specialists sit in their sanctums and plan,
Then dictate a note to the Catalog Man,
"Of available pages you say there are four!
My, boy, this new line will take TWENTY or more.
With your old picture puzzle once more you must play,
And end up by turning out just what we say."

The Catalog Man lists bar solder and wire,
With hopes that the cost will not mount any higher;
When bang! comes a note from the big supply boss,
"Those listings revise—we now sell at a loss."
So the Catalog Man thinks that life in the trenches
Will beat listing sockets, or conduit or wrenches.

By HIMSELF.

June Brides at Hawthorne

Just to prove that the June bride crop is no failure, Department 6968 presents the accompanying photograph showing two of their own raising. The one seated is Mrs. Frank Lucas (formerly Miss Helen Vyskocil), and the other is Mrs. Henry Behrendt (formerly Miss Carla Lund).



Organization Changes

SO fast and furious has been the growth of the Engineering Department in the last year or so, that it has become necessary to relieve some of the assistant chief engineers of some of their administrative duties in order that they may be able to devote more time to their engineering work.

For this reason and because it is deemed desirable to put the various clerical and administration divisions at West Street under a single head, E. P. Clifford has been appointed office manager of the engineering department reporting to the chief engineer and having supervision over the clerical branch, the employment division, the medical division, the restaurant and the financial division. Anyone who has been at West Street lately will realize that he has a big job on his hands.

Mr. Clifford has been with the Company since November 14, 1892, when he began as an office boy in the clerical department in New York. He was made chief clerk shortly afterwards and remained in that position until 1902, when he went to Chicago as chief clerk. He was transferred to Philadelphia in 1903 and a year later was back in Chicago doing clerical inspection work. After several years in that position he became manager of the New York house and Eastern District Supervisor, and in 1917 was promoted to the position of Eastern District Manager.



M. A. Curran



F. H. Leggett



L. M. Dunn



E. P. Clifford

Frederick H. Leggett, manager of the New York house, succeeds Mr. Clifford as Eastern District Manager. He will have supervision of New York, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. Mr. Leggett has been working for the Company for twenty years, beginning in the clerical department in New York. The high spots in his career since that time have been three years in Tokyo as secretary of the Nippon Electric Company, Ltd., manager at Antwerp, Foreign Sales Manager at New York, Pacific District Manager at San Francisco, and his present job, Manager of the New York house.

Leo M. Dunn, Manager of the Philadelphia house, has been appointed Assistant Eastern District Manager. The Philadelphia and Pittsburgh houses will be under his supervision.

Mr. Dunn is familiar with the workings of the two houses in his bailiwick as he recently was appointed

manager of the Philadelphia house after serving in a like capacity at Pittsburgh for five years. Mr. Dunn has been with the Company since 1910 and before that worked for the C. D. & P. Tel. Co. for twenty-four years, beginning as an office boy at the age of twelve.

Marcus A. Curran, who has been in the credit department ever since he came with the Company seven years ago, has been pried loose at last and has been appointed manager of the line material department. Mr. Curran's prowess as a fisherman and a golfer has been duly celebrated in the columns of the News from time to time, and he has still another claim to fame, membership on the Board of Editors.

His career with the Company began in January, 1911, when he embarked in credit and collection work in New York. In 1912 he was transferred to the credit department at Chicago and later in the same year became credit manager at Minneapolis. In June of the following year he was advanced to the position of general credit manager, which he has just relinquished.

Succeeding Mr. Curran as general credit manager is E. W. Shepard, who has been credit manager and cashier at Cleveland for the last three years. He began as an auditor at Chicago in 1906 and went to Indianapolis in 1908 where he stayed for three years. He went back to

Chicago for a brief time in 1911 and in 1913 was made credit manager at Cleveland.

F. J. Kelly takes Mr. Shepard's place as credit manager at Cleveland. Mr. Kelly has been an employee of the Company since August, 1906, when he began work in the Chicago house. He was auditor of disbursements for some time and two years ago was transferred to the credit department at Chicago.

E. F. Smith has been appointed assistant general traffic manager with an office at Hawthorne where he will assist General Traffic Manager W. H. De Witt, Jr. Mr. Smith was first employed by the Company in 1911 as a rate clerk in New York. Two years later he was made traffic clerk in the stores traffic department and for the last few years has been Mr. De Witt's assistant at 195 Broadway.



E. W. Shepard



F. J. Kelly



W. R. Axford



E. F. Smith

W. R. Axford is now the eastern representative of the general traffic department in New York with his office at 195 Broadway. "Mr. Axford, of Oxford," is one of his titles, as he is a native of Oxford, N. J., which may

be found on any large map of that State. His new position is his first with the Company, all of his previous business experiences being with the Central of Georgia Railroad Company for which he worked for eight years.



Power Apparatus Sales Conference

THE power apparatus sales specialists who handle the commercial end of that line attended a conference at the Hotel Sherman, in Chicago, July 8-11. H. R. King, power apparatus sales manager, was the presiding officer, and about thirty specialists from all parts of the country except the West took part in the proceedings.

All of the first day and most of the second were devoted to business, although the latter closed with an automobile trip to the South Shore Country Club, where a dinner was held, a feature of which was the presentation of a gold-headed cane to Mr. King.

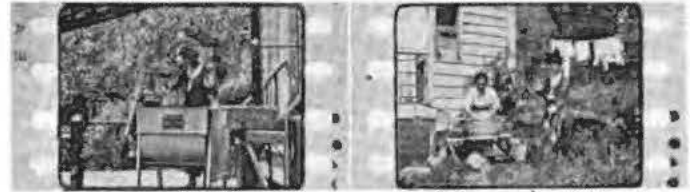
Another day of business sessions followed, and Friday afternoon was spent at the Hawthorne Works.

A regrettable feature of the conference was the receipt of news from Richmond that C. B. Whitehurst had died a day or two before he was to start for Chicago. A committee, of which J. H. Gleason, of Chicago, was chairman, was appointed to draw up a suitable memorial, of which further mention probably will be made in the September issue of the NEWS. Those who attended the conference were:

Boston—F. A. Tibbitts.
 New York—F. H. Van Gorder.
 Buffalo—W. J. Wholahan.
 Newark—E. D. Price.
 Philadelphia—H. Rader.
 Pittsburgh—G. H. Swift.
 Atlanta—S. H. Smith, Jr.
 Chicago—J. H. Gleason, J. A. Saville, W. E. Myers, C. Curtis,
 H. F. Turner, F. A. Ketcham.
 Cleveland—E. S. Zuck.
 Cincinnati—W. S. Burr.
 Omaha—E. Lum
 Minneapolis—R. J. Courtney, A. H. Bannister.
 St. Louis—C. E. Robertson.
 Kansas City—W. P. Lyon.
 Dallas—F. H. Barber.
 Denver—G. B. McNair.
 Seattle—E. J. DesCamp.
 Milwaukee—Anderson, C. S. Mittleman.
 Detroit—R. A. Smith.
 Schenectady—R. S. Johnston, R. R. Bishop.
 General Department—E. W. Rockafellow, H. R. King.

A Pair of Western Electric Movie Stars

TWO of the principal characters in a moving picture recently produced by the Society for Electrical Development are Western Electric Quality Products, which were loaned to the society by the advertising department. One of the Western Electric stars



was a washing machine which demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt that it was a household necessity, and the other was Mrs. Hugh Elsasser, who acted the part of Mrs. Clean, a housewife who forsook a colored washerwoman for an electric washing machine, after an inspection of the conditions under the African regime. Two pictures from the film are shown herewith.

Omaha Salesman Dies

J. W. Derthicks is Killed in An Automobile Accident

AN automobile accident which occurred in Sioux City, Iowa, on July 20, resulted in the death of J. W. Derthicks, a salesman of the Omaha house. Mr. Derthicks had been with the Company only a short time, his service dating from October of last year, but in that brief period he showed his ability as a salesman, and made many friends in the Omaha house.

The fact that his death occurred such a short time before the date on which the NEWS goes to press made it impossible to procure a picture of Mr. Derthicks for use in this issue.



To Be Awarded in August

THIRTY YEARS

| | | |
|-------------------------------------|--------|---|
| Dorsey, M. J., Hawthorne, 6346..... | August | — |
| Miller, E., Hawthorne, 6460..... | " | — |
| Remy, H., Hawthorne, 6336..... | " | — |

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

| | | |
|-------------------------------------|--------|---|
| Bailey, Katie, Hawthorne, 6320..... | August | — |
| Brulle, J. T., Hawthorne, 5350..... | " | — |
| Grau, F. J., Hawthorne, 6338..... | " | — |

TWENTY YEARS

| | | |
|-----------------------------------|--------|----|
| Fries, Amy Belle, Chicago..... | August | 11 |
| Fries, Minne V., Chicago..... | " | 11 |
| Lounsbury, G. H., Chicago..... | " | 3 |
| Schmidt, F., Hawthorne, 6308..... | " | 25 |
| McDevitt, Ellen F., New York..... | " | 15 |
| Smith, W. M., New York..... | " | 23 |
| Gregory, R. H., New York..... | " | 1 |

FIFTEEN YEARS

| | | |
|-----------------------------------|--------|----|
| Dineen, M., Hawthorne, 6162..... | August | 3 |
| Parker, G., Hawthorne, 7858..... | " | 10 |
| Farenga, L., Hawthorne, 6301..... | " | 18 |

| | | |
|-----------------------------------|--------|----|
| Block, C., Hawthorne, 7397..... | August | 31 |
| Siemon, Hermine L., New York..... | " | 3 |
| McLarn, E. S., New York..... | " | 1 |
| Ireland, R. R., New York..... | " | 4 |
| Huyck, C. L., San Francisco..... | " | 5 |

TEN YEARS

| | | |
|---|--------|----|
| Moorer, E. S., Atlanta..... | August | 10 |
| Griffin, Alice D., Boston..... | " | 1 |
| Lenke, A., Chicago..... | " | 1 |
| Moren, M. U., Chicago..... | " | 5 |
| Leckelt, H., Chicago..... | " | 7 |
| Frees, W. H., Chicago..... | " | 10 |
| Oergel, W., Hawthorne, 6166..... | " | 6 |
| Toede, B., Hawthorne, 6319..... | " | 6 |
| Stockmeyer, F., Hawthorne, 7398..... | " | 10 |
| Bitzer, A., Hawthorne, 7486..... | " | 17 |
| Gorman, Kathryn, Hawthorne, 7681..... | " | 17 |
| Ward, Loretta F., Hawthorne, 6136..... | " | 19 |
| Seveik, J. A., Hawthorne, 6300..... | " | 20 |
| Rochford, Catherine, Hawthorne, 7037..... | " | 25 |
| Brown, G. E., Minneapolis..... | " | 24 |
| Carney, H. J., Philadelphia..... | " | 31 |
| Crowley, Irene M., Pittsburgh..... | " | 8 |
| Baes, B. J., Seattle..... | " | 1 |

Who They Are

M. J. Dorsey



Luckily Western Electric fire alarm boxes are made so that you don't have to take them apart every time you want to make them work. One pull on the lever and the rest is up to the fire department. However, if

you should ever be filled with a consuming desire to know just what makes the wheels go 'round, call up Martin Dorsey. Mr. Dorsey has worked in the special departments ever since he came with the Company and has seen fire alarm boxes grow up from infancy. He is now special tool maker for department 6346.

Mr. Dorsey started in 1888. Counting the number of eights, you get three, and putting nothing after it, you get 30, which is correct for Martin's length of service. He gets a new service button this month to prove it.

Edward Miller



When Edward Miller got the job of developing and making the machines designed for the lamp department, the lamp makers used to laugh at him. Lamp making had always been hand work and they knew no machines could be built that would be any good. But

in spite of their assurance Mr. Miller is now enjoying the best laugh, which, as you know, is the last laugh.

You might infer from that incident that Mr. Miller is an expert machinist, and you would be right. He has worked for the Company 30 years, most of the time at tool making, although for a time he was in the tool inspection department. In 1912 he was granted a three months' leave of absence, which he spent in Europe.

We hope the jeweler will do an extra good job on his four-star button, for if one star should slip a thousandth of an inch out of line it wouldn't look right to an expert toolmaker.

Herman Remy



Thirty years ago the Western Electric Company used to operate under the "contract system." Foremen contracted with the Company to make parts at a certain price each. Out of this they made their profits, after paying

their men, whom they hired themselves. That was the system under which Herman Remy took a position in the screw machine department of the New York Shops.

Since then he has seen the department outgrow such inefficient methods, and outgrow its quarters besides, many times.

In 1912, Mr. Remy was made a section head. He came to Hawthorne in that capacity a year later.

J. T. Brulie

A year after the Company opened its foundry at Clinton Street it hired J. T. Brulie to look after patterns and help lay out work. That was in 1898.



Laying out work was sometimes no small task in those days, either. The foundry was small, and not equipped for some of the heavy jobs that confront it occasionally. In such emergencies, when there was an exceptionally large casting to pour, they had to borrow the use of the machine shop crane to carry one ladle, while the foundry crane handled the other. By running a clay-lined chute from the machine shop over to the mould the iron reached its destination safely, in spite of its roundabout trip.

Nowadays there are no more such troubles in the big foundry at Hawthorne where Mr. Brulie acts as assistant foreman. In fact, he has so few worries on his mind that he can go out with his shot gun, confident of bringing down 45 or more clay pigeons out of every 50. For Mr. Brulie is an enthusiastic trap shooter, a member of the Hawthorne Club Gun Section and of the Metropolitan Gun Club. He gets his three-star button this month.

F. J. Grau

Up until September, 1909, Frank Grau used to qualify as a fisherman. Since then he has given it up. Ocean anglers from the New York Shops will guess from this that he was transferred to Hawthorne in September, 1909. Which is quite correct.



Mr. Grau started in the jobbing department, where he worked for several years. He then went to the milling department as a section boss. From the milling department he entered process inspection and has stayed at it ever since. He now has charge of the process inspection on punch-press work.

Now, although Hawthorne may not be the best place in the world to harvest fish, it is an excellent place to gather stars, and Mr. Grau gets the third one for his service button this month.

Miss Amy B. Fries

The first of the Fries sisters (first from an alphabetical viewpoint) began her career with the Company twenty years ago in Section 4B of the Paper Insulated Wire Department in Chicago. For several years she worked under George du Plain, part of the

time as his clerk, and in 1909 was one of the first thirteen girls of the cable department to be transferred to Hawthorne, and Miss Fries still speaks feelingly of the trips she made on certain cold and unpleasant mornings.

In 1910 Miss Fries went back to Clinton Street with



the magnet wire department, but when that department returned to Hawthorne she remained behind. She is now in the accounting department of the Chicago house.

Miss Minnie V. Fries

The voice of Miss Minnie Fries probably would be easier to recognize than her picture, because for almost all of her twenty years as an employee of the Company she has worked in the house telephone exchange at Clinton Street.



She was first employed on August 11, 1898, the same day on which her sister began to work for the Company. She was in the wire department for a few months, and in February, 1899, went into the telephone exchange as a relief operator. Three years later she was appointed chief operator of the exchange, a position which she still holds.

G. H. Lounsbury

George H. Lounsbury was first employed by the Company in 1892, which may cause some mathematical shark to inquire why he is getting a twenty-year service button this month. The answer is that he stayed only a few months, resigning in April, 1898.



Five years later he came back—that is, he turned up at the Chicago house, although his previous experience with the Company had been in New York. At Chicago he began with clerical work, but in 1902 he was transferred to supply sales work. Since 1912 he has been engaged in special sales.

F. J. Schmidt

Making rheostats was Fred Schmidt's first job with the Company. He started at it in the Clinton Street Shops in 1898. If you know what a rheostat is, you know just what he was making, and if you do not it would take too long to explain all about them, so we'll hurry along a few years until Fred was transferred into the telephone power board department. Because if you don't know what a telephone power board is you can go down and Fred will explain all about the animal to you. He is still with the power board department, where he has charge of the slate work. Mr. Schmidt's service will be two stars long this month.

Miss Ellen F. McDevitt

Miss McDevitt began her career with the Company by going to work in New York as an operator on the machines which applied the paper insulation to the conductors in lead-covered cables. She remained at that work until that branch of the business was transferred to Hawthorne, when she went into the



final inspection department, where she worked on projector micras. Still later she was transferred again, this time inspecting transmitter bells and faces (a bright and shiny job).

When the New York shop also went to Hawthorne, Miss McDevitt was transferred to the inspection division of the New York shop in which she is still working. She completes her twentieth year of service this month.

W. McAllister Smith



In the list at the beginning of this section of the NEWS, our hero's name is given as W. M. Smith. A search at West Street failed to discover W. M. Smith, and elicited the illuminating information that "W. M." in the old New York shop meant "Work Material," since superseded by "piecepart." It transpired, however, that "W. McA." Smith was a well recognized institution at West Street, and it proved comparatively easy to find out about him.

He began as an equipment engineer in 1898, and after trying that work for ten years went over to the physical laboratory as a section head. Later he became an inspection engineer, and still later engaged in the solving of equipment problems in connection with mechanical switching.

Richard H. Gregory



The custodian of the Company's figures, otherwise known as the Comptroller, became a Western Electric man in August, 1898, when he tried his hand at clerical work in New York. Four months of that were enough to demonstrate his fitness to fill the position of assistant chief clerk, so he filled it for a period of about two years.

In July, 1900, he was transferred to the Secretary's Department in Chicago, where he remained for three years, returning to New York in 1903 as the secretary's representative. It was back to Chicago in 1906 as assistant secretary, a position which he retained until he became Comptroller in 1908.

John H. Symons



As a matter of fact this sketch of Mr. Symons should have appeared in the NEWS last month, but he was out of town when the request for his picture reached Minneapolis, and the photograph didn't get to New York in time.

He began work in Chicago in 1898, and remained there in various capacities, chiefly in the shipping department, until 1909. At that time he was transferred to Hawthorne in charge of shipping and receiving department. He remained in this position until January, 1914, when

he was transferred to the Minneapolis office as warehouse foreman. In March, 1918, he was made stores manager of the Minneapolis branch. This, of course, includes the two sub-branches—St. Paul and Duluth. If you want a quick shipment, a stock order, a picnic or a dance put across, just put it up to John.



C. Block



L. Farena



Miss H. L. Siemon



M. Dinsen

The Fifteen Year Squad—Each Gets a Star This Month

Pension for C. Bergquist

C. Bergquist, of the Blacksmith Shop, Hawthorne, was pensioned July 1, 1918, after having served the Company for twenty-five years. Mr. Bergquist commenced his service with the Company in March, 1893, in the Blacksmith Shop at Clinton Street, and has been continuously in that department up to the present time, following it from the Clinton Street Plant to Hawthorne in 1908. Mr. Bergquist's photograph was published in the March, 1918, issue of the WESTERN ELECTRIC NEWS on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his employment with the company.

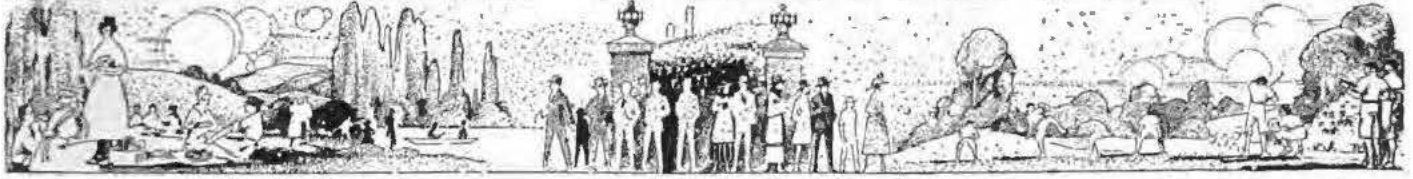
The Office Specialist

Consider the poor Specialist,
He ariseth in the morning at 6 A. M.
He feedeth himself, yea verily he shaveth pronto.
He attendeth Committee Meetings at 7:30.
He argueth with the Stores gang about Service
Then goeth he wearily to his desk;
Out cometh the Sales Manager who Mounteth his Frame,
Thereafter the Manager who Cleaneth his Plow;
The Credit Man unwindeth his Little Ball of Yarn,
Verily, no one loveth a Specialist!

The Salesmen answereth not his letters
He complaineth to his Boss,
Saieth said Boss, "Much moneys are paid you
To do your own job.
No sympathy getteth He!
His Pet Customer complaineth about service,
Goeth he to the Stores Manager
Who saieth, 'tis a hard world,
And offereth to him a cigarette paper and Much Bull.
Manufactures men call upon him and telleth weird tales,
Also tryeth to sell to him large quantities of Merchandise.
Then speedeth he to the Dictaphone
To which he cusseth at and fumeth over,
And argueth with the Stenos
Whether he did or did not say it.
Then cometh night and wendeth
He homeward his weary way
And saieth he to Himself,
Yea, verily, no one Loveth a Specialist.

Ross D. CUMMINGS, Dallas.

AFTER THE WHISTLE BLOWS



Farewell Dinner to J. R. Shea



J. R. Shea

A FAREWELL dinner was given to J. R. Shea at the Atlantic Hotel on July 10 previous to his departure for Japan. C. L. Rice, Superintendent of Production, acted as toastmaster and also delivered the farewell address. Impromptu speeches were called for from J. W. Bancker, Assistant General Superintendent; J. W. Skinkel, of the London factory, and O. Pruessman. J. J. Garvey, F. T. Buell, F. D. Potenza, C. A. Hach and J. Pastor were the committee in charge.

An entertainment by professional talent occupied the latter part of the evening. Mr. Shea sailed for Japan on the *Tengo Maru* from San Francisco on July 29. He is to be associated with the Nippon Electric Company, our allied Japanese house, as an advisory engineer in connection with the expansion of their plant.

ONLY victories find a place in the record of the Bowling Green Installers of New York who thus far have won five straight baseball games. Their most recent game was the closest of the lot, and they beat the Cathedral nine by a margin of only one run, the final score being 8 to 7. W. Bodenstedt pitched for the winning team and his good work was largely responsible for the victory.

Bowling Green Boys Win

The games won by Bowling Green were: Bowling Green 14, Forsyth 8; Bowling Green 29, Coney Island 0; Bowling Green 18, A. T. & T. 13; Bowling Green 8, Cathedral 6; Bowling Green 8, Cathedral 7.

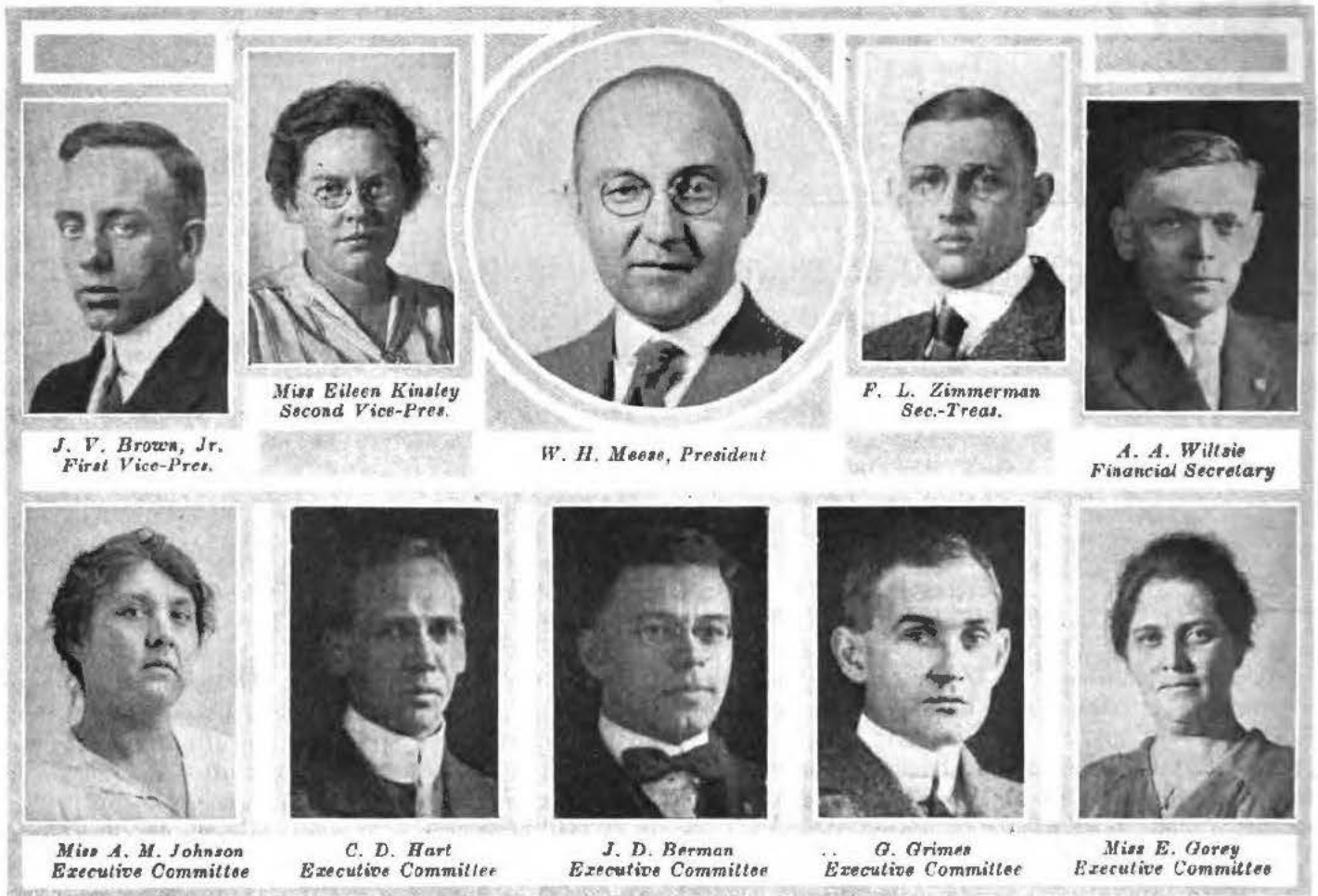
Since the hot weather began, the Bowling Green men have taken to swimming in preference to baseball and expect to organize a swimming team of four men to compete against any of the other installation branches in New York which may challenge them.

When the swimming season is over the Bowling Green boys expect to take up some other form of athletic endeavor as they are determined to keep the other branches on the go all the time.

Acquiring That Summer Tan—Then and Now



The New Officers of the Hawthorne Club



J. V. Brown, Jr.
First Vice-Pres.

Miss Eileen Kinsley
Second Vice-Pres.

W. H. Meese, President

F. L. Zimmerman
Sec.-Treas.

A. A. Wiltsie
Financial Secretary

Miss A. M. Johnson
Executive Committee

C. D. Hart
Executive Committee

J. D. Berman
Executive Committee

G. Grimes
Executive Committee

Miss E. Gorey
Executive Committee

In Cherry Blossom Land



Here is a photograph of Vice-President and General Superintendent H. F. Albright in a Japanese "town car" while on his recent visit to the far east. It would seem that the chances of being arrested for speeding in such a vehicle should be practically nil. A peculiar feature of this conveyance is that, while the wheels are not subject to tire troubles, the

"engine" is, although it does not tire nearly so easily as you might expect. For some reason or other, Mr. Albright failed to bring his "town car" back with him, although it would be of inestimable value to him in covering the vast reaches of the Hawthorne works.

Ready for Another Thirty

The photograph shows A. T. McDonald, foreman of department 6333, celebrating his 30th Western Electric birthday. His department, as a little surprise to him, decorated his desk as shown in the photograph, a little mark of appreciation that is responsible for the pleased look Archie wears.



Buffham Leads Golfers

Youngster Makes Low Scores in Winning June Handicap at Hawthorne



Ben J. Buffham

THE main event for the golfers at Hawthorne during June was the playing of the June Handicap. The qualifying round was played on June 1 and the tabulated results of the tourney are given below.

Close competition was the rule and three of the matches necessitated extra holes to determine the winner. The feature, however, was the remarkable playing of Ben J. Buffham, Department

6115-B, who won the silver cup and first place. In the second match round against Chas. M. Dolan, he made a medal score of 72, which is one stroke over par and within two strokes of the Harlem course record. This established a new record for the Hawthorne Golf Club, but not content with this mark, Mr. Buffham, in his final match with J. J. Glenn, made 70, tying the course record. Unfortunately, his record was shortlived, however, as the following day, June 30, Joek Hutchinson, the famous professional of the Glen View Country Club, in a Red Cross match with Bob Macdonald, of Onwentsia, and Frank Adams, of Beverly, established a new record of 69. We hope that by the time the next News

goes to press we will be able to announce that our star has bettered this new mark.

Ben learned his golf while a caddie at the Chicago Golf Club and in 1916 had low qualifying score in the Western Junior Championship (75) and in the Cook County Amateur Championship (74). He was runner up in the former event. Last season he did not take part in tournament play, but as he is only 19 years old, we predict that he will yet become a national figure in the golf world. The summary:

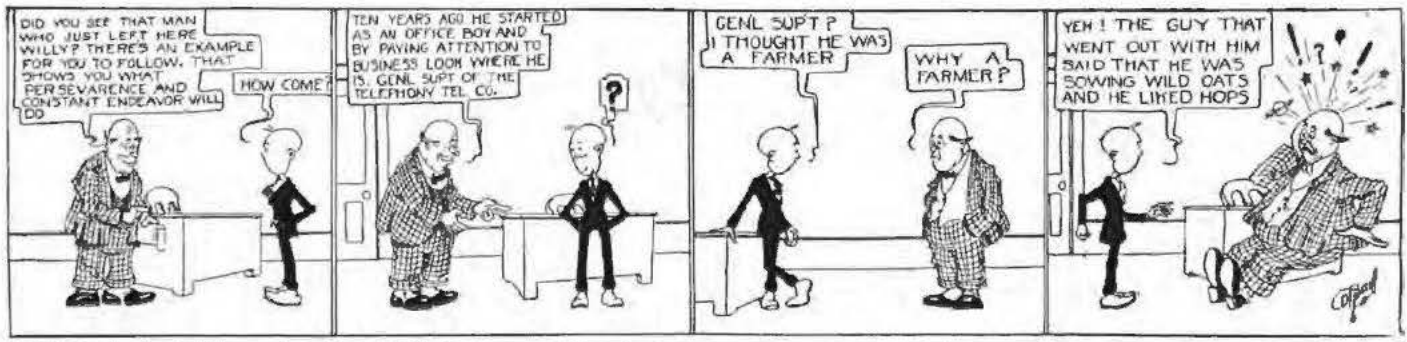
| | | | | | |
|---------------------|------------|---------|---------|-----------------|--------------------|
| W. A. Titus (20) | Titus | 2 up | Carr | 1 up (19 holes) | Glenn 3 and 1 |
| T. M. Erickson (12) | Erickson | 2 up | Carr | | |
| J. Carr (20) | Carr | 2 up | Glenn | 5 and 3 | Buffham 3 and 1 |
| C. G. Holmberg (27) | Holmberg | 2 up | Glenn | | |
| J. C. McBride (22) | McBride | 5 and 3 | Miller | 1 up (19 holes) | Buffham 8 and 7 |
| J. J. Glenn (26) | Glenn | 5 and 3 | Miller | | |
| J. C. Vanselow (18) | Vanselow | 5 and 3 | Dolan | 4 and 3 | Buffham 3 and 1 |
| P. E. Kern (17) | Kern | 5 and 3 | Dolan | | |
| C. G. Fleigner (22) | Fleigner | 3 and 2 | Default | 4 and 3 | Buffham 3 and 1 |
| R. McCullough (20) | McCullough | 3 and 2 | Default | | |
| E. B. Miller (21) | Miller | Default | Buffham | 4 and 3 | Buffham 3 and 1 |
| T. F. Dwyer (3) | Dwyer | Default | Buffham | | |
| C. G. Crowder (22) | Crowder | 5 and 4 | Buffham | 4 and 3 | Buffham 3 and 1 |
| C. M. Dolan (10) | Dolan | 5 and 4 | Buffham | | |
| J. Taylor (10) | Taylor | 3 and 1 | Buffham | 4 and 3 | Buffham 3 and 1 |
| B. F. Buffham (1) | Buffham | 3 and 1 | Buffham | | |

Chicago Golf Club

THE Western Electric Company has entered a team in the Utilities Golf Association which looks like a candidate for first honors. The organization is composed of representatives from the Chicago Telephone Co., Commonwealth Edison Co., Peoples Gas Light & Coke Co. and the Western Electric Co.

The Western Electric Co. easily won the first two matches and lead the league by several points. The W. E. Team is composed of Messrs. Speer, Fredbloom, DeWitt and Nabors.

Willy Neverlearn—In Bad Again



Western Electric Company

H. B. Thayer, President; H. A. Halligan, Vice-President; W. P. Sidley, Vice-President and General Counsel; A. L. Salt, Vice-President in charge of Purchases and Traffic; Gerard Swope, Vice-President and General Sales Manager; H. F. Albright, Vice-President and General Superintendent; J. W. Johnston, Treasurer; F. B. Jewett, Chief Engineer; G. C. Pratt, Secretary; R. H. Gregory, Comptroller; C. E. Scribner, Consulting Engineer.

Office of publication and address of President, Secretary, and Treasurer, 195 Broadway, New York City.



—“Now
compare this
with my old machine”

Just see how much more convenient this is; how much easier it will make your sewing.

The Western Electric Sewing Machine is portable. Take it to the place where you wish to do your sewing—on the porch, to your neighbors or the war relief workrooms. You can see how easy it is to carry about the house and, when packed away in its carrying case, it is no larger than the ordinary traveling bag.

It is electric. With it you'll find you'll actually get more sewing done in the same time, and with much less effort. For electricity

does the hard work and does it well, whatever the character of the material.

It is economical. It will help you in the real war-time economy of making your own and your children's clothes. Costs only \$39.50 (\$41.50 West of the Rockies)—less than most well known makes of pedal-power machines: a cent's worth of electricity runs it three hours. Here is a full size, standard machine but without the cumbersome cabinet and iron framework you have been accustomed to in the old fashioned type.

If your electric shop or department store cannot show you this new kind of machine, write to our nearest house for Booklet No. "The New Way to Sew."

Western Electric

Portable Sewing Machine

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

INCORPORATED



Use it on the porch where breezes blow

New York
Buffalo
Syracuse
Newark
Boston
New Haven

Philadelphia
Baltimore
Richmond
Pittsburgh
Cleveland

Atlanta
Birmingham
Charlotte
Savannah
Memphis
New Orleans

Chicago
Cincinnati
Indianapolis
Milwaukee
Detroit

St. Louis
Kansas City
Oklahoma City
Dallas
Houston

Denver
Salt Lake City
Omaha
Minneapolis
Duluth
St. Paul

San Francisco
Oakland
Los Angeles
Seattle
Portland
Spokane

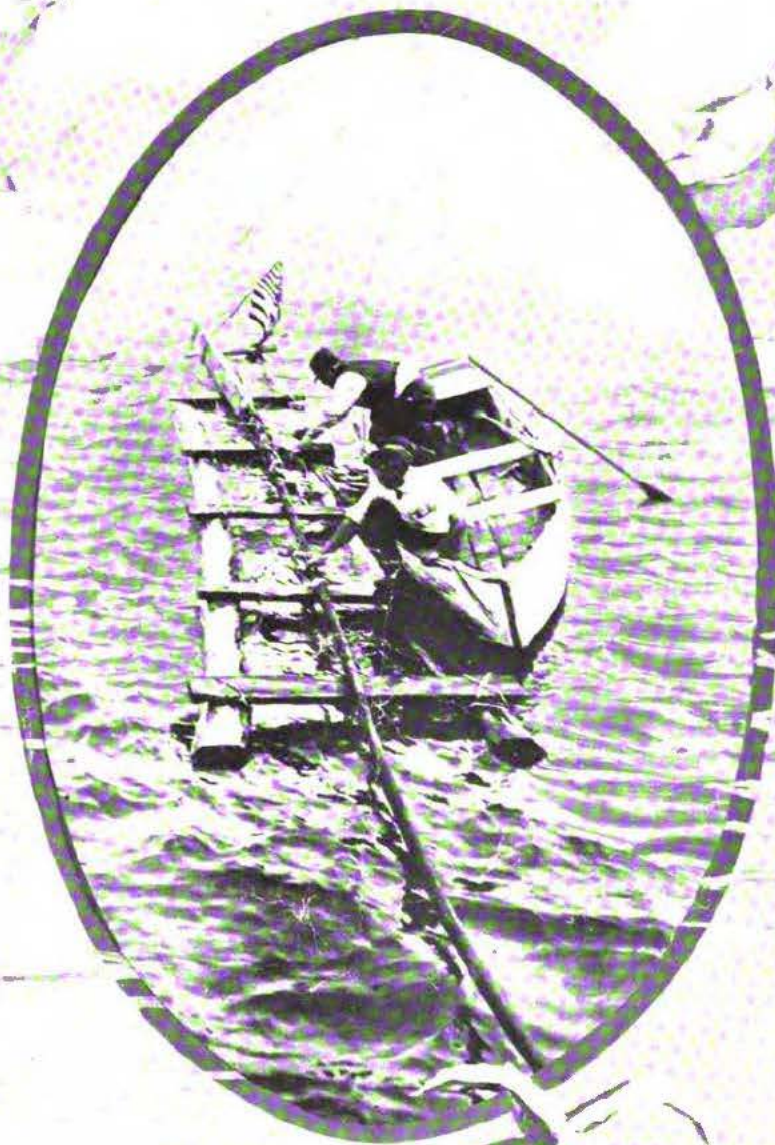


Put it away on the closet shelf

This Advertisement will appear in a list of women's magazines during the early fall of 1918. It will appear in colors in the Delineator, Designer and Woman's Magazine.

Western Electric News

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS



LAYING A TELEPHONE
CABLE ACROSS THE
STRAITS OF MACKINAW—
THE END OF THE
CABLE STARTS SHOREWARD
ON A RAFT BEARING THE
STARS AND STRIPES .

VOL. VII. NO. 7

September, 1918

Modern Women demand a Modern Machine -



This Advertisement will appear in—

| | | | | |
|--------------------------|-------------|----------|------------------|---------|
| Vogue | September | 4 colors | circulation | 100,000 |
| Delineator | September | 2 colors | 914,621 | |
| Designer | September | 2 colors | 309,212 | |
| Woman's Magazine | September | 2 colors | 189,985 | |
| Saturday Evening Post | September 7 | 1 color | 1,889,487 | |
| Ladies' Home Journal | October | 1 color | 1,638,040 | |
| Pictorial Review | October | 1 color | 1,231,654 | |
| Good Housekeeping | October | 1 color | 439,758 | |
| Woman's Home Companion | October | 1 color | 1,130,173 | |
| TOTAL CIRCULATION | | | 7,842,930 | |

This is being done for your benefit. Will you profit by it?

— "Now compare this with my old machine"

Just see how much more convenient this is, how much easier it will make your sewing.

The Western Electric Sewing Machine is portable. Take it to the place where you wish to do your sewing—on the porch, to your neighbors or the war relief workrooms. You can see how easy it is to carry about the house and, when packed away in its carrying case, it is no larger than the ordinary traveling bag.

It is electric. With it you'll find you'll actually get more sewing done in the same time, and with much less effort. For electricity

does the hard work and does it well, whatever the character of the material.

It is economical. It will help you in the real war-time economy of making your own and your children's clothes. Costs only \$39.50 (\$41.50 West of the Rockies)—less than most well known makes of pedal-power machines. Here it is a full size standard machine but without the cumbersome cabinet and iron framework you have been accustomed to in the old fashioned type.

If your electric shop or department store cannot show you this new kind of machine, write to our nearest branch for Booklet No. "The New Way to Sew."

Western Electric
Portable Sewing Machine

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY



They know about this machine because advertisements like the above have told them of it. But what they don't know, Mr. Dealer, is that you sell

Western Electric

PORTABLE SEWING MACHINES

Write for details of our local merchandising campaign: newspaper electrotypes, window displays, street car cards, lantern slides, booklets, stickers, etc. They're yours for the asking.

Western Electric Company

INCORPORATED

Offices in All Principal Cities

HOW WE ADVERTISE OUR ADVERTISING

This current trade paper advertisement is one of the ways the Company presents to the central stations, electrical dealers and contractors the fact that we are continually creating new markets for them to sell

Western Electric News



BOARD OF EDITORS

Editor: P. L. Thomson

Assistant Editors: William Jabine and Reed Calvin

Associate Editors: W. F. Hendry, W. E. Leigh, S. W. Murkland, E. C. Estep, H. D. Agnew, S. S. Holmes, F. W. Willard, M. A. Curran

Subscription: \$1.50 per year, except to employees of the Western Electric Company, to whom copies are furnished free of charge. All communications and contributions should be addressed to WESTERN ELECTRIC NEWS, 195 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Matter intended for any given issue must reach New York not later than the 12th of the preceding month

VOLUME VII

SEPTEMBER, 1918

NUMBER 7

Western Electric Company,

INCORPORATED
TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH BUILDING

195 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

H. B. THAYER
PRESIDENT

TO THE EMPLOYEES OF THE WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY:

In these times when the safety of this country and human liberty are in the balance, time is worth more than money; it is worth blood. Hundreds of thousands of men are at the Front, fighting for us; more than 3600 of our own Western Electric boys are among them. Hundreds of thousands of men and women are working in the factories and on the farms to keep these fighters supplied with food and the munitions of war. In the last resort it is man-power that will win—man-power in fighting, man-power in producing—so that it is man-power which must be conserved.

I think we may all be proud of the part which the Western Electric Company—and that means all of us—is taking in helping to win this war. Many of us are engaged directly upon government work of one character or another; others may find their duties bearing only indirectly upon such work; but whatever the nature of our jobs, every man and woman wants to be sure he is wasting neither time nor material.

There are those in the Company whose particular duty it is to study the methods employed in the factory, warehouses and offices. In times like these, it seems to me each one of us ought to look at our work from that point of view—to find a quicker way or a better way of doing the job; thus can we have a direct share in the saving of time and material so essential to the winning of the war. This way of expressing our loyalty is one in which I am sure every one of my more than 30,000 fellow employees is glad to join me.

A large, stylized handwritten signature, likely of H. B. Thayer, the president mentioned in the text.

A Submarine of Peace

The Story of the New Telephone Cable for the Straits of Mackinaw and How It Was Laid

By F. W. Willard, Assistant Operating Superintendent, Hawthorne

FOR many years the State of Michigan was a house divided against itself. Two of the five great inland seas of North America separate the State into two parts, and this geographical division has been the cause of much political strife. In fact, several times the northern and southern parts almost agreed to break up housekeeping.

Now this sad story of domestic woe, together with its sequel, merely proves once again that it is impossible to keep house in these modern times without a telephone. For in 1900 a submarine telephone cable, at that time the longest in America, was laid from Mackinaw City, on the Southern Peninsula, to St. Ignace, on the Northern Peninsula, with a small extension from St. Ignace to Mackinac Island. And the Michigan family scrap was over. The State was united, commercially and socially.

Now we could easily prove our statement regarding the record-breaking length of that peace-making cable, but why take all that trouble when the telephone company admits it on a public tablet, as shown in the photograph on this page. Perhaps we should say they *continue* to admit it, for the passage of time and the laying of one or two longer cables have since outlawed the tense of their verb. However, the next time their painter has to revise the number of telephones connected with that slender string of cable, he may perhaps have a little paint left over, and then who knows—?

Anyway, why bother over the tense of a verb? The main thing is that the political situation in Michigan was now no longer tense. In fact, the two halves of the State have since lived in such harmony that they recently decided to have another cable tie them even more tightly together. So they ordered one of those new fangled dry core cables, with the wires all tangled up in so many directions that the sportive voice current gets tired of so many interruptions in its next-door neighbor's gossip and goes on its way without picking up anything not intended for it.

So the Michigan State Telephone Company, which never of-

fers the public anything less good than the very best there is, commissioned the Western Electric Company to make the most perfect submarine cable that could be produced for the Straits of Mackinaw, a cable which would not take the edge off of profanity nor mutilate the soft nothings of a love message; more important still, a cable that would transmit surely and quickly the commands of Uncle Sam for the copper and iron stored on the banks of the "Big Sea Water" farther north.

Such a cable now reposes beneath the clear blue waters of that famous channel, the Straits of Mackinaw, and this story is to tell about the laying of it there on July 9, 1918.

There is little poetry and much profanity involved in the making of a submarine cable. There is plenty of poetry, and more—oh, very, very, very much more than plenty of profanity in the laying of it. So the tenderfoot representatives of the Western Electric Company learned upon this their first experience of watching the product of their tender cares and prayers rudely dumped into the wetness of the Great Lakes by unsentimental telephone men.

Outside of that, however, those Michigan State Telephone fellows proved themselves "regular guys." They saw to it that we Western Electric greenhorns were not subjected to any unnecessary hazards, made sure that we got the best of accommodations, and fed us as often as we would let them and as bountifully as Herbert Hoover would permit. Even "Boss" Evans, on whom rested the crushing responsibility of coordinating three old skippers, getting the cable overboard without breaking it and fighting flies, did not once say a cross word to us—although he did appear rather busy with his thoughts at times.

And now that we have introduced "Boss" Evans, it might be wise for us to get busy laying that cable, quick! But wait. Maybe it would be wise to introduce the cable, too.

It is composed of seven quads of No. 13 A.W.G. soft drawn copper conductors, besides six pairs of No. 22



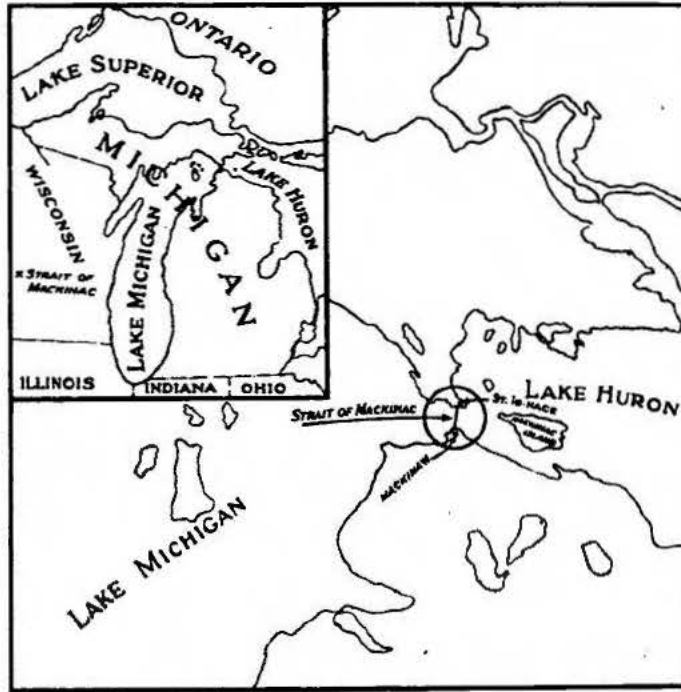
The Old Cable Landing on Mackinac Island and Three of the Western Electric "Tenderfeet" Who Assisted at the Laying of the New Cable—
(From left to right) L. S. Ford, F. W. Willard, C. D. Hart

A.W.G. conductors for testing purposes. Seven quads give twenty-eight wires, or fourteen physical circuits and seven phantom circuits. For those who find that too technical, it might be better merely to say that twenty-one calls can be handled through the cable at the same time. The six testing pairs, which are of different lengths, are to enable the telephone engineers to determine the location of any leak that might develop if the cable should be injured.

To prevent injury, the cable (like all submarine cable) is armored; that is, it has a layer of strong steel wires spiraled around its heavy lead sheath. These wires are put on over an intervening layer of jute, which protects the sheath and furnishes a cushion into which the armoring wires embed firmly. Over the layer of steel wires is a second layer of jute. The jute yarn used in forming both of these layers is saturated with an impregnating compound, which adds to the strength of the cable and is an additional protection against water.

The cable was made up in four lengths of 6,050 feet each. Quick, now! What's its total length? Well, never mind the arithmetic. It's time for the geography class now, anyway.

If you have forgotten as much of that subject as most of the rest of us, a little "bounding" of Michigan may clarify your ideas as to just why an underwater cable is necessary to unite part of Michigan with the rest of it.



To Help With the Geography Lesson

The Lower Peninsula is the larger part of the State. It is bounded on the south by dry land, the State of Indiana—a very dry land indeed since last spring. On the west of the Lower Peninsula is Lake Michigan, likewise strictly Prohibition. To the east lies Lake Huron and the western end of Lake Erie. That takes you all around the lower part of the State. The rest of it is in Wisconsin. Rather it looks as if it ought to be, but it isn't. Where Wisconsin leaves off the Upper Peninsula of Michigan begins. It juts out into Lake Superior, thus giving its State a target record of hitting four out of

the five Great Lakes. Now, Lake Superior joins Lake Huron around the northeast end of the Upper Peninsula and so does not interfere at all with Michigan's internal arrangement, but when Lake Michigan decided to meet the other two boys at the corner and ran through the Straits of Mackinaw to do it, he very effectively interrupted land traffic between the two halves of the State and substituted a four-mile boat ride instead. It is across this strait, between Lake Michigan and Lake Huron, that the newly laid cable now rests beside its older brother.

Now to tell how it got there:

It was shipped by train from Hawthorne to St. Ignace, on the northern shore of the Straits of Mackinaw, and was there taken from the reels and coiled on the cable-laying barge in four figure eights, a form in which it can



Splicing the Sections and Packing Jute on the Splices



The Christening. General Superintendent J. B. Sharp spills the Grape Juice

be run over the end of a boat without kinking or tangling. The four lengths were then spliced together to form one continuous length. These three splices (who said four?) had to be made by experts, as a splice must, of course, be as strong mechanically and as completely protected from water as the rest of the cable. The picture at the bottom of page 3 shows the splicers at work. After these preliminaries, everything was set for the real job.

Long before the morning sun had raised its fiery head above the cedars of Bois Blanc the great barge, with its precious cargo and its picturesque convoy of launches and pleasure boats, had left the docks of St. Ignace, circled the channel buoy of the Straits and poked its nose into the shoal waters of the north shore. (That is a poetic way of telling that we poor tenderfeet had to turn out of our comfortable bunks at just about bed time in the morning because the unfeeling management had booked the big show to start at the outrageous hour of 4 A. M.). Before the sun could clear the morning air it had become deep blue and viscous with profanity, for the convoy ran aground in the shoal water, leaving the barge 2,000 feet from the north landing.

But you can't defeat "Boss" Evans. Quick, he gets out a line to shore and he makes everybody heave-ho, even the sacred person of the News representative. When 4,000 feet of rope had been pulled to the shore, around a sheave and back to the barge, the north shore end of the cable, lashed to a raft and proudly bearing the National colors, was slowly heaved ashore.

As the first end disappeared over the stern of the barge, General Superintendent Sharp christened the cable "Dry Core" with a bottle of grape juice in honor of the latest dry State, Michigan, where the supply of Prohibition beer will last as long as four of the Great Lakes stay wet. As soon as the cable discovered that the christening wine was of the "Bill" Bryan variety, its capacity unbalance dropped to .000001 M.M.F.

Before the north end of the cable was landed the sun had burned all hands to a crisp. And when at last the landing was accomplished and the cable connected to the shore lines, the citizens of Houghton, Hancock, Calumet,

Ashland, and Duluth might have "listened in" for a couple of hours on the most complete and torrid dline of assorted profanity outside a golf course. For the sun was leaning well over toward the dark waters of Lake Michigan before the famous convoy succeeded in burning enough of its 100 tons of fuel to lift it off the bottom.

When this result was finally achieved then the movie moved fast. It took from daylight to 4 P. M. to lay the first 6,000 feet. The second 6,000 feet went overboard in exactly thirty-one minutes by the Ingersoll of the News representative, and the third in fifty minutes, while the last, or south end, was brought up 200 feet short of the south shore just as the merciless sun was dipping its red-hot countenance into the cooling waters of Lake Michigan. Now a 200-foot gap makes a little too much of a jump for a telephone current, but the wise men who engineered this job had on hand an extra length of cable, part of which they spliced on.

Now in reporting parties it is customary to mention some of those also present besides the reporter. At the Michigan State Telephone Company's cable-laying party there were present: C. G. Sharp, general plant superintendent; C. Kittredge, chief engineer; C. A. Morford, construction superintendent; Price Evans (the villain), construction superintendent; Mr. Marsh, superintendent of maintenance; Mr. Penn, engineer; Mr. Russell, engineer; Mr. Gardner, assistant plant superintendent, all of the Michigan State Telephone Company; Mr. Germain, American Telephone and Telegraph Company; Mr. Boone, engineer, Central Group Telephone Companies; Mr. Lambert, Chicago Telephone Company; Mr. Ford, engineer, Western Electric Company, who designed the cable; Mr. Davidson, inspection engineer, Western Electric Company, who received all the kicks; Mr. Hart, general foreman, Western Electric Company, who had nothing much to do except build the cable; Zephaniah Bunea, buccaneer at large; Jack Frost, line man extraordinary; a movie operator, three profane skippers, 7,000,000,000,000,000 fiers, one bottle of grape juice (broken).

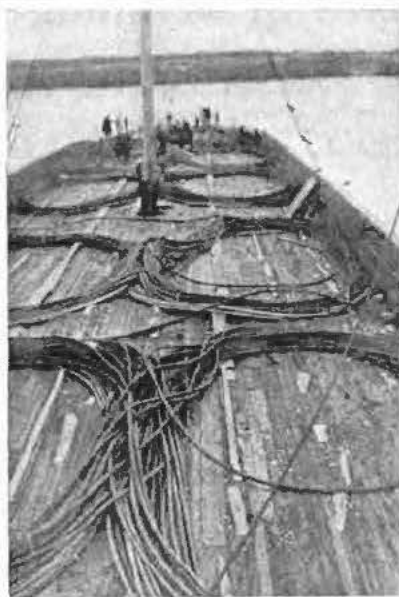
Which last item is enough to break up any party.



"Yo-Heaving" the North End of the Cable Ashore. How "Boss" Evans Made the Tenderfeet Pay for their Keep



Price Evans, of the Michigan State Telephone Company, Lends a Helping Hand



The Four "Figure 8's" On the Deck of the Barge



Two of the Crew—Zephaniah Bunce (right) and Jack Frost (left)



Ready for the Plunge



Chief Engineer Kittredge Watches the Cable Go Over



Afloat and Ready to Start for Shore



Applying the Brake. The 4" x 4" Oak Lever Beams Had to Be Replaced About Every Half Hour



Step Lively or Lose Your Underpinning. Guiding the Cable As it Slipped Off the "Figure 8" at 250 Feet a Minute

Your Share in Winning the War

[The generous response of Western Electric men and women in the third Liberty Bond campaign was a notable one and was evidence of their interest and loyalty. At the approach of another drive—this one for probably twice as great an amount as the last—the News has been able to obtain for its readers the following article which deals with an aspect of bond buying and our support of the war not generally appreciated, and nevertheless of very great importance to each one of us. The fact that the article is contributed by a Western Electric man himself in Government service makes it of special interest to us all.]—Ed.

WE who aren't going to cross the Atlantic and have a hand in putting the German army out of business, are nevertheless to have an opportunity to influence materially the length of time it is going to take our army and navy to bring about that result.

I say "opportunity" for such it certainly is, and at the same time it represents the biggest obligation that the people of America have ever had to meet. And few of us have any conception of either the magnitude of the job or of our part in it.

The Fourth Liberty Loan is soon to take place, and the Western Electric men and women are going to come forward in even greater numbers than they did last May and roll up another vast subscription. There isn't any doubt about that. But there is another phase of our support of the war which is not quite so well understood by Americans generally, and toward that our attention ought to be directed at this time when we are planning the size of our Liberty Bond subscription next month.

We are going to win this war through our superiority over our enemy in money, man-power and materials. These three great essentials to victory are so closely related to each other that it is impossible to separate them. No one of the three and no two of the three will win the war without the others. It follows then that there must be an unlimited supply of all three if we are going to fight this, the world's greatest economic struggle, through to a speedy and successful conclusion.

As already pointed out, we are all of us ready to recognize the nation's necessity for money. To meet it, we are cheerfully paying our war taxes and buying our bonds. Taxes are going to be higher and bond issues greater because the country's war bill is getting bigger all the time; but we are going to pay it just the same and keep on loaning our money. Our taxes and our bond issues are still a long ways short of those of our allies and our enemies.

But Uncle Sam has got to have more than money. He's got to have men—fighting men—and through the new draft he will get them, several millions of them. And he's got to have materials—clothing, equipment, food, ammunition, airplanes, ships to transport them over-seas and the warships to keep the seas safe for navigation.

Now the money we loan the Government, it uses to pay for these necessities. But what happens if the supply of some of these materials is exhausted? Well, then, somebody has to go without. That is what happened last winter. There wasn't enough coal to meet the normal uses for coal—to heat our homes, to operate our railroads, our peace time factories, etc.—and at the

same time to operate our war-time ammunition and ship-building plants and our greatly increased ocean tonnage. It mattered not that you and I had money to buy coal and the Government had money to buy coal; there simply wasn't enough coal to go around, and the only way out of it was to shut down a lot of plants—some of them even factories that were making clothing and food and ammunition for our soldiers on the fighting lines!

Such an interruption to production as the coal shortage brought about constituted, of course, a tremendous economic disturbance, great suffering to thousands, the loss of millions of dollars in wages, as well as a serious curtailment of materials needed for war. And yet the same serious situation is bound to recur unless we get clear on this fundamental principle that in these war times there isn't enough labor and material in the country to provide adequately for the war needs of our soldiers and sailors and the needs of ourselves based upon our standards of living before the war. You and I have simply got to readjust our standards. It isn't sufficient for us to loan our money to the Government. We've got to stop competing with the Government for the products of the labor and raw materials of the country, for both are limited.

Every time you spend a dollar you are making somebody work for you and you are consuming some material. The shoes you buy represent the labor of raising the animal, of transporting it to the place where it was killed, of removing and tanning the hide, of sewing a part of it into the form of a shoe. Then you make the railroad transport the shoe to the city in which you live, the trucker take it to the store, the salesman to sell it to you, and perhaps the boy to deliver the parcel to your home. It is true those shoes may have been made long before you bought them, but the amount of labor and material that went into them is the same. If, instead of buying that new pair of shoes, everybody had his old shoes repaired, then there would be fewer new shoes made, because the manufacturer does not make things for which the supply exceeds the demand. And with a smaller demand for the kind of shoes that you and I wear, the manufacturer has more time to make army shoes for the fellows who are across the water fighting for you and for me.

The example of shoes is deliberately chosen because shoes are a necessity—that is, a certain number of shoes a year are a necessity—but most of us buy more than we need, and it's high time that we stopped. In the field of so-called "luxuries" it is even more apparent that we must cut down our requirements. The point is that you and I have got to stop buying the unnecessary things.

During the next twelve months the Government will



Not Our Bit, But Our Best

When the *Western* boys from the Western front
 March past in the grand review,
 To the rat-a-tat-tat of a victor's drum
 When their task "Over There" is through,
 When they've fought their way to the Hun's Berlin
 And met every vandal dare.
 They've a right to ask—
 They've a right to know
 If we have done OUR share.

When the *Western* boys meet us face to face
 And blush when we call them brave,
 How small seem the gifts—how paltry the Bonds
 Which 'from plenty we easily save,
 These boys gladly gave to the country their all—
 And some in the French soil rest.
 They've a right to ask—
 They've a right to urge
 That we do, not our bit, but—OUR BEST.

W. F. LEIGHTON.

require more than half of all the available labor and raw materials in the country to supply the needs of our fighting men—and this means to win our war and bring them home.'

This means that a lot of people have got to get along without something—either we at home or those boys over there.

How our Government is going to equip and supply our armies does not rest with a group of military men down in Washington. It is up to you and me.

Every time you spend a dollar just remember that you're taking twenty cartridges away from some boy in France. That \$100 you were thinking of putting into new furniture or a set of furs, or a musical instrument—just remember it would buy a machine gun or thirty-three steel helmets, or a ton of shipping to supply half a dozen soldiers with food.

Every time you think of buying something, ask yourself the question, "Do I absolutely need this?" Don't ask yourself, "Can I afford it?" It isn't a question of what you can afford, but of what the nation can afford to have you spend.

Herein lies the answer to the question of your share in winning the war because it is the answer to the Government's problem of money, man-power and materials. Just lending your money to your country and going on buying everything as you did before this war is only half measuring up to your duty. The chances are that you are making more money now than ever before in your life. Good! But don't raise your scale of living in the same proportion. Keep it down even lower than it was before the war, and loan that surplus to your country. Then, and only then, are you doing "not your bit, but your best!"



G. E. Pingree Comes Home

Managing Director at London Will Stay in This Country for Some Time

GEORGE E. PINGREE, Managing Director of our allied company in London, arrived in this country recently and probably will be here for some time to come.

In the absence of Gerard Swope, Vice-President and General Sales Manager, who has been called to Washington on Government business, Mr. Pingree will take up that part of his work which has to do with foreign and export business.

Inasmuch as the length of Mr. Swope's absence is indefinite, no formal change of organization has been announced, and no formal title has been assigned to Mr. Pingree. His office, while in this country, will be at 195 Broadway, New York.



G. E. Pingree

Mr. Pingree first was employed by the Company in 1908 when he started in financial work in Chicago. In the next three years he held various positions in Chicago, Cincinnati and New York, becoming Assistant Treasurer in 1907. The next year he was made Telephone Sales Manager, and in 1909 was sent to China as a Special Agent. In 1909 Mr. Pingree went to London as Manager, and three or four years later became the Managing Director of the London house.

Only a month or two ago the News announced that Mr. Pingree had been appointed by Dr. Addison, England's Minister of Reconstruction, to serve on the Electrical Branch of the Engineering Trade (New Industries Committee).



Hobbling Down Broadway

Little Old New York doesn't live up to its name in the opinion of L. A. Hobbs, of the Los Angeles house, who visited that Atlantic port recently. After a good night's sleep in a well-known hotel on Broadway in the vicinity of Thirty-fourth Street, Mr. Hobbs set out for 195 Broadway. As he walked out into the street he spied a number which informed him that he was at No. twelve hundred and something Broadway. "Aha!" quoth he, "only twelve blocks to the Company's office at 195, just the right distance for a brisk walk."

After transporting himself the allotted twelve blocks, Mr. Hobbs began to look for 195, but couldn't find any building that looked like the picture he had seen in the News. A glance at a number over a door told him that he was still in the thousands, and he fled for aid and comfort to the nearest policeman, who informed him kindly, but firmly, that he still had a couple of miles to go, and that New York had subways and various other means of transportation to take care of just such persons as Mr. Hobbs.

Unfamiliar Washington

By H. C. Goldrick

COMPARATIVELY few Americans have seen their country's capital, and those who have not have a confused mental picture of a white house in a big yard, a Capitol with a round dome and a Library where Congressmen pore over thick tomes and improve their minds. These three outstanding features are all there, though, to tell the truth, there are more sightseers than solons in the last named, but the charm and beauty of Washington lie not so much in this building or that, as in its quaint admixture of native rural atmosphere and carefully cultivated urban airs. The fine Federal buildings and the new pretentious municipal ones do their best to make Washington a modern metropolis. The streets are crowded with representatives of all nations of the world; flags of the universe fly from their respective legations, and still the capital remains charmingly bucolic and with a strong flavor of Mount Vernon and Arlington House. One would scarcely be surprised to see the Washington coach come rolling down the red roads of Alexandria and getting stuck in the muddy slush of Pennsylvania Avenue just as it did in the winters of a century ago.

When the site for the nation's capital was chosen, critics jeered and mocked and called it "a palace in the wilderness." Only a handful of farmers occupied what is now the District of Columbia at that time, and it is surprising how sparsely settled the contiguous territory has remained until this day. Once beyond Alexandria, the road to Mount Vernon could hardly have been less lonely than it is now. The nine miles of woods is broken by one plantation house and several cabins. For that matter, any road in any direction from the city leads one almost instantly into virgin territory. The densely wooded hills, the total lack of mills and factories, and the widely scattered hamlets give the impression of a country still wild and primitive. And yet no air of

newness clothes it. Old houses, old barns, old trees, give everything the imprint of age. Washington partakes of its surroundings—dignified, restful and soothing. Downtown, where new office buildings, new moving-picture houses, new hotels and new stores are being erected, an

old place like Ford's Theatre, or the house where Lincoln died, or whole streets of red "blocks" cut up into mere slices of queer little shops dispel the modern airs lent by the new edifices and set the town back with a smart rap into its proper place: "No aping of brisk northern cities. You are the nation's parlor room. And don't be ashamed of your southern manners!"

Dickens wrote rather querulously of L'Enfant's painstaking plans, complaining that they start nowhere and get nowhere. Well, it is an ambling town, with its circles and its diagonals, but that is one of its charms. Also, to say that its dominant color is red sounds ugly, but the dull brick really harmonize wonderfully with the red hills. Take a landscape of red, ivy-colored walls, green



Not an unfamiliar scene to be sure, but too beautiful to be omitted. The Washington Monument from the banks of the Potomac

hedges, red, wooded hills, green and magnificent trees, splashed now and then with white monuments, marble columns and shining domes and you have Washington, a really beautiful city. That is, old Washington. Toward the northwest, the newest residential section, the architects are doing their best to effect a metamorphosis, but in the most stuccoed district an old colonial place will rise up on a wooded knoll, incorrigibly simple and beautiful, and stamp the landscape with a fine, old-fashioned air in spite of itself. Ancient trees give the latest-fangled house a look of a lived in home and the newest street is cut out of such an old hill that it has all the marks of a long traveled road. So it is no use for Washington to try to grow modern and up-to-date. Her parent, George Town, is too near to let her or any one else forget the hearth from which she is sprung.

Many sightseers and newcomers make for the Patent



One of Washington's old houses. The Octagon House where the Treaty of Ghent was ratified more than a century ago

office, the Senate, or the Gold Room, but many others are content and happy to go round and round the circles and watch old folk, nurses and babies sitting in the grass at the granite feet of the great. Persimmons grow in a row along Jackson Place, magnolias bloom in door-yards and in the busiest downtown thoroughfares huge old trees are apparently content to grow and thrive in asphalt soil. As to the naming of the streets, the city founders scorned the royalist hankerings of Alexandrians who began at King and went down through all nobility—Queen, Prince, Princess, Duke and Earl. With democratic simplicity they seized upon the alphabet, after the States had been honored in the christening of the avenues, and laid out streets between all the way from A to Izzard. Some more imaginative soul intervened and called one Swan, which the dark-skinned population immediately preempted. It is here that maids by the name of Sidonia, Cordial and Creola make their lairs to be sought out by distraught housewives.

Many of the streets strongly resemble Alexandria and Georgetown with their rows and rows of sheer, unornamented brick houses pressing starkly against the sidewalk, that public thoroughfare serving as stoop, playground and social center to the neighborhood. In the most affluent communities a shambling relic of last century reminds its up-to-date neighbors that they are but youthful upstarts. A modern apartment, with a green dooryard and the inevitable hedge, and a stone-fronted mansion of Mrs. So and So may be separated by a sway-backed frame whose castor bean tree at its sill reflects the taste of other days. Many ivy-covered walls rising straight up from the pavement conceal hidden gardens and whole regiments of "attached" houses built solidly for blocks look, from a distance, like the abodes of cliff dwellers hanging on to the red hills.

Here and there and everywhere are legations hung with the flags of their countries. This bureau and that created expressly for the war encroach far out on Sixteenth and other streets built expressly for peace. The German embassy sits blankly vacant on a high terrace and the private home of Von Bernstoff's secretary is now filled with harmless roomers from the Ordnance. The

house where Mark Hanna served sausages and pancakes to a president, later filled with militant pickets who went hungry for their cause, has been taken over by the Cosmos Club. Up and down before them all, ambassadors in high hats pass by, fine ladies loll languidly in landaus, ebony laundresses carry washings home on their heads, leisurely pickaninnies wander under traffic's wheels, smart feminine ambulance drivers dash here and there, French officers and English are on promenade, privates from nearby training camps are in perpetual salute to their superiors, sailor boys go cheerfully on their rolling way and mountaineers from the Cumberlands stare at the sights and watch the world go 'round. If it be a Sunday or a holiday, every other face is turned toward Rock Creek. Rock Creek Park is Washington's one recreation, unless it be driving along the Mall. There are golf clubs, of course, for the well-to-do, and country roads innumerable for pedestrians, but Rock Creek Park is the city's real playground. Its absolute naturalness, save for the zoological garden at one end and the fascinating fords across the creek at every turn of the sinuous roads, is a great tribute to the taste of the city. Not a merry-go-'round or scenic railway mars the place. Tree, hill, rock and stream take their place. At every season the wonderful trees are beautiful—budding, full-leaved, or bare, and at every vista the deep, winding, narrow canyon through which the rocky creek runs is exquisite.

The towpath along the old Chesapeake and Ohio canal is, in summer, somewhat of a rival to the park. The canal, a fond project of George Washington, runs from Georgetown to Cumberland and was meant to tap a region which would send its riches to Virginia and the Capital. While it has never been a commercial success, there is more traffic on it now than there has been for years. The boats carry down coal from the mountain mines, also cargoes of hay and produce. Last summer their loads seemed to be principally watermelons and the progeny of the masters, the melons lying in a cool, green pile below and the progeny in a squirming heap atop the cabin roof. Georgetown runs half a street along the canal for a mile or so to keep the canal company. Occupants of these tight little shacks pressed closely against a steep bluff behind and bounded by a dusty road in front



A typical street in the negro section of the National Capital

sell bait to anglers who sit on the old stone wall, watch a pole patiently all day and contentedly take a carp home at night.

The trees which border it make the towpath a thing of beauty. But then trees are the principal feature of all Washington environs. The row of willows along the Mall cannot be surpassed, and the woods behind Arlington House are in part an explanation of why Robert E. Lee was a great man. From the front gallery of the Lee mansion, there is an excellent view of Washington. Although it is built on hills, the capital has not the jagged skyline of other hilly cities. What tall buildings there are are shortened and softened by the background of

trees. The red brick of the city's construction merges into its red soil and Washington monument, Lincoln Memorial and the Capitol dome stand out against the green startlingly white and exquisitely beautiful, like marble temples.

They are temples of the nation, holding the ark and covenant of our fathers. And no matter what discouragements the democracy which they founded may entail, the ultimate realization of their inspired vision becomes the passionate assurance of him who stands on Arlington heights, the hosts of the silent brave behind him and the signs and symbols for what they died before him.

Sunbeams Shine Again

THE tenth annual conference of the Western Electric Sunbeam Lamp Boosters was held at Camp Nela, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio, from July 21 to 27. Twenty-seven men attended the conference. E. W. Rockefeller was not able to be present at the opening of the conference, but he sent a telegram which gave every Booster full faith that the bogey of \$5,000,000 worth of lamp sales in 1918 would be beaten. Not only that, but the Sunbeam Boosters are out to beat the sales of the Power Apparatus Department.

The Engineering Department of the National Lamp Works at several meetings gave all the data on new lamp developments and standardization of lamps, as well as reflectors and shades. This standardization of reflectors for industrial work is something new and is far-reaching in its effect on industrial lighting. The Publicity Department spent several very short hours in describing the advertising and publicity campaigns, outlined for

this fall, on the industrial lighting drive. Industrial lighting is the most important type of lamp business that the Western Electric Company has.

Another important meeting was that on farm lighting plants and equipment. The discussion waxed hot in this connection, which shows that the Company is now taking its place in the supplying of farm lighting equipment.

Numerous other subjects, such as the handling of defective lamps, claims, credits, undesirable lamp business, special lamps, etc., were discussed fully. During the afternoon sports were held and some twenty-two prizes were distributed for various contests. The Western Division won the baseball game, seven to six. The Eastern Division conceded this, stipulating, however, that they would win it next year. The prizes were an Ever-sharp lead pencil to each member of the winning team, and lots of lead for the purpose of writing up many orders and contracts.



The Sunbeam Boosters at Nela Park. They are (from left to right): Back Row—H. R. Lemon, Cleveland; J. A. Baker, St. Louis; A. H. Nicoll, Salt Lake City; C. W. Chapman, Syracuse; F. Van Gillumme, Richmond; F. N. Cooley, Seattle; R. W. Taney, Philadelphia; W. P. Worley, Dallas; F. W. Koch, New York; D. B. Kase, Philadelphia; J. G. McNeely, Pittsburgh. Middle Row—T. J. Rider, Chicago; W. E. Lotspeich, Atlanta; H. C. Olmsted, Chicago; C. L. Wells, Kansas City; M. A. Buehler, Omaha; A. H. Baanister, Minneapolis; C. E. Fee, New York; W. H. Van Skaik, Omaha. Front Row—M. D. Riley, Boston; R. A. Smith, Detroit; C. C. Woodworth, Cincinnati; J. Corry, Philadelphia; L. A. Hobbs, Los Angeles; C. Lamason, Chicago; Charles Clark, Newark

Around the Circuit

Atlanta

OMAHA'S "Liberty Over-alls" have nothing on Atlanta's blue "Liberty Aprons."

These girls are making good on repairs to cords, plugs, ringers, coil winding, jacks, drops, desk stands, wrapping, etc.



Here is the nice polite way in which the engineering inspectors from New York write to each other during their travels:

DEAR JO:

You big bunch of cheese, what did you do with my pipe? Of all the low-down, good-for-nothing, no-account, non-essentials, the fellow who steals a pipe is the worst. I won't mention any names but you were the only one who knew where it was.

MAC.

P. S.—Found the pipe just where I left it myself, but I can't waste a good letter like this, so here goes.



Atlanta is proud not only of the bevy of girls at the top of the page, but also of the fleet of automobiles shown herewith. Some captious critics may claim that three automobiles are not enough to make a fleet, but we know better.

Philadelphia

PHILADELPHIA'S all dressed up, and has some place to go, too. No more the dingy old yellow walls greet you. They have been purged of all sheer iniquities of long years standing, and blossomed forth as white and pure as the driven snow.

The offices of the "big four" have all been grouped together, and the minute you poke your head into one of them you recognize by intuition the master mind of the assistant Eastern District Manager (if you please, Philadelphia doesn't deal with mere managers any more). Even the chairs and desks are so arranged that they cry out "Efficiency," and your first desire is to flop yourself down and unburden your soul of its imaginary troubles, but you wander out again, for Mr. Dunn is a very busy man.

The old unsightly files have been relegated to the ash heap, post binders have had their day and papers are filed in envelopes in pigeon holes underneath a counter which bounds the Record Room, North, South, East and West. The custodian sits at the door like "Saint Peter at the Gate," and no one can get a record without a slip made up in duplicate to vouch for its safe and speedy return.

The aisles have been laid out with precision and a tape measure, and you can chase up and down without knocking your neighbor out of his chair. The one long aisle from the front door through the whole office is a "thing of beauty and joy forever" for the male members. Saturday mornings between 8:30 and 9 o'clock it looks like Fifth Avenue (being a Philadelphian, I should say Chestnut Street). I have even seen Mr. Hallstrom disporting his white bucks and grey flannels and Mr. Dunn his palm beach and boutonniere along this pomander walk.

The best thing of all, the old C. & D. Disbursement Table, backed up to the partition, has gone where the woodbine twineth.

The managers, stores manager, yes, even the Chief, will be finding some lame excuses and come sneaking into old sleepy Philadelphia to see us.

Verily! Philadelphia is all dressed up, and has some place to go and it's on its way now.

Spokane

BUSINESS in the Montana territory has been poor, but J. P. Carson has an alibi, and here it is:

Seattle, Wash., July 4, 1918.

J. P. Carson, 1080 West Gold St., Butte, Mont.

If convenient meet me at Milwaukee station Butte on thirty mornings.

E. J. DES CAMP.

Mr. Carson says that the train comes in at 11:30 and as he always calls on the trade between that hour and noon, he hasn't been able to do anything for a month.

San Francisco

Pity the Poor Auditor

WHAT would you do if you wanted to work and someone insisted that you go to a picnic? That is what happened to T. J. Savage, one of the Company's auditors when he got to San Francisco recently and the following telegrams tell the story:

Chapter I

May 21, 1918.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY,
195 Broadway,
New York City, N. Y.

Richardson, your Auditor, Mr. Savage, proposes to work next Saturday which is our picnic day. Wish you would wire him to attend picnic representing the auditors department in regular New York fashion. Russell. Finis.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY.

Chapter II

New York, May 22, 1918.

T. J. SAVAGE,

Western Elec. Co., San Francisco, Calif.

Refer Russell telegram twenty-first. I agree with him. If satisfactory with Huemmer Richardson.

WESTERN ELEC. CO., INC.

Chapter III

Hawthorne, Ill., May 22, 1918.

T. J. SAVAGE,

Western Electric Co.,
San Francisco, Cal.

Refer Richardson's telegram on picnic. Am not concerned. Courtesy would demand your presence if nothing else. Telegrams are expensive. Discontinue argument. Huemmer.

WESTERN ELECTRIC CO., INC.

Chapter IV

San Francisco, May 22, 1918.

DEAR MR. RICHARDSON:

I have just received your telegram concerning my going to the picnic and am sorry you wired me. I do not care to go to the picnic and had told them so, but Mr. Russell kept on insisting that I buy a ticket and prepare to go, so in order to get rid of him I told him I had to work.

He came around again that evening and informed me that he had instructed Mr. Wallis' stenographer who sends a night letter to New York nearly every day to include a message to you. I immediately went to her and asked her not to send it and dropped the matter, thinking it settled until I received your telegram a few minutes ago.

I hope Mr. Huemmer does not go to the unnecessary expense of telegraphing me yet for it would be of no use. I am not going. I believe my trip is long enough as it is without attending picnics and as I am not one of their organization I see no reason why I should attend. I expect to be on the job Saturday as usual unless they lock me out which is not probable.

Mr. Wallis has not been in, but I think I shall take the matter of foolish telegrams up with him when he comes. T. J. SAVAGE.

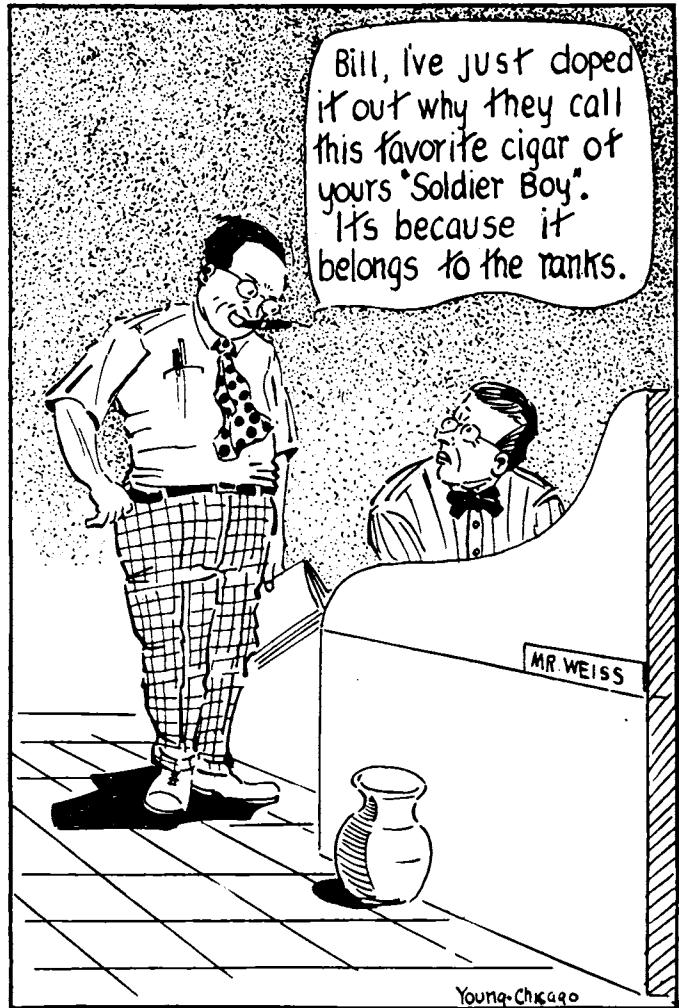
Chapter V

Chapters I, II, and III are telegrams concocted in the San Francisco office and written out on telegraph blanks for the purpose of getting the Savage goat. The goat was got.

Chicago

As a mark of esteem and appreciation of the efficient manner in which our own Geo. Hull Porter has managed the affairs of the Illinois Athletic Club as President, the Board of Governors recently presented him with a platinum and gold diamond monogrammed cigarette case.

When last seen he was bearing up wonderfully under the strain of transporting so much riches about.



John Valenta, of the service department, tries one of Bill Weiss's favorite blends

Boston

Disillusioned

JUST when we had decided that Shakespeare would better look to his laurels, in that he stood in sore danger of being outclassed by "W. A. W." when it came to really "deep stuff," the Bard of Broadway has burst forth with "Heigh-ho, the Merry-o, the Farmer in the Dell." Words are futile, but our mental reservation is that the youthful son of "W. A. W." is in a large measure responsible for the fond parent's departure in his poetic offerings, from the highways and byways hitherto traversed.

E. M. T.

Richmond



Two Big Guns

THIS picture of our new manager, J. B. Odell, was taken while on board a U. S. war-ship (name deleted by censor). He visited the ship as the guest of Ensign J. C. Maxon, who was associated with him while both were in the New York house.

Where this ship was when Mr. Odell visited it and had this photograph taken is also a secret.

From a Modest Violet With a Retiring Disposition

DEAR SIR:

MUCH TO MY REGRET, CIRCUMSTANCES ARE SUCH THAT I SHALL HAVE TO DISCONTINUE MY PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE OCCUPATION AT THE OFFICE OF THE WESTERN ELECTRIC CO.

WHEN YOU SO KINDLY GAVE ME THE PLACE WHICH I NOW HOLD I THOUGHT THAT I WOULD DISCONTINUE SCHOOL AND WORK FOR YOU UNTIL MY SERVICES WERE NO LONGER NEEDED, OR, AS IS MORE LIKELY, UNTIL SAID SERVICES WERE SO POORLY RENDERED THAT YOU WOULD FEEL COMPELLED, IN BEHALF OF THE COMPANY'S INTEREST, TO MAKE ROOM FOR SOME MORE WORTHY PERSON. THIS OUTLOOK ON LIFE WAS HELD WHEN I THOUGHT THAT MY EDUCATION WOULD BE LIMITED TO FOUR YEARS IN HIGH-SCHOOL. UNDER THESE CIRCUMSTANCES A YEAR OR TWO LOST WOULD HAVE MADE BUT A SMALL DIFFERENCE IN MY LIFE IN THE YEARS TO COME.

SINCE THAT TIME MY PARENTS HAVE OFFERED TO SEND ME TO COLLEGE, SO I THINK THAT NO ONE WOULD CENSURE ME FOR TAKING THE COURSE THAT NECESSITATES MY DEPARTURE FROM YOUR COMPANY.

I HOPE THAT YOU WILL PARDON ME FOR TAKING SO MUCH OF YOUR TIME FOR SUCH AN UNIMPORTANT MATTER, BUT YOUR OFFICE HOURS ARE TAKEN UP WITH MATTERS WHICH MERIT YOUR ATTENTION FAR MORE THAN THIS, AND IT WOULD BE TOO BAD TO TAKE THE COMPANY'S TIME TO DISCUSS SO TRIVIAL A MATTER. THIS CONSIDERATION IS THE CAUSE OF MY WRITING THIS LETTER AND NOT GOING TO YOU PERSONALLY.

IF AT ANY TIME YOU SHOULD NEED THE SERVICES OF ONE SO INCOMPETENT AS I, I WOULD BE GLAD TO SERVE YOU IN ANY WAY THAT I COULD.

I WOULD HAVE TOLD YOU BEFORE, BUT I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR AN OPPORTUNITY TO SEE YOU, AND I FIND THAT YOU ARE ALWAYS BUSY.

THIS RESIGNATION TAKES EFFECT ON NEXT TUESDAY, UNLESS YOU DECIDE THAT IT WILL TAKE PLACE BEFORE.

THANKING YOU FOR YOUR KINDNESS IN GIVING ME THIS PLACE, AND IN ALLOWING ME TO BURDEN YOUR ESTABLISHMENT FOR SIX LONG WEEKS, I AM

YOUR "BUM" EMPLOYEE,

P.S. PLEASE EXCUSE THE WRITING. I AM USING MISS FAGAN'S MACHINE, AND IT WRITES IN CAPITALS ONLY.

* Name deleted.

Pittsburgh

A War Time Lullaby

(The origin of this poem is shrouded in mystery and no one knows whether or not it was written by a Western Electric man, but even if it wasn't it is too good to leave out.—Ed.)

Keep your temper, gentle air,
Writes the manufacturer;
Though your goods are overdue,
For a month or maybe two,
We can't help it, please, don't swear,
Labor's scarce, and steel is rare;
Can't get gas, can't get dies;
These are facts—we tell no lies.

Harry's drafted, so is Bill,
All our work is now up-hill;
So your order, we're afraid,
May be still a bit delayed.
Still you'll get, don't be vexed,
Maybe this month, maybe next;
Keep on hoping, don't say die,
You will get it by and by.

New York—Broadway

UNLESS they can beg off, the editors of the News may have to pay a heavy fine to the girls of the advertising department. The girls have established a "swear box" to which everyone who ventures into the realm of profanity, or even near profanity, while in the office, is required to contribute one cent or more, the amount depending upon the enormity of the offense.

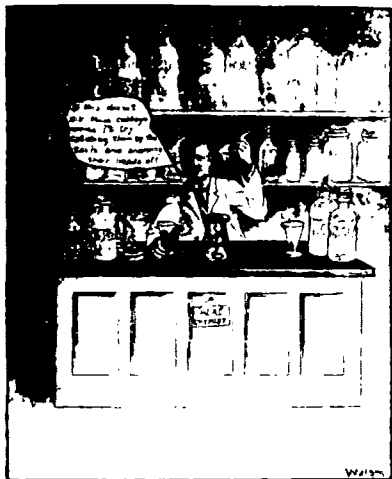
When the August News happened along some eagle-eyed damsel discovered that story from Hawthorne about consigning the Kaiser to the abode of his Satanic Majesty, and at once demanded that the editors of the News contribute three cents to the swear box for each copy that came into the office. As several hundred copies passed through the office, the editors face bankruptcy if the girls discover any effective means of enforcing their decree.

Omaha

HERE are some of Omaha's girls after a day on the farm. The amount of work they did has not yet been reported.



Who's Who at Hawthorne



Who takes some H₂NGX* (which smells like heaven's sakes) and sees that all the stuff meets "spees" that goes in things we make? Who uses words like "iodide," "ionogen" and such till you would think his dog-gone hide would bust, he knows so much? Whose knowledge of the dopes that kill all

petered out to naught when cabbage worms raised merry Bill with his Haw Club garden plot? Who's not a cold and distant chap, despite his frigid name? (Come, make a guess. Why, that's a snap.) Ed. Frost. You win the game.

*This is incorrect as a chemical formula, but perhaps it is intended to be read descriptively. In that case it is evident that the chemical referred to is H₂S.—Ed.

Doing Its Bit for Mr. McAdoo.

WE have always wondered why some magazines pay big money for jokes when telegrams are so cheap. Read this latest effort of the inspired key artist.

Charleston, Va., July 18, 1918.

C. B. St. John:

Charleston Nitro 894720. Initial shipment received one lower Unit section local board bit by train while at station and still in hands of Express Company completely demolished place order for immediate shipment one new lower unit and advise what action I shall take.

OSTERMAN,
210p.

Apparently the once kind and docile locomotive is growing vicious under the press of overwork. Better look out for your fingers the next time you pet one.

Does Anybody Here Know Levy?

SOMEONE is swearing at Hawthorne. Here's the reason. On May 8th the Estimating and Price Division received a request on a regular interhouse memorandum for prices on a department store switch-board. It was signed by Charles Levy. It was not answered. On June 16th came a "follow-up" from Mr. Levy. It was not answered. On July 16th came a second "follow-up." Also not answered.

Perhaps Hawthorne is wrong, but what would you do with a memorandum signed just "Charles Levy"? Address it, "Mr. Charles Levy, United States of America," or wait in hopes that something might come through which would give you a hint of Mr. Levy's location? Anyway, the Price Division would be tickled to death if someone would tell them where to send that estimate.

Good for Gaston

THE St. Louis house has acquired a new salesman who doesn't even expect a commission for his services. He is Charles Gaston, a member of the service division at Hawthorne, who, while spending his vacation down in Missouri, saw a chance to boost Western Electric Quality Products. Finding a couple of Missouri agriculturists who were thinking of putting in lighting systems, he began to talk Western Electric Power and Light to them, with the result that one already has become a customer of the Company. Here is what T. K. Stevenson, the sales manager of the St. Louis house, has to say about Mr. Gaston:

"We certainly appreciate this kind of co-operation. It is this attitude on the part of our employees which will do more than anything else to make for a better and bigger business for the whole Company. To know that one of the men in the Service Branch of our business, coming from an entirely different location and on his vacation, is willing to go out and plug Western Electric products, certainly warms our heart, and both Mr. Cullinan and I want to extend our sincere thanks to Mr. Gaston, and to tell him that the next time he comes down to Missouri on a vacation, that we expect him to come into St. Louis and give us the opportunity of becoming acquainted with him."

Gen. von Kluck Better Watch His Step!

OF course we've all often read about "coups" in connection with army activities, but we always thought, until recently, that the "p" was superfluous, as in succotash, and that the word was pronounced like the love message of a turtle dove. However, there are apparently chicken coops, as well as squab coups "over there," for our Hawthorne drafting department specifies that a ground connection mat for use of the A. E. F. shall be made of "copper chicken wire." Now the Shops had never heard of a copper chicken in the first place, and in the second place, they couldn't find any such thing as "chicken wire" listed in the catalogues. However, anything for our boys in France can't be held up for a little thing like that, so what do you think the Shops are doing? They're making those mats out of poultry netting.

A Rhyme of the Claim-Clerks' Clan

(With profound apologies to Robert W. Service)

First thing in the morning,
There's a claim to straighten out;
And the last thing in the evening,
What are all of 'em about?

Oh, that's easy quite to answer
If one's ever had the job.
First a shortage; then a tracer,
And returned goods!—What a mob!

And the man next to you asks you,
"What do you do all day?"
Then if you've brass, you answer him,
"Hunt things you've sent astray."

And so they keep a'comin',
"Did it go express or freight?"
'Til the weary claim-clerk wonders
Whether anything goes straight.

R. E., Hawthorne.

TALKING IT OVER

THE GIRL IN THE MAN'S PLACE

IF the girl is to fill the place in business that has been left vacant by the man who has gone to the front, she must be given the same recognition by the business world that the man was given before he enlisted.

Following are three very short stories that are "strange but true":

The first story is about a girl and a man. She had never talked with him before. She went to him for a classification and upon obtaining it asked for an explanation of the symbols. For reply he sort of laughed and said, "Why, if I told you, you wouldn't know what I meant." Because we know that the man had never talked with this particular girl before, we suppose that he must have *assumed* that she possessed no power of assimilation.

The second story is also about a man and a girl. She was sent by her employer into a private office to take up a matter with the man "on the inside." This also was the first time that this girl had ever spoken to this man. After listening to a few words, he asked who had "delegated" her to go to him with the problem. Then he pushed the papers aside and said, "If Mr. ——— has any points he wishes to take up with me in this connection, tell him to come in and we will go over them together."

The third story is about a man and a letter. The letter was signed by a man in another city. The man of the story and a girl were questioning a statement that the letter contained. They decided that the statement was an error. Then the man called attention to the fact that the letter had been dictated by someone other than the man whose signature it bore. "Oh," he said, "you see he didn't write this himself. Those are the initials of somebody that works for him,—it may be a young lady for all that we know." Then our hero realized that he was talking to one of the wretched creatures and so he hurriedly added, "Not casting any reflections on the young ladies."

We are very skeptical about the "reflections" and whether or not any were "cast."

Can we believe that because a girl is a girl she has no ability? To be sure, some girls who draw salaries are silly. Others are not capable. These types are a discredit to business and a stumbling block to their sisters. Beyond a doubt there are some men who are silly and some who possess very little business ability, but because a man is a man he is given a chance! His fellows "size him up" at the first encounter (in-

stead of ignoring him as the three men in the stories treated the girls), and if he "makes good" he will get an audience the next time. If the girl were given the same chance, in many cases she would make good also.

There are not a few girls, gentlemen, who have the kind of "stuff" in them that makes them *ache* to be in the front line trenches. Perhaps the next person who comes to you on business will be that type of young woman. Give her a chance and see.

RUTH EVELETH,
Hawthorne.

WOMEN'S ABILITY IS PROVED

SCATTERED here and there through the great Western Electric family, there may be men like those described by the writer of the above communication. But such men are the exception rather than the rule, they are out of touch with the times and the Company's attitude toward its women employees, and they must mend their ways if they want to keep step with their fellows. The women workers of the Company proved their value and usefulness long, long ago, and the ever-increasing number of feminine employees is in itself eloquent testimony to the fact that the Company has faith in their skill, mental as well as physical.

GIVING UP OUR RIGHTS

A NOVEL and interesting method of aiding the American telephone girls at the front has been devised. Those employees of the Bell System who purchased A. T. & T. stock a few years ago, recently became entitled to subscribe for a new issue of bonds. These rights were sold under the Plan by the three trustees, and the sum of \$464.49 was received.

Now it is easy to see that \$464.49, when divided among the 30,000 Bell System employees, who are stockholders, would be pretty well cut up, and the individual employee would need a microscope to discover his share. On the other hand, however, the sum of \$464.49 can buy many desirable and helpful things for the telephone girls at the front, so the trustees decided to apply the money in their hands to that purpose. It is safe to say that none of the Western Electric Company's 8,000 subscribers will file a claim for his share amounting to 1.56 cents.

The Big White Schoolhouse on Broadway

Boys of General Departments Enroll in Educational Courses

EDUCATIONAL classes have been started at 195 Broadway for boys under twenty-one years of age to give training in certain selected subjects and

various methods in common use, and in particular our standard methods. A considerable part of the course will consist of lectures on such subjects as—

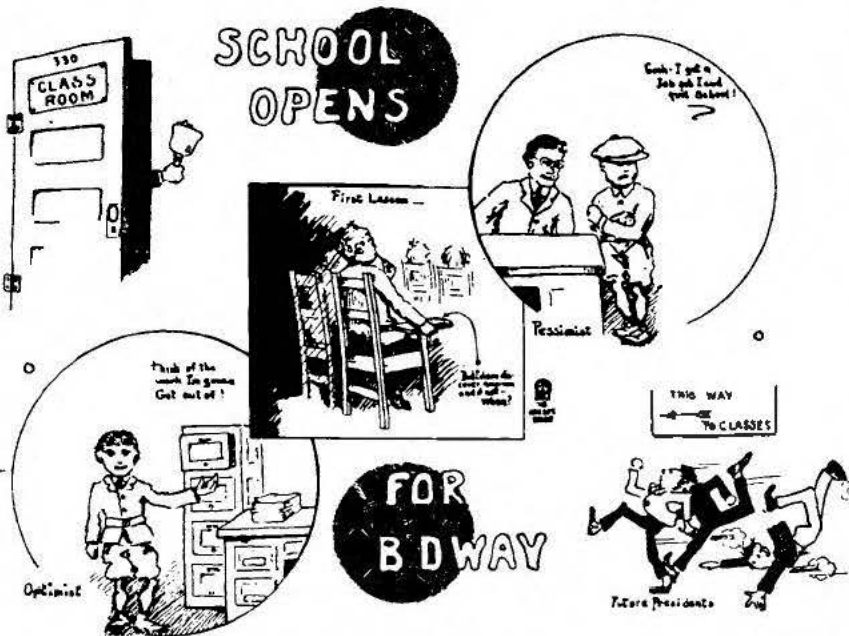
for the dissemination of general knowledge of the business of the Western Electric Company and the functions of the various departments. Classes will be held on Tuesday of each week, divided into one-hour sessions as follows: First and second group—Messengers and office boys. Third group—Junior clerks.

The course will extend over a period of about four months and will cover Office Practice, English, Reading, Composition and Letter Writing, Arithmetic, Spelling, Lessons in Filing and Illustration of the

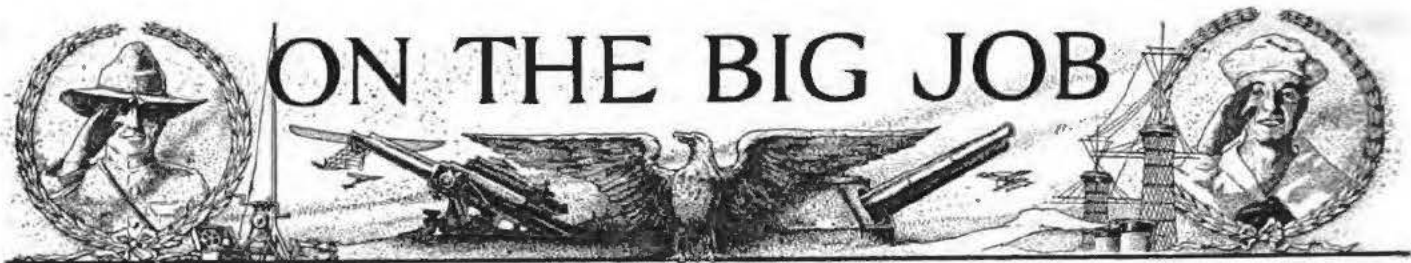
Geography of the building—illustrated by charts. Office Boys' Manual—explanatory and inspirational talk. Early history of the Company—functions of the departments and their relationship. Opportunities with the Company in each of the three main divisions—Engineering, Manufacturing, Commercial—activities of the Company at the various offices illustrated with lantern slides. The Company's relations with its employees. Health lectures by the Medical Director.

The first classes were held on Tuesday, August 6, in the lecture room of the American Telephone & Telegraph

Company. In the photograph are sixty-five young men taking up this work.



The first session of the school for office boys at Broadway



Employees Who Have Entered the Various Branches of the Military Service Since the Last Issue of the News

General Sales Department

New York

GRANT, H. L., U. S. Navy.

General Sales Distributing

New York

LOGAN, J. F., U. S. Navy.
MORAN, J. F., U. S. Navy.

Atlanta

ALLEN, A. C., U. S. Navy.
MAJOR, J. C., U. S. Navy.

Minneapolis

CUTTER, THOS. L., U. S. Navy.
DUKE, GEORGE J., U. S. Navy.
PATTEE, I. B., U. S. Navy.
SMITH, J. M., U. S. Army.
SPEIER, ROY M., U. S. Army.

Engineering Department

BARTON, J., U. S. Navy.
BECK, C. J., U. S. Army.
COATES, WALTER, U. S. Navy.

COLE, D. M., U. S. Navy.
COOK, T. E., U. S. Navy.
DOLAN, J. F., U. S. Navy.
DONNELLY, J., U. S. Navy.
EGELAND, GEO., U. S. Navy.
ESTES, MARION S., U. S. Navy.
KENNY, J. J., U. S. Army.
KEY, R. G., U. S. Navy.
LANG, CHAS. H., U. S. Army.
MURRELL, ALBERT, U. S. Navy.
NEULANDER, S., U. S. Army.
RANKIN, W. J., U. S. Navy.
SCHULTZ, R. C., U. S. Army.
SHERRY, FRANCIS, J., U. S. Army.
SHERWOOD, M. P., U. S. Navy.
VAIL, C. H., U. S. Army.

General Manufacturing Department

ANAGNOSTOPULOS, CHAS. G., U. S. Navy.
KOZEK, JAMES, U. S. Navy.
KURFIST, EDW. J., U. S. Army.
OLSON, DAVID E., U. S. Army.
O'NEILL, JOHN E., U. S. Army.
PETERSON, L. S., U. S. Navy.
PETROSKY, EDWIN J., U. S. Navy.
POLTROCK, WM. F., U. S. Navy.
THANOS, M., U. S. Navy.

Died on the Field of Honor

FROM the first we have all been certain that our Western Electric boys fighting for liberty would show the stuff that warriors are made of, and recent reports from the front have proved our faith well founded. Many Western Electric men have been in the thick of the fighting, and some have paid the great price. We are proud to honor them.

killed in action on July 4. He left the Company September 18, 1917, and was assigned to Company C, Supply Train, 86th Division. He had been "over there" about two months. The telegram reporting his death contained no details.

Corporal Carl J. Teunones

Carl J. Teunones, a former employee of the cable inspection and testing department at Hawthorne, was

Private Aleck W. Ewing

Aleck W. Ewing was employed in the factory cabling department at the time of his enlistment in the Army in May, 1917. He was trained in Jefferson Barracks, Mo., and at El Paso, Tex., and went to France with the



Carl V. Teunones



A. W. Ewing



Edward Harris

first contingent in June, 1917. Mr. Ewing was killed in action near Château-Thierry on July 20. He was in the infantry.

Private Edward Harris

Edward Harris left the drop and signal department at Hawthorne and was assigned to Company G, 132nd Regiment. He trained at Camp Grant (Rockford, Ill.) and at Camp Logan (Houston, Tex.), leaving for France the latter part of April, 1918. His mother received the following letter from his Colonel regarding his death:

Somewhere in France, July 9, 1918.

Mrs. Minnie Harris,
1826 S. St. Louis Avenue,
Chicago, Ill.

My Dear Mrs. Harris:

On July 4, 1918, this Regiment participated in an engagement in which your son, Edward Harris, Pvt., Co. G, took part. In this engagement Edward died on the battlefield. From personal accounts of his comrades, I may vouch that he died a hero. The engagement terminated in a hand-to-hand fight, in which all of our men participated, your son among them.

The officers and men of the Regiment mourn his loss and extend their condolence to you. He has not died in vain. In future engagements in which this regiment may take part, your son's gallant and heroic deeds shall be our inspiration to carry us to victory.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) ABEL DAVIS,
Colonel.

Private Harold J. Cokeley

Word has come from France that Harold Cokeley, who was employed in the model shop at West Street, was killed in action on July 15.

Harold Cokeley was 20 years old and lived at 4 North First street, Jamaica. He was a member of the "Fighting Sixty-ninth," the famous New York regiment, known officially as the 165th Infantry. He enlisted in the 69th Regiment on his eighteenth birthday and left home immediately for Camp Whitman. From there he saw service on the Mexican border, returning in the spring of 1917. He was home only a few months when the 69th was mobilized at Camp Mills to help make the Rainbow Division and he left with them for overseas duty in the fall.



H. J. Cokeley

While out at Camp Mills he was one of the company's cooks, but declared as soon as he went over that he would ask to go back to the ranks. Shortly after he was over there a letter came from him in which he jokingly said that he burnt too many beans so now he was back again in the fighting line.

All his letters were very cheerful and in a letter he wrote to his sister on July 18, two days before he was killed, he says, "Gee, Sis, But you would love to see a barrage over here. All the bursting shells and different colored signal lights make every day here a Fourth of July. Not quite a safe and sane one

but much more exciting." On the tenth he had written to his wife telling her all the supplies he needed for the winter, and spoke of the Western Electric Christmas packages as the only one he received of the many which were sent.

Mr. Cokeley is the first of the big contingent of soldiers who have gone forth from West Street to give up his life for the great cause.



Lieut. Michael Komorowski Decorated by King George After Being Wounded in Charge Against Huns



M. Komorowski

IN the July issue of the NEWS we published this photograph of Lieut. Michael Komorowski (Department 6805, Hawthorne), and ventured to translate his name as meaning, "Come out here and fight." We arrived at that translation, knowing that "komm heraus" is German for "Come out here," and knowing also that if the Huns got that much of the name Mike would see to it that they got the fight, all right. Well, they did, and he did. He writes from France:

"I had the pleasure of celebrating the Fourth of July; was wounded slightly in the left arm. We took all our objectives. You should have seen the Huns go when

we charged. I am now in a British hospital. Best regards to all the boys."

As to the manner in which the wound in the arm was received, the best testimony is furnished by an account of a little ceremony which took place recently. King George of Great Britain stood on a battlefield in France two or three weeks ago, and pinned decorations on the coats of nineteen American officers and soldiers. And among the nineteen was Lieut. Michael Komorowski of the Western. He received the military cross for leading his platoon to its objective with unusual gallantry on the day we celebrate, July 4.

Further details of Lieut. Komorowski's exploits are not available as neither his letter nor the account of his decoration by the British monarch tell any more than the brief record which appears above. His friends at Hawthorne, however, will have no difficulty in understanding how he won the cross.

Mike certainly shines as a celebrator. Let's hope that he celebrates Christmas in Berlin.

Lieut. Douglas B. Baker, of Boston,
Wounded



Douglas Baker

Lieutenant Douglas B. Baker, Headquarters Company, 80th Infantry, an employee of the Boston house, has been wounded, according to a letter from France dated July 28, received by his parents. While complete detail has not been received, it is understood that Lieutenant Baker has been wounded in the hip, by a shrapnel bullet.

Douglas Baker entered the employ of the Company after his graduation from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1915. He completed the Commercial Student Course at Hawthorne and reported at Boston in May, 1916.

In May, 1917, Lieutenant Baker entered the military service and after completing the course at the Officers' Training School at Plattsburg, received his commission. He has been in France for several months and his many friends at Boston are very sorry to hear that he has been wounded.

In the accompanying photograph we see Douglas Baker as a *soldier*. Those who knew him well, feel sure that beneath this stern exterior, there hovers a smile.

Lieut. Irving Folks Hurt by
Bursting Shell

Lieut. Irving Folks, who was employed in the foreign sales department, was wounded by a bursting shell on July 18th while fighting in France. Three others who were nearby were killed by the same shell but Lieut. Folks was fortunate enough to escape with wounds in both legs and in his neck.

He was sent back of the lines to a military hospital at Angers, and a letter received by his mother on August 20 said that he was able to walk again, so it looks as though he were making a rapid recovery.

One sentence from his letter is typical of the American soldier who insists on looking at the bright side of things.

"I was shot through the left and right legs," he wrote, "and also had a hole put through my neck, but outside of that I'm feeling fine."

Lieut. Folks was a member of the 22nd New York Infantry and won his commission at Plattsburg.



Lieut. Irving Folks

Employees in Military Service, July 31, 1918

| Departments. | Number in Military Service | Per Cent. To Total Number of Employees | Organizations. | Total |
|-----------------------|----------------------------|--|-------------------------------------|-------|
| General Sales: | | | National Army | 1,543 |
| Distributing: | | | National Guard | 506 |
| Boston | 33 | 10.9 | Reserve Signal Corps | |
| Eastern District: | | | W. E. Radio Companies | 155 |
| New York | 130 | 9.9 | Other | 76 |
| Philadelphia | 60 | 11.4 | U. S. Army | 333 |
| Pittsburgh | 12 | 7.0 | National Guard Reserve | 8 |
| Southern District: | | | Signal Officers' Reserve Corps | 21 |
| Richmond | 8 | 11.1 | Reserve Officers' Training Camp | 2 |
| Atlanta | 26 | 8.5 | U. S. Army Reserve | 23 |
| Central District: | | | Aviation Section Signal Corps | 144 |
| Chicago | 74 | 8.0 | Officers' Reserve Corps | 1 |
| Cleveland | 4 | 6.0 | Red Cross Base Unit | 16 |
| Cincinnati | 13 | 11.4 | Reserve Corps of Engineering | 68 |
| Omaha | 20 | 12.0 | Ambulance Corps | 21 |
| Minneapolis | 14 | 8.8 | Ordnance Reserve Corps | 54 |
| Western District: | | | Sanitary Corps | 1 |
| St. Louis | 16 | 8.4 | Quartermaster's Reserve Corps | 62 |
| Kansas City | 22 | 14.4 | Enlisted Reserve | 1 |
| Dallas | 11 | 7.1 | Forest Engineering Reserve Corps | 2 |
| Denver | 6 | 8.8 | Medical Reserve Corps | 9 |
| Pacific District: | | | Canadian Army | 7 |
| San Francisco | 62 | 16.5 | British Army | 6 |
| Los Angeles | 11 | 15.9 | Polish Army | 15 |
| Seattle | 10 | 9.9 | French Army | 1 |
| Other General Sales | 72 | 8.1 | | |
| Engineering | 419 | 10.5 | Navy: | 8,072 |
| General Purchasing | 19 | 13.2 | Naval Reserves | 186 |
| General Manufacturing | 2,610 | 14.2 | Naval Militia | 20 |
| General Accounting | 15 | 14.8 | U. S. Navy | 339 |
| Treasury | 1 | 6.0 | Naval Volunteers | 18 |
| Legal | 6 | 6.4 | Naval Coast Defense Reserve | 12 |
| Executive | 1 | 16.6 | U. S. Marine Corps | 57 |
| | | | U. S. Navy Reserve | 19 |
| | | | | 601 |
| | | | Other War Service: | |
| | | | Army Y. M. C. A. | 1 |
| | | | American Friends Service Commission | 1 |
| | | | | 3,875 |
| | 8,675 | 12.3 | | |

News From Western Electric Men in Camp and Field

THE *Bulletin De Guerre*, which is issued by our associated company at Paris, contained the following account quoted from a French newspaper of the exploits of Victor Drach, who was an employee of the Paris house before the war:

"French Front, June 4.—Individual acts of bravery? Stories of heroism? War does more magnificent than those of antiquity? We dare not tell of one for fear of forgetting others as worthy. They are legion. They may be counted by myriads.

"Here, however, if the others will pardon us, is the true story of what might be called 'The wonderful adventure of two little Soldiers of Paris.' They are Charpand and Drach, of the classes of 1916 and 1917, ages 21 and 23 years, respectively, two products of Paris streets.

"On the 27th they found themselves in the front line at Chemin-des-Dames, on the California plateau. They had been fighting all day, following a forward movement of their unit, and by evening were camping on Mont Notre Dame with fourteen of their comrades. All night they held out there and at daybreak found that they had been completely surrounded. Continued resistance was useless. They were made prisoners and taken behind the lines to a German evacuation hospital. There they were disarmed and, in accordance with custom, deprived of everything, even to their small pocket knives. But they were permitted to retain their pouches. And in these pouches they had grenades.

"Our two little poilus looked at each other with a malicious grin. They understood each other. Some minutes later, profiting by the momentary inattention of their guards, they pulled out the grenades and let them fly at the legs of the Boches. Their comrades did the same. Without waiting, they took it on the run and succeeded in getting away with five of their comrades, followed by a volley of bullets.

"Not only did Charpand and Drach regain the French lines, but also their regiment and company. They quickly told of their adventure, found new rifles, cartridges and grenades and returned at top speed to fight some more as if nothing had happened.

"On the morning of the 30th they arrived before Jaulgonne on the banks of the Marne which was to be crossed in the advance. While their comrades were swimming the stream, our two friends spied an abandoned skiff and with dry feet reached an isolated point on the opposite shore, their boat having been carried there by the current. They had just started off in a hurry to join their unit when they were spied by an enemy aeroplane which, flying low, began to shoot at them with its quick-firer. They dropped down into a dugout, let the volley go over them and then got up to go on. But the aeroplane, going the rounds, came upon them a second time. Again they flattened themselves out in the undergrowth to get away from the bullets of the quick-firing gun and again got up, unscathed and safe. They were laughing again at this new adventure when, for the third time, the aeroplane, which was flying in circles came upon them.

"Say, Drach, that Boche is going too far,' cried Charpand in an impatient tone. 'He's beginning to chase us. Can't we hand him something?'

"Let's go to it, old man,' replied Drach, putting his rifle to his shoulder. 'It would be rich if we could get him.'

"And at once our two poilus, aiming steadily, opened fire on the aeroplane that was coming down on them. But the machine did not have time to veer off. Hit in a vital spot, it fell with a crash at their feet.

"Drach and Charpand rushed to the wreck, took up the aviator who was only slightly wounded in the shoulder, and tranquilly rejoined their regiment, triumphantly parading their prisoner, Lieutenant Heidenrich, who was wearing his decoration of the order 'pour le Merite.'

"Before resuming their places on the firing line,

Charpand said to Drach, 'Say, old man, after we have brought down about four more, our names will probably be in a communique.'

Howard Harris, who worked in the Historical Museum at West Street and is now in the 44th Service Company of the Signal Corps in France, writes:

"Traveling again; I have been in about two dozen different places since I have been out of bed. I stayed some time in the Chateau land of the Loire River, and believe me, it was fine.

"After moving around considerable, I at last landed here, the largest supply depot in France. There are warehouses for every possible type of material known. I am attached to the Signal Corps here, placed at guarding the warehouses. I was surprised to see the W. E. material that comes in and goes to the men up the line. There are also many W. E. men from Hawthorne here and innumerable Bell men. Sort of makes you feel at home when you meet such men.

"When our little party landed here we were all Class B and C men, who came for light duty for certain periods in order to recuperate. I had a funny meeting with a fellow who said he was district manager of some telephone company in New Jersey, who said very emphatically that he personally knew Mr. Western of the Western Electric Company, New York, and that he used to see him considerably and continued on to say that he had worked at 468 West street quite a long time, relating some very remarkable stories of how he was not appreciated by some who were jealous of his ability and who had sidetracked him to New Jersey. I happened to mention that I had worked there also. That made him more elusive. Then I dug out a copy of the News that I had and showed him the names of the executive officers of the Company. Man alive, he was flabbergasted. After that I thought he had lost the power of speech. He shut up tighter than a clam.

"I am trying my best to get back right away with the rest of my buddies in the 11th and I may succeed. They have taken in other work now; trench digging, mining, sapping, stringing barbed wire in No Man's Land, and in front of second and third line trenches. While I am writing the Sammies are handing it to Frits in a manner he is not accustomed to, and that is why I want to go back with the bunch at the "Big Show."

"Some of the Hun prisoners who have just been captured recently have passed here to the prison cage, and they look about two hundred per cent. under the weather. If the boys keep it up the way they are going I may be home again in a year or so. If the Statue of Liberty wants to see me when I reach home, any time in the rest of my life, she will have to turn around and face the United States."

Sergeant Joseph J. Hazdra, a former Hawthorne boy, writes from France to say that he has a hard time getting a chance to read his copy of the News when it arrives each month. The other boys in his company insist on taking it away from him as soon as they catch sight of it. Incidentally Sergeant Hazdra says that the ship on which he crossed the Atlantic met two submarines

and, as he puts it, "relieved them of further duty in the German Navy." He is a member of Company F, 108th Supply Train, A. E. F., France.

Private Edward J. Magdziars is now in France. His address is Advance Ordnance Depot No. 1, A. P. O. 712, A. E. F., France.



A tag from France. Western Electric wire is doing its share on the battle-front. Sent to the News by Sergeant Eric Unmack of the San Francisco house



A. A. Wolff

Private A. A. Wolff, of the New York Engineering Inspection branch, located in Chicago, was drafted in May, 1918, and has been at Camp Custer, Michigan, in Battery E, 328th Field Artillery. Private Wolff is now on the way to France and writes that "Army life is great."

Corporal Joseph P. White, Headquarters Company, 307th Infantry, formerly of the stores department in New York, writes that he has been in training "up near the Arras front, where every day sounds worse than the Fourth of July in New York." He left for France on April 6 and arrived in England on April 19. The regiment wasted no time in getting across the channel and was in France on the following day.



A. Abraham

Anton Abraham, who was in Department 6388 at Hawthorne sends his picture from Camp Hancock, near Augusta, Ga., where he is serving in the Military Police. He says that the organization of which he is a member has been doing excellent work in Augusta. He is anxious to hear from some of his former associates at Hawthorne.

Elwood J. Fife, a private in the 166th Aero Squadron, and a former Hawthorne employee, writes from London to thank the Hawthorne Comfort Club for all that it has done for him. "To get real American tobacco seemed like a gift from the skies," he says.



R. Horton

Robert Horton, who was employed in catalogue work in the advertising department at 195 Broadway, is connected with the 359th Aero Squadron, located at Garden City and his squadron is doing efficient work in taking apart, testing and rebuilding Liberty Motors, for shipment to the firing lines in Europe. This is the first Aero Squadron to be assigned to this particular kind of work as it has always been done by civilian experts in the past. Although this work will keep them in this country indefinitely they are receiving a considerable amount of praise given to this division for the exceptionally fine work they have done in the past along these lines.

Sergeant James R. Wild, of Company A, 319th F. S. B., the New York Radio Company, tells something of the travels of that outfit. He says:

"Our battalion has certainly been traveling some in the last month and guess we aren't through yet. The trip from Ohio to New Jersey was more than interesting. We got a rousing reception all along the way, and we hung out the windows of the car practically all day long screeching our lungs out to kids and old women who came running out of their doors to wave flags or aprons to us. Bill Munds, one of the fellows I've been paling around with, said that he didn't think there was a soul on our side of the train throughout the whole route that we didn't yell at. The Red Cross Women treated us fine, and at all the larger cities we passed through handed us fruit, sandwiches, and cigarettes. One man in W. Va. bought a crate of oranges and handed it in our car window, and another a bunch of bananas. At Washington we all got off and marched up around the Capitol. When we got back to the train the Red Cross women had sandwiches and coffee for us. They sure tasted good.

"Nothing very interesting happened at Merritt (to me at least). It was darned hot the morning we went over to the dock, I know. Again the Red Cross was on the job. They saved our lives.

"The boat we came over in is one of the largest in the transport service. Gosh! How we were crowded in. Our Company was stuck way down in the lower deck which was submerged under water after we got started. The light was artificial, of course, and the air was pumped in; still it was more comfortable than a couple of decks higher. You wouldn't believe it possible to pack so many people into so small an area and still have it livable. Now that it's over—it was lots of fun.

"We were supposed to show tickets whenever we went into the messroom, but after the first couple of meals about two thousand would try to cram through the doorway at the same time. Talk about your foot ball games! I used to go down, whether I was hungry or not, just for the excitement. They had long troughs of steaming hot water for us to wash our dishes in, which made the room hellish. One fellow said if he were to go to that place after coming out of there he'd catch pneumonia.

"We had wonderful weather on our trip across. Only one day in which it was at all rough. Only a few were kind to the fishes. The other days it was as calm as Momanguin at her "calmest." The color of the water seemed different every day, and there were some of the most gorgeous sunsets. We spent most of our time on deck, reading mostly. There was a band concert about every day, and one day there was some boxing and wrestling and other stunts. We had moving pictures at night. Gerry Best, one of our gang, used to operate the machine for the Y. M. C. A. man who had charge of them but didn't know much about running the machine—which was an awfully neat little affair and quite inexpensive. Gerry is going to get me one, when we get back, then we'll have some moving pictures of our own. The Y. M. C. A. man had several cases of films, and Gerry would invite three or four of us up to the stateroom every afternoon while he reeled off some of the pictures. We had Marguerite Clark, Mary "Pigefoot," and some Mack Sennett Comedies which were screams.

"There was a bunch of colored troops on board with us, and it was interesting to watch them studying their bibles. (Some of our own boys seemed to look for comfort in that direction, too, and I don't believe they ever went to Sunday School much either.) Some one made one of the coons think that a boat coming towards our ship was a submarine and he just flopped down on his knees and prayed to the good Lord, if He had any use for him, to take him then.

"You can bet we were glad to sight land. It seemed 'peculyer' that it would not be the good old U. S. A. that we'd be seein', but there was no mistaking it. Everything is so different from anything any of us had seen. It was the fourteenth time one of the fellows in another Company had crossed the ocean, always 'de luxe' before, too, and I think he complained least about the discomforts of the trip. Such is life!

"Our port was very picturesque and seemed filled with transports and torpedo boats, mostly American, all in their war paint. They have some of the weirdest designs on the camouflaged ones. There was an (deleted) and could see a (deleted) in the distance. The harbor was banked by hills all crowded with stucco buildings, with a big castle-like fortress in the foreground. The houses are gaily colored, and have very few windows. These are generally covered with blinds. Guess the French don't believe in fresh air, or don't live indoors very much. Our boat was too large to be docked so we were transferred to shore by a barge. It was a (deleted) hike to the barracks where we were to rest up for a few days. Guess it was the poorer section of the town that we went through. Kids trotted alongside of us begging for coins and cigarettes. A couple of them had learned some American cuss words and one little fellow with a tin flute played "Hail, Hall, the Gang's All Here" when we passed by him. The French think that is our national anthem some-

one said. We saw German prisoners standing about guarded, and passed the greatest number of Chinamen who they say do most of the laboring work over here. The majority of people we have seen are wearing either Dutch wooden shoes or felt ones.

"Most every other door is a cafe. Le vin et bierre that I have tasted though is pretty poor stuff, so guess the water wagon is a good place for me.

"Our resting place was very interesting, historically. There were several long low stone buildings enclosed by a twenty-five foot wall, and are said to have been built about 1750 and occupied at one time by Napoleon's troops. As a resting place, I would not recommend it very highly. We slept on rows of slats, and had to wake every hour or so to adjust the ridges made on our backs. Some of the fellows took a chance on some musty looking old ticks that might have been there since the departure of "Boney's" men, but looked too cootified for me. Safety first! The days are awfully long. They say it gets light at 8 A. M. and it is just beginning to get dark when we go to bed at 10 P.M. (or 22 o'clock as we say in France).

"After having rested a few days, we were all hiked down to the station and packed aboard a car, with a sign 'Chevaux 8' (meaning 8 horses as you may know) and whose dimensions were about 80 x 8 feet long.* There were forty of us in our car, together with all our trappings and rations enough to last our few days trip. One fellow said that no matter in which direction you put your hand out, you could touch fifteen people. We slept in layers of three, when we did sleep, and once in awhile someone would accidentally use a loaf of bread for a pillow which, however, didn't interfere with our eating it. We took turns at sitting in the doorways to enjoy the scenery. Some parts of the country were beautiful, and I wish I were an artist so's I could make some sketches of it. When we finally arrived at our destination, it seemed that we had come to the end of the world. Of all the forsaken looking holes. A few days has changed all that and now we are feeling quite comfortable and enjoying life. Our camp is situated right on the edge of a small village, just like hundreds of others we saw en route, and that you've seen in the movies—with Germans dashing around the corners. Houses and stables are huddled together and there is one church in town (French Catholic). A stream runs very near the barracks and we take a plunge every day. We do not linger long though because the water is cold as ice.

"Our work is more than interesting, and I wish I could tell you more about that side of it, but will have to save it till we have cleaned things up over here and are back in the good old "Land of the Free."

* Some horse!—En.

Mowitz Moren, formerly of the Chicago C. D. & E. Auditing Division, recently had a seven-day furlough and called on his Clinton Street friends. Mowitz has spent one year in naval service and has made five round trips to France since February 1 of this year. He says he enjoys navy life, that it has given him a new lease on life and his looks certainly bear out his statement. Mowitz is rather reticent about telling of his experiences but promises some good stories when victory has been won.

From irrepressible Ray Welch, of the San Francisco house, a signaller attached to the Admiral's staff at San Diego, Cal., come the following characteristic sentiments:

"I am glad to hear of the success of the second annual San Francisco picnic, and am looking forward to the day when I will again display the white hat trimmed with cherries—if it's not too moth-eaten.

"I play a little pool now and then and as I have now got my hand in, can usually count on getting the one ball, with the fifteen and twelve rolling in the side pockets at the same time.

"Outside of mentioning names in my sleep I have not done much exciting, and contrary to your opinion am not familiar with the members of the military police. I have not yet severed relations with my old friend, Bill,* and am glad to mention that I am still cutting them high, wide and handsome. With kindest regards and best of luck to all, by-bye.

RAY."

*(His respected chief, the Admiral.)

Although he had been in a hospital up in Kingston, Ontario, for about a month as the result of an accident, E. W. Knight's enthusiasm was as great as ever when he wrote to the News recently. He is engaged in aviation work in the Canadian Army. He said:

"I hope in about another month I will be able to perform my duties and meet many of my friends in France as I am going to take an observer's course which I expect to go through in about six weeks. Then I will do all in my power to help win this war as the rest of the Boys are trying to do."

"Keep on sending the News" is the injunction which Corporal Thomas McCormack sends on a post card from France. He has been in France for nearly six months as a member of the 8th Company, 2nd M. M. Regiment.

This is Private E. A. Glende, of Company B, 603rd Engineers, stationed at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana. He is a former Hawthorne employee where he worked in Department 7168 under T. G. Patten.

Private Claude N. Mangan, Company A, 108th Engineers, has been heard from. He reports that he has been moving from place to place frequently ever since he arrived in France, and has had no time to get settled down anywhere. He is a Hawthorne boy who was employed in Department 6444.

Private J. K. Adams, of the 198d Aero Squadron, is now at Taylor Field, Montgomery, Ala.

Ed. Adelsdorfer, of Emeryville, U. S. N. R. F., Detention Camps, San Pedro, Cal., says: "If any one told me a few months ago that I would wash my own clothes, I would have treated it as a joke. Having white uniforms it is no joke after you finish some dirty job."

Here is Richmond's only colored soldier, Floyd Dixon, of the 80th Construction Company, Langley Field, Va. Before entering the Army, Dixon was the chauffeur of the Richmond house's Ford truck.



F. W. Knight



E. A. Glende



F. Dixon



Eric Unmack

shape to lick the whole German army when he goes to the fighting line.

One of the sailors on the U. S. S. *San Diego*, which was sunk off Fire Island recently, was Peter P. Gibbons, an employee of the Oklahoma City house. He was among those saved.



E. Christiansen

Sergeant Eric Unmack, of the San Francisco house, has been ill in a hospital in France but in a recent letter says that he is getting along well and expects to be back with his regiment before long. While in the hospital he spent some of his time in reading a couple of copies of the *News* "from cover to cover" so he ought to be in

This soldier is Corporal Edward Christiansen, who was a voucher clerk in the Seattle house before he entered the army. When last heard from by his former associates at Seattle he was with the 674th Aero Squadron at Camp Morrison, Virginia.

Walter W. Ponsford, of the Philadelphia house, whose letters from France have appeared in the *News* from time to time, regretfully reports that his outfit's baseball team was badly beaten by a team of American engineers on the Fourth of July.



H. J. Dalton

First look at Private Harry J. Dalton, of the Sixth Depot Battalion of the Signal Corps, now in France, and then read what his fellow installers of the central district in Chicago have to say about him, especially the particular form of torture arranged for the Kaiser in the last sentence:

"Harry Dalton was employed by the W. E. Co. installation department in the central division. He enlisted in the Signal Corps, May 25, 1918, and while in training at Fort Leavenworth had the honor of winning the 185-pound boxing match. He also is playing third base for the baseball team. He left camp on July 18 and arrived hale and hearty in France on August 9. Dalton was one of our well-liked boys, being jolly, congenial and always ready to lend a helping hand. He was a good installer and had the making of a good future foreman. We wish to see him back in the installing field after he has helped to make the Kaiser drink hot wax."



J. Tobinski

John Tobinski, formerly of the lay-outs department at Hawthorne, exhibits the real irrepressible Yank spirit in the following letter from "over on the other side." He is with Battery E of the 120th Field Artillery.

"I s'pose that by this time you have reconciled yourself to the thought that 'Fritz' had put the 'Kibosh' on me. Well, he hasn't even had a chance yet. The fact of the matter is that we've made another move. The first battalion of our regiment went one way and we came here.

"This is a real honest-to-Pete rest camp just outside the city of Saumur on the banks of the river Loire. The old 'crick' is chuck-

full of fish. Of course, they aren't the gamey kind that we have in the United States (long may they wave!), but a fish is a fish to a fisherman. We go out for long road rides every day and see beautiful and some quaint and funny sights. In the evening we go to town, and it's pretty nigh a regular one, too.

"You no doubt, have heard that heart-rending ballad entitled 'Somewhere in France is a Lily.' Well, I've seen Lily! She lives right in this town. Night before last we were sitting in one of Mr. Café's places, consuming a glass of the world's greatest builder. I looked out of the window to view the passing throng when I saw this darb and, believe me, she was a dazzler! There really isn't enough material in the English language to fully describe her numerous charms. I know somebody who knows somebody who is acquainted with her and just as soon as we get our new uniforms I'm going to force my rude and uncouth presence upon her.

"Remember Churchill, who used to be in the Methods Department? Well, I saw his picture in a photo gallery the other night; he is a 'Shavetail' now. Yesterday I met Naprstek, who was manager and catcher on the W. E. nine. This isn't such a very large world after all, is it?

"I received a package of tobacco from the W. E. S. and S. Comfort Club. I wish I knew who ought to be thanked. It came at a time when I was speculatively looking up Cedar trees. It was indeed a life-saving package and I'm thankful to the Club. You can't know how much things like that mean to a 'feller'.

"I haven't been receiving the W. E. *News* as regularly as of yore. Our mail is tied up some place. I sure like to get it. It's just like meeting an old friend who has been away for a long time. Tell Calvin to keep 'em coming.

"We have six W. E. camp 'phones in the battery. It used to make me powerful homesick to look at 'em. Why, I could pick out parts on it which I had written layouts for. I found that I remembered almost every detail for the finishing operations on these parts. The army is surely a great educator. It has given me a fuller appreciation of the things I've left over there and it has put new machinery in my think box.

"The marines are doing some wonderful work. We hear great tales here of their methods. Their doings are surely typical of the Yank. Got a chance to chin with a chap, who was a marine and was sent here with a bunch of 'casuals'. He was quite badly gassed. He certainly could narrate some blood-curdling tales. He told me that he could go to hell and not mind it at all after a couple of months up on the line.

"We are having ideal summer weather now, quite warm in the daytime, but nice and cool in the evening. This evening Corp. Schenk and yours truly are going out for a promenade. Yesterday was that August day upon which the ghost walked. After deducting my insurance money, I have 177 francs in my jeans. Nuf aed! Why, we get champagne here for ten francs the quart. But we drink that only on grand occasions. Yes, sir, we are living just like a bally bunch of plutes. I'm afraid I'll never make enough in the States to satisfy the expensive tastes I am acquiring over here. Guess I'll have to stay over here and marry the daughter of one of these wine merchants.

"The future looks sort of promising for me. I was informed on the 'QT' that I had a chance of being sent to an artillery school where they turn out about a thousand second lieutenants a month. Of course, I'm not taking much stock in the possibility of my being sent—(not in this outfit, at least)—yet I'm sort of preparing. You never can tell, you know.

"Just saw an aviator make a forced landing over on the other bank of the river. The fellows that fly around here are all old-timers and reckless as the dickens. There is one chap who is up quite often. He gets right over the city and then goes through a bunch of those hair-raising stunts. One of these days that bird is going to muss up the streets something awful. Two of them got killed here just a short time ago. Oh, it's sure a great life—if you like it."

Cards stating that they have arrived safely over-seas have been received from two former members of the advertising department at 195 Broadway. Lieutenant Richard J. Ambler is with the 304th Military Police, and George Wildung, Jr., is with the Sanitary Detachment of the 105th Field Artillery.

A sleeping whale provided Philip S. Kirby and his fellow voyagers with a submarine scare while on the way to France. He writes that he has been on the other side of the Atlantic since May 26, and is stationed at U. S. Naval Base 18.

The extent to which Western Electric material is being used in France may be judged by the following sentences from a letter written by Daniel H. Freeman, a former employee of the Boston house, who is now cook of the Headquarters Company of the 101st Field Signal Battalion:

"Speaking about W. E. material. No matter where I go I see W. E. tags on telephones and equipment and it almost seems as though the Western Electric Company must be supplying all the wire and electric equipment used here, twisted pair and single weatherproof.

"When we first pulled into this sector I never heard such a racket in all my life. If you could possibly imagine the concussion from shells leaving our cannon bound express for Berlin! To-day it is as calm as it is on your front veranda; the Boche beat it as we say in French "Toute de suite."

"My usual good health continues and all the boys are happy now that we have good weather and the "Boche" is on the run. May he continue to run until he falls down from exhaustion and believe me if this job is left for the American Artillery to keep him on the run he sure will do some tall stepping. You never saw such a mess as those boys can make of a ten-acre field in a few minutes. We heard some prominent speakers last winter while we were in the mill, that is, during the training period, and one of them told us that heavy artillery would win, or be a very prominent feature of the fight, and, honestly, he is in my estimation absolutely correct."

Corporal Harry Hall, formerly of West Street, has a beautifully long address these day as may be seen by reading a letter recently received from him:

"Arrived safe in France the latter part of last month and it sure is an old-fashioned country. We are resting in billets that were formerly hay lofts and are living on English rations which consist of—bacon for breakfast; stew for dinner; and bully beef and cheese for supper with very little bread.

"Jerry or Frits, as our enemy is called, makes a visit on moonlight nights with his aeroplanes and drops a few bombs for excitement and destruction, so we are all praying for cloudy nights so we can rest in peace. We are kept busy moving about and are getting extensive training before going to the front.

"Will you please arrange to have the News sent to me, Corporal Hall, Co. B., 308th Inf., 1st Bn., American E. F., B. E. F., as I would surely like to read about the doings of the Company and my friends."

David Haggerty, a former West Street boy, says:

"Fritzie never lets us forget that he is right there on the job, even if we are behind the lines. Last week, he pulled off four air raids in seven days. Then, he has some more of those long range guns dropping shells on us, for the past few days. However, Old Bill Kaiser need not think that he is putting any fear in the heart of the people by such actions, as they only seem more determined to give the Germans the licking of their life. It would not be fit to put into print what we think of them for the things they did and are doing. Mostly when you get woke up at 2:30 in the morning by the air raid alarm."

A rotten case of hard luck is what all of his fellow-workers at San Francisco think of Roy Dreyer's experience. He enlisted in the Naval Reserve at San Pedro, Cal., and was selected to qualify for Annapolis, being sent to Pelham Bay, N. Y., for final polish. He passed his written examination with flying colors, but in the physical examination the doctors found that old knocks at baseball and football had injured his knee, and so he is at present in the Base Hospital at Pelham Bay Park, awaiting a further operation. Game as a pebble, he expects to try again in September, and we all fervently wish that he will then go over the top. His last letter recounts a bit of work that has gained the name of "handy-men" for the tars:

"Our Company was the working detail today—55 men. Enter nice large barge with 5,000 cases of catsup. Time, Saturday.

Usual result, all day Sunday work for Paymaster, chief petty officers and commissary stewards, who, of course, had 'dates.' (You know how it is.) Well, we pitched in and stacked the whole damn 5,000 cases by 6:00 P. M. Saturday. Paymaster says to Commissary Steward—Steward says to cooks—cooks say to mess-hounds: "Give them chicken," and we sure got it with all the trimmings. Everybody ate like pigs. Result, everybody in their hammocks by 9:00 P. M., two-thirds with—(censored)—ache; and the Sunday dates called off after all."

George E. Jankowski, Company E, 57th U. S. Infantry, Camp Logan, Houston, Texas, may not be recognized under that name by some of his former associates in Department 6338 at Hawthorne. When he was with them he was known as George Wagner. He is captain of the Camp baseball team, his nine years' experience in various minor leagues fitting him for that position.



G. E. Jankowski

"Yours between the shots" is the way Mechanic Henry W. Knudson, of Battery B, 59th Artillery, C. A. C., signs himself in a letter written in France. He is a former West Street employee who enlisted in July of last year. He says: "When I enlisted a year ago and had to leave the Western I sort of thought that I would not be remembered any more, but they have been real good to me, Christmas, and with the News. Hope that you will continue to forward me the News, because I can assure you that it is greatly appreciated."



H. W. Knudson

Those who mistakenly consider the art of camouflage an exclusive army product will be interested in the following excerpt from a letter received from "Heiney" Groscup, of San Francisco, storekeeper for the United States Navy, located at Key West:



H. Groscup

"The misplaced eyebrow in this photograph is merely a shadow produced by the rays of the sun shining directly upon the top of my nose, thus generating a darkness on the upper lip.

"I expect to be home for a ten days leave early in September which will be relief, for I am pretty sick of looking at salt water and keys, from an island one mile by three miles in size."

Frank Piro, who was a clerk in the Fifth Avenue office of the New York House, is now in the Navy and is stationed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

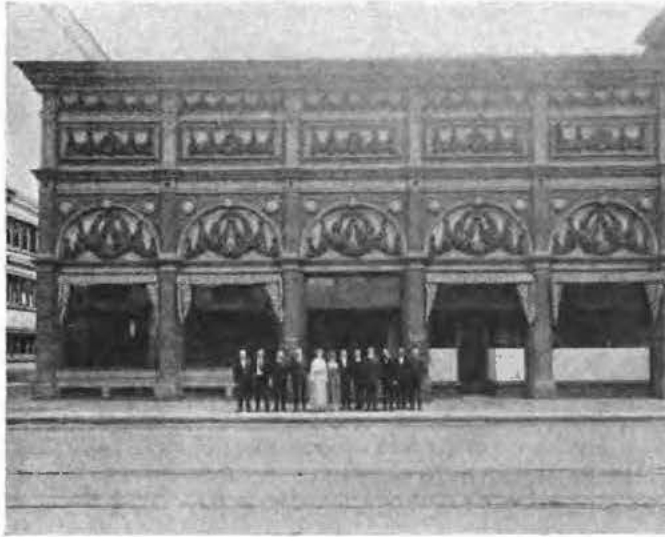


Frank Piro

John F. Zegermacher, of Battery B, 122nd U. S. F. A., whose photograph appeared in the News recently, is now in France. He writes that he has seen real cuckoos and that they do not resemble the birds in the clocks in appearance, although they sound just about the same. He wants to be remembered to the boys of Department 6460 at Hawthorne, and would like to hear from some of them.

Our Four New Branch Houses

Spokane



The Spokane House With the Whole Family on the Front Sidewalk

THE new house at Spokane, which is a branch of the Seattle house, was opened on April 1, with W. E. Peters in charge. Its territory covers the State of Washington from the eastern slopes of the Cascade Mountains, east to the 119th Meridian, including Northern Idaho and Western Montana. Part of this territory formerly belonged to the Minneapolis house.

The new warehouse is located at 165 South Howard Street, an extremely convenient location. It is a two-story brick building. The following letter, written by Mr. Peters to J. I. Colwell, the manager of the Seattle house, is of interest just at this time:

Spokane, Wash., July 7, 1918.

Mr. J. I. Colwell,
Mgr. Western Electric Co.,
Seattle, Wash.

My dear Mr. Colwell:

I have had several opportunities to write a letter such as this will be, but at this particular time I feel the best time has come. Eight and one-half years ago I first met you, and as I very well remember it was at 1518 First Avenue South in Seattle. I came to Seattle from St. Louis and you put me to work in the Claims Department. Those were not War Times, so I was happy to accept \$65 a month to start in a strong organization where advancement amounts to so much. That advancement story is so often looked upon in a light manner, but it is just that kind of a story I want to relate as a personal matter.

In just ten months from the time I started, you will remember, we opened the Portland, Oregon, branch, and I was transferred there. I had the deak job, where I was in a position to get wonderful experience. A year and one-half after that I took on some territory, calling on some of the trade and about a year after that you came back from the East to be manager at Seattle, and you then gave me all of Oregon outside of Portland as my territory.

A little over two years ago I remember getting a telegram to come to Seattle and you and Mr. Leggett put the Spokane territory up to me. It seemed like the "tall and uncut" for me. Poor business had been received from a patch of territory from which

I should reap the "Big Bonus" and besides I was to have a branch house. I claimed in my own mind that you both were artists, the way you painted that "Rosy Vision" on the wall.

Just two years from that date we opened the doors to one of the "swellest" warehouses on the circuit, barring none. I remember that Mr. Wallis said on his visit here a short time ago. "Pancelled oak vestibule entrance with nicely laid tile on the floor. Oh Boy!"

The year ending December 31, 1917, I made more money than ever before and this year, of course, I should do better still. I have never regretted coming here and after I found that there was so much sincerity in the Spokane venture, realizing as I must now that we have a real stock and an organization here, necessarily places me in a position to have unlimited confidence in all of you men who comprise our large organization for I realize there are some men who had to do with my promotion and the Spokane House, whom I may never have had the pleasure of meeting.

In picking a House to sell for, I do not believe the Western can be beat. I cannot recall a time when I desired to change places with my worthy competitors. I recall one evening in one of my towns, meeting a man who travelled for a small house. His lines were very few, consequently his selling opportunities were proportionately few. I had sold a motor of considerable size that day. I was enthusiastic about Farm Light and Power Plants, our Specialties, etc., etc. We talked a long time. He was a very agreeable type, well liked by the trade, but he was frank to admit I had it all over him on account of both the lines we have and the prestige of the W. E. name. "Western Electric Quality Products" is the best sign our Mr. P. L. Thomson ever designed, I feel. Long live the Advertising Department.

Therefore, in the eight and one-half years of service, as I say, I have had many opportunities to write letters of appreciation. At the times when I received my regular raises. At the time when you paid a little extra when the war caused living to soar. At the times when you promoted me. When you wrote me cheerful letters on the road, when I most needed them and it made me feel like a "Million," all these things and then the association of the entire personnel of the Company. The specialists have always rendered splendid co-operation, and that is to be appreciated. I have admired the types of men in the Pacific District office, Mr. Gleason, Mr. Leggett and Mr. Wallis.

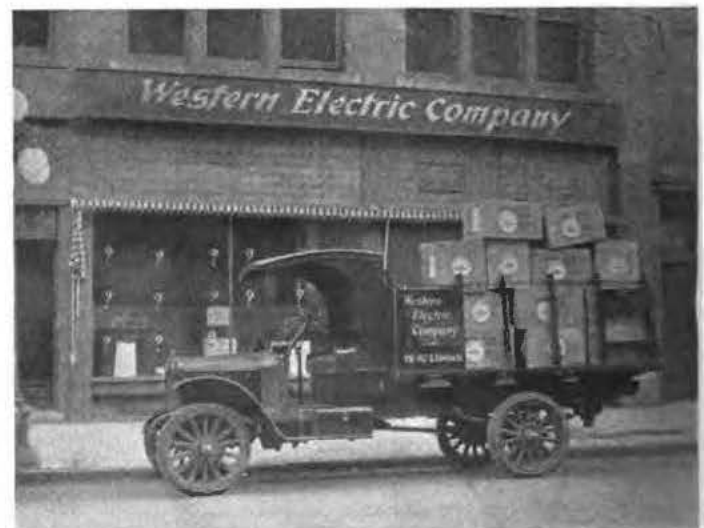
I always will remember and appreciate a few words about the policy of our Company as told by Mr. Swope at one of his visits. There have been a few bumps in the road, but it is always encouraging to know that they will be smoothed out.

The whole thing summed up merely means when a man enters our organization with a willingness to work along the right lines, he will find no obstacles, but a lot of helping hands outstretched to aid him in his ambitions whatever they may be. May that policy ever exist. It is right.

I hope you will take this letter in the spirit it is written. I have wanted to write it many times. I thank you.

Very sincerely,

(signed) W. E. PETERS.



The Syracuse House and Its Best Truck

Duluth



George E. Brown

To care for our customers in Northern Minnesota and Northern Wisconsin, the Company has established a retail store and warehouse at Duluth, where stocks will be carried sufficient to meet all reasonable demands. Every electrical appliance from motors to wire, vacuum cleaners to toys and ranges to batteries will be available to our

customers. The store is situated at 320 West First Street, which is one of the leading thoroughfares and in the heart of the commercial section. Duluth is situated at the head of the Great Lakes and the gateway to the Northwest.

Our Duluth store is in charge of Geo. E. Brown. He started with the company on August 24, 1908, and is now the proud possessor of a ten-year service button. The Duluth warehouse is in charge of Otto Bonorden, also an old employee with a fifteen-year service button to his credit.

With this new warehouse in Duluth and our warehouses in St. Paul and Minneapolis, we are prepared to serve properly customers in this great northwest territory. The Duluth house reports to Minneapolis.



A Close-Up of the Duluth Store

Syracuse

THE Syracuse house was opened in the spring and the extent of its progress may be determined by a knowledge of the fact that it already is represented on the Company's service flag by two stars.

H. C. Goldrick is in charge at Syracuse and he is said to be as good a manager as he is a writer. If you have read his story about the national capital, which appears in this issue of the News, you can form a pretty good idea of the measure of success that the future holds for the Syracuse house. J. M. O'Donnell is farm light and telephone specialist and F. S. Ruland is stores manager.

The new store is at 410-412 South Clinton Street, a location which makes it accessible to the trade as it is in the business center of the city. Its territory includes a large agricultural district as well as a number of important manufacturing centers.

The photograph on the opposite page shows just what the new store looks like, or at least it would if the truck did not hide a large share of it. However, the truck's loss proves that Syracuse is busy.

The Syracuse house reports to New York.

Memphis

The new Memphis store is at 153-167 Jefferson Avenue and is in charge of E. P. McGrath, who formerly traveled through Southern Missouri for the St. Louis house. The entire first floor of the Lotus Building is

now occupied by the Company. It includes about 1,000 square feet of space.

Unfortunately, there was no photograph available at the time the News went to press, so those readers who are anxious to get a look at the outside of the new house will have to wait until some later date. Mr. McGrath says that it is a good-looking store.

In addition to Mr. McGrath, the members of the Memphis organization are: W. T. Wheeler, who formerly was editor at St. Louis, Branch Stores Manager; a stenographer, stockkeeper and a porter. Mr. McGrath will take care of the Memphis sales work. H. B. Davidson, who formerly had all of this southern territory, will now cover Mississippi and a small section of Eastern Arkansas. Ola Rude, who came with the St. Louis house in February, will cover Kentucky and Tennessee. W. C. Morgan, who has covered Arkansas for the St. Louis house for some time, with headquarters in Little Rock will continue traveling Arkansas, handling the business of the eastern part of the State through Memphis, and the business of the western part of the State through St. Louis. The new house is a branch of the St. Louis house.

Our Own French Primer

With the Allied troops well past the Vésle
 And their big long-range guns shelling Néfle,
 Is it proper to say,
 While the foe runs away,
 That the Germans are now turning tésle?

W. F. LEGGETT.



To Be Awarded in September

| THIRTY YEARS | | | |
|---|-----------|----|--|
| Huemmer, A. H., Hawthorne, 5990..... | September | 1 | |
| TWENTY-FIVE YEARS | | | |
| Enders, J. C., New York..... | September | 23 | |
| TWENTY YEARS | | | |
| Gilcrest, C. C., Hawthorne, 5010..... | September | 12 | |
| Meilstrup, E., Hawthorne, 5791..... | " | 21 | |
| Taft, T. R., New York..... | " | 23 | |
| Alexovits, M., New York..... | " | 30 | |
| FIFTEEN YEARS | | | |
| Fitzpatrick, P. F., Chicago..... | September | 17 | |
| Scharp, F., Hawthorne, 5784..... | " | 14 | |
| Bernhagen, E., Hawthorne, 6344..... | " | 18 | |
| Bartlett, H. D., Kansas City..... | " | 1 | |
| Milks, J., Kansas City..... | " | 1 | |
| TEN YEARS | | | |
| Friddy, A. S., Atlanta..... | September | 8 | |
| Cabaniss, C. D., Atlanta..... | " | 9 | |
| Kilcoyne, Alice, Chicago..... | " | 1 | |
| Dittman, C. F., Chicago..... | " | 18 | |
| Biles, Winnifred, Cincinnati..... | " | 22 | |
| Miller, L. M., Dallas..... | " | 22 | |
| Moore, J. E., Hawthorne, 5728..... | " | 1 | |
| Schultz, Martha, Hawthorne, 6820..... | " | 8 | |
| Grupp, C., Hawthorne, 6460..... | " | 8 | |
| Stepan J., Hawthorne, 7398..... | September | 14 | |
| O'Donnell, D. J., Hawthorne, 6322..... | " | 15 | |
| Bush, Henrietta, Hawthorne, 7082..... | " | 17 | |
| Meyer, W. F., Hawthorne, 6338..... | " | 17 | |
| Eastman, E. A., Hawthorne, 7486..... | " | 22 | |
| Lilek, J., Hawthorne, 5876..... | " | 22 | |
| Tucker, R. J., Hawthorne, 6844..... | " | 25 | |
| Doskocil, F., Hawthorne, 6389..... | " | 28 | |
| Meyer, L., Hawthorne, 6845..... | " | 28 | |
| Mrohen, E., Hawthorne, 6386..... | " | 29 | |
| Trinko, F., Hawthorne, 6301..... | " | 29 | |
| Krones, F., Hawthorne, 5878..... | " | 30 | |
| Severino, O., Hawthorne, 5786..... | " | 33 | |
| Schwinn, A. A., New York..... | " | 14 | |
| Anderson, V., New York..... | " | 2 | |
| Lingel, O., New York..... | " | 25 | |
| Sherry, Mammie, New York..... | " | 17 | |
| West, J., Oklahoma City..... | " | 14 | |
| Washburn, H. C., Omaha..... | " | 9 | |
| McKnight, Anna M., Philadelphia..... | " | 9 | |
| Beckett, W. S., Philadelphia..... | " | 14 | |
| Barry, J., Philadelphia..... | " | 23 | |
| Henderson, C., Philadelphia..... | " | 28 | |
| Marchmont, G. T., Richmond..... | " | 22 | |
| Hanser, Lourene M., St. Louis..... | " | 1 | |
| Huber, A. (in military service), St. Louis..... | " | 8 | |
| Lacy, W. T., San Francisco..... | " | 18 | |
| Renault, Camille J., San Francisco..... | " | 18 | |

Who They Are

A. H. Huemmer



A. H. Huemmer started with the Company at clerical work thirty years ago. One of his early duties was making out checks for the late Mr. Barton's signature. While engaged at that work one day Al. made an efficiency discovery. He

found that by running the various initials and words together with a flourish he could write a whole line without lifting his pen. Shortly after this interesting discovery he was called into Mr. Barton's office. "Did you make out this check?" asked the president, holding one up. Al. gave it the once over to see if everything was all right before confessing. "Yes, sir," he answered. "And do you always run a man's initials into his name like this?" was the next question. Al. didn't believe he always did. "Well, don't," remarked Mr. Barton. Al. didn't any more.

Since that time Mr. Huemmer has risen to be chief of the Hawthorne auditing division and his pen has become mighty, but even to-day no one can ever accuse it of promoting undue intimacy between a man's initials and the rest of his name.

J. C. Enders



Inasmuch as John Enders gets a three-star button this month it seems almost superfluous to mention the fact that he began to work for the Company in September, 1893. A smattering of mathematics will enable the reader to discover that. At that time

the New York offices were down in Thames Street.

However, when his age at the time is mentioned the story begins to look a little more interesting. He was all of thirteen years old when he became a Western Electric man. The duties of an office boy first commanded his time and attention, but he was too good to remain long in such a humble though useful capacity.

He soon became a clerk and in 1899 was made a full-fledged salesman. Mr. Enders is a particular friend of our esteemed Uncle Sam as during the greater part of his long career with the Company he has been devoting his energies to the handling of Government orders.

When the new Government Department was organized, recently, to take care of the flood of war business, Mr. Enders was made sales manager, the position which he now holds.

C. C. Gilchrest



The first man to take the Western Electric student course was C. C. Gilchrest—and he didn't know that he was taking it. At that time it was not called a "student course." It was just supposed to be "picking up a little practical experience before taking up engineering work." The course consisted principally of about three months at installing.

At the completion of this "course," Mr. Gilchrest went into the equipment drafting department at Hawthorne, then composed of about a dozen men. In 1901 he was assigned to dry battery work and developed the now famous Blue Bell Battery. (Write the advertising department for appropriate laudatory adjectives and descriptive matter.)

After a year on battery work, Mr. Gilchrest went to New York on transmitter and receiver engineering. He was made head of the development engineering branch in 1903. October, 1907, found him sailing for Europe on a special engineering mission. He remained "on the other side" until 1913, serving during that time as assistant superintendent and later as superintendent of the shops of our European allied companies.

In August, 1913, he was transferred to Hawthorne as operating superintendent. He continued in this position until he took up his present duties as secretary of the general manufacturing committee.

Mr. Gilchrest started in 1898, and as your arithmetic will gladly tell you this makes his service two stars long.

T. R. Taft



Oh, gee, if you think that a service button is the only medal Teddy has, you better get another hunch! Back in 1898 or somewhere thereabouts, off he went to join in a little fight that was going on in those days. Well, he took along something that wasn't exactly considered part of the regular equipment. Would Ted leave that behind? Not at all, at all. Can't guess what it was, can you? So I might as well tell you it was a budding flower, generally known as Humor. There are different species of this plant, as you very well know, and his was the Dry kind.

Well, one day he met a glum looking man, who proved to be Theodore Roosevelt on horseback, and they said "Howdy," and began visiting as fellows will about the similarity of their names, and before long our Hero's Humor began to peep at the other Teddy and he began to grin at it and he grinned so hard he has never been able to wear a straight face since that very day and hour. Every picture of him shows the Roosevelt grin, but few know that the cause of it is the Taft wit. But to continue: A few months ago, Roosevelt said to himself, "I wonder where that chap is," says he. And he

wrote to Washington and asked them and told them the real truth about his noted smile and immediately they sent Ted Taft a medal. They told him it was for heroic service, but we contend that it was for making a grin that has lasted twenty years.

Hurrah for Theodore Roosevelt Taft!

E. Meilstrup



Back in 1898 E. Meilstrup took a temporary job at Clinton Street on special cabinet work. He is still with the Company—temporarily. Presumably if Emil had signed up for a permanent job he would have considered that he had no right to

die, and the Western would have kept a good man for all eternity. That would have been very nice for the Company, but rather disappointing to heaven or some place. So perhaps it is just as well that Emil started conservatively.

Mr. Meilstrup continued at cabinet work until 1902, when he was made an assistant foreman. He was transferred to Hawthorne in 1909, assigned to the construction department. His present position is head of the woodworking section of the building department.

After this month Emil will wear two stars on his service button—temporarily.

M. Alexovits



If Mr. Alexovits has rounded out his twenty years of service a couple of years ago, instead of now, he would have been called a painter in this brief biography. Now, however, it would be obviously improper to refer to him except as a camoufleur. He works up

at West Street and whenever they want to make a factory look like an office building or some little job like that, they send for Mr. Alexovits, his brush and his paints.

Four
Fifteen
Year
Men



P. F. Fitzpatrick



H. D. Bartlett



F. Scharp



J. G. Milks

A Man Is Nobody at a Wedding, Anyway

BEFORE somebody's eagle eye discovers that the men in this picture are all of the wrong gender, we may as well explain that the Hawthorne wedding was merely a preliminary to a real wedding, in which Miss Louise Caldwell, the happy bride shown herewith, was married to S. O. Nelson, department 6435, not herewith, unless you are able to see his photograph on the piano by following the direction of the bride's gaze. However, if you would rather gaze elsewhere on the picture, the following list will tell you who else was in the party.

Standing (from left to right) Misses: Estelle Wickum, 6470; Louise Horne, 6096; Marge DeLinde, 6442; Louise Caldwell, 6442 (now Mrs. S. O. Nelson); Mabel Larson, 6470; Mabel Anderson, 6470; and Anna Londergon, 6442.

Sitting (from left to right) Misses: Jean Horne, 6600; Lillian Clifford, 6442.



As the Story Says, They Are All Girls, But You Don't Have to Be Able to Read to Discover That

Hawthorne Humor

D. A. Wallace, chief draftsman at Hawthorne, has for years run one of "the cars that made walking popular," but recently some oily salesmen slid him over into the Dodge Brothers' camp. When asked by a court martial to explain the reason for his desertion, "Sandy" had a canny Scotch defense ready. "Well, you see," he explained, "I had to do something to Dodge the high cost of flivving."

Sentence has not yet been passed, but a remark of that kind ought to get life.

Plant Service Division Picnic

Here is the story of the Plant Service Division's picnic on August 1, told in two pictures. If you can't read from those that everyone had a whopping good time, what is the use in our trying to assure you of that fact?



C. C. Kelly, of the Bulla Bulla Club, and Gus Siebert, of the Foam Blowers' Association, Beside Themselves With Joy



The Whole Gang Lines Up Before the Camera at the Plant Service Division's Picnic on August 10

Belmont Installers Win

The Western Electric Installers at Belmont defeated the Chicago Telephone Company team, the champions of the Telephone League, in a baseball game by the score of 13 to 12. The installers came up from behind with a score of 9 to 1 against them, rallying in the sixth inning. The line-up:

Western Installers: Wills, r.f.; Couture, s.s.; Iverson, c.; Vogel, 2nd; Kruger, l.f.; Hoffmann, c.f.; Roehling, 1st, p.; Sellinger, 2nd b.; Scherzer, p., 1st b.

Chicago Telephone Lineup: Scattone, c.f.; Hueuhl, c.; Croke, 2nd b.; Lindberg, s.s.; Oesterman, 1st b.; Fitz, 3rd b.; Promke, l.f.; Hagland, p.; Soderstrom, r.f.

Married

June 29—Miss Anna Hurt, department 7381, Hawthorne, to Joseph Janoch, of Chicago.

June 29—Miss Elsa Lemberg, department 7381, Hawthorne, to Edward Neitzel, of Oak Park, Ill.

Hawthorne Athletics The Mid-Season Golf Tournament

THE feature event on the July schedule of the Hawthorne Golf Club was the Mid-Season Handicap, which was won by J. R. Taylor, with E. B. Miller as runner-up. The matches were closely contested, especially those in which Mr. Taylor played as his final three rounds. Each required 27 holes before a decision was reached. The tabulated results are shown below.



J. R. Taylor, Winner of the Mid-Season Golf Tourney

The Cook County Open Championship was played during the month, and the Hawthorne Club entered three players, Messrs. Buffham, Kelley and Dwyer, all three of whom were among the 16 players out of a field of 55 to qualify. T. F. Dwyer got the "scare headlines" in the sporting sheets, and also the gold medal with the low qualifying score of 65. B. J. Buffham was right on his heels for second place, with a 66 medal score.

In the subsequent match rounds extending through the week Messrs. Kelley and Dwyer were eliminated, but Buffham (whose picture was published in last month's News) never faltered, and carried the Hawthorne colors to victory in the final round of 36 holes, in which he de-

feated the 1917 champion, R. A. Bowker, without being pressed, 5 and 4.

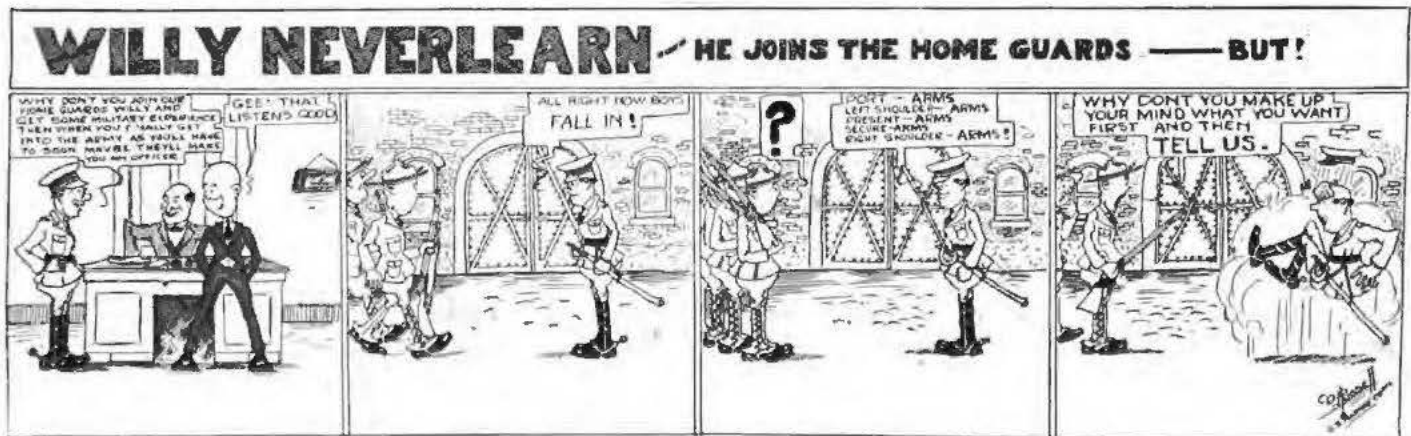
It is hoped that arrangements can be made to enter Mr. Buffham in the City Championship, which is played during August, as we believe he is able to wear the double crown. As our star is only 19 years old, Messrs. Evans, Ouimet, *et al.*, had better look to their laurels.

August 10th is the schedule date for the qualifying round of the Hawthorne Championship, to be played without handicaps, 16 to qualify. This is the event in which "class" will tell, and the "dopesters" are already looking forward to a close fight between Messrs. Buffham and Rautenbusch for the gold medal.

Summary of Mid-Season Handicap

| | | | |
|---------------------|----------------|------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| C. G. Crowder | R. W. Kuhnle | } R. W. Kuhnle 4 and 2 | } J. R. Taylor 2 up 27 holes |
| R. W. Kuhnle | 5 and 4 | | |
| B. J. Buffham | J. C. McBride | } J. R. Taylor 2 up 27 holes | |
| J. C. McBride | 5 and 4 | | |
| C. G. Holmberg, Jr. | R. McCullagh | } E. B. Miller 1 up | |
| R. McCullagh | 4 and 3 | | |
| J. R. Taylor | J. R. Taylor | } E. B. Miller 5 and 4 | |
| M. Kelley | 3 and 1 | | |
| C. M. Dolan | C. M. Dolan | } W. A. Titus 3 and 2 | |
| R. P. Ashbaugh | 2 and 1 | | |
| E. B. Miller | E. B. Miller | } W. A. Titus 3 and 2 | |
| J. Carr | 6 and 4 | | |
| W. A. Titus | W. A. Titus | } W. A. Titus 3 and 2 | |
| P. B. Miller | 4 and 3 | | |
| P. E. Kern | T. M. Erickson | } W. A. Titus 3 and 2 | |
| T. M. Erickson | 3 and 2 | | |

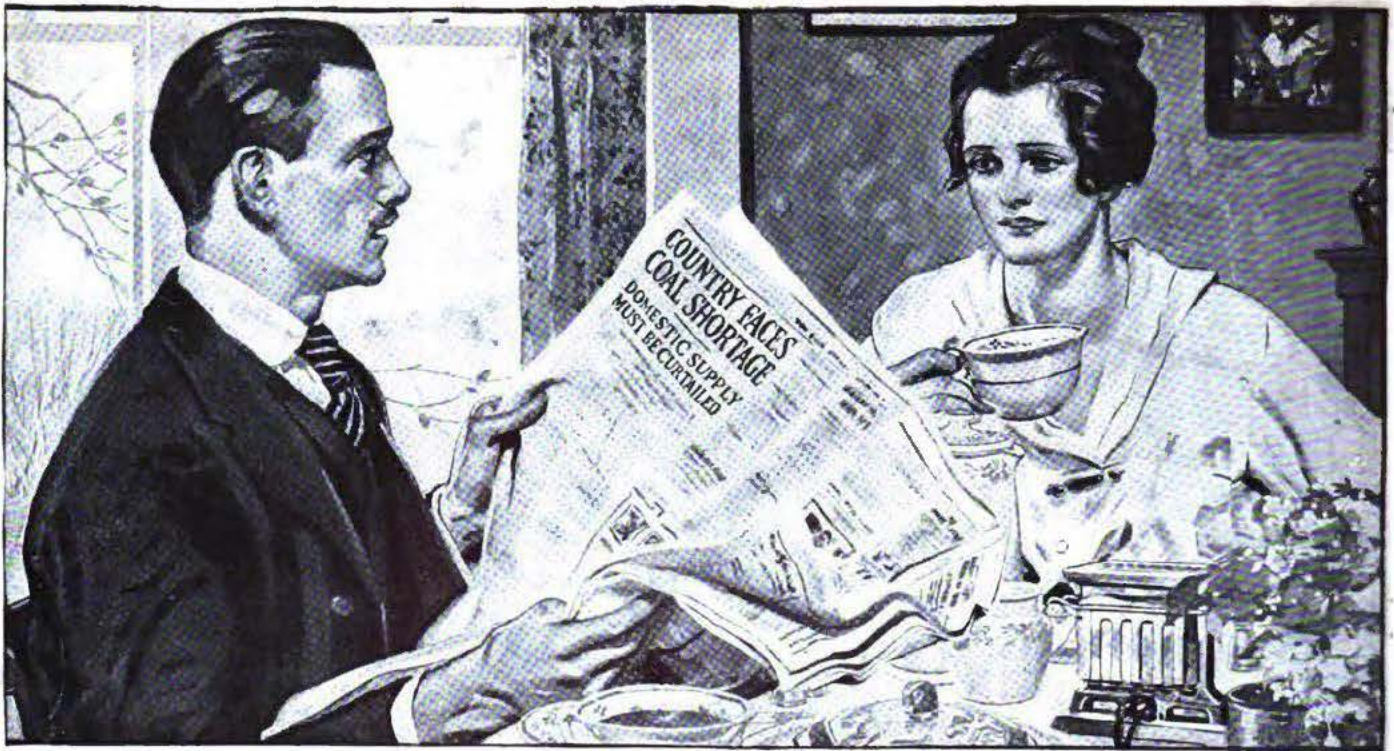
J. R. Taylor
3 and 2, 27 holes



Western Electric Company

H. B. Thayer, President; H. A. Halligan, Vice-President; W. P. Sidley, Vice-President and General Counsel; A. L. Salt, Vice-President in charge of Purchases and Traffic; Gerard Swope, Vice-President and General Sales Manager; H. F. Albright, Vice-President and General Superintendent; J. W. Johnston, Treasurer; F. B. Jewett, Chief Engineer; G. C. Pratt, Secretary; R. H. Gregory, Comptroller; C. E. Scribner, Consulting Engineer.

Office of publication and address of President, Secretary, and Treasurer, 195 Broadway, New York City.



“How can we make our coal last?”

THE Fuel Administrator says you can have only enough coal to keep your home at a temperature of 68°. If you waste your coal supply either by careless attention to the furnace or overheating the house, the government is not going to let you have any more.

What you need is the automatic coal-saving Western Electric Heat Regulator.

This little device regulates the drafts of the furnace so that just enough coal is burned to maintain an even temperature of 68°.

Before you retire, set the Regulator just as you would an alarm clock and it will regulate the fire for a low temperature at night and for 68 degrees when you awake. No more shivery trips to the cellar before breakfast. Uniform burning of the coal—with no heat wasted—means that you will need to burn less coal.

With the Western Electric Regulator, your home won't get cold, you won't waste any more heat, and you won't waste any more coal.

More heat regulators will be sold this winter than can possibly be manufactured. Order yours now from your electrical contractor, or if he cannot supply you, write direct to our nearest office for Booklet No. "How to Get the Most Out of Your Furnace."

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

INCORPORATED

| | | | | | | | | | |
|------------|--------------|-----------|-------------|-------------|-----------|--------------|-------------|----------------|----------|
| New York | Philadelphia | Baltimore | Atlanta | Savannah | Chicago | Cleveland | Minneapolis | San Francisco | Seattle |
| Boston | Buffalo | Richmond | Kansas City | Dallas | Detroit | Cincinnati | St. Paul | Oakland | Portland |
| New Haven | Syracuse | Memphis | Birmingham | Houston | St. Louis | Indianapolis | Milwaukee | Los Angeles | Spokane |
| Pittsburgh | Newark | Charlotte | | New Orleans | Omaha | Oklahoma | Duluth | Salt Lake City | Denver |

Western Electric

Heat Regulator

This timely advertisement on the Heat Regulator will appear in the following popular magazines:
 Red Cross Magazine - October World's Work - - - October



918

John Swi

VGA

Western Electric News

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WESTERN ELECTRIC CO.
WESTERN ELECTRIC CO.
FROM HAWTHORNE, ILL.
FOR AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES
KATIBI OK
115
122



British Official Photograph. Supplied by International Film Service.

King George of England Decorating Lieut. Michael Komorowski, of Hawthorne, for leading his platoon to its objective with unusual gallantry on July 4.

Western Electric News



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VOLUME VII

OCTOBER, 1918

NUMBER 8

The Western Electric Company in War Time

What the Company Is Contributing In Men, Money and Materials

THE American people like the American Government have come to recognize that this great war will be won by the Allies through their overwhelming superiority in men, money, and materials. The men are being provided by the millions through voluntary service and the selective draft; the money is forthcoming through the gifts of the people, through their loans to the Government, and their taxes; and finally, the materials are being produced at a rate hitherto undreamed of through the greatest mobilization of industry that the world has ever seen.

In this great economic readjustment, the Western Electric Company and Western Electric men are taking an important part—a part of far greater significance than any of us appreciate or indeed than can here be adequately described. The Western Electric is now close to 100 per cent. a war industry but the News can not now tell the full story of our present measure of activity or achievement. All that we can say in explanation of this is that the company has enjoyed the privilege of serving the Government's military departments through its great research laboratories and its engineering talent, so as to have been able to secure results of great practical value toward winning the war. It can never be judged in its true perspective until we have won the war.

In the meantime, however, the News has desired to set down in one place some part of the story of Western Electric war activity. This article is the result. Before it could be printed, it was submitted to the War Department and the Committee on Public Information at Washington, and what follows bears their formal approval.

How the company has come to its war activity of between 90 and 100 per cent. may be summarized thus:

1. The engineering department's time is now divided between the problems incident to the transmission of speech, broadly speaking—this for the benefit of the telephone industry, now under Government control, and these problems as applied particularly to warfare.

2. The manufacturing departments are working 100 per cent. on telephone and telegraph apparatus and cable for either the Government itself or its controlled operating telephone and telegraph companies.

3. The distributing department warehouses and disburses the foregoing equipment exclusively to these two classes of customers, and in so far as the business of jobbing electrical supplies is concerned, it is required to limit such sales to industrial plants actually engaged in war work, to contractors installing electrical material in such establishments, or to public service corporations, coal mines, street railways or others enjoying a preferred classification as essential to the conduct of the war.

Even among the few exceptions to the foregoing, we are selling equipment like sewing machines, heat regulators, washing machines, farm power and light plants, and similar devices which because of their labor and fuel saving character are looked upon by the Government as in the field of necessary manufacture, and up to now the raw material has been made available by Government order.

So it is that Western Electric is on a war time footing.

H. A. HALLIGAN, *Vice-President.*

Signed—Pershing

IN THE St. Mihiel sector we have achieved further successes. The junction of our troops advancing from the south of the sector with those advancing from the west have given us possession of the whole salient to points twelve miles northeast of St. Mihiel and have resulted in the capture of many prisoners.

Forced back by our steady advance the enemy is retiring and is destroying large quantities of materials as he goes. The number of prisoners counted has risen to 13,300. Our line now includes Herbeuville-Thiluct, Haltonville, St. Benquit-Xammes, Jaulny-Thiaucourt and Vieville.

(Signed)

PERSHING.

FOR all the world it might be a news brevity from some small town far removed from the seat of the war. Over against this terse paragraph we have the voluminous cable reports which fill many columns in our daily papers. They all deal with the same subject—the war—and come ultimately from the same place—the scene of action.

Simple process, of course, the trans-Atlantic cable delivers the news hot off the griddle, be it the day's communique from General Pershing's headquarters or the vivid articles by the correspondents with the troops at the front. Nothing wonderful about getting those dispatches over. It's just like launching a ship. You grease the ways, knock out the blocks and let 'er go.

We all know about launching ships. Why shouldn't we. The papers are full of it; the drug stores display

posters about the chances for young men in the merchant fleet, and, to crown it all, the first lady of the land picks out the names to be borne by the vessels. And yet, every last one of those ships is, in one way or other, dependent on the same agency that transmits the news of the war—electrical communication. How is it then, that we hear so little of this important agent and take the whole matter of telegraph and telephone for granted?

Underlying the whole system of communicating military intelligence by wire there are, of course, the long-established commercial submarine cables with the connecting land lines in Great Britain and on the continent in Europe and the corresponding lines in America. It is not the purpose of this article to deal with these lines except as they have been modified to meet the emergency.

In the main we are interested in those things which have been accomplished by Americans in Europe since our first contingents went over. You know all about the wonderful wharves at the ports of debarkation, and of the six hundred miles or more of standard American rail lines laid down. Did you ever hear of any kind of transportation system operated without recourse to telegraph or telephone or both? No, you didn't, anyway not since the Civil War.

Let us state right off that American railroads in France are controlled just like a good many in the United States—by means of standard Western Electric alternating current selectors. Now, having our main arteries of supplies working, we can proceed.

Along the French coast there are numerous ports turned over to the United States for landing troops and supplies. Somewhere in France is general headquarters. Also there are the headquarters of the Allied Council army headquarters, headquarters of lesser degree, camps, supply depots, hospitals and what not. Means of communication among all of these had to be provided. The existing French lines not being adequate to the handling of the increased traffic arising out of the entrance of the United States into the war, the Signal Corps of our army decided to construct its own telegraph and telephone lines. And the lines have been built. Imagine, if you will, another trans-continental system; only this time working east instead of west. Already the distance



American wires beside a French road

equivalent to the New York-Chicago line is constructed—part cable and part open wire. The length of line will be increased as our troops advance eastward and the consolidation of positions warrants the building of permanent lines. Of course, all of the present system isn't just one straight line. It comprises main lines between important centers and ramifications to depots, ports, camps, etc. Like all American long-distance lines, those in France are used for simultaneous telegraph and telephone transmission.

And this is where we start to talk real loud about what the Western Electric people did to make the line a success. Probably you know of our big peace-time jobs, to purchase, warehouse and distribute the enormous quantities of line material that go to make up the A. T. & T. Company, and associated company lines throughout the United States. What more natural than that we should be consulted about the overseas line.

The Signal Corps told us that they could get poles in France. (This is not a Czecho-Slavic joke.) We knew where to get the rest of the usual pole-line material and we certainly knew where to go for switchboard and other central office apparatus, for toll test desks, for amplifier equipment and for printing telegraph apparatus. So that part was easy. Now enter Mr. Submarine. He picks out the ship loaded down with cross arms, pins and insulators for fifty miles of line. Possibly he gets it. That leaves the copper wire for those fifty miles, which is on another ship, looking around for some place to hang. That scheme didn't look good to us. So we got together everything except the poles and hired a warehouse "somewhere in the U. S." Here the material was grouped in ten-mile lots. That is, any lot of material contained everything except the poles for putting up ten miles of standard line. Then we loaded these lots on ship after ship. If one didn't get over the others did, and there was the material in France right down to spades and crowbars.

Now the telegraph and telephone battalions of the Signal Corps were ready to put up the line. How? Why, according to specifications. (This is an engineering joke best understood by the shop and by everybody waiting for the shop to get through waiting for the engineering department.)

What specifications? That's where we come in again. The Signal Corps told us what they wanted to do and a group of engineers was told off for the purpose of writing up regular equipment specifications and seeing to it that the material in accordance with those specifications was collected and shipped in those ten-mile lots.

At important centers the switchboards are Western Electric No. 1D (the standard lamp signal board). All associated central office, toll line and repeater equipment is also Western Electric. At those substations using commercial sets various American makes are in service. Covering all installations of commercial apparatus the Signal Corps specification requires the practice shall be equal to "Bell practice."

By this time you will be inclined to think that the Signal Corps is trying to set up in opposition to the French



A corner pole in a French village

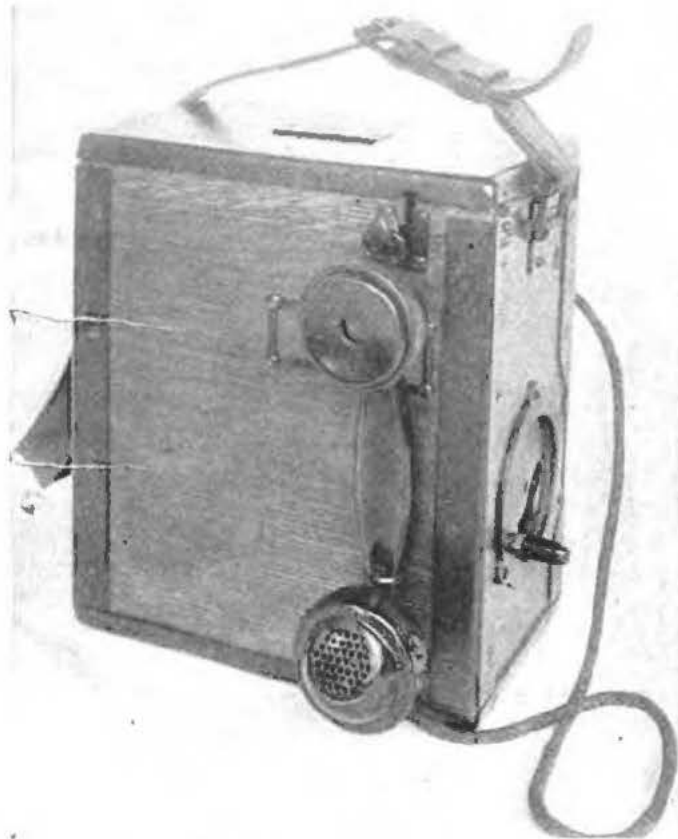
Ministry of post and telegraph by running a private wire system. Well, it isn't. The commercial line—that is commercial as regards construction and operation—is in operation only in those zones which are not close up to the scene of actual fighting.

Ultimately all messages to general headquarters and other highly important places and messages for transmission to America go over the commercial line. Where do these messages originate? Most anywhere. Some come just as your every-day messages come up and on similar apparatus. But don't imagine that every subset in France is a desk set or a wall set.

Even outside of the actual fighting zone there are oftentimes places at which temporary telephone service must be provided, for instance in camps under canvas. Troops and supply train on the march must be able to communicate with headquarters or with points ahead.

For such uses as these the so-called camp telephone is provided. This is a self-contained portable set. Like all other portable sets, it is of the local battery type, arranged so that it may call or be called by a central energy station. The standard camp set (see photo) is a wood-box affair. In the box are the necessary mechanism for calling and being called. Also there are the batteries and the hand set. The latter, when the set is in service, is hung on a hook much like a receiver. This hook projects beyond the case but may be folded out of sight when it is desired to change the location of the set. The apparatus, while not intended for field service, may nevertheless be subjected to fairly rough treatment.

A modification of this set, the Field Telephone, is used by supply trains. This set is a combination of the camp telephone and of the old field or service buzzer. The



Camp Telephone in use in Army

combination consists of putting into the telephone set an interrupter and a telegraph key to permit sending telegraph signals over a line which, because of breaks and leaks, would be impossible for telephone service. You may be surprised to learn that with this telegraph outfit it is possible to send a message, even though a considerable portion of the line be torn away. If ever you got a kick from the induction coil used in the interrupter you would understand where the set got its strength. As we know from recent events that a supply train may at any minute find itself in the thick of the fighting it will be seen that the Field Telephone deserves its name.

Mention has been made of the Field or Service buzzer. This was one of the two original standard Signal Corps sets. The other was the old form of the camp set, a heavy, bulky affair replaced since the war started by the sets just described. The Service buzzer has survived in its old form (this brings us into the realm of the more purely "field" sets). Essentially the Buzzer is a high-powered telegraph set for use in sending messages over hastily constructed lines. A transmitter and a receiver are provided for talking when good lines are encountered. All telephone sets and practically all telegraph sets operate under the disadvantage that the enemy may pick up the messages inductively by throwing wires across the line to be observed or, in some cases, by just laying wires in the general neighborhood of the line. In the case of the Service Buzzer the telegraph instrument is so efficient that it is possible for the enemy to read our messages without getting anywhere near our line. This means that the set must be used at some distance away from the

enemy's lines or else only for comparatively unimportant messages.

It must not be concluded from the foregoing that we can't do anything without letting the other fellow in on it. There are now being manufactured by us sets of such a nature that the signals which they send out cannot be picked up except by a similar set.

When the French got into the war they fell in love with our 1375 telephone set. This was originally developed for use by the U. S. Forest Patrol. Later the U. S. Field Artillery took up the set to some extent. For some unknown reason the French dubbed our set "Poste Serbe"—Serbian Set. To-day it is the telephone set most in use in actual combat. It is like the camp telephone as far as operation goes but somewhat different in construction. The carrying case is leather and can stand banging around with the artillery or being dragged through mud. The hand set is the American lineman's type, good for all sorts of abuse and capable of cracking skulls that need such treatment. Experience has pointed



Service Buzzer in case

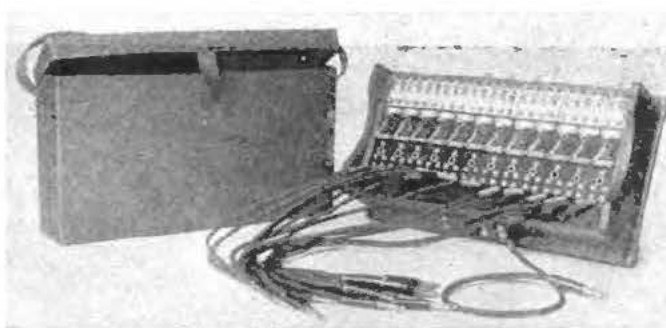


Service Buzzer with case open

out to the Signal Corps where this set may be improved and we are now working on the problem. As this is written the redesigned set is almost ready for submitting to the Signal Corps officers.

We have now briefly described the main sets used for telegraphing and telephoning in camp and in field overwire lines. That leaves the switchboard to be considered. Of these there are three now standard. The first is the Camp switchboard. This is a magnetic signal board for use with local battery sets described in the foregoing. To all intents and purposes it is the switchboard from some small town exchange put up in trunk form so that it can readily be moved about. This switchboard is used in camps where there are no permanent exchanges and in stations such as field headquarters, division headquarters, and the like. The board has recently been redesigned by our engineers. The new type is shown in the photograph. Several of these boards can be set side by side and operated as one the same as though you had a two- or a three-position commercial board.

The switchboard used close up to the front is an American adaptation of a French design. It is called the mono-cord because of the fact that each unit is equipped with one cord for connecting with other units in the board. The capacities are four, eight and twelve lines. The units are entirely interchangeable. The frames are built for the capacities mentioned. The signal is a sensitive drop which operates on the generator output of the camp telephone, field telephone and 1875 telephone



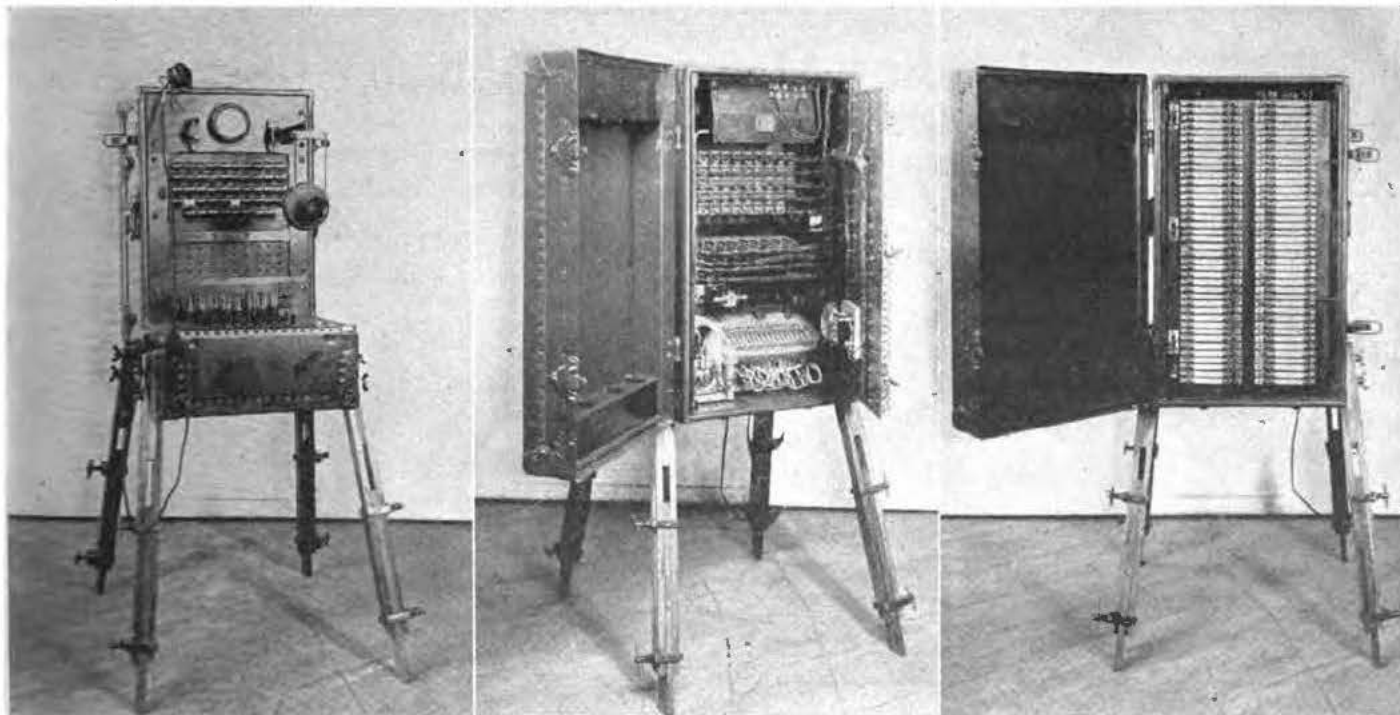
Mono-Cord Board with carrying case

sets and on the buzzer current of the Service Buzzer. All told, an all-around drop. The switchboard can be carried around as needed in a case provided for the purpose. Spring clips on the top and the bottom of the frame make it easy quickly to hook up the lines and the operator's set. This is essential for the switch-

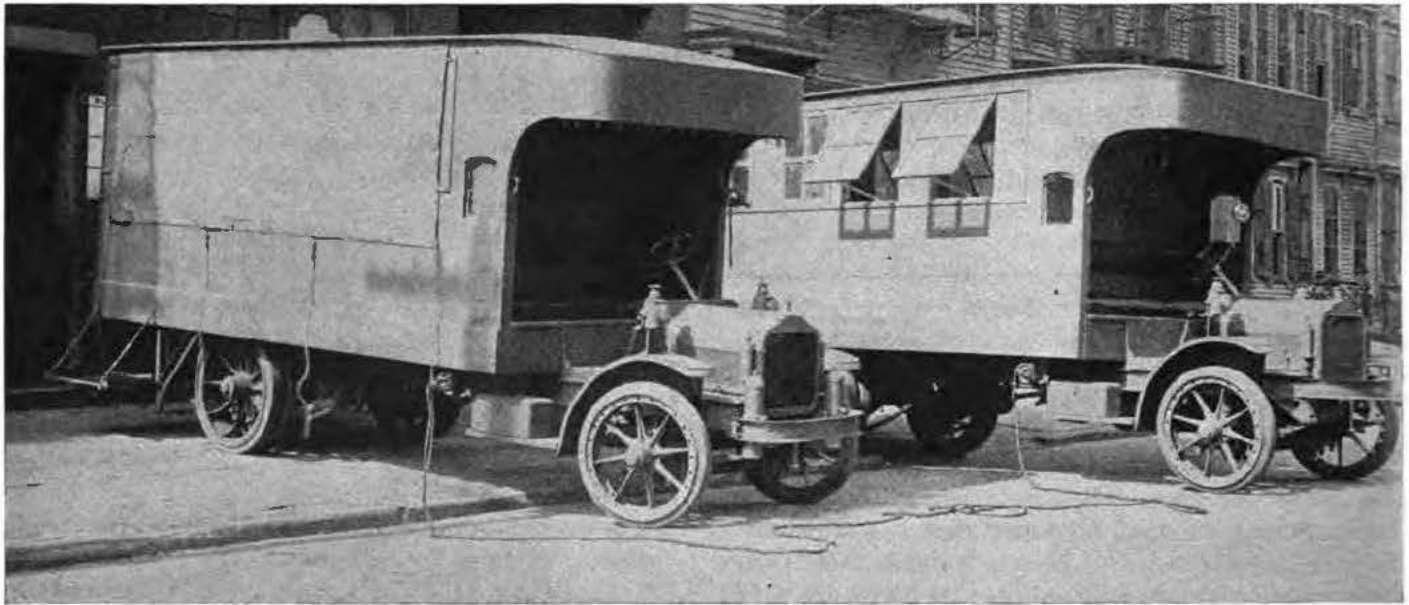
board is used right up where the whizz bang is popular. Last but not least is the new prison-van looking affair which goes wherever wanted and reveals itself a fully equipped central office capable of handling *all* the phases of the traffic of a city of 25,000 people. This switchboard can be hurried to the scene of a fire, for instance, to take the place of an exchange of the commercial type or to the new location of hastily shifted headquarters. In fact, if a real live switchboard is needed anywhere, the van goes there. It is not intended, of course, for dugout stations.

And now about catching the submarine. Have we helped in that? Of course, we have, but just at present they are not permitted to say much about it. Suffice it to say that our engineers have worked on and perfected devices, which have been of inestimable value in the detection of those pests of the sea known as *U*-boats.

Speaking of airplanes and wireless brings us back to the ground again. In some cases the advance is so rapid that wires can't be laid quickly enough or are not available. Then the radio (wireless) sets come into play. Short-range instruments for communicating with headquarters are used. It has been mentioned that the



Three views of Camp Switchboard—Front—Interior—Back



The Automobile Telephone Exchange

service buzzer can send over a broken line. Making use of this quality of a high-power buzzer, a set has been developed which, instead of sending through air, buzzes through the ground. In other words, a wireless set which uses the earth entirely as its medium. The signals are picked up and amplified so that they may be read. The enemy can also get in on the message if he has the right kind of amplifier, but what he reads generally tells him to make his getaway without standing on the order of his going. Or else he may hear that somebody in some shell hole wants some strawberry jam. Anyway, the latter was

a favorite joke among the British up in the front line.

Now the Western doesn't claim the credit for all the good work that the army is doing along telephone and telegraph lines. But we do claim that, of the apparatus discussed in the foregoing, we have manufactured all of the various types at some stage in the game. In addition, the engineering department has developed apparatus for the Signal Corps the same as it would for any customer, and left it to the customer to buy where he sees fit. In other words, not only do we design for manufacture but we design as consulting engineers.



Lending Men to Uncle Sam

EVER since the United States entered the war, the Western Electric Company has been lending men to Uncle Sam for civilian work. Every now and then we discover that some Western Electric man is peculiarly well equipped for some job he has in hand, so he steps in and asks for the man he wants. And the Company always says "yes," even though the man is greatly needed in his regular job, because it recognizes the fact that the winning of the war is the one thing to be accomplished just now, and everything else must be subordinated to that great purpose.

Sometimes these loans of men have proved permanent—using the word permanent in the sense of "for the duration of the war."

From time to time the NEWS has recorded the work of some of these men, but this issue which attempts to tell about the war work that the Company has done and is doing, would be incomplete if it passed them by without mention.

The following list includes the names which have come to the attention of the NEWS:

| | | |
|-------------------|----------------------------|---|
| C. O. Clayton.... | Antwerp Factory..... | War Trade Board. |
| E. H. Colpitts... | Assistant Chief Engineer.. | Technical Investigation of Communication. |
| E. B. Craft..... | Assistant Chief Engineer.. | Technical Investigation of Communication. |
| P. K. Condict... | Foreign Sales Manager.... | War Trade Board, Now Major in U. S. Army. |
| J. W. Dietz..... | Education Department.... | Provost Marshal's Dept. |
| W. H. Graham... | Statistician | Quartermaster's Department, U. S. Army. |
| Harry L. Grant... | Sales Manager, Chicago... | Quartermaster's Department, U. S. Army. |
| Alice Heacock... | Secretary | Quartermaster's Department, U. S. Army. |
| T. H. Moore.... | Statistician | Quartermaster's Department, U. S. Army. |
| L. M. Nicholls... | Statistician | Statistical Work for Gen. Staff. |
| A. L. Salt..... | Vice-President | War Purchasing Board. |
| Gerard Swope.... | V.-Pres. & Gen. Sales Mgr. | Assistant to Director of Purchase, Storage and Traffic. |
| W. P. Sidley.... | V.-Pres. and Gen. Counsel. | National War Work Council of Y. M. C. A. |
| O. D. Street.... | Asst. Gen. Sales Manager.. | Quartermaster's Department, U. S. Army. |
| J. M. Stahr.... | Accounting Department.... | Factory Accounting Methods Inspection. |
| P. L. Thomson... | Advertising Manager..... | Advertising Manager for N. J. Liberty Loan Campaign. |
| Harry B. Thayer. | President | Aircraft Board. |
| J. M. Winans... | Statistician | Quartermaster's Department, U. S. Army. |

The Big Works and the Big Work

What Hawthorne Is Doing to Help Make the World Unsafe for Autocracy

NO wonder the big guns on the Western front wear themselves out after a few reports. Reporting is a wearing business.

Reporters die young, without a dissenting vote. Their demise occurs either while trying to pry news out of somebody or after it is published. In the latter case it is usually because they neglected to mention numerous very important things that nobody thought to tell them about when they were out news sleuthing.

Wherefore we just know there is going to be a death in the News family after this story of Hawthorne's war work appears. Because we are absolutely sure to leave out something, and most certainly it will be something that ought to be in, for every part of Hawthorne's work for Uncle Sam is worth featuring.

Is there a life-insurance agent in the house? All right, then. Let's go:

About a year and a half since, as you know, Uncle Sam started in to carry the scrap to the Kaiser, preparatory to carrying the Kaiser to the scrap. To do this he needed troops and he needed guns and he needed boats and he needed aeroplanes, but equally as much he needed telephones and switchboards and wireless outfits to tell the troops where to go and the guns where to shoot and to talk with his boats patrolling the waters and his planes patrolling the air.

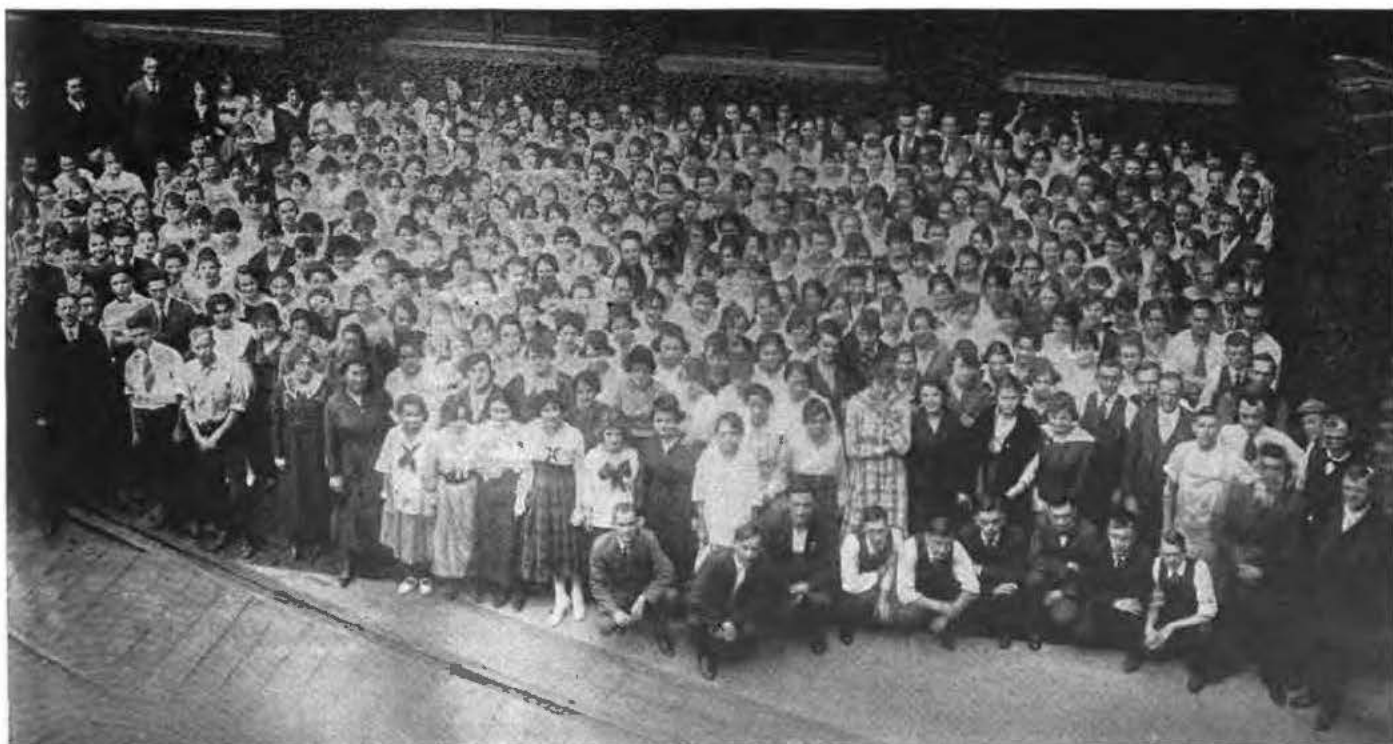
Now, Hawthorne had never made a gun or a boat or an aeroplane but telephones—why, we had some sixty acres of floor space devoted to nothing else than making

telephones and associated apparatus. Not only that, but we were preparing to put up more buildings, which were urgently needed to take care of our work.

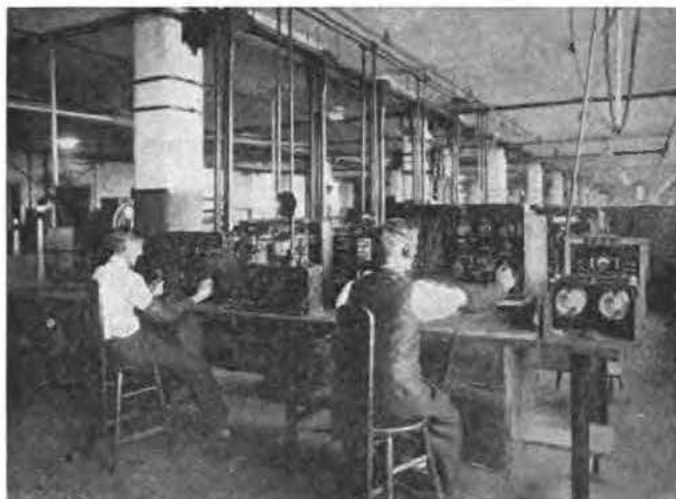
Just then Uncle Sam threw away his light squirrel rifle, tore out the old speaking tube and began to shout for some up-to-date tools to take with him to Berlin. The old fellow had his dander up. He had a fight on and he wanted to get into it quick. When it comes to starting a fight we'll admit he goes slow, but nobody ever has to complain of his lack of speed after somebody starts one for him.

So when he began asking us for telephone equipment in a hurry we knew he wanted it quick. And he got it quick. Moreover, he is getting it quick and, mostover, he will continue to get it quick just as long as he wants it quick.

Now, usually "quick" for complicated new telephone apparatus means several months at the least, and perhaps a year or more, if the apparatus is very complex. The engineers at New York must first develop their design, make one or more models and try them out by exhaustive tests. Then these engineering models and the drawings must be sent to Hawthorne, where they are studied by committees of manufacturing experts with a view to deciding upon the best and most economical methods of manufacture. Their deliberations usually result in recommendations of certain changes in the design, to facilitate manufacture, strengthen the apparatus or make it work more positively. The engineering depart-



New organization developed to make tubes for Uncle Sam's apparatus. They have made a fine record on extremely delicate work



Testing wireless telephone sets

ment then considers these suggested changes and approves them, unless they interfere in some way with the proper functioning of the apparatus. The shops must now design and make tools, put them into actual operation in the regular departments and assemble a model (called a "tool-made sample") from the parts these tools make. This tool-made sample goes to the engineers for approval. If it gets the approval manufacturing begins. If not, there is further time required to eliminate whatever imperfections exist.

It is easy to see why all this takes time, especially since the work has to be fitted in so as not to interfere with the schedules on work already in the shops. At that, our summary only hits the high spots of what must be done. Nothing has been said of the numerous orders and schedules that must be made up by the production branch to get a job under way, nor of the raw material requisitions that must go through, nor of a hundred other necessary details. Where thousands of different

orders are being handled at the same time, they must be handled systematically.

How, then, can the shops turn out Government apparatus at the speed they have attained? Well, in the first place, when a rush Government order comes in, there isn't another order in the place but has to sit back and play second fiddle. That Government order gets more attention than a pretty girl passing a bachelors' club. And it hurries on its way as fast, too.

To take one example, we made 50,000 of a certain type of portable switchboards for the Government. Under ordinary conditions five months would have been a good delivery date on the order. Remember it was new apparatus, which had to go through the development process outlined above. Remember, too, that Uncle Sam needed it in a hurry. The manufacturing organization, remembering both of these things, decided that it could get the work out on a break-neck schedule in six weeks. It had to be that sort of a schedule for (to mention just one difficulty) the tool-room, already overcrowded, would have to rush out \$11,000 worth of new tools for the job.

Fifty-six toolmakers were put on the job at the start, and they went at it with a will. They were bound to meet that schedule for the Government if it was humanly possible.

Five days later came an appeal from the Signal Corps to try to better our delivery date. They needed those boards badly and they needed them quickly.

Well, that was enough. If they needed them they would get them or the Hawthorne employees would know why. One hundred and eighty-two toolmakers were at once assigned to the work. Sleeping and eating were secondary matters to those boys until those tools were finished. We don't believe any body of toolmakers in the world could have beaten their record.

Then the job went into the manufacturing departments, which were on their toes waiting to grab it. And then it went to the Government, zip!—just three weeks and one day after the work was begun at Hawthorne. That was holding up Father Time and taking a little over four months away from him, but he knew it was in a good cause and didn't object. And since then he has got used to it. We clip his whiskers every time Uncle Sam asks us to, but it keeps us on the jump, for he squirms very lively at times.

One of these times was when Hawthorne made the first wireless telephone sets for the Government. They were the first wireless sets ever made by the Company outside of the engineering department's model shops and the testing on them was new and decidedly different from anything the manufacturing department had ever done before. Moreover, the engineering department was so crowded on the designing of the sets that it was necessary for the shops to develop practically all their own test-



Assembling Government radio sets

ing apparatus from notes made by a member of the inspection department, who went to New York to get the necessary data.

Now working out testing methods on involved physical phenomena is no easy matter. When it comes to apparatus we have been making for a considerable time, the shops can test apparatus and tell right away just "where the bugs are," but with new phenomena it is a case of search until they are found. With new apparatus, too, there is of course an added chance of mistakes in the manufacturing or assembling work.

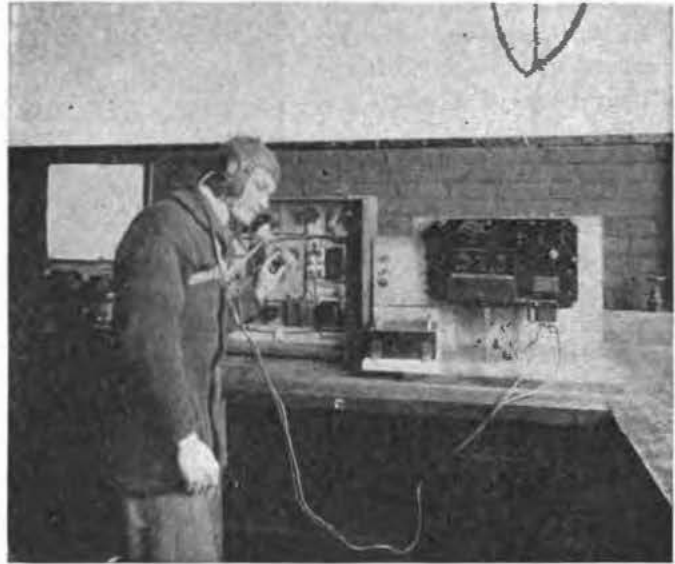
But, difficulties or no difficulties, the Government needed some of those sets in a hurry. So the inspection people worked from 7:30 to midnight every day for a week, including all day Sunday—the same group, that is, not two shifts. Right behind them all the time, tramping on their heels, were the jobbing departments, hustling out the sets. And at the works gate just before time for the fast train to leave for New York was a taxicab, ready to hurry the sets to the station. The taxi was held there until the last second so that the shops might squeeze one more set through before train time. By the way, the sets got on the train by being carried as the excess baggage of some of our Hawthorne men going to New York. But Uncle Sam got his sets, all right.

That is only one of dozens of different schemes devised to defeat delays. For instance, New York calls Hawthorne, and Hawthorne calls New York by long-distance telephone several times a day on urgent matters that can not be delayed, while difficulties are straightened out by correspondence.

Nowadays it is nothing unusual for an engineering department messenger to answer the buzzer and receive instructions like this: "Get your hat, Smith, as quickly as you can. I want you to take a little run out to Chicago on the Limited. Hawthorne has to have these drawings and models so they can start work on them tomorrow afternoon sure!" That's speed! Here is some more speed:

You have heard of the telephone repeater, one of the inventions that made the transcontinental line possible. It looks a good bit like an incandescent lamp. And we are not going to tell you what it acts like unless you are breathlessly interested in such simple affairs as "ionic bombardments," "filament currents," and other many syllabled high-browisms. You'll probably know all you would care to assimilate about the device if we tell you that it is a very necessary part of wireless telephone and telegraph apparatus.

Up until last March the Hawthorne Works had never made any of these new tubes. They had been made in small quantities at New York in our engineering laboratories with highly skilled testing, supervising and advisory staffs, but our company had never produced them with regular shop operatives and routine inspection.



Testing aeroplane sets

But it became necessary to get them out in large quantities to take care of the Government demands, and the job was turned over to the regular manufacturing organization at Hawthorne. It at once became necessary to organize a large department, capable of the highly skilled work necessary to produce these tubes.

Too much can not be said in praise of that organization. From the first they have considered their work more as a patriotic duty than as a routine task. Their one aim is to get tubes to the Government in the greatest possible numbers and in absolutely perfect condition. Their schedule has been overtime every night and Saturday afternoons since the job started last March, which, you will probably admit, is sticking to the job.

The tube job was an extremely difficult one to get started. For instance, liquid air is used in one stage of the manufacturing process and a source of supply had to be secured at once, to avoid delay while our own



Inspecting Government wireless telephone sets

machine was being installed. In the emergency arrangements were made with the University of Chicago, which allowed us the use of the machine in their laboratories. Then, too, arrangements had to be made for the difficult and delicate testing required on the tubes, and a testing group had to be trained in the work. The mere enumeration of the tests gives some idea of their complexity. There is an oscillation test, a test for wave detection, a vibration test, an amplification test, an insulation resistance test, a breakdown voltage test and a gas test. The vibration test is about the only one that would be intelligible to a layman. In this test the tube is placed in an electro-magnetic testing mixture that whirls and tips and twists and wiggles it until your head swims from watching the thing. That is to simulate the very worst



Liquid air machine recently installed for work on Government apparatus

conditions the tube must meet in aeroplane work.

And, mind, you, not one slightest detail of any of these extremely delicate and difficult tests is ever slurred over by any one of the seventy girl testers. No tube is going to fail for the boys in France if they can help it.

There is the Hawthorne spirit. Everybody is back of the Government work with every ounce of strength. you can't mention anybody without mentioning every-

everybody. Our employment lists may read like an appendix to "The Melting Pot," but our achievements, read 100 per cent. American. There is no long or hard work for Uncle Sam that can draw a grumble out of anybody—not while our boys are fighting for us on the other side.

We'll break our backs till it's over "over there."



George Howard Nash, C. B. E.

WORD came from England recently that George Howard Nash, the chief engineer of our allied house in London, has been made a Commander of the Order of the British Empire. This order, which was instituted since the beginning of the war, is confined to civilians whom the King wishes to honor for distinguished services to the Empire.

The exact service which Mr. Nash has rendered is veiled in a certain measure of secrecy, but the following paragraph from the *Passing Show*, a well-known English weekly, give some indication of the work in which Mr. Nash is engaged:

"I see that Lord Jellicoe has seen fit to revive his submarine prophecy. You will remember that Lord Jellicoe ventured on the opinion that the submarine menace would be conquered by August. At the time of this prophecy I ventured to suggest that the predic-

tion savored of rashness, and from what I heard at the Admiralty last week it is certain that this prediction of Lord Jellicoe will not be fulfilled. The U-boats are still doing an immense amount of destructive work, and it would be foolish to blind ourselves to their activities, or to assume that they have become a negligible factor in the war. Of course, the Navy is doing splendidly; but we shall have to increase our production of ships, and also we shall have to take a much heavier toll of the U-boat pirates, before the menace is conquered.

"By the way, who is the mysterious Mr. Nash of whom it is said that he has done more than any other man alive to conquer the U-boat? Sir Edward Carson believed that if the British public knew their indebtedness to Mr. Nash there would be a statue erected to him in every town in the Kingdom. Why should not the British public know?"

To his associates in the Western Electric Company on this side of the Atlantic, the identity of Mr. Nash is no mystery, and they all will be glad that he has been so signally honored.



E. B. Craft Back From Europe

EDWARD B. CRAFT, one of the Company's assistant chief engineers, has just returned from a trip to Europe undertaken at the request of the Government for the purpose of making a technical inspection of communications. He left New York in the middle of June.

During his stay in Europe Mr. Craft saw a large part of the battle line, one stage of his journey being an auto-

mobile trip along the part of the line held by the French and American troops.

While he was in Nancy the town was bombed by German aeroplanes, some of the bombs falling less than half a block away while Mr. Craft was on the balcony of his hotel watching the anti-aircraft guns in their attempts to repel the raiders. Another interesting experience was a flight of 180 miles in an aeroplane over England.

The Defeat of the Submarine—Hunting the U Boat

By Arthur Pollen

(This article is reprinted from the July 11 issue of "The Daily Chronicle," London)

THE direct offensive against the submarine can be divided, as we saw in a previous article, into four general categories. They can be stalked on the surface, principally a night game, for it is then that they come up to store their batteries, or they may be hunted after their whereabouts has been detected, either when they are viewed by aircraft or heard by hydrophones. These are the two active processes of pursuit and attack. The operations of submarines may next be hampered and restricted and the boats themselves destroyed by the direct attack on and the destruction of their bases—a very excellent form of offensive indeed, but indirect, so far as the submarine itself is concerned, unless by accident it is lying at the base when the attack is made. There is, finally, the establishment of passive obstacles, such as mines or other barrages across the routes which the submarines are bound to take in going to or from the harbors at which the crews are rested and the boats are refitted for their task.

Hunting by Hydrophone

In hunting the submarine exactly the same principles—and almost exactly the same procedure—are followed as in hunting wild beasts. If you want to kill a fox, you sweep one wood after another until the animal is found, when the hounds take up the scent and, if they can keep it, run him down and kill him. Substitute hearing for scent and you have a pretty near approximation to submarine hunting by hydrophone. The main difference is, that you can never chase the submarine into the open, so that the "kill" comes when the quarry is driven into a small known area and the whole of that area is made lethal by depth bombs. Sometimes the quarry may be viewed by an aeroplane, which, unseen itself, can descend to within a very short distance of the water and then drop bombs, or their underwater equivalent, the depth charge, on the unsuspecting U-boat. But the direct destruction of submarines by aeroplanes is as exceptional as their direct destruction by midnight stalking, or, for that matter, by any other form of accidental encounter.

For systematic pursuit some faculty which maintains communication between the hunter and the prey is necessary, and from the nature of things hearing, and therefore the hydrophone, supplies the only conceivable faculty. This aspect of the campaign turns on the possession of hydrophones that do the required work in sufficient quantities, on adequate accompanying craft to complete the work with bombs, and on the skill with which the available means are combined and employed. This skill, in turn, is capable of many obvious subdivisions. There must, for instance, be a directive staff at headquarters, capable of estimating every atom of news from the scattered commands at its true value, and

drawing up the right orders to each local force, so that all efforts shall be co-ordinated. The local forces in turn must be organized on the principle shown to be the most effective. The actual execution of headquarters orders must naturally be left in all detail to the commanders of each individual force. In this kind of work there is clearly scope for almost infinite development and refinement of tactics, of skill with the different devices used, and of organization. In no department of war, then, is the importance of the best staff analysis and direction more crucial.

The Determining Factor

But, when all is said, the determining factor in efficiency must ultimately be the production of the best possible hydrophone. By that I mean one which permits of the operator using it being able to get the kind of information which will guide the hunt with the greatest exactitude and expedition. There is no difficulty in applying the well-known principle of the microphone to an underwater receiver. But water is the best conductor of sound there is, and, unless the microphone used for submarine hunting has certain peculiar qualities, it will not confer upon the listener the power of disintegrating combined and confused sounds into their constituent elements and distinguishing the separate origin of each. The whole problem is complicated by the fact that the ship which carries the hydrophone and those that accompany it, are themselves creators of sounds enormously more audible and insistent than those which come from a distance. But a faculty of disintegrating and distinguishing the sounds is not sufficient. The ideal hydrophone must lend itself also to obtaining the nearest possible indication both of the direction from which the sound comes and its distance. Could perfection be reached in these three qualities—distinctness, bearing and distance—the hydrophone would act as a position-determining rangefinder. The moment the submarine was near, the location of the target would be known, and its destruction an immediate affair. Hence, according as the hydrophone improves, so will this end be more nearly realized.

It was said by the sage of old, that there was only one perfect thing in the world and that was the perfect fool. We shall perhaps never get the perfect hydrophone. But with the mine of knowledge and inventive faculty of four nations all actively engaged on this problem, it is reasonable to suppose that the perfect listening device will become nearer and nearer, until one which is at least adequately serviceable is developed. For that matter, the progress of the last two years has already been extraordinary, so that much may be expected from this branch of the offensive in the near future.

How the Distributing Houses Are Helping to Win the War

THE fact that the Western Electric Company maintains distributing houses in about thirty-five of the principal cities of the country has placed it in a position to supply goods to the Government at short notice. Anyone who is familiar with the congested condition of the railroads can appreciate how valuable a service the distributing houses are rendering, and among those who have been prompt to take advantage of it are the Government officials scattered throughout the country, as well as the great industries which are engaged in war work.

At all of the distributing houses, the employees have worked at top speed on their Government orders, and in addition have found time to do Red Cross work and help in many other ways to back up the boys at the front. A few of the things they have done and are doing will be set forth in the next few pages, but it will have to be only a few because, in order to give them all they deserve, it would be necessary to devote all this issue of the News to them.

Richmond

SPEED of delivery was mentioned above as one of the chief virtues of a Western Electric distributing house, and Richmond has set a new record in that respect by delivering some wire by aeroplane. The Government furnished the aeroplane, to be sure, but to the Richmond house belongs the credit for devising the plan. Here is the story as told by J. B. Odell, Richmond's manager, in a message sent to the News at the very moment that the aeroplane was winging its way home with the wire.

"Richmond has, I believe, the distinction of being the first Western Electric house to deliver its goods by aeroplane. The Supply Officer, Langley Field (Aviation Experimental Station), Hampton, Va., about one hundred miles away, called up this morning and stated they were in great need of some weatherproof wire. Of course, we had it in stock, and they asked us how quickly we could get it to them. We suggested express, which would have delivered the goods at Hampton tomorrow morning, but that was not quick enough for the Government's needs. We then proposed that they lend us the use of an aeroplane, as affording the quickest possible means of getting the goods to Hampton. Speaking literally, they took us up, and they will have the wire down there within three or four hours after they called us.

"There is no telling what this incident will lead to, but I was always told as a boy to 'hitch my wagon to a star' and now I know what they meant. I see a vision of the ideal Western Electric delivery service that recognizes no traffic rules and follows the proverbial direct route of the bee.

"I sent our official photographer to get a picture of our men loading the wire into the plane, and I hope he gets there before the bird has flown."*

* The Government said "No" when the photographer arrived.—Ed.

Philadelphia

WHAT have YOU done to help win the war? Stumped and dazed by the stupendous question, your poor correspondent staggered down the aisle for any kind of help. The first person she bumped into was a stenographer. "What have you done to help win the war?" I asked her. She went right on pounding the keys, raised her head, grinned at me and answered very quietly, "Work for the Western." For a minute I grinned back, then the grin faded away when just what her answer meant began to percolate, and I stood looking at her in awe and reverence. If I had been in the service, I believe I would have saluted.

"Work for the Western." Little did the Philadelphia House dream that it would be the pioneer on the job of furnishing Poles and Lighting Equipment for lighting the yards of a dismal swamp called Tinicum Island, to convert it into one of the largest shipbuilding plants in the world, made even more famous by Charles M. Schwab, and lastly made into history by the President himself, accompanied by his wife, who christened the first ship, *Quistconck*.

Philadelphia always has specialized on industrial business, studied needs for years, and when the sudden expansion came requiring emergency service, due to our long experience, we were "on our toes" and ready to "deliver the goods."

One large corporation is letting us act as a supply agent and, working with their industrial corps of engineers, we have been successful in keeping away ahead of schedules, and anticipating contract dates.

We have donated liberally to Liberty Bonds, the girls especially doing a wonderful work. The last morning of the Third Liberty Loan drive, led by their enthusiastic little chief, who conceived the idea, they raised \$1,000 more than they had already subscribed, by matching the President.

Philadelphia also dug down deep in its pockets for the "War Chest," Philadelphia's own combination of the Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., Knights of Columbus, and Young Men's Hebrew Association.

But best of all, better than all the work we can do, far better than all the contributions we can give, Philadelphia gave and is still giving its men. Eighty-five of the men have joined the colors.

To those of us who have to stay at home, the little stenographer's answer might spur us on to put our shoulders to the wheel a little harder by just "Working for the Western."

JESSIE A. MICKEY.

Savannah

THE Savannah House has furnished considerable quantities of material for use at Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga.; Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Ga.; Camp Wheeler, Macon, Ga.; Camp Jackson, Columbia, S. C.; U. S. Navy Camp, Charleston, S. C.; U. S. Marine Camp, Paris Island, S. C.; U. S. Navy Yards, Charleston, S. C.; U. S. Warehouses and Animal Embarkation Station, Charleston, S. C.; the Picric Acid Plant, Brunswick,



The "Rosalie Hull" leaving the ways and gliding into the Savannah River. This photograph was taken from our Savannah warehouse and, during construction, the "Rosalie Hull" was guarded at night by Western Electric floodlights

Ga.; Government of the Republic of France Navy Yard, Savannah, Southland Shipbuilding Co., Savannah; Georgia Shipbuilding Co., Savannah; National Shipbuilding & Dry Dock Co., Savannah; Savannah Dry Dock & Repair Co., Savannah; Jacksonville Dry Dock & Repair Co., Jacksonville, Fla.; American Shipbuilding Co., Brunswick, Ga.; U. S. Maritime Corporation, Brunswick, Ga.; Liberty Shipbuilding Co., Brunswick, Ga.; U. S. Aviation Station, Americus, Ga.; Muscle Shoals Development, Sheffield, Ala.; U. S. Naval Air Station, Key West, Fla.; du Pont Powder Co., Hermitage, Tenn., and French war vessels.

The Savannah House has not only furnished electric material, but has been called on to obtain, among other things, for Government use 500 bed springs and mattresses, water tanks, automobiles and a 500 passenger capacity steamship and has been able to produce supplies in every instance almost immediately to the evident satisfaction of our customers.

Standard line material, both for ordinary line use and high tension use, flood lights, inside material, including motors, inter-phones outfits for ships and even fire control apparatus has been furnished by the Savannah House on Government calls, and some high compliments have been paid the service rendered on numerous jobs.

Minneapolis

BETWEEN the morning of August 12 and the afternoon of August 18, the Minneapolis office assembled, crated, marked and shipped via express, for use in France, 1,200,000 feet of No. 17 copper clad wire. It took hard work and plenty of it, but we put the job through.

We have furnished the Dunwoody Naval Training School with miscellaneous telephone equipment for use in their classrooms. E. B. Denison has personally loaned to them data which he has collected during many years' service, both in the operating telephone field and also in his work with the Western Electric Company. The Aviation Mechanics Training School, St. Paul, has in its classroom, a Western Electric Farm Lighting Plant with an extra set of batteries; one 1220-B switchboard, equipped with all kinds of cord circuits and all kinds of line circuits for demonstrations; miscellaneous telephone apparatus and parts for demonstration; all kinds of Western Electric telegraph apparatus, keys, sounders, relays, pole changers, etc., telegraph switchboards for use in classrooms. They have been furnished with all kinds of advertising matter, instruction books, diagrams of connections, circuit diagrams and similar information, which is daily used in the classroom. The Tent field and Aeroplane field is floodlighted by Western Electric floodlights. Their testing benches are equipped with Western Electric motors. The direct current used in the testing room is furnished from a Western Electric generator.

Boston

THROUGH the Charlestown Navy Yard, we have sold several ship telephone systems for use on battleships and transports and several of the interned German liners were overhauled and repaired at Charlestown and equipped with common battery telephone systems. The two most interesting examples are the *Kronprinzessin Cecilie*, now the *Mount Vernon*, which was torpedoed and narrowly escaped being sunk a few



The Naval Training Station Barracks at Newport equipped by the Boston house

days ago, and the *Cincinnati*, afterwards named the *Covington*, which was sunk by a torpedo about two months ago.

At Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass., we have furnished numerous telephone systems, which in many cases have been installed by former employees of the Western Electric Company and the local telephone company. We have also furnished materials for the Government at Newport, R. I.

New Orleans

WHEN war was first declared New Orleans employed twenty-eight people. Three of our boys volunteered within six weeks after the formal declaration of war, two more followed in another two months. The draft called the sixth of our boys and



Ryan Street in the heart of Lake Charles. This scene is typical of the destruction caused by the storm

number seven joined the Navy, thus rounding out our twenty-five per cent.

Those who have served their country in the Western Electric organization have been so loyal and faithful that it is difficult to pick out a special case of war service, but the recent storm that wrecked the Aviation Camp at Lake Charles, La., will serve as an example. We heard of the storm and telegraphed the Supply Officer to know if we could help. Of course, the wires were down and the telegram delayed indefinitely. In the meantime, Dick Hammond, who was in the northern part of the State, boarded the train for Lake Charles, and by train, automobile and on foot got on the job the morning after the storm. All wires were down, the lighting system out of commission, and the Aviation Camp a wreck.

A list of the material worst needed was made, and he made his way to the nearest station that had connections with New Orleans. The order reached us late Saturday night. Sunday morning two men, one white and one black, but both Americans, got two wagon loads of express on the noon train for Lake Charles, and when the first train crossed the bridge into the town it carried "QUALITY PRODUCTS" from New Orleans.

Los Angeles

THE gentleman standing beside the automobile is J. G. Loomer, who is devoting all of his time to work at shipyards. The sign on the back of his car is a special war service insignia, the use of which is restricted to Mr. Loomer and two other persons.

In order that he may get from one yard to another

with the least possible loss of time, Mr. Loomer is armed with a special permit which authorizes him to exceed the speed limit. He also exceeds the usual work limit, for he is on the job seven days a week and is always in the office at half past seven in the morning. Nobody stays around to find out how late in the evening he stays there.

But there are other war workers at Los Angeles. Located as it is, in such close proximity to various Government institutions and the shipbuilding companies, we have been called upon to supply a considerable quantity of war material. We are in close touch with the following: Cantonment at Camp Kearny, Rockwell Field (Aviation), San Diego, Cal.; Balloon School at Arcadia, Cal.; March Field, Riverside, Cal.; Fort McArthur, Los Angeles Harbor; Marine Base, Los Angeles Harbor, and the various shipbuilding concerns at Long Beach Harbor.

Naturally the majority of the material has been for general supplies, but there have been many special features and a great many Floodlights have been installed. Of the latter, the Southwestern Shipbuilding Company at Long Beach has installed eighty-four, so that the watchmen can spot a man for half a mile in any direction.

The Schofield Engineering Company at San Diego, that is building concrete boats, has installed a number of lamps; the Balloon School at Arcadia is using fourteen, in such a manner that the entire grounds are illuminated, and Rockwell Field at San Diego has installed eleven of the 1,000 watt type.



J. G. Loomer, of Los Angeles, and his war-service insignia

Chicago

THE Western Electric Company at Chicago is doing everything within its power to assist in winning the war. We have placed our sales and engineering corps at the disposal of the Government offices and those having Government contracts. The Company has also made a definite ruling that it would sell certain lines only to those industries which were essential to the successful prosecution of the war. Our engineers have worked out plans for munition factories which expedited matters to such an extent that in a good many cases the Government was able to start operations prior to the time anticipated. This was accomplished

by our service department commandeering materials for the Government when necessary, regardless of whom it was for if it would assist the Government. We have endeavored to carry stocks on hand which were properly adapted for Government work.

For instance, special motors are required by Government institutions and we have arranged our stocks to take care of this demand. On other articles, where the Government or its contractors would find it necessary to develop some particular device for use in munition plants, we would immediately, after its development, offer the same article to others in the same line of work, thus helping the Government and its contractors. In a number of instances, through the knowledge of our salesmen, we have been able to offer the Government and its contractors material right from our stock in substitution for special material on which they had placed rigid specifications, and on which there would have been considerable delay in delivery.

Our salesmen are really no longer salesmen. They are real service men in every sense of the word, whose duties are to procure materials for the Government and its contractors, and in this way they have proved themselves essential as engineering and service men for the Government.

Our policy in dealing with contractors doing Government work is to advise them specifically in starting our negotiations that the Western Electric is in this thing to help the Government win the war, and if they will place themselves in our hands we will get the material they require at market prices and have it on the job when it is wanted. We are of the opinion that our success in connection with helping out the Government is due to the fact that the contractors had enough confidence in our Company to place themselves in our hands for the material they required.

A majority of the business in Sunbeam lamps since America entered the war has been devoted to needs essential for the successful carrying out of the war and necessary industries. They have been supplying a majority of the railroads, steel mills, munition factories, powder plants, the Y. M. C. A., Knights of Columbus, chemical firms, aircraft plants, packing and food industries, sugar and glucose factories and other essential food firms, as well as public utilities, coal mines, public service companies, restaurants and hotels, cantonments and camps of the army, navy yards and shipbuilding plants. At the tenth annual Sunbeam Conference, held in Cleveland in July, the entire weekly program was conducted along the lines of Mr. Vanzwoll's opening address, whose subject was "Our Part in Winning the War."

Although at Clinton Street we have lost 165 men who have gone into the service within the past year, our work goes on unhampered. A great deal of credit for this is due to the women. Whereas a year ago we had approximately one hundred women working at Clinton Street, we now have two hundred and fifty. The additional one hundred and fifty women are practically all doing work which was formerly done by men.

Cincinnati

CINCINNATI'S share of war work has been divided principally among seven or eight war industries which are located in this territory. Our first opportunity of getting into war work direct was with the cantonments, one at Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio, the other Camp Zachary Taylor, Louisville, Ky. We also were asked to supply considerable equipment for the aviation fields located near Dayton, Ohio.

Cincinnati's largest effort, however, was put forth in furnishing supplies for the Nitrate plant being constructed at Nitro, near Charleston, W. Va., and for the Powder plant being erected by the du Pont interests near Nashville, Tenn. On this last job Cincinnati is working in conjunction with our Philadelphia branch, and is giving to this work the exclusive services of J. V. Neal, formerly our salesman traveling in Tennessee. Mr. Neal's time is at the disposal of the du Pont company, and his hours each day are from one to twenty-four.

One instance may be cited as an example of the service being rendered. An order for 20,000 pounds of wire was received in Cincinnati by telephone at 4 P. M. The wire was loaded and expressed that evening and reached Nashville at 3 A. M. next morning. Mr. Neal was at the depot when it arrived, had it transferred immediately to the train which left for the powder plant at 7 A. M., and the wire reached its destination before eight o'clock that morning—Sixteen hours from the time the order was received. That is a record of which we all are proud.

Much of the same policy is being carried out in regard to service for the nitrate plant at Nitro, W. Va. One of our men devotes himself to the work we are doing for this company and sees that it gets good and prompt service. Nearly all orders are placed direct with the manufacture when it is practical to do so, but when it is a question of quick service, Cincinnati is called upon and we are always able to make prompt deliveries. We have received orders for many carloads of poles, and in nearly every case the shipment was loaded and on its way from the pole yards within twenty-four hours. Great credit, of course, is due the National Pole Company, for its co-operation in these cases.

Denver

A. C. CORNELL, our Sales Manager, represents the Western Electric Company as a member of the Commercial Economy Board of the Council of National Defense. This committee has recommended the division of the city into proper zones for the efficient adoption of the one delivery a day program.

During August we received several telegrams from the Government Department at New York specifying details on packing and marking large quantities of wire for overseas shipment. The warehouse crew worked all night. Coffee and sandwiches were served at intervals and we got out the wire on schedule time.

Atlanta

BEGINNING with the latter part of last June almost every day has been put in by our sales force in connection with some Government activity in our territory. At the present time we are maintaining several service men at Government work permanently. W. A. Northington has been located for nearly a year in Sheffield, Ala., rendering service to the Air Nitrates Corporation in connection with the building of a nitrate plant for the manufacture of nitrates from air. H. B. Stanton and W. R. Philips are permanently located on shipbuilding and camp work, R. H. Witherspoon has put in practically an entire year in connection with four camps, which are located in his territory, and J. W. Smith has spent most of his time for the last year with the engineers at Fort McPherson, Camp Jesup, Camp Gordon and the Government Repair Shop Army Y. M. C. A. Construction Department, and through his activity the Western Electric Company, through the Atlanta



The girls of the Stenographic Department at Atlanta helping out the Draft Board on September 12

house, has been able to furnish a large per cent. of the electrical material required by these camps.

Our Stenographic Department volunteered on September 12 to list the names of the registrants of the new draft for the Local Exemption Board No. 6, located near our building. It is hardly necessary to say that we are very proud of the patriotic manner in which the entire department responded, and the quick and efficient work was very much appreciated by the Board.

Dallas

THE man in the photograph is Claude G. Matthews, our salesman at San Antonio, Texas. He handled the account with the company which built Camp Travis. This is one of the largest of the army camps. It has a capacity of 60,000 men. This company also constructed Kelly Field, at which there have been 46,000 men stationed at one time.



Claude G. Matthews

In addition, he has handled a limited amount of business in connection with the work at Brooks Field and Camp Stanley, Del Rio.

We are furnishing the major portion of the telephone equipment and supplies being used by the Signal Corps in the Southern Department, the headquarters of which are located at San Antonio. The Southern Department embraces the States of New Mexico, Arizona, Texas and Oklahoma. We are also doing considerable business in connection with the maintenance and additional construction at the various cantonments in the vicinity of San Antonio.

St. Louis

DOWN this way we are very proud of the fact that General John J. Pershing is a native Missourian. He was born at Laclede, Linn County, Missouri, on September 13, 1860. August 26 was celebrated as "Pershing Day," and a special drive was made in the sale of War Savings Stamps. The St. Louis House responded generously as usual and our employees subscribed for \$470 worth, in addition to pledges already made.



Five Atlanta Men who are busy furnishing materials to war industries. At the top, F. B. Vary (left), James W. Smith (right). At the bottom, R. H. Witherspoon (left), W. A. Northington (right). In the center, W. R. Phillips

TALKING IT OVER

WAR WORK

WITH our Government's great need for help in every branch of its war activities, we must each of us have felt the desire to serve to the utmost.

We have each asked ourselves if we should not join that ever-increasing army at the front to serve, perhaps in the most direct way possible, our country in its war for liberty—or we have wondered if we should not leave the punch-press that stamps out parts for the telephone, for one that stamps out the big shells—the warehouse from which telephone and telegraph supplies are distributed, for the warehouse from which supplies for our soldiers and sailor are distributed—or the accounting and clerical work necessary to manufacture and distribute telephone and telegraph supplies, for similar work in some munition plant, or directly for the Government itself.

Not one of us but has felt this urge and has asked himself these questions, and the answer must be one that satisfies and leaves no uneasiness in our hearts and minds.

In this issue, the News has endeavored to provide such an answer. It is unfortunate that we can not be more specific as to the Company's part in the war program, but we may say that there need be no doubt in the most patriotic heart that the Company's activities are of vital importance to our Government both in its direct application to the war and as the largest supplier of the essential telephone and telegraph equipment required by essential industries.

The Company is proud of its part in this war and we who make up the organization may be sure that we like the soldiers, the sailors and the builders of cannon, are doing our part toward providing the sinews of war.

GERARD SWOPE

To the Editor of the News:

When Mr. Swope took up work with the War Department, the Company lost him for the duration of the war. Those who know him know that he cannot serve two masters. All of his thoughts are as undividedly on the service of the War Department as they formerly were on the service of this Company.

The Western Electric Company has not hesitated to make sacrifices in personnel when it has been evident that the opportunity to aid in winning the war was greater in Government service than in its own.

But we who remain must constantly bear in mind the fact that practically all of the Company's activities are now directly for Government service or are for the great public utilities which must be maintained with unimpaired efficiency, in order that war work may go on.

We must realize that these extra responsibilities are a part of our war service as individuals and as representatives of the Company. All of us are likely to have to work harder than the organization may be kept running smoothly; but I feel confident that all of my fellow employees will gladly carry the extra load until the war is won.

We must, therefore, take up the work of those who go.

H. B. THAYER,
President.

OUR FRONTISPIECE

KOMOROWSKI and the King—A Hawthorne boy and the ruler of Britain's vast domains. And the King is paying his tribute to the bravery of the Hawthorne boy who stands at salute with his newly gained decoration pinned to his tunic.

It is a picture in which every Western Electric worker will take just pride. It shows the stuff of which the Western boys at the front are made, and one doubts that it is only the first of a series of similar photographs which the News will have the pleasure of reproducing as the American Army pursues its victorious way.

The deed which won the cross for Lieutenant Komoroski was duly recorded in last month's issue. It surprised nobody at Hawthorne because all his friends were sure that he would distinguish himself once he came in sight of the foe.

All honor to Lieut. Michael Komorowski, of Hawthorne and the United States Army.

BUY LIBERTY BONDS

SEVERAL letters which the News has received from boys at the front have expressed appreciation and satisfaction evoked by the story of the splendid record made by the employees here at home in the Third Liberty Loan campaign. So remember when you buy your bonds of the Fourth Liberty Loan that the boys for whose sake you are buying them are not unappreciative of the help that you are giving to them.

Buy Liberty Bonds

WHEN this issue of the NEWS reaches its readers the campaign for the Fourth Liberty Loan will be in full swing and all over the country the Company's employees will be striving with might and main to surpass the splendid record made in the campaigns for the first three loans.

And that they may have before them the marks which they intend to excel, and also that the amounts subscribed thus far may have the recognition they deserve in this "war work number of the NEWS," the statistics which were printed in June are here repeated:

For the First Liberty Loan, 5,596 employees (19.3% of the total number) subscribed \$399,700.

For the Second Liberty Loan, 12,447 employees (42.6% of the total number) subscribed \$875,300.

For the Third Liberty Loan, 28,425 employees (91.7% of the total number) subscribed \$2,100,000.

Now for the fourth loan and that new record. The campaign began on September 28 and will end October 19. At the time this issue of the NEWS reaches its readers the campaign will be in full swing and each and every worker on the Company's rolls will have every opportunity to subscribe and, by so doing, help to hasten the final victory.

As it did in the first three Liberty Loan campaigns, the Company has arranged to subscribe for bonds for the employees and then allow the employees to pay for them in weekly or monthly instalments. The five plans under which employees may buy bonds through the Company are as follows:

Plan A. \$1.00 per week to be deducted from employee's pay for 50 successive weeks for each \$50.00 (par value) bond subscribed for. First deduction to be made from pay for week ending November 2, 1918. When total subscription is paid in full, with interest, bonds will be delivered to employee.

Plan B. \$5.00 per month to be deducted from employee's pay for 10 successive months for each \$50.00 (par value) bond subscribed for. First deduction to be made from employee's pay for the month of October, 1918. When total subscription is paid in full, with interest, bonds will be delivered to employee.

Plan C. \$50.00 per month or any multiple thereof constituting one-tenth of total subscription to be deducted from employee's pay in equal monthly instalments for 10 successive months. First deduction to be made from pay for month of October, 1918. Bonds to

be delivered monthly on payment of par value, plus accrued interest.

Plan D. 10 per cent. of total subscription with application; 20 per cent. on November 21, 1918; 20 per cent. on December 19, 1918; 20 per cent. on January 16, 1919; and 30 per cent., plus accrued interest on deferred instalments, on January 30, 1919. Bonds to be delivered on completion of above payments.

Plan E. Total amount subscribed for paid at time of subscription.

And the other contributions made by the members of the Western Electric family must not be forgotten. The sales of War Savings and Thrift stamps has kept up steadily all through the Company's organization, and, although no figures are available in regard to the amount bought, the total is undoubtedly large. In the Red Cross drive last summer the Western's employees made a splendid record.

One thing is certain, and that is that those of the Company's workers who have remained at home are proving their loyalty to the nation by subscribing every cent they can for the winning of the war.

Pledged!

(The Soliloquy of a Pay Envelope)

Again I'm called to do my share
To help the fellows "over there"
By getting rid of some more cash.
I'm skinny now, but, what the deuce,
If my insides can be of use
To give the Hun a Yankee smash.

I'm pledged. It started buying stock
So that 'twas not quite so much shock,
When Liberty Loan drives made their bow.
The first, a year ago this June,
Began what is a steady tune
To my poor hungry insides now.

The second, and, the third as well,
My list of pledges came to swell,
But even they were not enough.
War savings stamps—the Red Cross, too,
Took out their quota. Something new
'Most every month. I say, it's tough.

And now I hear a new Loan drive
Comes on this month. Why, man alive,
What will become of what I've left?
Before it's through, my owner will
Be owing to the Company's till;
Of all but pledge receipts bereft.

Bring on your Loan; dig in again;
What matter if it does give pain.
This is no time, of all, to bawl.
Will I repine? Not on your life.
Could I do less while this great strife
Goes on and many give their all?

W. A. W.

Died on the Field of Honor



James McCarthy



Rudolph Hassewer



Arthur A. Vidal

Sergeant James J. McCarthy

JAMES J. McCARTHY was wounded in action August 9 and died of his wounds on the thirteenth. He was a member of the old Second Regiment, Illinois National Guard, and entered the United States Army with that organization. In May, 1917, he was made a Corporal, and on September 6 he was promoted to the rank of Sergeant.

Sergeant McCarthy was born in Ireland. He was employed at Hawthorne in the Cable Plant Inspection Department.

Private Rudolph Hassewer

RUDOLPH HASSEWER, of the inspection investigation branch, Hawthorne, was killed in action July 15. He was enlisted as a cook in the Sixth Engineers, a position he obtained with great difficulty, after being rejected by every recruiting office in Chicago because of an old football injury to his shoulder. He finally got into the service by going to Washington and enlisting there.

Private Hassewer probably met his death while taking rations to the men on the firing line, as a letter received by his parents tells of a narrow escape he had while engaged in that duty. He was serving rations to a front line squad when a German shell burst near, killing everyone except him and an officer.

Sergeant Arthur A. Vidal

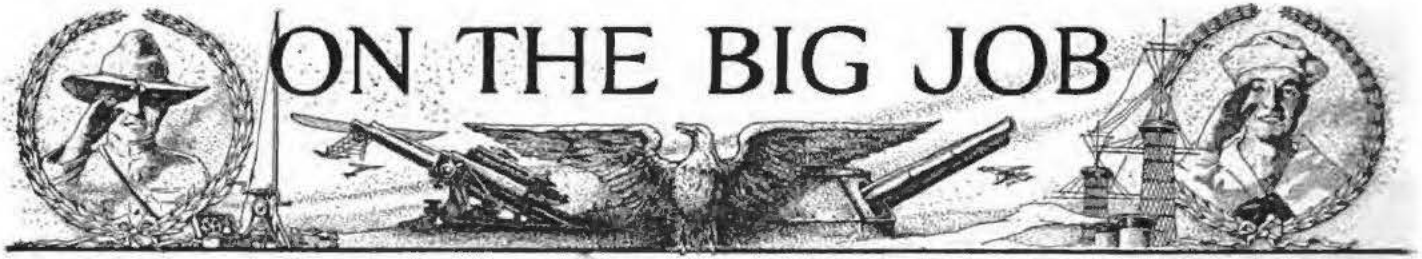
ARTHUR A. VIDAL, of the sub-set assembly department, Hawthorne, was killed in action on the Marne, July 4, when his regiment, the 182d Infantry, did such magnificent work against the Hun.

The 182d is the old Second Regiment, I. N. G. Sergeant Vidal joined it in January of 1915, and was promoted until he reached the rank of Sergeant. He signed up for foreign service at the time the regiment became part of the United States Army and was among the first of the Western boys to go to France.

Corporal Arthur Dieball

ARTHUR DIEBALL, formerly employed in the tool room at Hawthorne, died in France of pneumonia. Corporal Dieball is survived by two brothers, both in the service. Irving, who was also employed in the toolroom, is now serving as a seaman on a navy transport, and Elmer is with the United States Artillery in France.

Thus far the News has recorded the deaths in service of ten men, all but two of whom have been from Hawthorne. Nine of the ten died in the field or in the hospital in France.



ON THE BIG JOB

More Than Five Thousand

WESTERN ELECTRIC men to the number of 5,228 are now enrolled in the armies and navies of the United States and its allies. Every department, every distributing house, and our allied houses in the countries, which are with us in the great struggle

to overthrow the powers of autocracy—all are represented on the Company's great roll of honor which now has passed the 5,000 mark.

In the near future the News expects to print a list of the Western Electric men who are in military service.

Men Who Have Gained Commissions

General Manufacturing Departments

| | | |
|--------------------|----------------|---|
| Alloway, F. L. | 1st Lieutenant | 108 Supply Train Med. Dept., Camp Logan, Texas |
| Barden, A. | 2nd Lieutenant | U.S.R.C. Inf., Cambridge, Mass. |
| Brinkman, P. P. | Captain | 814 F. S. Battalion, Co. A, A.E.F. |
| Childs, H. O. | Ensign | U.S. Navy (Recruiting), 619 So. State St., Chicago, Ill. |
| Churchhill, F. A. | 2nd Lieutenant | F.A. Sch. of Inst., A.E.F., France |
| Cooney, F. E. | 2nd Lieutenant | 81st Squad Royal Flying Corps, Taliaferro Field No. 3, Texas |
| Crowley, S. L. | 2nd Lieutenant | Off. Mail Inf. Sect., 28th U. S. Inf., Co. H, A.E.F. |
| Cureton, J. G. | 2nd Lieutenant | Dist. Mgr. Insp., New York City |
| Dolan, J. E. | Captain | Med. Off. Training Camp, Camp Greenleaf, Ga. |
| Ellison, L. H. | Captain | Fort Leavenworth, Kansas |
| Ewart, J. B. | Ensign | U. S. S. Iowa, c/o Postmaster, N. Y. |
| Forrest, W. S. | 2nd Lieutenant | U.S.S. Charleston, c/o Postmaster, N.Y. |
| Fox, F. W. | 2nd Lieutenant | 161st Depot Brigade, Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill. |
| Gibbons, W. J. | Ensign | U.S.S. Ohio, c/o Postmaster, N. Y. C. |
| Goodwin, A. W. | 2nd Lieutenant | 132nd Ill. Infantry, A.E.F. |
| Hagan, R. G. | 1st Lieutenant | Co. I, 182nd U.S.N.G., A.E.F. |
| Hanley, J. O. | 2nd Lieutenant | Savage Arms Corp., Utica, N. Y. |
| Heimerdinger, C.F. | 2nd Lieutenant | U.S.R. Infantry, A.E.F., France |
| Hudson, T. R. | Captain | Co. B, 132nd Infantry, A.E.F. |
| Jackson, L. F. | 2nd Lieutenant | Co. F, 163rd Brigade, 2nd Bn., Camp Dodge, Iowa |
| Jamicki, J. | Ensign | U.S.S. Gopher, c/o Postmaster, Chicago |
| Jarrett, E. L. | 2nd Lieutenant | U.S.R. Eng., Ft. Sam Houston, Texas |
| Julian, W. F. | 2nd Lieutenant | Co. K, 388th Infantry, Bks 603 Camp Custer, Mich. |
| Kandall, R. C. | 2nd Lieutenant | Office Camp Quartermaster, Camp Alfred Vail, Little Silver, N. J. |
| Komorowski, M.M. | 1st Lieutenant | Co. G, 182nd Ill. Infantry, A.E.F. |
| Olsen, P. H. | 1st Lieutenant | 815th Regt. of Eng., Camp Travis, Tex. |
| Pierce, H. G. | 2nd Lieutenant | Co. F, 182nd Ill. Infantry, A.E.F. |
| Pratt, H. S. | 1st Lieutenant | Co. A, 814th F.S. Bn., A.E.F., France |
| Royer, R. E. | 2nd Lieutenant | Eng. Cors, 149th F.A., A.E.F., France |
| Swurcynski | 1st Lieutenant | Armee Coloniale, Lille Le Guillaume, Sarthe, France |
| Townley, F. P. | Captain | Eng. U.S.R., C.E.O., L.F.O., A.E.F. |
| Vickery, E. W. | Captain | Co. B, 182nd Ill. Infantry, A.E.F. |
| Webb, Geo. | 1st Lieutenant | 748 Asylum Ave., Hartford, Conn. |
| Wiese, L. K. | 2nd Lieutenant | Co. D, 810th Engineers, Camp Custer, Mich. |
| Williamson, T. L. | 2nd Lieutenant | Prov. Q.M.C., Co. A, Camp Grant Rockford, Ill. |

Engineering Department

| | | |
|--------------------|----------------|---|
| Baker, Lewis S. | 2nd Lieutenant | Ground School Aviation Service, Cornell University, N. Y. |
| Buckley, O. E. | Major | Div. of Research & Insp., A.E.F. |
| Burlingame, B. O. | 2nd Lieutenant | S.R.C., U.S.A., 1710 Pennsylvania Ave., Wash., D. C. |
| Burwell, J. A. | 2nd Lieutenant | C. F. O.T.S., Camp Sevier, Greenville, S. C. |
| Christen, A. B. | 1st Lieutenant | S.C.U.S.R., Div. of Res. & Insp., A.E.F., France |
| Cochran, E. | 2nd Lieutenant | 58 Regt., Camp Green, Charlotte, N. C. |
| Curtis, A. M. | 1st Lieutenant | S.C. Div. of Research and Insp., A.E.F. |
| Deale, Robt. C. | Ensign | 4th U.S.N.R.F., Eng. Class, Annapolis, Md. |
| Dobson, G. G. | 1st Lieutenant | S.C. Div. of Res. and Insp., A.E.F. |
| Gahan, J. J. | 2nd Lieutenant | Co. A, 818 F.S. Bn., Camp Wadsworth, S. C. |
| Germer, L. H. | 2nd Lieutenant | Squadron 189, Field No. 1, Camp Taliaferro, Texas |
| Hagar, L. A. | Captain | 5th Tel. Bn., R.S.C.U.S.A., Camp Vail, Little Silver, N. J. |
| Hague, A. E. | 2nd Lieutenant | 59th Artillery, C.A.C., A.E.F. |
| Hendrickson, C. J. | 2nd Lieutenant | Aviation Section, Wilbur Wright Field, Fairfield, Ohio |

| | | |
|--------------------|----------------|---|
| Heydt, Geo. H. | 2nd Lieutenant | C.A., R.C., 18th Co., Ft. Hancock, Sandy Hook, N. J. |
| Hubbard, J. C. | Captain | S.O.R.C., Dev. of Res. & Insp., A.E.F. |
| Landgraf, Geo. F. | 2nd Lieutenant | 331st Infantry, Co. I, A.E.F. |
| Lawrence, A. W. | 2nd Lieutenant | Co. F, 165th U.S. Infantry, A.E.F. |
| McCarthy, F. W. | 2nd Lieutenant | 13th Co., 152nd Depot Brigade, Camp Upton, N. Y. |
| McCartney, A. | 2nd Lieutenant | Ardley, N. Y. |
| McGrath, M. K. | Major | S.C. Gen'l Supply Depot No. 1, U.S.A. P.O., 708, France |
| Motley, J. G. | 1st Lieutenant | Co. B, 103 Field Sig. Box, A.E.F., France |
| Nelson, E. W. | Ensign | U. S. Naval Reserve Aviation, Killingholme, c/o Postmaster |
| Oberlin, A. F. | 2nd Lieutenant | 2nd Regt. N. G. of Conn., A.E.F. |
| O'Donnell, R. C. | 1st Lieutenant | Co. E, 802d Eng., 77th Div. of N.A., A.E.F. |
| Parisette, J. O. | 1st Lieutenant | Attached Officers, 153d Depot Brigade, Camp Dix, N. J. |
| Pronty, A. B. R. | 2nd Lieutenant | 612 W. 137th St., N. Y. City, N. Y. |
| Reast, F. M. | 2nd Lieutenant | Mech. Rep. Shop, 806 Q.M.C.N.A., Baltimore, Md. P. O. Box 418. |
| Shreeva, H. E. | Major | Signals Corps, U.S.R., A.E.F. |
| Sorensen, H. | Ensign | U.S.N.A.R., South & Whitehall Ss., N. Y. City |
| Stanwick, O. A. | 2nd Lieutenant | Co. B, 88th Engineers, A. P.O. 705, A.E.F. |
| Stonebridge, W. E. | 2nd Lieutenant | 105th F.A., Co. E, Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C. |
| Teegarden, O. H. | Captain | Sig. Corps, U.S.R., c/o Chief Signal Officer, Washington, D. C. |
| Wagner, J. O. | 1st Lieutenant | S.O.R.C., Co. 3, Camp Vail, Little Silver, N. J. |
| Woodruff, J. O. | Captain | Gas Defense Service Medical Dept., Washington, D. C., U. S. A. |

195 Broadway General Sales

| | | |
|---------------|----------------|--|
| Ambler, R. J. | 2nd Lieutenant | 804th Military Police, A.E.F. |
| Condit, P. K. | Major | Q.M. Dept., N.A., Washington, D. C. |
| Folka, I. | 2nd Lieutenant | Co. L, 26th U.S. Inf., A.E.F., France |
| Kick, J. A. | Major | 405 Teleg. Batt., Amn. Lake, Wash. |
| Moore, I. H. | Major | Q.M.C., N.A., 1814 Mass. Ave., Washington, D. C. |

General Accounting

| | | |
|-----------------|----------------|---|
| Gates, W. J. | 1st Lieutenant | Co. F, 9th Depot Brigade, S.C., A.E.F. |
| Reddall, H. H. | Ensign | c/o G. B. Starbuck, Amn. Council, San Carlos 83, Cienfuegos, Cuba |
| Ewing, John E. | 2nd Lieutenant | Reg. Army, Morton St., N. Y. City |
| Whelan, John J. | 2nd Lieutenant | Hdq., 8th Bn., 152 Depot Brigade, Camp Upton, L. I., N. Y. |

Legal Department

| | | |
|----------------|---------|--|
| Pratt, Geo. C. | Captain | 319th F. S., Bn., Co. A., c/o Chief Sig. Officer, A.E.F. |
|----------------|---------|--|

W. E. International

| | | |
|----------------|----------------|--|
| Foard, John W. | 2nd Lieutenant | S.R.C., Camp Alfred Vail, Little Silver, N. J. |
|----------------|----------------|--|

Distributing Houses Atlanta

| | | |
|---------------|----------------|--|
| Full, H. P. | 2nd Lieutenant | 320 Field Art., Aviation Sec., A.E.F. |
| Lowery, W. W. | 2nd Lieutenant | Sig. Corps Res., A.E.F., U.S.P.O. #712 |
| Mason, J. G. | 2nd Lieutenant | Co. C, 827 Infantry, N.A., A.E.F. |
| Whitmire, O. | 1st Lieutenant | Sig. Res. Corps, U.S.P.O., 708, A.E.F. |

Boston

Baker, D. B. 2nd Lieutenant... 30th Infantry, A.E.F., France
 Daley, W. F. 2nd Lieutenant... R. M. A. Sig. Corps, O.S., A.E.F.
 Hayes, Perry 2nd Lieutenant... Wichita Falls, Calif Field, Texas

Chicago

Blum, W. J. 2nd Lieutenant... Co. D, 18th Infantry, A.E.F., France
 Brooks, B. J. 1st Lieutenant... U.S.A.P.O. Box 718 (F.A.O.B.O.), A.E.F.
 Des Jardien, P. 1st Lieutenant... A.P.O., No. 718, A.E.F., France
 Fague, F. 2nd Lieutenant... 70th Field Artillery, Del Rio, Texas
 Greene, P. W. Captain 1810 Kilbourne Place, Washington, D.O.
 Gunst, D. C. Lieut. Comdr. ... U.S.S. Yorktown, c/o Postmaster, N.Y.
 Julien, D. M. Captain School of Fire, Class 21, Ft. Sill, Okla.
 Scholes, W. E. 1st Lieutenant... Co. M, 132nd Infantry, A.E.F.
 Walker, R. T. 2nd Lieutenant... Field Art., Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill.

Cincinnati

Monk, C. E. Captain 105th F.S. Bn., Camp Sevier, S. O.
 Sheriff, J. W. Captain 324th F.S. Bn., Camp Meade, Admiral, Md.

Dallas

Cook, Phil P. 1st Lieutenant... Training Sect., Ground Branch Bld. D, 6th and B Sts., Washington, D. O.
 Lawson, C. K. 2nd Lieutenant... Hdqtrs. Co. 61st F.A., Camp Bowie, Texas.

Kansas City

Gross, L. G. 2nd Lieutenant... Coast Artillery, Fort Hamilton, N. Y.
 Saylor, W. E. 1st Lieutenant... 117 F. S. Bn., 42nd Div., Camp A. L. Mills, L. I., N. Y.

Los Angeles

Sarborn, O. A. 1st Lieutenant... Eng. N.A., c/o Dir. Gen'l Milt. Elwys., Washington, D. O.

New York

Davis, H. A. 2nd Lieutenant... 77th Field Art., Camp Greene, N. O.
 Gaylor, B. J. 1st Lieutenant... c/o Equitable Trust Co., Rue de La Paix, Paris, France
 Kloth, H. W. 2nd Lieutenant... R.O.T. Bn., 2nd Co., Camp Vail, Little Silver, N. J.
 Koch, W. D. 1st Lieutenant... O.D., Port of Embarkation, Newport News, Va.
 Walker, W. T. 1st Lieutenant... 1304 Sheppard St., Washington, D. O.

Omaha

McCall, A. J. 2nd Lieutenant... Aviation Sect., Sig. Corps, Selfridge Field, Mich.
 Powell, S. P. 2nd Lieutenant... Army Balloon School, Ft. Omaha, Nebr.

Philadelphia

Boynton, K. K. 1st Lieutenant... Searchlight Platoon, U. S. Marines, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands
 Branford, L. P. 1st Lieutenant... Co. C, 309th F.S. Battalion, Camp Sherman, Ohio
 Brehm, E. A. Captain Chf. of Ordn., 6th & B Sts., N. W., Washington, D. O.
 Craven, T. S. 2nd Lieutenant... Co. B, 814th Inf., A.P.O., 771, A.E.F.
 Nelson, James Ensign U.S. Navy, 106 Dean St., Bklyn, N.Y.
 Stoner, R. A. 2nd Lieutenant... U.S.M.O.R., Quantico, Virginia
 Vaughan, M. L. 2nd Lieutenant... U.S.R., Camp Lee, Petersburg, Va.

Richmond

Beckner, M. C. 1st Lieutenant... F.A. Replac. Depot, Camp Taylor, Ky.
 Bouigny, R. H. 2nd Lieutenant... 3rd Co., B.S.O., Camp Alfred Vail, Little Silver, N. J.

San Francisco

Calloway, A. J. 1st Lieutenant... 411th Teleg. Bn., Sig. Corps, A.E.F.
 Johnson, W. H. 1st Lieutenant... 318th Teleg. Bn., Camp Jackson, S.O.
 Moller, G. A. Ensign U.S.N.R.F., c/o 19th Naval District, Bremerton, Wash.

Seattle

Friedenthal, O. G. 1st Lieutenant... American Lake, Washington

News From Western Electric Men in Camp and Field



M. E. Vanderwerker

MILTON E. VANDERWERKER, formerly of the hand-screw machine department at Hawthorne, was gassed and wounded in France July 10.

Sergeant Vanderwerker was a member of the 1st Infantry, Illinois National Guard, now the 131st Infantry, A. E. F.

PPRIVATE EDWARD LINDQUIST, of Company A, Fourth Engineers, formerly a member of the apparatus drafting division at Hawthorne, writes:

"You fellows back in the States have nothing on me when it comes to comforts. Just now I am sitting up in bed writing this letter and smoking the necessary Camel cigarette. My legs are between two white sheets and my back is resting against a pillow. I have my meals brought to me in bed, and cigarettes, candy, etc., given to me by pretty

Red Cross girls and Y. M. C. A. workers.

("Pause. Here is where I have to remove the cigarette from my mouth to allow a clinical thermometer to take its place).

"I have had a couple of days of this life and 'I don't want to get well.'

"It was gas—mustard gas—that sent me back here. I rode from the front on Uncle Sam's new hospital train, and, believe me, it is some luxury. There is a car on the train fitted up as an operating room, with the latest in modern surgical equipment, and the cars



Otto Vanek

used as wards are so smooth running that as I lay in my berth I could hardly tell that the train was moving, and that is some comfort when a man's hide is raw meat the way mine is. That mustard gas sure has 'old Sol' beat for putting sunburn on a fellow.

"The Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. certainly are doing a wonderful work over here. When a man gets into the hospital he is usually minus toilet equipment and smokes, but the Red Cross gives each man a bag containing toilet articles."

ANOTHER Hawthorne boy wounded in the fighting of July 10 is Otto Vanek, formerly of the process inspection department. He also is a member of the 131st Infantry. His brother, Joseph, belongs to the Rainbow Division.



Oscar P. Mueller

OSCAR P. MUELLER, of the piece-part tracing department, Hawthorne, has been reported wounded in the fighting on July 14, but no information was received as to the severity of the wound.

Private Mueller served three years in the navy before he was employed by the Company.



L. Malik

Here is Lieut. L. Malik all ready to pick the tail-feathers out of some Hun sky-buzzard. Lieut. Malik entered the air service from the equipment drafting division, Hawthorne, and has been receiving intensive training for several months. He now wears on his chest the wings of a full-fledged bird-man, qualified for any branch of air service. Everyone who knows Malik says that if he isn't an ace before he has been "over there" a month it will be because the supply of Fritz targets has given out. Lieut. Malik has already sailed.

Lieut. Walter Hendricks, formerly of Department 6059, is now in the Aviation Corps. He took his ground school work at Champaign, Ill., and received his flying instructions at Kelly Field No. 2, San Antonio, Texas. From there he was sent to Chanute Field, Rantoul, Ill., where he was commissioned as second lieutenant. At last reports he was still at Rantoul.



Wright D. Jackson

Although he is somewhat disguised by the mustache which he has acquired since leaving Hawthorne, Wright D. Jackson, of the 252nd Aero Squadron, Payne Field, Miss., still is recognizable. He insists that he is better looking without the adornment but fails to say why he wears it.

Production methods were Walter H. Helmerich's specialty at Hawthorne, but since he went to work for Uncle Sam he has been studying destruction methods, in which he has gained such proficiency that he has received a second lieutenant's commission in the Aviation Corps. He writes:

"I finished my preliminary and 'stunt flying' at Kelly Field May 15 and received my commission May 20. I left Kelly Field May 28 for Dallas, where I stayed until June 22, when I left for Post Field, Fort Sill, Okla.

"I like this field better than any of the others. Here we go up in the air for real sham battles. When we pull the trigger of our machine gun a camera takes a picture and, with the aid of a stopwatch, we can tell who would have 'got' the other fellow. There is real excitement in the battle and it makes a fellow ache to get across and get into the real game.

"Another thing we do here is to spot artillery fire. There is an artillery school here and we get some practical reconnaissance work.

"I will be at Post Field for another three weeks and then I hope to get my sea orders."



Lewis S. Baker

Lewis S. Baker, who was formerly employed in the physical laboratory at West Street and who now is a flying cadet at Ebbert's Field, Loneke, Arkansas, wrote the following interesting letter to a relative who has permitted the NEWS to publish it:

Sunday.

"It has come at last! I will fly for the first time to-morrow at 5:30 A. M.!"

"We arrived here yesterday and were issued our flying equipment after landing—a big leather coat, leather helmet—about an inch thick—pair of sun goggles, and a pair of leather gloves. The coat, gloves and helmet are yellow, and when I get in them I look like some canary bird.

"This is a wonderful field and we arrived here at an opportune moment. It has just opened with new machines. Would like to describe the field and machines for you, but I am not at liberty to do so. They are very strict about information of any sort being given out.

"Just think of it—arriving on Saturday, being given your equipment and told to be ready to fly at 5:30 on Monday. I can hardly wait, and you can imagine that no one will have to pull me out of my bunk on Monday. Think of it—to-morrow I fly; How long I waited and how hard I have worked for that to-morrow.

"The food is great here and one is well treated. They fly all day and I shall probably get an hour in the morning and another at night. They give you the 'stick' on the first flight as soon as they get you up a few hundred feet, and let you sail the ship until it is time to land, when the instructor takes the stick and lands the plane. It seems anyone can fly after he gets off the ground—the real trick is to land.

Monday.

"Just came down after my first flight! It was all you said and then some. I used to think you too enthusiastic over your flights, but I am sure now there are not enough words in the good old English language to do it justice. We went up 1,800 feet at first. The instructor shut off the engine and arranged hand signals to be used between us. When he inclined his head to the right I was to bank and turn right; head to left, bank and turn, etc. He then climbed to 2,000 feet and signalled to me to take controls. There was nothing to it. The machine seemed to fly itself. I sailed around for twenty-eight minutes, banking, diving and climbing. The earth seemed a mere speck far below. The instructor then shut off the engine, and such quiet I never even imagined. The altimeter showed a little over 2,700 feet, and not a sound could we hear. I guess I managed all right. He told me he would let me try getting the ship off the ground and a landing to-morrow. I have doubts as to my landing ability, but when he asked if I thought I could get the ship off the ground and fly it in the air I said 'Yes.' It's quite a trick to land at the speed one travels.

"We landed, and after a ten-minute rest started up again. The instructor ran the ship, taking me through some spiral nose dives and a landing which made my diaphragm bump my Adam's apple, and promised a few real thrillers for to-morrow, but didn't say what they were to be. I thought I would have some sensation of fear the first time, but not once did I give it a thought. The ship answers to the slightest touch of the controls, so that you feel absolutely confident. It's a great life, dear cousin, a great life. We have a lunch as soon as we finish our trick and I'm going to mine now. Getting way up in that cool air certainly gives one an appetite. Good-bye, more anon. Must feed my hungry face before this flock of ravenous birds eat everything in sight.

"You spoke about Penguins or hopping ships—we don't have them here. The first time you go right up in a regular ship and have all the controls except the rudder. The second day you fly the ship and the instructor is in the observer's seat in front. He puts his elbows on the fuselage with both hands where I could see them and signalled first with one and then the other. In this way I got the feel of the ship and it is some sensation. You fly by feeling her slightest movement and correct it automatically. You never think when she noses up that 'you must push the stick forward'; you just do it. It was windy and bumpy this evening and on one of the turns an upward current caught the outer wing, throwing the ship on its side. It was an awful sensation. The instructor made some quick moves, but instinctively I threw the controls over the right way and we came out about 300 feet from the ground. We were only about 500 feet when it started and the ground certainly hurried up to meet us. It's great stuff, I tell you. The nice part is landing—it's a cinch to fly and the deuce to land. You cut off the gun about 200 or 300 feet and nose the ship into a dive, straightening out gradually as you near the ground. You skim along two feet above the ground, and as you feel her lose flying speed you pull down the tail. Sounds easy, doesn't it?"

A Month Later.

"Have had my four weeks of flying and I now begin four weeks of acrobatics, cross-country, etc. Had two hours in the big space this morning and feel oozy after tumbling around for that length of time. All the men say they feel the same way until they become accustomed to it.

"Shall I tell you about a loop? When you watch a ship from the ground making a loop it seems as if it shot around, but when you are hanging from a strap up there, head down, it seems at least five minutes. You nose the ship down into the wind and get up a terrific speed in your dive, with the gun on. When you think you have sufficient excess over your flying speed you pull the stick straight back with a steady even pull. When she gets vertical—up on her tail—you shoot the stick back into your stomach and

watch the wings and nose, working the rudder like the devil to keep her straight. Just as she gets on her back, due to the carbureter being higher than the gas tank, the gun shuts off. If you have judged your speed correctly, the direction of the wind, and done every little thing else right, you come out with a rush and the gun goes on. The completed loop is tame—nothing to it. If you have the speed wrong, or misjudge the direction of the wind, why it's the sensation of your life. I did five in succession to-day. The last one I hadn't enough speed and I must have lost track of the wind while doing the other four. At any rate, I got up on my back with nothing between the top of my head and the ground except 5,000 feet of soft air, and there I hung. It seemed an hour, but was probably a few seconds. The gun off and terribly quiet. Then the wind got under a wing and flopped me over on one side and I went into a humdinger of a tail spin. The wires shrieked like a steamboat whistle. Getting her out of the tail spin was easy. I made three more loops and stalled purposely on the top and did tail spins until I could not count the number. They are good things to get familiar with.

"Wish I could take you up for some loops and spins. You would enjoy it keenly and never turn a hair, much more so than the cross-country flights.

"Off to radio class now—fare thee well."

Corporal Ole Knudson, formerly of the Chicago Warehouse organization, but now of Company K, 39th Infantry, has been "over the top" four times and was in the 25-mile advance into the German lines when the Huns were driven back from the Marne this summer.

Here is his own description, written to A. Metzger, Chicago's warehouse foreman:

"Just came back from the front. Have been in the biggest Allied Drive since the war started. Have been over the top four times, covering about twenty-five miles. We are 'all in' and, believe me, we need a rest. There were a lot of boys from this Division wounded, and the casualties were not so many considering the amount of ground we covered, as I think the Fritzes lost six to our one. You cannot imagine the fighting spirit of the American boys. We were kept under heavy artillery fire for forty-eight hours, far from being a joke—it was a case of dig or die. This Drive started on my birthday, so you may know it is something I will never forget, and I wouldn't take a million dollars for my experience if I live through it all. What we need now is plenty of rest and eats. But being thirsty for the want of water is worst of all. But after you go through a couple of these experiences, why one gets to realize the hardships of a soldier. Considering everything in general, I am feeling fairly good, but all of us have lost from ten to fifteen pounds. We have had plenty of rain the past two weeks and very little sleep. I never knew a fellow could keep awake so long. These small towns of the French are ruined from shell fire. We are now in (censored). We had a lot of trouble to cross the river, but it was a case of jump in and go ahead."

A more recent letter from Corporal Knudson has this to say:

"I received your letter and also the News for July, which I was very glad to get, as it is the first copy I have received since April. We are now at a rest camp in the southeastern part of France, living in barracks. Gee, it sure feels good to get back to civilization after spending twenty-seven days on the battle fields. We get two or three days off to clean up and then I presume we will have to drill a few hours each day to keep in trim, as our division is short a lot of men, which the National Army will have to fill up. We were relieved by the 77th National Army.

"This camp has about sixty barracks in all. They are building a big base hospital, which is to be completed by September 15, for another big drive. I really believe that will fix things up. I could tell you a great many things, but the censor would not permit same to go through, but when you read the news around that date, why you can take it from me, that I am in it, as this division has made a reputation for itself. We are supposed to get five copies of a citation which was given to the regiment for bravery, etc., and as soon as I get them, I will mail one to you.

"We were only fourteen hours in these swell Pullman sleepers, better known as box cars, thirty-six men to a car, worse than cattle, but we all take it with a smile, as conditions are so far behind. We have now in France, American built freight cars and some 514 locomotives, run by Americans."

Kirby Layman, whose picture appears at the right is a real soldier even if the clothes he is wearing do not indicate that fact. He was an employee of the Chicago house where he was head of one of the A and B service divisions, and he now is a second lieutenant in the United States Army. He gained his commission at the training camp for Signal Corps officers at Leon Springs, Texas. At the conclusion of his course of training he was assigned to a Signal Corps battalion at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.



K. Layman

Corporal Guy Peck, of Company A, 319th Field Signal Battalion (the New York W. E. Company) tells a little about the company's quarters "over there":

"We are located in a rest camp before leaving for more permanent quarters. The barracks are old, substantial buildings made of concrete and evidently built for service. It is said that Napoleon and his army were quartered here. He built a stone wall about eighteen feet high and two to three feet thick all around the place, through which it would be rather unhealthy to try and penetrate.

"We had a very pleasant trip across the Atlantic, as there was only one day of bad weather, and landed at a quaint and picturesque port, where people look and act just as we have seen them in story books and in the movies."

The picture on the right is that of F. W. Golles, of the Los Angeles Store Room, who has been with the Company since 1915. Mr. Golles has enlisted in the Signal Corps and has gone to Camp Fremont. His wife and mother live in Los Angeles.



F. W. Golles

H. C. Bachman, of the Omaha house, recently enlisted in the Army and was sent to Vancouver Barracks. A letter from him gives a brief description of his trip to the Pacific Coast:

"Well, at last I am in the service and cannot kick a bit so far. We had quite a ride from Omaha (five Omaha boys) and saw many interesting sights. One place in particular was Custer's battlefield. A large monument is placed at the top of a hill and one slope is literally covered with head-stones. When we crossed the Rockies the whole bunch went to the sleepers with the windows up, although the porter told us we had better leave them down. Well, anyway, we nearly froze to death. You remember I left on Monday at 4:20. I reached the Barracks at 7:20 Thursday morning, dirty, tired, and dusty. We were met at the station and hauled to the Quarantine Camp, one mile away, in a Henry Ford car. The same morning we arrived they vaccinated us in the left arm and we got a shot in the right arm. The only reason I can figure both of these operations is to have a fellow guessing which one to scratch."

Ralph Anderson, who was employed at Hawthorne as a millwright, joined the United States Marine Corps soon after war was declared. He received his training at Paris Island, S. C., and then was assigned to duty on the U. S. S. Arkansas. He was one of the first of the Hawthorne boys to join the Marine Corps.



Ralph Anderson

Mr. Gerard Swope

Drafted

(Telegram from Second Assistant Secretary of War to Mr. Thayer, dated June 14.)

"By reason of his experience and ability Mr. Swope is peculiarly qualified to render very great and real service in this situation, and I venture to express the earnest hope that you will find it possible to permit him to become associated with the Department and assist in a matter of pressing and great importance."

Inducted Into the Service

WAR DEPARTMENT
PURCHASE, STORAGE AND TRAFFIC DIVISION
GENERAL STAFF

Washington, September 6, 1918.

SUPPLY CIRCULAR }
No. 85 }

Subject: Officers of the Purchase, Storage and Traffic Division.

1. The following assignments to duty in and under the direction of the Division of Purchase, Storage and Traffic are announced:

- (a) Assistants to the Director of Purchase, Storage and Traffic Brig.-Gen. Hugh S. Johnson, G. S., and Mr. Gerard Swope.

.

By authority of the Secretary of War.

Geo. W. Goethals,
Major-General, Assistant Chief of Staff,
Director of Purchase, Storage and Traffic.



Gerard Swope

Mr. Swope has been in Washington since the middle of June in connection with the work referred to in the telegram from the Second Assistant Secretary of War. The order signed by General Goethals indicates his line of work and responsibilities for the future. Perhaps, however, it is not clear to all Western Electric readers as to just what are the functions of General Goethals and, therefore, it would not be clear as to the general description of the work with which Mr. Swope will be connected.

The Purchase, Storage and Traffic Division of the General Staff is responsible for the purchase of supplies for all branches of the Army, for the storage of those supplies, transportation to the port, transshipment across the Atlantic, and is also responsible for the transportation and embarkation of troops.

Mr. Swope, then, is connected in a highly important relation with the whole proposition of getting over to the other side the troops and supplies with which we are going to win the war. Our loss is the country's gain.

Changes in Organization

M. A. CURRAN, formerly Manager of the Line Material Department, has been appointed Assistant Manager of the Philadelphia House, reporting to L. M. Dunn. Effective August 26, 1918. G. F. Hessler will be in charge of the work formerly handled by Mr. Curran.

W. W. Templin, Specialty Sales Manager, has taken up special work in the Government Department, reporting to H. L. Grant, effective August 26, 1918. W. D. Lindsey will, in addition to his duties as Assistant Advertising Manager, be in charge of the work formerly handled by Mr. Templin.

L. M. Nicholls to Go to Washington

L. M. NICHOLLS, who has been employed as a statistician at 195 Broadway and whose articles on accounting have appeared in the *News*, will go to Washington about the middle of the month to take up work in the statistical end of the General Staff of the War Department. He will remain there for the duration of the war.

In his articles on accounting referred to above, Mr. Nicholls has succeeded in transforming what most persons consider a dry as dust subject into something that is alive with interest and full of little pleasantries which hold the reader.

The Hawthorne Soldiers' and Sailors' Comfort Club

How It Is Helping to Win the War

By W. A. Titus

OUR Soldiers' and Sailors' Comfort Club was organized last November, to meet a popular demand from the men and women at Hawthorne, for a channel through which they might keep in contact with those of our boys who have put on Uncle Sam's uniform.

That it did meet a popular demand is evidenced by the fact that the enrolment within the first month of its existence reached the 18,000 mark. Perhaps it will best serve the purpose of this article if I tell you how the Club operates, and what it has accomplished in the nine months of its existence.

The Committee

| | | |
|---|-------|--------|
| K. E. Sutherland, Chairman..... | Dept. | 6608 |
| W. M. Beers, Financial..... | " | 5060 |
| W. Peterson, Membership..... | " | 6811 |
| W. A. Titus, Publicity..... | " | 6504 |
| C. B. St. John, Correspondence..... | " | 6501 |
| A. M. Gaffney, Welfare Relations..... | " | 5540-B |
| Miss E. H. Webster, Women's Activities..... | " | 5538-B |
| Miss M. Jackson, Secretary..... | " | 6807-A |

Each member of this Committee is assisted by a Subcommittee of his or her own choosing.

At the start of its activities, soldier welfare work had not been generally organized, and the field of approach to the man in service was practically unlimited. Since then other national agencies, better equipped, have jumped into the breach, and our Club has gradually withdrawn from those activities to which such organizations as the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. have applied their splendid forces. None of these agencies, however,

serves to maintain the degree of personal contact which we believe our soldier boys need and should have, and we are continuing along this line under a license, issued by the Illinois State Council of Defense.

Correspondence

Up to date about 4,000 Hawthorne men have gone to join the colors—and while the greater portion of these men are still in training camps in this country, letters which we are daily receiving from overseas give ample evidence that Hawthorne is at the front. I wish it were possible for all of you to read these splendid letters—they tell their little story of hardships endured, but through them all runs the spirit of cheerfulness and the determination to see the struggle to a victorious finish. Every letter carries its expression of gratitude and appreciation for the small comforts which we have been able to send, and particularly for the letters received.

If you could read only a small share of what our boys write, I am sure you would sense their tremendous craving for letters from home, and, if you know a soldier boy, I hope that when you read this you will sit down and write him a letter NOW—and again next week, and so on, until the fight is over and he has come home to us.

If you do not know such a soldier boy, ask any member of the Committee and he will be glad to supply you with a name and address, from your own Department if you choose, to which you can write.



Comfort Club Members Packing Boxes for Hawthorne's Soldiers

Mr. St. John tells me that he and his assistants are receiving and answering upward of one thousand letters every month. He needs your help.

Shipment of Comforts

Up to date the Club has collected \$13,160 in the form of dimes, which represent the monthly contributions of its members. This money has been expended, with the exception of necessary charges for packing and shipping, principally on tobacco and candy, two articles which have been found, by experience, to satisfy a common craving amongst soldiers.

In December the Club shipped a total of one thousand Christmas boxes containing fruit-cakes, candy and tobacco. In March, fifteen hundred more were sent out, and now we are in the act of packing and shipping another two thousand.

Women's Activities

At the outset our women put their shoulders to the wheel in splendid shape and are now at work as a recognized auxiliary of the Red Cross. Since the beginning



Here is the contents of a box

of their activities they have made and shipped a total of over two thousand articles, comprising sweaters, socks, helmets, trench caps, wrist-lets, kimonos, night-gowns, petticoats and bed socks, a part of which have been handled through the American Fund for French Wounded.

Miss Webster, who is in charge of this work, is conducting regular night classes, with the able assistance of Mrs. Kelley, for the purpose of instructing beginners in the work of knitting and sewing, and ever-increasing numbers of our Hawthorne girls are taking up this labor of love.

Membership

With the organization of the new Committee we have launched a special drive for the purpose of bringing the Club membership up to the point where it shall include every man and woman in the Hawthorne organization. Mr. Peterson is rallying his lieutenants for the attack

along this line. If there is a dime in hiding about the plant "PETE" and his cohorts are bound to find it.



"They Also Serve"

There is zest in the roar of battle—in the verve and thrill of the fight

Where a deathless badge of courage may be won ere the fall of night.

To be one of Freedom's legion, who with shot and shell and steel
Are pushing the tyrants Rhineward with an ardor freeman feel.

To be part of the Great Adventure—to watch 'neath a bomb-lit sky
To fight with your peers and brothers who know how to smile when they die,

To go over the top with comrades and take part in an epic day—
These are cogs in the fight for freedom—but there's still another way.

There's a vacant desk beside you, and a vacant stool or chair,
There are lathes, and drills and presses and tools quite idle there.
These are slugs in the forge of Freedom which are blocking your
Country's need

When the watchword of the nation is ever increasing speed.
It would be the part of a hero and would help in the war's advance
To perform not only your labor, but some for the one in France.
You can earn your Country's plaudits in an humble, homely way
By doing more than your normal work to speed the victor day.

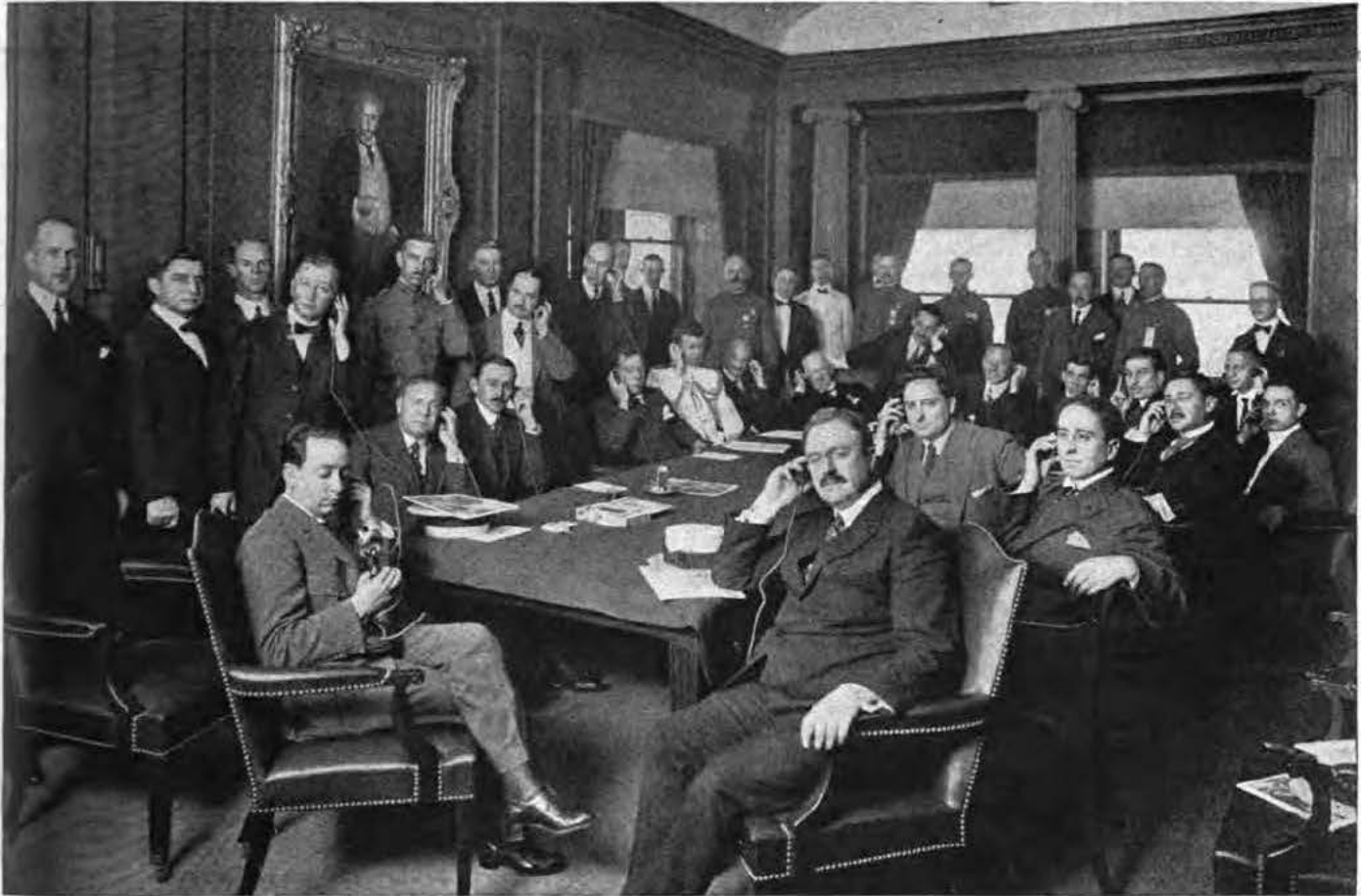
W. F. LEEGERT.

One-Third of International Western Electric Company's Business Is Supplying American and Allied Armies

THE International Western Electric Company, which was organized recently to conduct the Western Electric Company's foreign business, has done a vast amount of war work. Fully one-third of its business is the supplying of materials which are used directly by the fighting forces of the United States and its Allies.

The materials for the Allied armies have been supplied as the result of orders received through the Company's allied houses in London, Paris and Milan and through the various Purchasing Commissions maintained by the Allied governments in this country. The American, French, British and Italian Armies all are being supplied through these channels.

Uruguayan Mission Pays Us a Visit



Dr. Brum is speaking, Mayor Hylan is the man nearest the camera, and several Western Electric men are standing in the rear

DR. BALTASAR BRUM, Minister of Foreign Affairs of Uruguay, accompanied by Mayor Hylan of New York, and their respective staffs, honored the International Western Electric Company with a visit on August 30. The visitors were received in the Directors' room of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company by Messrs. G. E. Pingree and W. E. Leigh, of the International Western Electric Company. Through the courtesy of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company the transcontinental telephone line to San Francisco was made available for the occasion.

The above photograph shows Dr. Brum talking to Mr. Goldaracena, Uruguayan Consul in San Francisco, with Mayor Hylan and other members of the party listening in. Dr. Brum, in his conversation with the Consul, said in part the following, of which we give a translation:

"I am very happy to be able to testify to the remarkable triumph which this telephone line constitutes, in that it permits of speaking over such a long distance, and I likewise realize the exceptional importance of the work accomplished by this Company."

Dr. Brum has been on a special mission to the United States, in return for the visit of the American Fleet to

Montevideo last year. He has been welcomed by President Wilson and also by the cities of New York, Boston, Pittsburgh, Chicago, St. Louis and New Orleans. Dr. Brum was received in Chicago by the Association of Commerce. W. P. Sidley, Vice-President, and F. A. Ketcham, Central District Manager, assisted in the arrangements made for his entertainment in that city.

Dr. Brum and his party reached Chicago on Sunday, September 8. A committee of the Association of Commerce, including Mr. Ketcham, met the mission on its arrival. Owing to the importance of this mission, special permission was obtained from the Fuel Administration to operate the necessary automobiles to take the visitors for a drive around the parks on Sunday afternoon. On that evening the Association of Commerce tendered them a banquet at the Hotel Blackstone. On Monday morning Mr. Ketcham met them with automobiles, took them over to Hawthorne and showed them around the plant. Returning to town, luncheon was given to them by the Association of Commerce, and in the evening they were guests of the Association at a dinner given to the Duke of Devonshire, Governor-General of Canada. Our Company was very happy to have had the honor of assisting in the welcome extended to this distinguished visitor.



To Be Awarded in October

| TWENTY-FIVE YEARS | | | |
|--------------------------------------|---------|----|--|
| Sharp, J. G., Hawthorne, 5050..... | October | 1 | Reavy, J. J., Hawthorne, 6528..... |
| TWENTY YEARS | | | Reisner, F., Hawthorne, 6801..... |
| Benson, R. C., Hawthorne, 5925..... | October | 1 | Schoen, A. P., Hawthorne, 7391..... |
| Birkmeyer, C., New York..... | " | 17 | Rea, J. M., Hawthorne, 6142..... |
| FIFTEEN YEARS | | | Dwyer, A. J., Hawthorne, 6877..... |
| Pokorny, P., Hawthorne, 6877..... | October | 1 | Freeman, Nettie, Hawthorne, 7391..... |
| Freid, M., Hawthorne, 6142..... | " | 14 | Shallcross, J., Hawthorne, 6430..... |
| McPhee, G. M., Hawthorne, 9505..... | " | 16 | Buck, E., Hawthorne, 7882..... |
| Hoppe, J. L., Hawthorne, 6606..... | " | 23 | Boyd, J., Hawthorne, 6520..... |
| Cameron, J., Hawthorne, 6803..... | " | 26 | Wickstrom, C. A., Hawthorne, 6421..... |
| Leineweber, P., Hawthorne, 6343..... | " | 29 | Lampke, A., Hawthorne, 5915..... |
| Johnson, D. J., Kansas City..... | " | 1 | Iddings, J. E., Hawthorne, 5757..... |
| Dodd, G., New York..... | " | 7 | Kelly, Margie, Hawthorne, 6651..... |
| Halley, Emily, New York..... | " | 26 | Rosentreter, L., Hawthorne, 6839..... |
| TEN YEARS | | | Sass, E. H., New York..... |
| Radtke, E. J., Chicago..... | October | 12 | Fuessinger, Edith, New York..... |
| Molbeck, G., Hawthorne, 6337..... | " | 5 | Hildreth, J. C., New York..... |
| | | | Hannan, D. J., Philadelphia..... |
| | | | Cann, H. S., Philadelphia..... |
| | | | Noisat, P. L., San Francisco..... |
| | | | Murray, E. R., San Francisco..... |
| | | | Younger, C., St. Louis..... |



Who They Are

J. G. Sharp



No, the initials "J. G." before Mr. Sharp's last name do not stand for "Joy Giver," although they well might, for he has charge of the financial department, which maketh the ghost to walk and the heart of man to rejoice. Incidentally, he has also furnished some mirth to the community by having the department number 5050, which offers obvious opportunities to embryo "wheezeters" to invite him to split the pay-roll with them on that basis. Up-to-date nobody has been able to make him see the joke in that, so each of us is still getting only his proper twenty-thousandth of it, leaving the rest for the other 19,999 employees of the Works.

Mr. Sharp has been associated with the financial work of the Company almost from the start of his service, and has given out more money than most of us could give away and still remain as genial as he. In the early days he used to officiate as an umpire for the Western Electric baseball teams, but of late years, since the addition of pop bottles to the fans' ammunition, he has given it up as an extra hazardous occupation.

Mr. Sharp gets a new three-star button this month, and we'll bet six cents of our next pay that no wag could slip him a counterfeit and get away with it.

C. R. Birkmeyer



Chris Birkmeyer is a buffer which means that he puts the polish on telephone instruments and anything else that they make at West Street which needs polishing. He is an exceedingly good buffer because he has been doing that sort of work ever since he started work with the Company twenty years ago.

Chris, although he gets his three-star button this month, is far from being old as any one can see by looking at his picture. As a matter of fact he is only 38, which means that he began buffing at the age of 18. He lives in Evergreen, Long Island, which, if it lives up to its name, may also have its effect upon his appearance.

Robert C. Benson

When (or if) you ever enter a church and hear an extra good tenor in the choir, look and see if he bears a pre-Hoover figure. If he does, ask him if his name isn't Benson. If it is, it's Bob. Or perhaps you'll hear him with the Benson Quartet at some entertainment. We understand he doesn't always sing church songs. If you fail to hear him either place, look him up in the General

Merchandise Building at Hawthorne, where he is stock clerk in charge of the keys and jacks stock. Even if he won't sing for you, you'll be glad you made his acquaintance.

Mr. Benson started in the shop office at Clinton Street in 1898. Later he was put in charge of the shop order department. Next he started the piece-part scheduling department, and in 1906 was put in charge of apparatus and piece-part output. He continued at output work until 1911, when he took charge of the material order department. His next move was to the general merchandise organization, his present position.

With your taking ways you can easily take away 1898 from 1918 and discover that Mr. Benson gets a twenty-year service button this month.



M. Freid



P. Pokorny



P. Leinweber



Miss A. Hitzman

The Fifteen- Year Squad

Death of L. Joseph

President of Our Allied House in Petrograd is Murdered by Bandits



L. Joseph

WE have just received news from Petrograd that Mr. Joseph, the president of our Russian allied house, Heisler & Co., was killed some time during the month of July. A number of men in soldiers' uniforms had forced their way into the apartment of Mr. Joseph, and with flourishing revolvers asked the maid to lead them to Mr. Joseph. He was reading at the time in the dining-room. What happened next is not known, but a few moments later a shot was heard, and when Mrs. Joseph rushed into the room, she found her husband lying on the floor with a bullet through his head. The men escaped by the front door unmolested, without taking anything with them. The cause of the dastardly murder is not known. Mr. Joseph had no enemies, and was a very quiet man, who was entirely absorbed in the management of the factory. He had only a superficial interest in politics, and was far removed from a participation in the many counter-revolutionary movements.

The history of Mr. Joseph's life is largely the history of the Heisler Co. He was a born Russian, and entered the Heisler Co. as a relatively young man in 1887. The Heisler shop in those days was a small repair shop, with a few mechanics. Mr. Joseph started in as draftsman, then went into the shop and gradually worked his way up in the organization, first as foreman, then as shop superintendent.

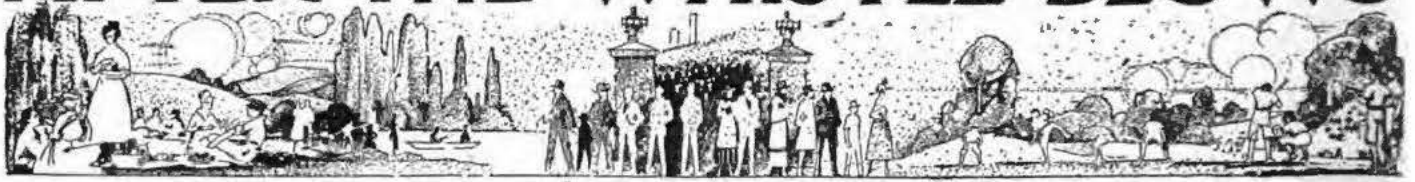
In 1897 the Western Electric Co. formed a partnership with Mr. Heisler, owner of the Petrograd shop. In 1902 Mr. Heisler died. The management of the firm was then taken over by Mr. Joseph as technical director, and Mr. Otto as commercial director. In 1904 Mr. Joseph married Mrs. Heisler, and shortly after was elected president of the company.

Mr. Joseph's interests to the end lay entirely in the technical side of the business. He designed personally many of the very complicated and ingenious mechanisms used in the fire control and signalling apparatus installed on the large Russian dreadnoughts. Under his direction the Heisler Company manufactured a very high grade of instruments for marine signalling and telegraph purposes—of as fine a quality as any produced in other countries.

Mr. Joseph was personally a very modest man, but yet of the type who had an excellent control over his men. When in the Revolutionary days of 1917 other factories were upset by a succession of labor disturbances, Mr. Joseph had succeeded in rapidly quieting his men—about 900 in number—and had persuaded them to return to their machines. The cordial relation that existed between Mr. Joseph and his men was very much like that found in our smaller American shops, where the boss is still able to keep in touch with the family affairs of most of his workmen. Mr. Joseph started many years ago a collection of Russian coins. He undertook the work with his characteristic thoroughness, and succeeded in collecting over 10,000 different specimens, many unique. His collection was the third largest in Russia, and surpassed only by the royal collection, and a collection belonging to a Grand Duke.

Mr. Joseph is survived by his widow and eight children. The company keenly feels the loss of Mr. Joseph, particularly at a time when his cool judgment and inspiring leadership were so necessary to guide the affairs of our Russian allied Company through the many storms of these turbulent times.

AFTER THE WHISTLE BLOWS



Hawthorne Jobbing Departments Enjoy Their Annual Outing

A MAN is always willing to admit that a woman can get much more work out of her vocabulary than he can, but he is not always so prompt in giving her credit also for being able to make money talk longer and better than it ever does for him. Conse-

the Soldiers' and Sailors' Comfort Club the girls saw to it that every cent spent did two cents worth of work.

The usual picnic games and races were put on, all prizes being in Thrift Stamps. And, of course, there was dancing, with Western Electric Orchestra music.



The committee in charge of the Hawthorne Jobbing Department outing: (Left to right) top row—Miss E. Walsh, Miss G. Schwardt, Miss E. Gorey, Miss G. Syversen, Miss L. Stoike. Bottom row—Miss A. Utz, Miss M. Holdridge, Miss C. Winters, Miss M. Johnson, Miss M. Geiger, Miss C. Camozzie

quently we are offering in evidence Exhibit A, in words and figures as follows, to wit: Committee in charge of the annual picnic held by the Hawthorne Jobbing Division at National Park. (Verify the figures for yourself. That's what the illustration is for.)

These young ladies handled the Jobbing Division outing this year, furnished the best kind of a good time, sold over 1,100 tickets at twenty-five cents each, and had \$118 left over, after paying all expenses. It required very careful management to get that surplus without stinting the entertainment, but as all unused funds were to go to

Gasless, But Not Blushless

IT is all very fine to go off and bury yourself in the Maine woods, but don't hide yourself so completely that a newspaper can't find its way to you. In these days, when you are apt to wake up in the morning and find that Mr. Shonts has revolutionized the subway system (after the manner of Lenine-Trotsky), or that the Yanks got Kaiser Bill in an overnight dash, you may get in bad if you are not up on the latest news.

A few weeks ago J. E. Moravec, of West Street, started back from Maine in his car. Now he had not seen a paper for a week, and therein lay the tragedy. In that one short week the Powers-That-Be decided that gasoline must be saved. Sunday became gasless. Automobiles were not banished—only gas. If you were lucky enough to possess a steamer, an electric, a pair of horses to pull your car, or a conscience as hard as the kaiser's, you were all right. Being a matter of conscience, I suppose it appealed particularly to the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers. At any rate, all went well until J. E. M. entered the old Bay State. Then it wasn't long before he realized there was such a thing as a ban on Sunday driving. Can't you imagine the surprise, and then the anger he must have felt when women shouted "Slacker" at him. They even stood in the road and rubbed their forefingers together at him, as children do when they say "Shame on you." All he could do was to keep on, but I imagine from what he said that his face was "suffused with blushes," and you know that this gentleman's face provides quite an expanse for a blush.



Exhibit B—The crowd was so big it was a hard job to get them all in one picture

Pinched

O. C. Spurling Falls Into the Clutches of the Law and Finds It a Picnic

VICES are like the cooties over in the trenches—everybody has them and it is impossible for anybody to conceal that fact very long. Supt. O. C. Spurling, of the Hawthorne plant departments, is the latest man to be caught with the goods. No, no! Great guns, no! Not cooties—vices.

Now, Mr. Spurling does not flirt with Madam Nico-



Officers of the Court (left to right)—Judge, P. J. Murray; Attorney, Henry Ott; Prosecuting Attorney, C. C. Kelly; Sheriff, A. Cook. (The top of Sheriff Cook's head was shot off by the camera man, but the Sheriff does not appear to mind a little thing like that)

tine, neither does he hark to the evil voice of Demon Rum, nor yet does he lend his tongue to the uses of profanity. But what's the use? No man is perfect. We realize that now. O. C. Spurling is a speed demon.

For years he has carefully and cunningly concealed this vice. Other autoists at Hawthorne have always considered him an ultra-conservative driver. In fact, a story once went the rounds to the effect that Mr. Spurling's left rear tire had been ruined by the bite of an angry turtle, which had chased his machine and taken that vicious revenge because Mr. Spurling passed him on the wrong side of the road. The turtle, the story explained, was asleep when the machine passed him.

And yet this same O. C. Spurling, bound for the plant departments' picnic and out in the country where nobody knew him except H. G. Dean (an accomplice and therefore bound to secrecy), this O. C. Spurling, we say, did feloniously and with malice aforethought step, tramp and press upon the accelerator of his aforesaid automobile, causing it to attain an unlawful speed, to wit, 25 1/10 miles per hour.

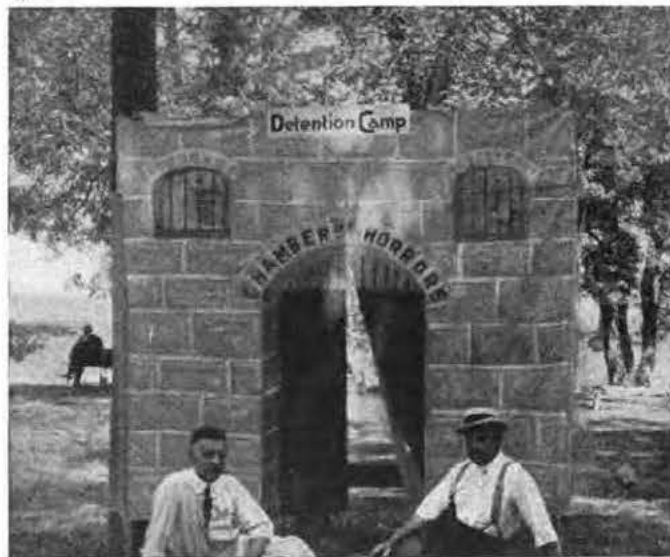
Twenty-five miles per hour being the State speed limit, and a motorcycle cop being on the job, the result was that the demon driver was arrested and served with a court summons card.

Ten miles an hour was fast enough for O. C. S. the rest of the way to the picnic grounds. He had had enough trouble and was willing to call it quits for the day. But trouble, you know, is made in Germany and therefore considers itself super-efficient. Wherefore it had no intention of calling that a day's work.

As the once chased and much chastened Spurling drove into the picnic grove at a peace-at-any-price speed the first thing his astonished eyes beheld was that motorcycle cop. Spurling turned his troubled gaze upon Dean. "Say," he asked, "what do you suppose that fellow is doing here? Looks as if he was up to something, I'm afraid. I'm not done with him yet."

Quite correct! No sooner had Mr. Spurling alighted from his car than he was seized by Sheriff A. Cook and hauled at once into court. The case of State of Illinois vs. Oliver Cromwell Spurling was called at once—a plain case of "railroading" the prisoner.

With Judge P. J. Murry on the bench, Prosecuting Attorney C. C. Kelly opened the case for the State. (As a charter member of the Foam Blowers' Association, Mr. Kelly is always ready to volunteer his services when there is a case to be opened.) He accused Defendant Spurling of everything, from robbing a junk shop and trying to conceal the nails by embedding them in his tires, to criminal negligence in exposing an air-cooled motor to an aggregation of hot-air artists. Having established the



The Prison Bell (S-e-l-l is the correct spelling in this case)

defendant's reputation as an unscrupulous man, who would stop at nothing—not even a traffic policeman's whistle—Prosecutor Kelly reviewed the evidence supporting the charge of speeding, and rested his case.

Henry Ott, Esq., attorney for the defense, put up a valiant fight for his client. He showed that the prisoner had no previous criminal record except six arrests for

driving so slowly as to obstruct traffic. He pointed to the fact that the defendant had owned five different makes of cars and had sold four of them because they would not run slowly enough for him without the engines stalling. "Lastly," pleaded Attorney Ott, "there is no justice in arresting a man for speeding when he was hurrying to such a meal as is now awaiting this hungry horde."

That last argument and the smell of good cooking were too much for the Judge. Hastily fining the



The Gang that Stampeded the Court

defendant \$1 for the Red Cross and three minutes in the chamber of horrors, he adjourned court and joined the mad rush for the table.

The plant departments' annual outing was now officially in full swing. We can't tell you any more for fear of getting them in bad with Mr. Hoover, but we understand that before the picnic was over, even the defendant was willing to admit that worse things might have happened. Despite his disgrace he did full justice to the viands set before him.

Two Photographs and Not a Word That Was Printable

IT takes two photographs to tell this story. Number one is a pie wagon. Number two is E. A. Hauser's automobile. The two met while Hauser was on his way to work. You can write the story for yourself, for we can't make it sound plausi-



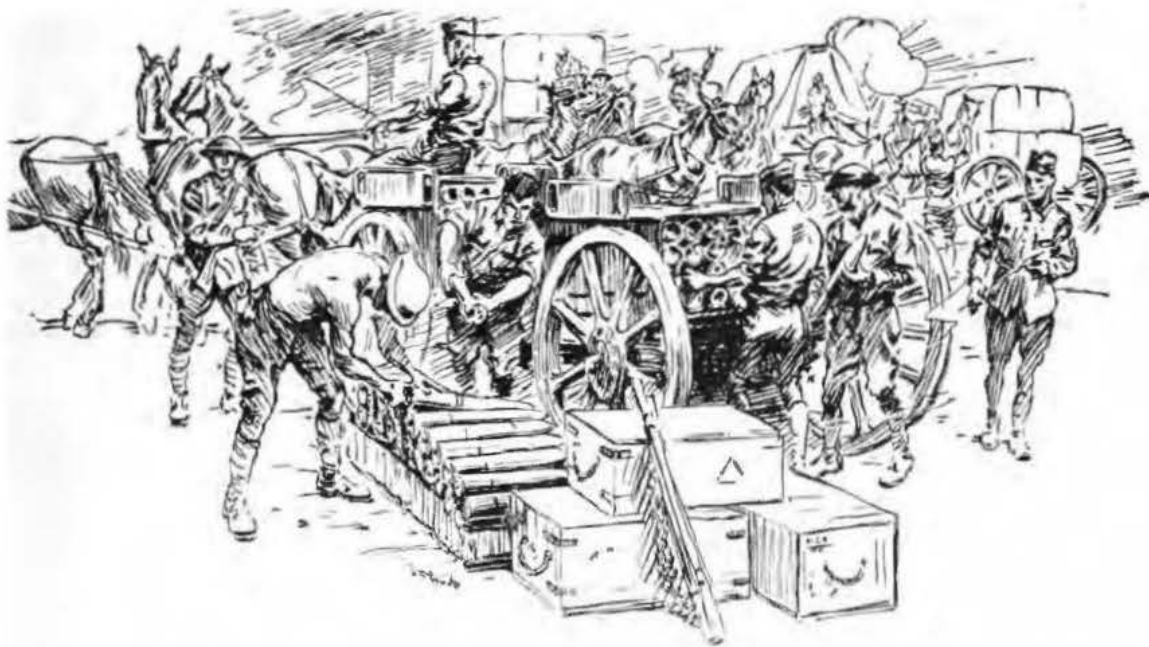
ble if we use the facts "Ike" furnishes. You see, he claims that he doesn't care for pie for breakfast and that he isn't so very crazy about it any time. The only thing we can think of now is that maybe he has been feeding his machine too lean a mixture.



Western Electric Company

H. B. Thayer, President; H. A. Halligan, Vice-President; W. P. Sidley, Vice-President and General Counsel; A. L. Salt, Vice-President in charge of Purchases and Traffic; Gerard Swope, Vice-President and General Sales Manager; H. F. Albright, Vice-President and General Superintendent; J. W. Johnston, Treasurer; F. B. Jewett, Chief Engineer; G. C. Pratt, Secretary; R. H. Gregory, Comptroller; C. E. Scribner, Consulting Engineer.

Office of publication and address of President, Secretary, and Treasurer, 195 Broadway, New York City.



I AM ONLY A COG

I am only a cog in a giant machine, a link of an endless chain:—

And the rounds are drawn, and the rounds are fired, and the empties return again;

Railroad, lorry and limber, battery, column and park; To the shelf where the set fuse waits the breech, from the quay where the shells embark.

We have watered and fed, and eaten our beef; the long dull day drags by,

As I sit here watching our "Archibalds" strafing an empty sky;

Puff and flash on the far-off blue round the speck one guesses the plane—

Smoke and spark of the gun-machine that is fed by the endless chain.

The ammunition carrier is only a link in the great war machine, but he is as vital a link in the chain as the man who goes over the top. And back of the ammunition carrier comes the ammunition maker and the railroad worker and the thousands of varieties of war workers until it all comes straight home to the individual man and woman

I am only a cog in a giant machine, but a vital link of the chain;

And the captain has sent from his wagon-line to fill his wagons again;

From the wagon-limber to gunpit dump; from loader's forearm at breech

To the working party that melts away when the shrapnel bullets screech.

So the restless section pulls out once more in column of route from the right

At the tail of a blood-red afternoon; so the flux of another night

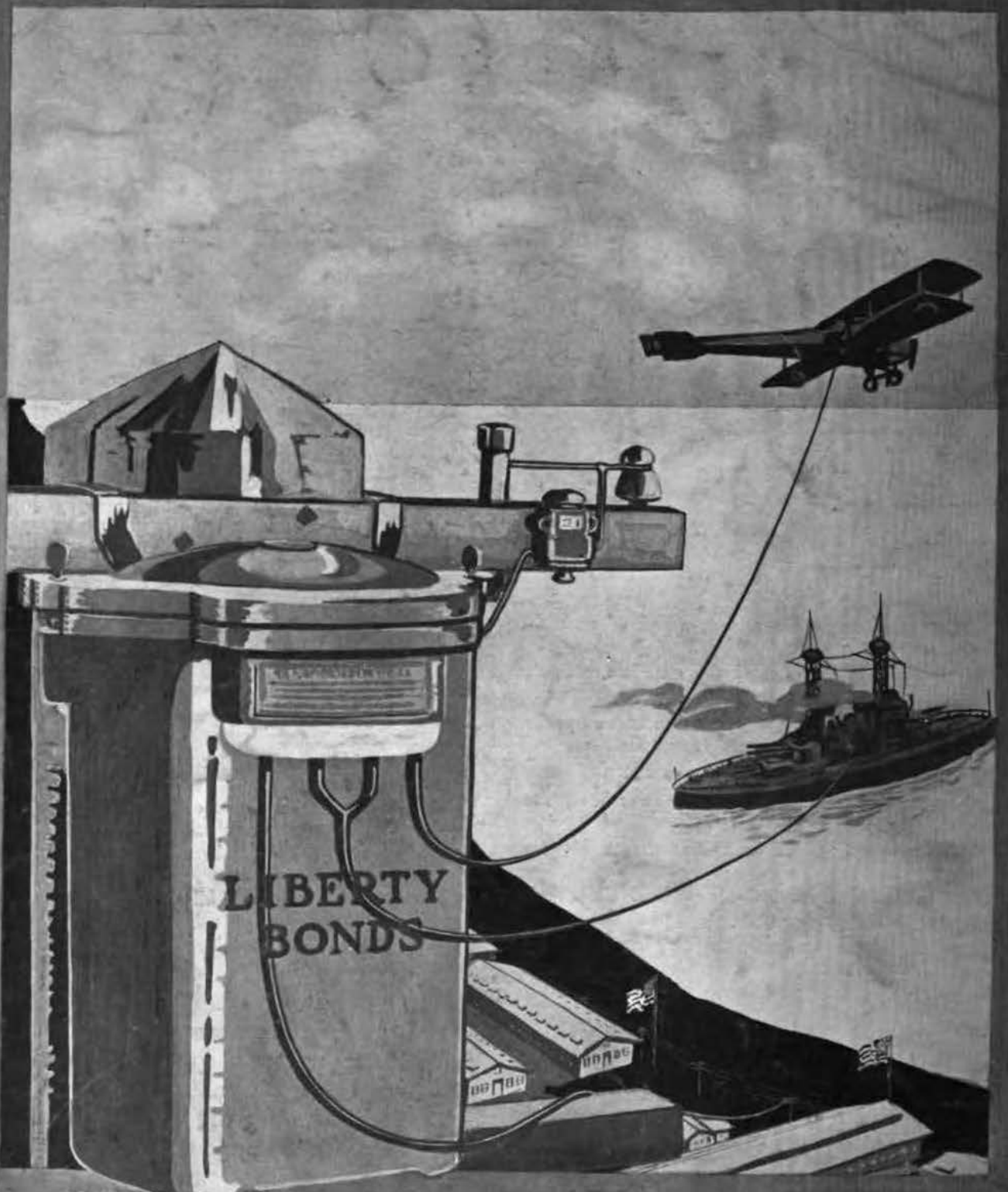
Bears back the wagons we fill at dawn to the sleeping column again—

Cog on cog in the gun-machine, link on link in the chain!
© by Gilbert Frankau GILBERT FRANKAU

who helps save the necessities of life and refrains from wasteful spending in order to help our fighting men. Every link in the fighting chain, every cog in the war machine, must be of the strongest steel. Every heart must be steel against waste these days. We are all part of the great battle—let us each do our part and make it a great part.

Let us buy the Bonds we know *they* want us to buy!

R. 7.
Oct. 29, 1918



The **GREAT TRANSFORMER**
BUY BONDS OF THE
FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN

Western Electric Company
CHICAGO, ILL.

The Company contributed its front cover space of the September number of *Electrical Merchandising* to assist in the Fourth Liberty Loan Drive.

Western Electric News

NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Vol. VII. N° 9

November, 1918



THIRD
LIBERTY LOAN

SECOND
LIBERTY LOAN

FIRST
LIBERTY LOAN

GERMANY

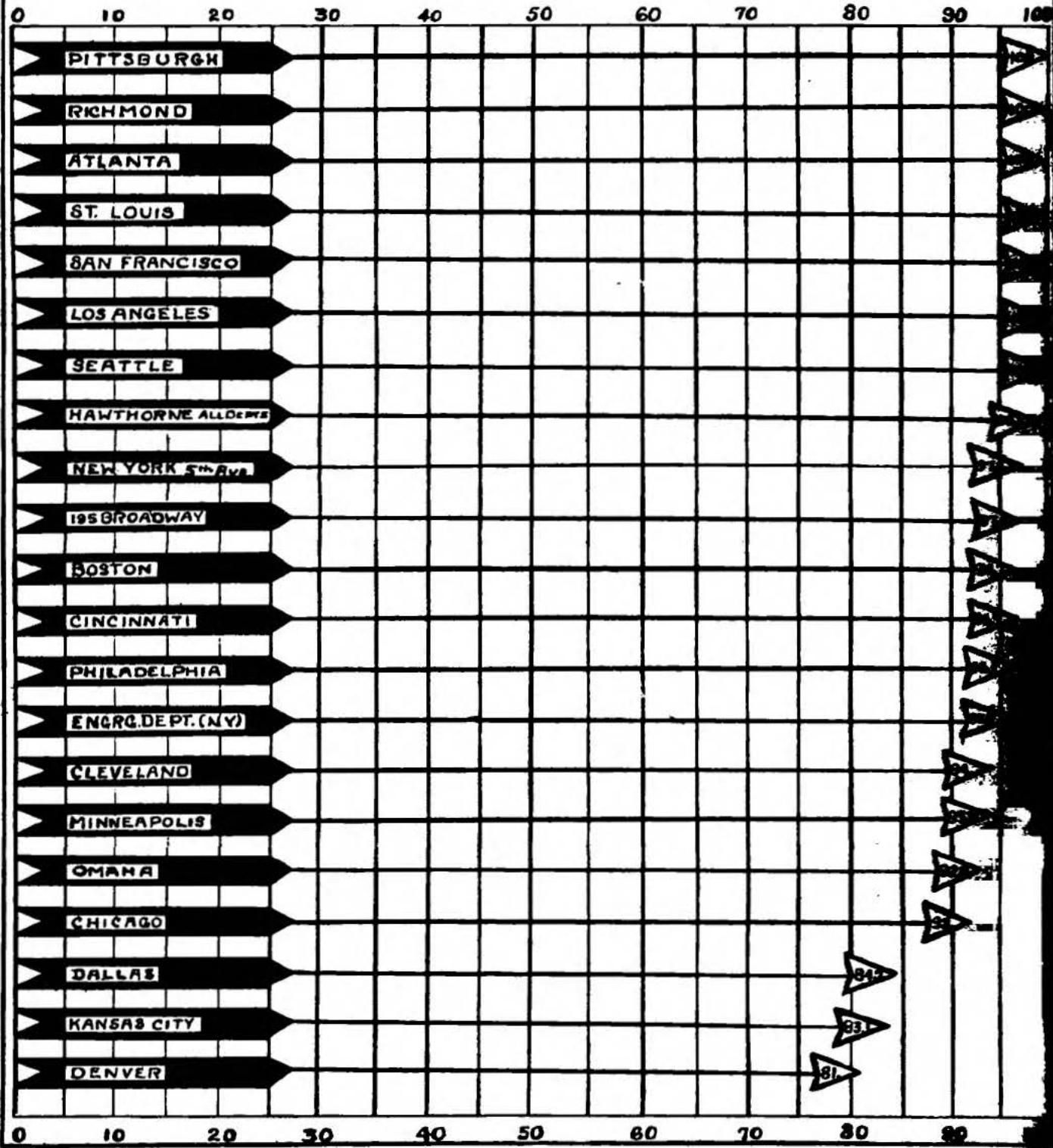
A



Western Electric Subscribers To Fourth Liberty Loan



Per Cent to Total Number of Employees



Western Electric News



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Subscription: \$1.50 per year, except to employees of the Western Electric Company, to whom copies are furnished free of charge. All communications and contributions should be addressed to WESTERN ELECTRIC NEWS, 195 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Matter intended for any given issue must reach New York not later than the 12th of the preceding month.

VOLUME VII

NOVEMBER, 1918

NUMBER 9

"The Right Thing at the Right Time"

WHEN a small organization makes a record of 100% of its members as subscribers to a Liberty Loan, it is to be congratulated; but to me, it seems much more wonderful and inspiring when our organization of about 80,000 people scattered all over the United States, makes a record, as we did on the Fourth Liberty Loan, of a 98% subscription.

It shows as nothing else can, the fact we have always ourselves realized, that there are no better people than Western Electric people and that they can always be counted upon to do the right thing at the right time.

H. B. Thayer,
President.

THEY say that figures never lie, but every once in a while we come across some which at least have the appearance of deceit and require considerable explaining before we are fully convinced of their truthfulness. Take these Liberty Loan figures at the bottom of the page for example. When the First Loan drive was on, 19.8% of us subscribed, and when the Second Loan came along, that figure jumped way up to 42.6%. That looked like a mighty big jump, but we made it look cheap when Uncle Sam called upon us for the Third Loan last spring. The total then was 91.7%, a mighty leap from the 42.6% of the Second Loan.

Now the figures for the Fourth Loan are in and we find that 98% of us subscribed, and the little step from 91.7% to 98% looks disappointingly small. But

that is where the figures are trying to deceive us. That seemingly paltry gain is just as big an accomplishment as its predecessors. When you have fought your way as near to the top as 91.7%, there isn't much room for further progress. Ask any soldier which is the hardest part of a 100-mile hike, the first 90 miles or the last 10, and you will find out why that advance from 91.7% to 98% is so much bigger than it looks.

And the comparison with a 100-mile hike isn't quite fair to us either, for we went all the way back to the beginning each time and made a fresh start over the road which we had traveled before. Part of that road we have gone over three times now, and we are beginning to know it pretty well. It isn't an easy road to travel either but it is incomparably easier than that over which our boys in France are struggling, but as long as we can keep step with them nothing else matters.

Our Record

| | Number of Subscribers | Percent of Total Employees | Amount of Co.'s and Employees' Subscriptions |
|---------------------|-----------------------|----------------------------|--|
| First Liberty Loan | 5596 | 19.3 | \$ 400,000 |
| Second Liberty Loan | 12447 | 42.6 | 875,000 |
| Third Liberty Loan | 28425 | 91.7 | 2,100,000 |
| Fourth Liberty Loan | 84092 | 98 | 4,000,000 |

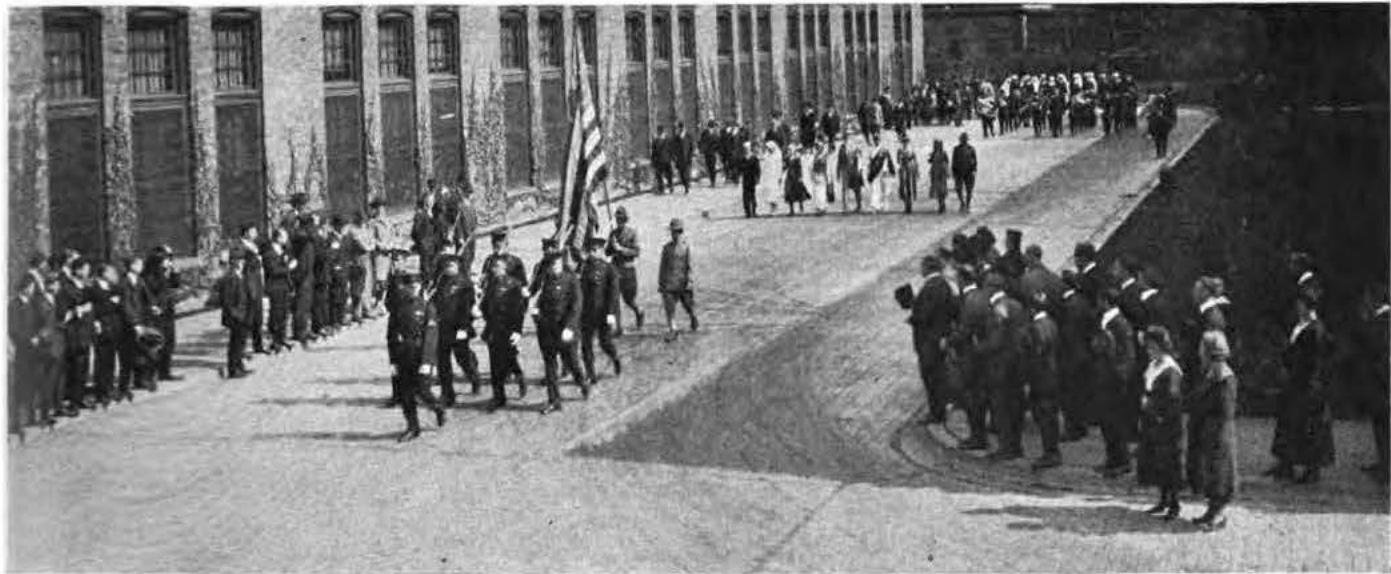
The Story of Hawthorne's Fourth Liberty Loan Drive Told in Pictures



The main bulletin board at Hawthorne on the day when the Works' Fourth Liberty Loan Bond Sale Reached 100 Per Cent. of Quota

The Final Figures

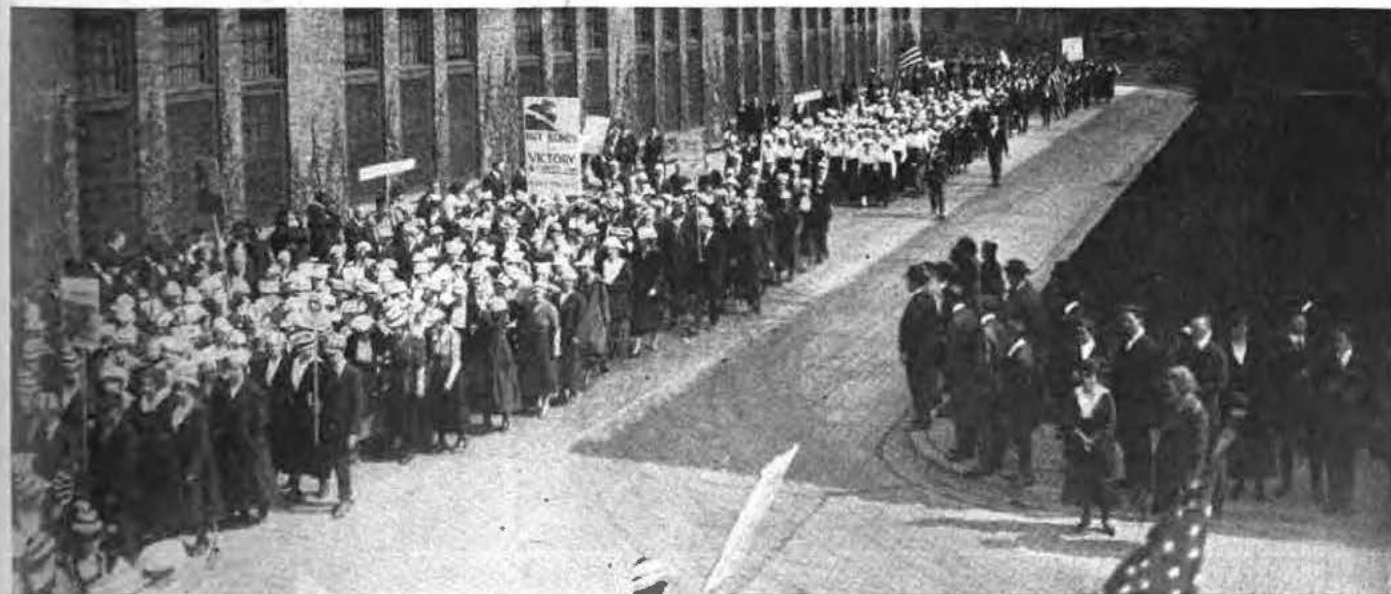
| Branch | No. of Employees | Quota | No. of Subscriptions | P. C. | Amount | P. C. |
|---|------------------|-----------|----------------------|-------|-----------|-------|
| Operating | 7,869 | \$575,100 | 7,869 | 100.0 | \$601,250 | 104.5 |
| Technical | 1,871 | 147,200 | 1,871 | 100.0 | 208,800 | 141.8 |
| Inspection | 2,005 | 125,200 | 2,005 | 100.0 | 182,100 | 145.4 |
| Installation | 3,451 | 258,100 | 3,451 | 100.0 | 372,000 | 144.1 |
| Clerical | 1,299 | 81,850 | 1,299 | 100.0 | 181,800 | 162.0 |
| Production | 1,321 | 104,500 | 1,321 | 100.0 | 121,400 | 116.2 |
| Employment and Welfare..... | 245 | 14,850 | 188 | 75.9 | 16,250 | 109.4 |
| Plant | 1,062 | 97,200 | 1,062 | 100.0 | 108,300 | 111.4 |
| General Sales | 536 | 42,900 | 503 | 93.8 | 59,050 | 137.6 |
| General Purchasing, Accounting, Legal, Benefits, and Traffic Departments | 77 | 8,200 | 70 | 89.6 | 10,900 | 132.9 |
| Engineering | 512 | 45,400 | 512 | 100.0 | 68,700 | 151.3 |



Color guard and advance section of Hawthorne Fourth Liberty Loan parade. About 8,000 marched



Hawthorne turns out to boost the sale of Bonds. Big rally opening the Fourth Liberty Loan drive at the Works. Major Stanford, of the British Army, was the speaker. The University Glee Club led the singing, and Mrs. Sharlow, of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, sang the "Marseillaise"



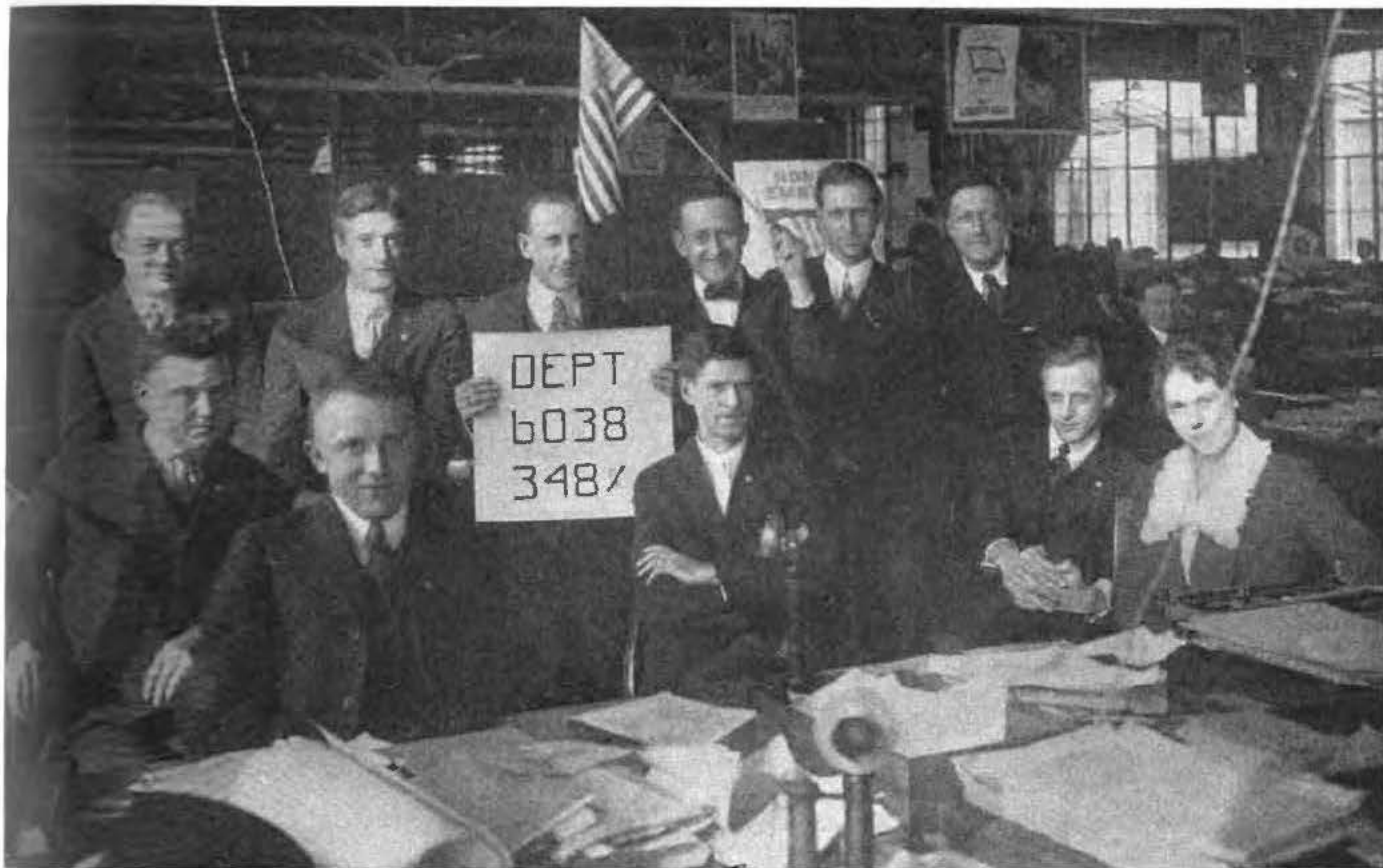
One of the sections of the Fourth Liberty Loan parade. Groups of marchers like these passed steadily for about 15 minutes



Symbolic Group in Hawthorne's Fourth Liberty Loan Parade. (From left to right) The Navy, Mr. Spreitzer; Belgium, Miss. McKenna; England, Miss Jackson; Uncle Sam, Mr. Booth; Liberty, Miss Holdridge; France, Miss O'Connor; Italy, Miss Fiorie; The Army, Mr. Jones



The Mechanical Division of the Technical Branch celebrated Over-the-Top Day and at the same time unfurled their service flag. Besides rushing out tools on a war-schedule basis, they have specialized in war bonds and war stamps, after having given 104 men for direct service in the army and navy. Mr. Blood, of the Council of Defense, was the principal speaker at the meeting, and 12 pieces from the Western Electric Band added to the enthusiasm and led the patriotic singing



A cost estimating group certainly ought to know values. Apparently they do. The 14 members of Department 6088 at Hawthorne bought Fourth Liberty Loan Bonds to an amount 347 per cent. of their quota. Moreover, this same group, then numbering 11, took 263 per cent. of their quota in the Third Loan. The department members also own 114 War Savings Stamps. There's nothing like playing a good thing to the limit



The Operating Department got on the job with several big rallies to boost the loan. Here are the Coil-winding and Spool Departments. These departments consist mostly of girls, but unfortunately they let the less beautiful sex monopolize most of the foreground

Hogo Wakes Up

Liberty Bond Drive at West Street Stirs Heart and Pen of Our Japanese Friend

468 West Street
Where Honble crowd of Liberty Loaners are even more broke than carload of gravel. October 21st—day of positively assurance that top are over on loan.

Editor WESTERN ELECTRIC NEWS JOURNAL,
195 Broadway (which are beat all empty by above address).

DEARLY SIR:

This morning are call Honble Jabine for ask: Hogo, Serene Goodwin are send me much figures and photograph of West St. goings up. We are want know what really happened place. Again, dearly sir:

I are collide with your request. But first let me intimate. How are raise a snare and illusion? Why? Honble Craft are come back from look see at War. Hardly are he back when raise appear. How, say I, are Honble Eddie get license for import such non-essential? Whereat he answer: Wherefore think you get raise? For give you in pay envelope? Not so. Already are envelope full of receipt for all manner of deduction. Why depart from custom. Raise are from Uncle Sam who buy all we make. Raise are for Uncle Sam to give Hun ache.

That, dearly sir, are deep wedge for drive. We all shell out. Are not Uncle Sam looking for shells?

Then, sir, are exist much rivalry in building. All along have each department been convinced that it are boss. Now are opportunity to prove Honble Shoguns of bosses put heads together and talk about bogey. Bogey man are for frighten naughty children, but this bogey are for frighten Hun. It are amount which departments should raise. Then of grand total are assigned to each branch, division, section, certain amount. How are bosses great kidders. They say: You raise so much. You say—nothing, but feel sick.

Now are fun begin. In each room are put up list for sign. Fifty bones (cart wheels or iron males in West) for each fine name go down. Business are poor. Come sarcastic young man from next door. Normally he complain of large amount of work and little time. Now he stand and sniffle at our list. We approach him and announce, Are your list better? Will your list increase in step with ours? He say, You mean for every \$50 we put up you do likewise? Yes, we renig. But, luminous idea! We are scrape up between us ten more names. One of us go in other office and look in sorrow fashion at their list. Say, we say, are you aware that war are war? Honble Office get on Honble ear. He say, what you got show? We shrug shoulder and say—O, we have offer. Every time you are sign once we do so like same. He bite. Sign five times. We draw on our reserve, then go sting other sucker. War is—not so—war is witty.

Also are come artists with bright ideas. How could you doubt it when you observe color of crayon they use. Poster are fill the corridor, halls, aisles and what not. Each picture spur on to renewed efforts.

For once Honble Hendry and likewise Morrison look other way while each day are parade through building crowd of good-natured rivalry for see who get up most enthusiasm, which are to say, bonds. How noise and racket. Clown prince and kaiser are marched around and in shops are gassed with nails and screws. Effigy of kaiser are lose gizzards on eight floor in Honble Lyng's domain and lie by roadside. Each day are we reach limit. And each day are something tell us where we can find one Honble Buck more per week. Floor sweeper are inherit money. He go buy \$1,000 worth. Agent tell him Sapristo Caramba are buy just that much out of pay as custodian of shine on doorknob. Right away are sweeper make \$1,500 noise. Dearly sir, we have man who get 85 cents per week plus receipts. He are not bust like gravel; he are like reputation of Ludendorff. And so go on inside.

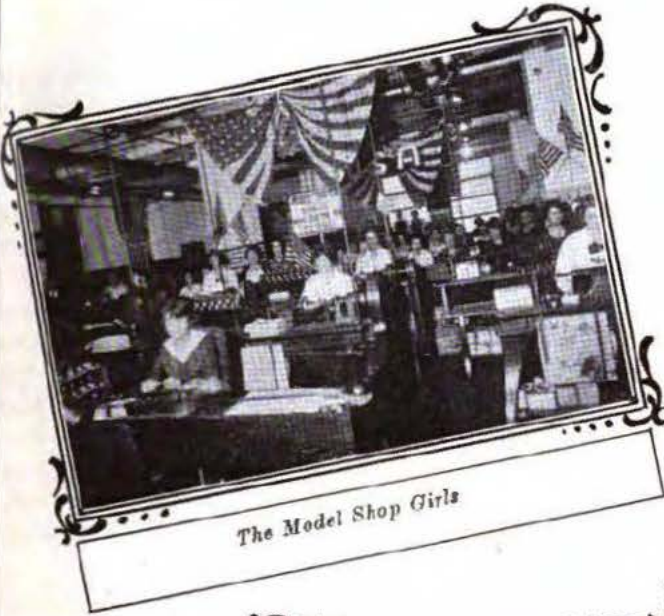
Outside in Bethune (how like battlefield) are we hold meetings, where beside being told where get off with Honble Raise we hear prominent speaker. One day are man who read letter and try quote scripture. Next day we are hear American who go over with first Canadians. And he are good to look at, good to hear. Then next day who are come but Honble Jack Monroe, who one time make Jack Jeffery sit up. He, Honble Monroe, are too a Canadian officer, and he are tell us what are really war. But last day—Honble Jewett (who sign all G. E. I. about what do and what do and when set clock ahead and when come to work when clock say time to) are preside. He introduce small man—preacher from trenches. He preach—as say dough-boy oo-là-là—he preach. Company make lunch-hour longer for allow hear him. And we get it straight from shoulder. Rivalry between departments alright, but buy because you ought, not for make next room look sick. And he tell what other lands have suffered which we have not. And, Honble Sir, he get crowd. Honble lid go off bogey and crowd dig down in honble jeans and first national bank. In street are sold that noon \$20,000 worth. And in building much more. How are lists written all over and in margin with \$50 names.

That, sir, are honestly truly report of how done. Bogey? Bunk. We knock him 150 per cent. sky high. Over 500,000 of large long green are we roll up. Next time one million. Good-bye, dearly sir. Now get back to make more presents for Fritz.

Yours for War Work Campaign,

HASHIMURA HOGO.

Usual apologies to W. Irwin.



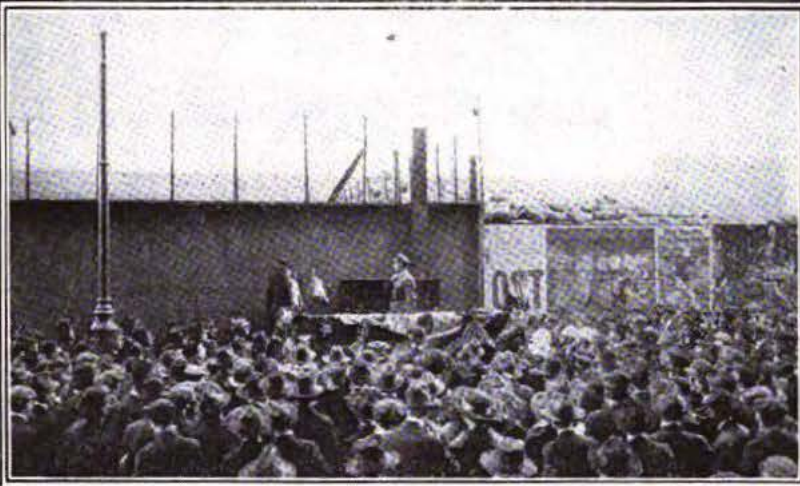
The Model Shop Girls



More Feminine Patriots



Accounting Branch issues its challenge



Captain Mathias, of the Canadians, speaking to crowd in Bethune Street on October 15



The Methods Branch returns the debt



The big parade on October 15. All the leading characters of the war took part

How West Street Put the Loan Over



Research Design Division

Radio Development Division

Office Service Branch

Telegraph Studies Division

Machine Switching Branch

Prize Winning Posters at West Street

The Houses Swell the Total

Richmond—Told in Telegrams

"Richmond, Va., September 30th.—Richmond House opened its Liberty Loan campaign at 11 A. M. last Saturday, and closed it at 1 P. M., having sold at least one bond to each employee. Can we take credit for being the first house to report 100%?"

J. B. ODELL.

The reply of October 1st read:

"Richmond was unquestionably over the top first. Congratulations. Will ask News Board to make proper announcement."

O. D. S98559.

NOW for a few details.

The two-hour drive began with a mass meeting at which Bill Lancaster, chairman of our Liberty Loan Committee, made an inspiring speech. He was followed by Major Rutledge, a brother-in-law of Bob Montgomery. Major Rutledge, who had just returned from the Front after six months of overseas service, told of his personal experiences on the battle-line.

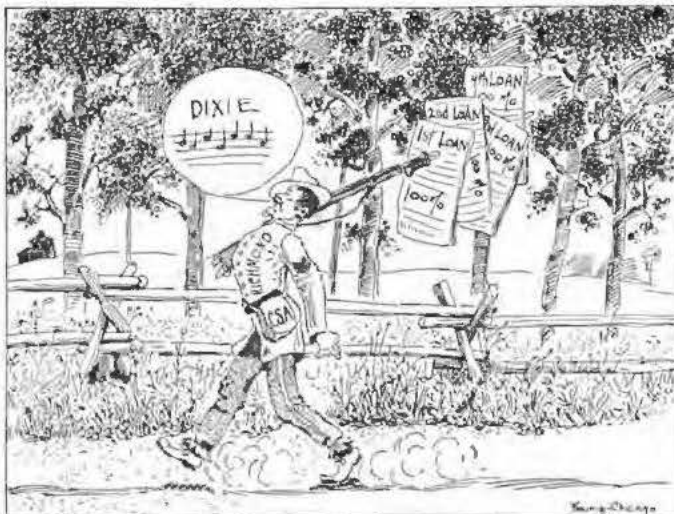
Then the ringing of a bell announced that the time to subscribe had arrived. There was a rush for the booth, which had been decorated with flags and bunting, and for the next hour the blanks were filled out as fast as they could be handled by Mr. Lancaster's committee. The warehouse was the first department to complete its quota but this was due more to luck than to any greater patriotism than that of the other departments.

St. Louis Is Back at the Top

ST. LOUIS failed to improve over its showing in the Third Liberty Loan drive for the good and sufficient reason that it reached 100% on that occasion. It was another 100% hit this time and the total amount subscribed was more than \$17,000.

Included in the St. Louis total are the two branches at Oklahoma City and Memphis, each of which upheld the traditions of the parent house by reporting a 100% subscription.

The Fourth Liberty Loan Committee at St. Louis was composed of Messrs. Robertson and Moter, and the Misses Cregan and Paul. Every one of the 129 em-



A Chicago employee offers his tribute to Richmond

ployees had subscribed by Saturday, October 5.

Just one week of work was all that was needed to make a bondholder of everyone. The committee reports that it really wasn't work at all because everyone wanted to subscribe without waiting to be persuaded.

Getting into the 100% class was anything but a novel experience for St. Louis because the same mark was reached in the Third Liberty Loan and the Second Red Cross War Fund. The St. Louis house can put the I CAN in American when it comes to matters of national import.

Cedric Carter, a Packer, Sets Pace at Los Angeles

NOT content with buying a \$100 bond to be paid for by weekly deductions from his pay envelope, Cedric Carter, a packer stepped up to one of our committeemen and announced that he wanted to buy another. He produced \$100 in cash from one of his pockets, and thus obeyed the plea to double up in a manner that was an inspiration to the other employees when they heard what he had done.

That act is typical of the way the Fourth Loan went at Los Angeles. Every one of the 78 employees subscribed and the total amount of bonds bought was \$9,300. By the time the drive was over nearly all of the employees were wearing second subscription badges showing that they had not been content to stop when the 100% mark was reached. They realized that each

one ought to buy to the limit, and in the last few days of the campaign the repeat orders kept the committeemen busy. And they were willing enough to be kept busy at that sort of work, for after all it was more than easy compared to the work the Los Angeles boys in the service are doing. To them "going over the top" means much more than lending a few dollars to the Government at a comfortable rate of interest.



Buying Bonds at Richmond's Booth

Modest San Francisco

FOR true modesty, San Francisco wins the palm this time. Instead of sending in word that it belongs at the top of the list with the other 100% houses, San Francisco forwarded a chart showing the progress of a race between the San Francisco house and the Emeryville shop, which was won by Emeryville. That is true modesty, is it not?

Unfortunately, it proved impossible to reproduce the chart in the NEWS, but the story is well told by the San Francisco correspondent of the NEWS, and the figures, which appear below, also help to make clear what a good job San Francisco did.

"The race between the San Francisco house and the Emeryville shop and warehouse for the sale of the Fourth Liberty Loan is a sort of 'hare and tortoise' story—with a new finish, for you will note that the Emeryville house, after a wonderful start, slept sweetly until the last day when, finding the San Francisco house had beaten their first quota, they woke up again and won the race with a total of \$22,150.

"On the last Red Cross drive and the Third Liberty Loan these two houses ran 'neck and neck.'"

The Hare and the Tortoise (Revised Version)

| | San Francisco | Emeryville |
|----------------------|---------------|------------|
| September 28th | \$ 7,500 | \$17,850 |
| October 1st | 13,000 | 17,850 |
| October 5th | 14,500 | 17,850 |
| October 9th | 17,000 | 17,850 |
| October 12th | 18,550 | 17,850 |
| October 15th | 18,550 | 22,150 |

TOTAL FOR SAN FRANCISCO BRANCH....\$40,700
100%



The figures do not refer to the purity of the fluid in the tank; they are there to publish broadcast the fact that every worker at Emeryville subscribed for the Fourth Liberty Loan

Emeryville Is Proud

ON September 26, the executive committee met at San Francisco and agreed, after careful consideration, to ask for a quota of \$15,000 for Emeryville's share of patriotism. This committee then worked out a plan of campaign with a sub-committee, obtained suitable posters, flags for windows, buttons with special tags marked "Honor Day Subscribers," plenty of honor rolls, and made up a decoration, as shown by the accompanying photograph preparatory to the Honor Day drive beginning Saturday, September 28.

At 8:45 A. M. Saturday, the assembly bell rang, calling the entire force to the center of the plant, where one of the committee explained in a few words the salient features of this drive and the committee plans.

It was expected that, upon the conclusion of the talk, all would take their seats like regular guys and permit the solicitors to approach and convince them that they should buy bonds, as outlined by previous plans, but nothing doing with this family of patriots. They gathered in a bunch around the Honor Rolls, each enthusiastically demanding that we immediately inscribe

his name thereon. We sure had our hands full for a short while, and at 9:22 A. M. just thirty-seven minutes after starting, the hand of our clock reached the allotted quota, and a wild cheer arose from the entire assembly. A few of the girls started the "Star Spangled Banner" and all joined in, singing with all their hearts. At 9:30 A. M. the last name was added to the roll, making a 100% institution in just forty-five minutes.

Can you blame the Emeryville organization for being proud of this record?

One of the girls, inspired by the excitement of the Liberty Loan Drive, composed the following:

Over the top, over the top,
Even then we did not stop!
What do any of us care
When it's for our own boys over there!

We gave with all our hearts each one
Every dollar to down the Hun!
Send our boys this message: We're with you still!!
Over the top in one hour! Hurrah for Emeryville!!!

A. H.



The scene of Emeryville's great 45-minute drive to victory

Des Moines Is Small in Size but Big in Patriotism

THERE are 29 employees at Des Moines and before the Fourth Loan drive was a week old every one of them was a subscriber. The total amount raised was \$1,700, an average of \$58.62 per employee.

Atlanta and All Its Branches 100 Percent.



Atlanta's Liberty Loan Mass Meeting

THE active campaign for subscriptions to the Fourth Liberty Loan was started on Monday, October 7, and the first day all of the employees in four departments subscribed for bonds, the total subscription for the day being \$16,600.00. By the night of the second day of the drive all of the employees in over half of the departments had purchased bonds. By Thursday night practically every employee at Atlanta had purchased one or more bonds, the subscriptions then amounting to \$23,100.00.

Competition between the departments was so keen that, to stimulate further interest, a meeting was arranged for Friday morning, October 11, and Doctor David Marx, one of the best speakers in the city, was invited to address the employees and appeal to them to buy more bonds. We were particularly fortunate in selecting Dr. Marx for our speaker, as he was in Brussels at the time war was declared and it was most interesting to hear him relate his experience during the first few days of the war and describe the movements of the Belgian troops in their march to the front in an effort to hold back the invading Germans.

His appeal was so strong that, immediately he concluded, the employees had to be held back to keep from running over each other in an effort to subscribe for more bonds. Within fifteen minutes an additional \$7,500.00 worth of bonds had been sold and during the day Atlanta went over the top with 100% of its employees subscribing for bonds.

A final appeal was then made to the sub-warehouses for a record equally as good as the other employees, and to show that their patriotism was no less than their fellow employees' at the main warehouse, they all went over the top with 100% subscriptions, and we are all more than gratified with the final results which show absolutely that the employees of the Company in the South are backing the boys to the limit and that they are doing their bit to help win the war.

Thirty-four thousand three hundred (\$34,300) dollars was subscribed, representing one hundred (100%) per cent of all employees at Atlanta and at sub-warehouses, and approximately one hundred fifty (150%) per cent of their monthly salaries, and also practically twice the amount subscribed to the Third Liberty Loan, which was \$17,900.00.

Salt Lake Digs in for More

AFTER everyone had subscribed on the first day of the drive, putting the Salt Lake City house in the 100% class, word came that the loan was lagging in other parts of the city. Then C. H. Talmage, our manager, made another appeal to us, and we responded, adding considerably to the amount which we already had subscribed.

Our total subscription for 40 employees was \$3,050.

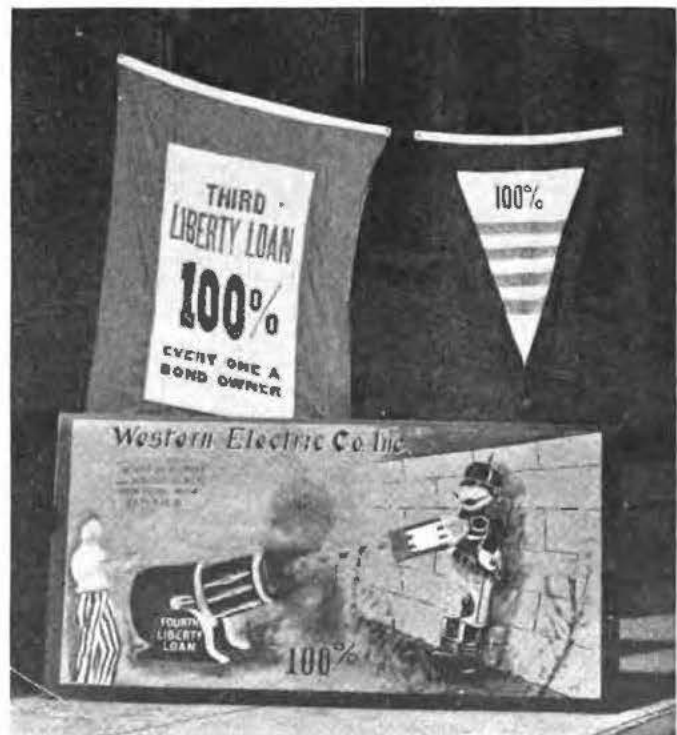
Spokane's Quick Work

SPOKANE jumped into the honor division on the first day of the drive, when each of the ten employees subscribed. The total amount subscribed for was \$1,200, and it takes only an elementary knowledge of mathematics to discover that the average amount per employee was \$120.

Pittsburgh Draws Blood

THEY shot a 100% shell right into the Kaiser's heart at the Pittsburgh house, the missile reaching its mark at noon on October 2. Every one of the 85 employees subscribed. The total amount raised was \$23,400, an average of \$126.

When the shell shown in the photograph drew blood every noise-making instrument on the premises did its share to make the occasion a memorable one. When the din had died-down a little, everyone joined in singing "The Star Spangled Banner."



How Pittsburgh killed the kaiser

"We Wear Our Old Clothes, We Bought Liberty Bonds"—Chicago



The "Plus" Meeting, held in the Chicago salesroom on October 16, at which \$15,000 was added to Chicago's total of subscriptions

CHICAGO and its Branch Warehouses crashed over the top during a mass meeting held on Tuesday, October 15. The meeting was opened with a stirring appeal by Power Apparatus Sales Manager Gleason, followed by another by Mr. Thomas, one of our able salesmen and a leading four-minute-man in Chicago. During the talk the photographer gave us a taste of trench life with a flashlight that resembled a German star shell. Headed by Mr. Ketcham the subscriptions came in thick and fast.

The Committee then moved to the fifth floor, where the Shop and Warehouse employees, headed by Captains Boesenberg and Metzger were pitted against each other. The bidding was hot and heavy, and when the dust of battle had lifted, the Committee being neutral, called the battle a draw. A total of over \$15,000 was subscribed during the drive, bringing our grand total to \$71,000.

Eight Departments and three Branch Houses have 100% in quota and a number of subscriptions. Milwaukee, Indianapolis and Cleveland are the houses. Our Sixteenth Street Warehouse, which has had 100% in all former loans, was the first over the top, going over one minute after the whistle blew.

The Loan Committee has done excellent work and due to this we have succeeded in topping our Third Loan by \$20,000.

Who Said Philadelphia Was Asleep

PHILADELPHIA had no brass bands parading, no piper to charm the dollars out of her pockets. no soul-stirring talks from war veterans for the Fourth Liberty Loan, for Philadelphia is epidemic influenza stricken. Still, she quietly and resolutely went on. A band of workers, piloted by J. P. McQuaide, was organized, and each member was sent out to solicit a certain number. Each day the percentages were posted on a Bulletin Board in front of the office. The goal was \$53,000.

Eleven o'clock Saturday morning, and only an hour to go, and the goal seemed very far off: in fact, it looked like the impossible. Then Pilot McQuaide mounted a desk. "I want everyone's attention, please," electrified the office.

"We have \$53,000 to collect by 12 o'clock, who'll be the first to take another bond?"

"I will," promptly piped a voice back in the office.

"Don't let Pittsburgh or Baltimore beat you to it," rang out Captain Dunn's voice.

The Rip Van Winkle's woke up, sat up and took notice. Philadelphia was awake and alive, and the bidding ran riot. In less than a half hour \$7,550 had been subscribed. Many doubled and redoubled their subscriptions. Before 12 o'clock the good ship Philadelphia, with Captain Dunn at the helm, and Pilot McQuaide at the wheel, sailed over the sea of epidemic obstacles into the Fourth Liberty Loan port with \$55,000 as its precious cargo. This sum more than doubled the Third Loan total of \$26,500.



Chicago's Loan Committee: From left to right (standing)—F. Harsted, P. J. Hogan, E. R. Gilmore, E. Pearson, R. F. Niz, E. O'Donnell, F. J. Kastner, V. E. Wallgren, W. T. Wilson. (Sitting)—Mrs. I. Lebrecht, Miss H. Binning, J. H. Gleason, Mrs. Rose Ford Starner, Miss M. McKean, Miss Vogellander



Going over the top in the Chicago Shop

The Cleveland Girls Show the Way

THE quota assigned to the City of Cleveland for the Fourth Liberty Loan was \$118,000,000, which was about twice that of the Third Loan. The quota assigned to the Cleveland supply department by the local Liberty Loan Committee was \$5,300.00.

Within three days of the opening of the loan everyone of the Western Electric girls had subscribed and proudly announced the fact that they were maintaining the reputation established in the Cleveland War Chest drive and suggested that the men had better get busy. We arranged to have a Liberty Loan meeting on October 8. Before this meeting was held we found that \$4,500 had been subscribed without any solicitation by fifty-two employees out of a possible sixty-seven.

The meeting of the eighth was addressed by one of the Liberty Loan Committee speakers and by Private Harris, one of the marines wounded at Chateau Thierry, who gave us a most graphic account of the early experiences of the American Expeditionary Forces. Additional subscriptions were forthcoming immediately, and our total that evening ran up to \$6,450 from 59 employees.

During the last ten days of the Loan, when the cry of "Double Up" began to be heard, all the Western Electric girls and many of the men took out additional subscriptions, bringing our total for the Fourth Liberty Loan up to \$8,000, and giving the Western Electric girls a splendid record.

We are extremely proud of this record for the entire organization, and are especially proud of the splendid record made by the girls of the organization. In order that the other houses may doubly envy us, we are giving them a chance to see them.



Cleveland's band of feminine bondholders



The members of the Omaha Liberty Loan Committee: From left to right—M. A. Buehler, Miss Freda Baldwin, H. Erickson, Miss Edith Carroll, F. T. Lewis, C. H. Shearer, Miss Rose Hoffman, J. Rylen, A. T. Ahlberg, W. G. Hanson, H. C. Lindsay

Omaha Hauls Its Flag to the Top

NO one was missing when the Fourth Liberty Loan roll-call was completed at Omaha and that house took its place in the 100% class. The progress of the campaign was marked by a chart on which little

flags were gradually pulled up to the top, the sales department being the first to finish. The office, stores and financial department was second, the shop third and the warehouse fourth. In the official standing we have to be content with 92%, but that is because some of our branches didn't maintain the standard we set.



All from Portland—all are bond buyers

Portland Over Top

NOT all of the employees who put Portland in the

100% class are in the photograph, because the salesmen were out working when the picture was taken. The demand for electrical materials for the shipyards is so great that our salesmen are on the job every minute.

Every Girl at Cincinnati Subscribes

CINCINNATI almost went over the top in the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign. A fraction more than 96% of the employees subscribed for a total amount of \$9,300 worth of bonds, an increase of 22% over the subscriptions to the Third Loan. Only 5 out of 128 employees failed to subscribe and to their credit it may be said that they offered satisfactory reasons for not investing at this time.

Several teams were appointed to take charge of the initial soliciting. The shop and financial department each subscribed 100%, the sales department 97% and the stores department 94%. Every girl in the organization subscribed for at least one bond.

Girls Win Flag at Kansas City



T. Riley,
Kansas City Bond Salesman

THE Kansas City house went over the top in the Fourth Liberty Loan with less difficulty than ever experienced before. Employees seemed to be waiting for an opportunity to subscribe.

The attached bulletin of results is self explanatory, but we take particular pride in pointing to the total of \$13,000.00 as against \$10,000.00

in the third campaign, and our realization of 139% on the bogey set for this drive. The entire organization was divided by departments as shown on the chart with a lieutenant in charge of each division, all reporting to C. L. Wells, General Chairman. Mr. Uhrig offered a large silk flag to the department, showing the best realization on its bogey. This, together with the pep injected by a Liberty Loan Campaign speaker, made the contest short and spirited.

After the smoke of battle had cleared away and observation was possible, the ladies were found to be holding the commanding position with Old Glory unfurled above them. The three girls in the photograph at the right all did excellent work during the campaign. T. Riley also deserves honorable mention for helping to sell the bonds.



Minneapolis Makes Big Jump

IN the Third Loan, Minneapolis was not very far up on the list, with its total of 62%, but it was an altogether different story this time. There are 149 employees and before the drive was over, all but 11 of them were on the list of bond buyers, raising the score to 98.9%. That is the kind of improvement that counts and which shows that in every part of the country the will to win the war has taken firm hold.

Denver Does Its Part

WITH the announcement of the Fourth Liberty Loan, our employees endeavored to raise materially the percentage of subscribers, and the total amount subscribed for the previous loan. The work was so spontaneous and thorough that a number of our employees not only subscribed through the company, but took additional allotments through clubs and organizations with which they are affiliated.

Although we did not make a 100% showing, it was not due to any lack of a loyal and co-operative crowd, but the percentage was held down by some of our youngsters who did not subscribe direct but whose families are well represented in the subscription lists.

From the office boy subscriber up we are glad to have had an opportunity to do our part.

Influenza Fails to Hold Back Boston

ON account of the Spanish Influenza epidemic so prevalent at Boston through the period of the Fourth Liberty Loan drive, our efforts in the campaign were necessarily curtailed. No public demonstrations were permitted by the health authorities and the extent of our activities was to stir up enthusiasm as best we could among our own employees, by individual canvass and solicitation. A Liberty Bond Committee, headed by H. P. Litchfield, was in charge of the campaign for the Company, and up to Thursday, October 17, two days before the loan closed, subscriptions had been received amounting to considerably less than our total in the Third Loan.

We arranged through the local Liberty Loan Headquarters for a speaker, and Thursday afternoon at the close of business held a mass meeting in our main office, and had the opportunity of hearing a most inspiring and enthusiastic talk by Captain Gow, of the United States Army, who had served with the British Forces at the Western Front for ten months. Subscriptions were received at the conclusion of the meeting to the amount of \$1,200. The following day we raised a further substantial amount with the result that our employees' total subscription to the Loan was 35.9% in excess of the subscription to the Third Loan, although we had 20.7% fewer employees than six months ago.

Of our total number of employees, 96.7% subscribed to the loan, and the average subscription by each employee was \$76.88.

In Old New Orleans

BACKING the Boys who are fighting the great fight for Democracy and Liberty "Over There," the employees of the New Orleans house went "Over the Top" with 100% in the subscription for Liberty Bonds in the fourth Liberty Loan drive.

Even the Spanish Influenza and the great task of moving the warehouse and offices to our new home could not

keep the staunch supporters of President Wilson, General Pershing and his Boys from digging down deep in their pockets and buying the Bonds that are so essential in carrying the battle cry of America and her Allies to the very Gates of Berlin. "Make the World safe for Democracy."

Dallas Stops Work to Buy Bonds

DOWN in Dallas the city tried a novel method of putting through the Liberty Loan, and in the space of two hours on Monday, September 30, collected 90% of its quota. During this two-hour period all work ceased throughout the city and the time was spent in buying bonds, singing patriotic songs and writing letters to the boys at the front.

The Dallas house joined in the two-hour drive and in that time collected a large share of its subscriptions. J. E. Coad, one of the salesmen, was in charge of the work and succeeded in getting a much larger amount

than the Dallas house has subscribed to any of the previous loans.

New York Needs No Urging

THE Fourth Liberty Loan went flying over the top in solid formation, as did its three forefathers; all being eager to be in the "FIRST TO BUY" class, from the manager down to the office boys. Saturday, the 28th, was opening day, the cards distributed early in the morning were treated as Class A Priorities, and by 12:30 about 75 per cent. of them were signed and returned; the others followed quickly, the only hold-up being that some had gone their limit, but were figuring out how they could economize to give Uncle Sam still another fifty. No brass band parading about, no eloquent speaker crushing the heart of sympathy, no captured trophies or maimed heroes were used to arouse patriotism; every one unsolicited proved himself a real, blue-blooded American.

ON TO BERLIN!!!
 HAS YOUR SUBSCRIPTION HELPED TO PUT YOUR DEPARTMENT'S FLAG IN THE LEAD?
WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY INC.,
195 BROADWAY

ENGLAND
BERLIN 100%
THE BEASTS LAIR

NEW YORK
LONDON
PARIS
BRUSSELS
AMSTERDAM
ANTWERP
LUXEMBOURG
COLOGNE
FRANKFURT
MUNICH
VIENNA
BOLOGNA
GENOVA
LIVORNO
FLORENCE
ROME
NAPLES
MILAN
TORINO

THINK! THINK!
BUY
SELL

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY INCORPORATED
 Subscribers to Fourth Liberty Loan
 Percent of Total Employees

The "On To Berlin" Brigade

How 195 Broadway Pursued the Kaiser to His Lair

THE 195 Broadway Committee decided that the main job was to make bond buying unanimous, and that if everyone subscribed the total in dollars and cents would be big enough to worry the kaiser a bit if he should get a chance to see it. They figured that if they could obtain 100% of their 664 employees they would meet the real test—stripped of all camouflage.

Things were booming along in fine shape, the green cards were blowing in like autumn leaves before a gale, 97% had subscribed, and the Committee was sitting back with a self-satisfied air when the Comptroller's department announced that Hawthorne had set a real mark to shoot at—they had reported that of 18,000 employees, more than 19,000 had subscribed. At once all of the joy was taken out of the Committee's life. What chance was there of beating, or even equaling such an accomplishment? None—so they didn't try. They just decided to let their paltry 97% stand, but just to show that they had a kick left, they made a whirlwind campaign on the last day, and nearly doubled the amount of their subscriptions. Those who added to their subscriptions during the whirlwind campaign of the last day all received red feathers, and the place looked like a fire all Saturday morning.

The progress toward "Berlin," the 100% mark was

recorded on a large war map which was placed in the main lobby. This map is shown on the preceding page, the photograph being taken at the end of the drive.

And it isn't all over yet. List to this humble ditty inspired by the cleaning-up process after Uncle Sam was through with his \$6,000,000,000 clean-up:

After the Loan

One hundred per cent? Well, it wasn't quite that,
But we weren't so very far off, you can bet;
And you'd best keep your weather eye peeled for the next,
When the Fifth Loan is launched take these words for your text:
Down at 195 we'll be getting there yet.

We plastered the walls and the doors on each floor
With all of the posters that we could collect,
So that from each corner, around every bend,
Your eye sure would hit that compelling word "LEND";
A most carefully thought out and telling effect.

Now it may have been that or the choice personnel
Of those who tried hard to make all hands dig deep,
That opened up hearts and loosed purse strings as well
To boost our percentage to where it would tell
That 195 hadn't fallen asleep.

But the fly in the honey—(When isn't there one?),
Taking all of the joy out of life, is the fact
That all of the posters must come down again
And the orders been given in language that's plain,
And the order's been given in language that's plain,

W. A. W.

Geo. Hull Porter Forsakes Chicago



George Hull Porter

THERE is gloom in electrical and club circles in the ranks of Chicago bachelors, as our own George Hull Porter, obeying the call of his country, has gone to Washington where he is serving on the staff of the Quartermaster General with the rank of private with the expectation of receiving a commission in the near future.

George Hull, in addition to being president of various railroad and electrical associations and chairman of civic societies and committees, has for the past eighteen months been Captain of Company I, First Regiment of the Illinois Reserve Militia and also president of the Illinois Athletic Club, an organization of over 3,000.

At a farewell banquet in his honor at the Illinois Athletic Club, attended by some three hundred of his friends, he was presented with a wrist watch and a baby grand piano, and incidentally the news came out that he had embarked on the sea of matrimony.

As George goes forth to assume his new obligations of duty he can not but have a feeling of pride in being held in such high regard and affection by his many friends. He will be better fortified to meet with whatever the future has in store with the knowledge that he has the best wishes and sincere regards of his many friends in the Western Electric organization.



How our Cuban customers sell Western Electric Quality Products.
An effective window display in Havana

All Dressed Up and No Place to Go

AN inspection of the accompanying photograph would seem to indicate that the Company was represented, this year, at the Danbury Fair. It wasn't, however, not because of any unwillingness on the part of the Company, but because the Spanish in-



fluenza caused the unconditional surrender of Danbury's classic gathering.

The girls at New Haven made the signs which appear on the automobile and they spent so much time and trouble on it that when the fair was called off, they almost cried. However it occurred to someone that even if the citizens of Connecticut, between New Haven and Danbury, couldn't see the signs, the readers of the News might have that privilege, so here they are.

Reconstructed Poem

I

Under the spreading chestnut tree, the village blacksmith stands. The smith, a wise old man is he, with spare time on his hands. He has electrified his forge, and a motor heeds commands.

His suit is of the latest cut, his gaiters are light tan; His brow is topped by a Panama, his shoes are spick and span. He lives a life quite free from care, for he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, far in the night, you can hear his bellows blow. A motor runs the heavy sledge, with mighty beat, and slow— (Precisely as the guarantee had stated it would go).

The children, coming home from school, stop at his shaded door; From them he buys War Savings Stamps in lots of twelve or more. And into Loans and Red Cross Funds, subscriptions does he pour.

He goes each Sunday to the Church in his Stevens (dash) Duryea. And on the passed collection plate, a gold coin does he lay, As all the simple village folks glance modestly his way.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend, for the lesson thou hast taught; Thus to conserve our lease on life with current, made or bought. We will employ more E. M. F. and of muscle soon we nought.

W. F. LEGGETT.

Why The News is Late

The fact that the campaign for the Fourth Liberty Loan did not end until several days after the date on which copy for the News usually is sent to the printer is responsible for the delay in the publication of this issue. The Editors felt that the readers would like to have the Liberty Loan record, even if they had to wait a few days for it.

Claims!

I

CLAIMS! eternal fount of terror; CLAIMS, thou Tyrant, born of Error—

What a multitude of causes lend their aid— Making Life a weary living, filled with sorrow and misgiving For the youth whom ONCE we knew as undismayed.

II

First, a customer comes scowling, then an irate salesman yowling— Cause the warehouse sent the goods to Tim-buc-too. Then, the Credit Man, a-swearing and the Stores Boss, now despairing— Seek—THE CLAIMS MAN—there is work for him to do.

III

We've a contractor in Squantum, who buys Cross-Arms, then don't want 'em— Since he's seen some other kind, with fancy names— And the SALESMAN cannot please him, nor the EDITOR appease him— He is pitched—with all solemnity—to C L A I M S !

IV

Once we loaned two Mogul Sockets to a chap with coinless pockets— On the strength of the Sales Man-a-ger's O. K., But that chap skipped o'er the ocean, and the "Big Four" got the notion— That the CLAIMS MAN should have followed him, half way.

V

Ting-a-ling, for CLAIMS they're ringing, and a vixen voice comes singing (?) O'er the intervening stretch of shrieking wire— Pleading that we go a-robbin', so that we may ship a BOBBIN To replace one which she KNOWS went in the fire.

VI

OLD SOL hurls a Texas Leaguer at a truckman from Omega— And some dainty mica fuses are mislaid. Ah, what scorn and what derision, for the luckless Claims Division, Till they find the errant fuses that have strayed.

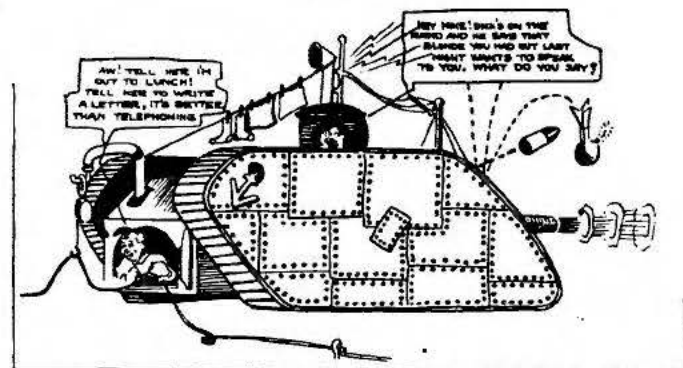
VII

Salesman, Service-Man and Claims-Man, and all other Aches and Pains-Man, He's the one man on the team who should be hung; All the year Dull Care besets him—then the Boss, perchance (?), forgets him, When the April and October days are young.

—Anonymous.

Cincinnati Supply Department Moves

On October 12, the address of the Supply Department at Cincinnati, Ohio, was changed from 129 Government Square to 810-12 Elm Street.



Corporal Frank E. DeWitt, formerly of our Installation Department, now with Battery B, 88th C. A. C., sends this sketch from France under the title, "Making the World Safe for Linemen." Apparently stringing wires isn't the safest job in the world under present conditions at the front, and DeWitt therefore is submitting this to the military authorities as a "manufacturing suggestion." It should appeal to the "Safety First Committee," if the Army has such a thing

A New Vice-President

AT a Directors' Meeting held October 1, 1918, Charles G. DuBois was elected a Vice President of the Company.

Mr. DuBois has been connected with the Bell Telephone System for about 27 years. Between 1891 and 1907 he was with this Company, and since 1907 with the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

Mr. DuBois entered the employ of this Company in its New York office in 1891, after graduation from Dartmouth College. His first work was in the Accounting Department, and in 1896 he was appointed Chief Clerk at New York. In 1898 he was elected Secretary of the Company and transferred to the Chicago office, succeeding J. M. Jackson. During that period of the Company's history up to about 10 years ago, the office of Secretary carried with it general supervision of the whole accounting system of the Company, and in that connection he was largely instrumental in working out and securing the adoption of the Company's first pension plan.

Shortly after taking up his work as Secretary, Mr. DuBois assumed in addition, the duties of Supervisor of Branch Houses, and in that capacity was directly in charge of the inauguration of many of the supply contracts entered into with the Associated Bell Telephone Companies, and the opening of the distributing houses which were established to carry on that relationship with our telephone customers.

In this connection, Mr. DuBois had charge of establishing service to the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company following the San Francisco fire—probably as difficult a job of that nature as the Company ever undertook—as the contract had been signed only a

week before the fire occurred, and the Company was called upon to organize upon an emergency basis and supply material at a hitherto unprecedented rate.

In 1907 Mr. DuBois was transferred from the Western Electric Company to the American Telephone and Telegraph Company as its Comptroller. In this capacity he inaugurated and supervised a comprehensive system of accounting for the Bell Telephone System. In connection with this work he has travelled extensively throughout the country, and has perhaps as wide an acquaintance among telephone men as anyone in the Bell System. He has centered his interest in all plans relating to the welfare of the employees, serving as Chairman of the Employees' Benefit Fund Committee of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company until a year ago when, at the request of H. P. Davison, he went to Washington to serve as Comptroller of the American Red Cross. After systematizing the Red Cross accounting work and organizing a department to carry it on, he returned to his position in New York, but still continues an active interest in and general supervision over the accounts of the American Red Cross.

Mr. DuBois retains his title as Comptroller of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, but it is announced that he will immediately give a gradually increasing portion of his time to Western Electric work. Mr. DuBois combines unusual instinct for organization and large executive ability. In again assuming an administrative position in the Company, he is returning to a field in which he was an active builder for sixteen years, and with which he has been connected for twenty-seven years—his entire business life.



Charles G. DuBois



Change in Organization

T. K. Stevenson, formerly sales manager at St. Louis, has been transferred to the Government Department at New York, where he will do special work. George Corrao replaces Mr. Stevenson at St. Louis, and has been appointed assistant sales manager at that house.

A Visitor from the Antipodes

R. B. Hungerford, the managing director of the Western Electric Company (Australia), Ltd., at Sydney, recently arrived in America for a visit of a few weeks. Six years have passed since he last was in this country.

How the Benefit Plan Lives Up to Its Name

By L. M. Nichols

(Mr. Nichols has received leave of absence from the Company, and is now in the Quartermasters' Department of the Army.)

ONE of the easiest things in life is to dodge looking into the why's and wherefore's of a thing—and one of the "guiltiest feelings" comes when we realize that we've had a good thing within our grasp and have never appreciated it or perhaps have let it slip from us.

The Benefit Plan often remains a red-tape, card-classification sort of thing to most of us until some one of life's mishaps visits us, and sometimes "interns" with us for the duration of the war. Then the "benefit" feature of the plan, by which we have been unobtrusively sheltered, looms up like a ship in the offing to a wrecked mariner.

Often it's easier to visualize a thing if we put ourselves in another's place. Let's go!

I am seeking employment with the Western Electric Company, known to me only by its numerous advertisements in the daily papers with an appeal *à la Creel* to do my bit in the "Wage War." I mean in waging war in the factory behind the men behind the guns. I have heard of fabulous wages paid in ship-yards and munition factories. Vaguely I have realized that these \$1.50 an hour wages are partly due to the fact that in a ship-yard there's many a slip besides that in which the ship resides, and that in a munitions factory, one may be called upon to meet one's maker with next week's wages unspent. The wages that I am offered by the Western Electric Company do not measure up to these exaggerated rumors. I have a family to support. Am I doing right by them to take a job with the Western, when I can perhaps earn more money elsewhere? Being endowed with at least a small grain of common sense, like the average American when it comes to a matter of any real importance, I sit down and take my head in my hands to support the unusual strain of a little continuous thinking.

What are the things that might stop my earnings and subject my family and myself to all the hardships entailed thereby? When I stop to enumerate them to myself, they sound like the subdivisions of the casualty list from "Over there," sickness—accident—death—and old age. If I am an ordinary man in an ordinary company, perhaps I am protected by the Workmen's Disability Act of my State against accident in the course of my work and may feel annually the bankrupting payment of the premium on some life insurance that a persuasive agent sold to my wife on my life. Chances are I may never increase its amount—unless I adopt a budget system *à la* Gerard Swope, to control my household exchequer. Right at hand the Western Electric Company offers additional protection and never a cent comes out of my pay envelope for any camouflaged insurance benefit.

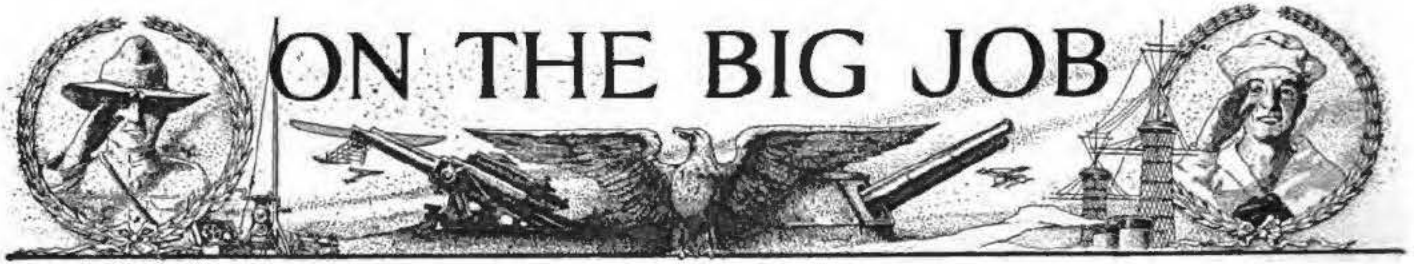
But how about sickness that pulls us down when we've

just been boasting of being "hard as nails" without "knocking on wood." Sickness, it is, that causes a loss of from six to ten working days a year to every working man and woman, and there are a lot of us in this working land of ours. \$600,000,000 is the toll it takes out of our hides and pocket-books in loss of wages and medical expense. Is it comfortable to be dependent solely on the good-will or charity of an employer or face the prospect of wiping out that "rainy-day" fund accumulated through years of patient self-denial and saving. Just to know that while I am in the employ of the Western Electric Company, there are definite provisions for me in case of sickness, ranging from three months to a year of financial aid, increasing with my length of service, is worth a lot more than can be translated into terms of dollars and cents, to say nothing of what it would cost to buy equivalent protection in the form of "Health Insurance" outside, were it conceivable that my pocket-book bulged enough to allow me to do so.

"Old age," I've often had people say to me, "is a long way off, and besides, I'm living my life now from day to day, as I go along." True, m'boy, but unless you commit hari-kari, you may have a long and lingering old age that you might enjoy to the utmost, had you conceded its possibility and desirability and done a little planning. In the twilight of life often come the leisure and taste for its deepest enjoyments. Will I accept a chance to write a happy ending to the story of my life? The Pension Plan offers me a chance whose liberality is limited only by the number of ciphers I can add to my salary on the last lap of my race for a thirty-year service record.

The business-like person in the Employment Department is patiently waiting for me to emerge from the sea of thought. Will I accept a job with a Company which is a full grown big brother in the industrial world, born over a generation ago? Will I take the four-fold benefits that go with the job? I emerge from the sea of thought with a rush, and am interned in the Medical Department where my fever is kindly diagnosed as eagerness rather than brain fever.

My first day in the ranks of the Western Electric, I worked alongside a chap who was in a state of vacillation—understand me, *not* vaccination. He was a family man with an ungrammatical grammar-school education. He had "heer'd from the boys" about the ship-yard millionaires in overalls over in Jersey and Staten Island. Sez'e, "I dunno but I'll quit and make some real money." Oh, but he was meat for me. You see I'd thought it all out (see above). In two minutes (first round) he cried "Kamerad," and I learn since that he applied for a five-star service button in advance and sent his picture to the NEWS.



Died on the Field of Honor



Barney Wichlacz



Demosthene Shimko



William C. Brand

THAT from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, at Gettysburg, Nov. 19, 1863.

Private Barney Wichlacz

BARNEY WICHLACZ, of department 6305, Hawthorne, was killed in action on the 11th of August. He was a member of Company C, 59th Infantry, which has taken part in several hot engagements.

The last letter received at Hawthorne from Private Wichlacz was dated July 30th. It shows well the courageous and confident attitude of our brave boys "over there." He wrote:

"We went into the front trenches on the 17th of July. Say, we are showing the Kaiser what the Americans are made of. When the Germans see an American they run like hell and you can't stop them. We don't wait for the command to go over the top; we go over without any command."

Private Wichlacz is gone, but the spirit that shows in his letter is still forcing the "Blonde Beast" steadily back—"showing the Kaiser what Americans are made of!" And we can be sure that the rest of the Western's contingent of more than 5,000 fighting men are all made of the same stuff, that they are in this war to stick until the last gun is fired, and the German war machine is rendered powerless to plunge the world into war again.

Private William C. Brand

WILLIAM C. BRAND, of department 6966, Hawthorne, was killed in action on the 14th of September. He belonged to the Intelligence Branch of the 2nd Battalion, 354th Infantry, 89th Division.

Private Brand originally enlisted in the Hawthorne Radio Corps and trained with them until June, 1918, when he was transferred from Camp Funston to England and shortly after to France for active service. Due to their superior preparation many of our Signal Corps boys were thus transferred to other organizations before Company A went across. Private Brand is the first of our men to fall in this branch of the service.

Private Demosthene Shimko

DEMOSTHENE SHIMKO was killed in action August 19th. He was a member of Company C, 131st Infantry, and had been employed at process inspection work in department 6623, Hawthorne, before entering the army in September, 1917.

Private Shimko was born in Buderack, Roumania.

News From Western Electric Men in Camp and Field



Vincent Conway

Back in May, 1914, when the News published its Office Boys' Number, C. V. Conway, an office boy in the General Merchandise Department at Hawthorne, contributed a poem beginning:

"Before I worked for the G. M. D.
A good opinion I had of me.
Plenty of 'pep' and a fairly good 'rep'
And pretty speedy on 'getting hep.'"

Since that time Vincent Conway has become a man, but the following letter proves that he has not outgrown his pep nor yet his celerity in achieving a condition of hep-ness —(if you follow us). Conway, who is now a sergeant in Uncle Sam's Hun hunters, writes from a U. S. A. base hospital in England:

"I am coming along in good shape. My wounds are practically healed, and I will soon be up and at 'em again. I was hit with shrapnel (which is nothing but seasoned pig iron) across the fingers of my left hand.

"We had been up the line for several days and, having just been relieved by a British battalion, were about a mile out of the line marching down a road. I was at the head of the column. We could hear the roar of a 'Jerry' plane in the sky. His motor kept getting louder every minute and over to our left a light dropped from the heavens, which lit up the ground for hundreds of yards. Realizing that it was 'Jerry' lighting up the earth to see if he was near his target, I gave the command 'To the other side of the road.' It surely was a lucky command, for no sooner had we got over than he commenced to drop his load. The first bomb hit on the top of a ridge along the road, at the bottom of which we were taking shelter. This one buried us with dirt. The second bomb dropped in exactly the place where we were marching before I gave the order to move. This one did all the damage. In the first place, it made a hole large enough to accommodate a horse and buggy. Out of approximately twenty men, one was killed and a dozen wounded. Two mules were killed and a wagon smashed up. The aviator dropped two more 'eggs' and then 'carried on,' as the Tommies say.

"This hospital I am in is sure fine—American through and through. We get everything we care for, and the meals are the very best, so what more does a fellow want?

"I have just been notified that I have been granted a sick leave, which will be the first vacation I have had since enlisting."



R. S. Tappenden

Richard S. Tappenden, Hawthorne, department 6033, was reported severely wounded on August 9th. He is a member of Company K, 132nd Infantry, the old 2nd Regiment, Illinois National Guard.

When in training at Camp Logan, Houston, Tex., Tappenden injured a finger and was offered an honorable discharge, which he refused to accept. Instead he had the finger amputated and was allowed to go with the regiment to France. He has been "over the top" several times.



John E. Jardine

John E. Jardine, of department 6615, Hawthorne, now with the "doughboys" in France, has twice been a victim of German kultur methods of waging war. Last March he was gassed and again in September he was poisoned, this time by drinking poisoned water.

Jardine, who enlisted in May, 1917, has received the Croix de Guerre for bravery and has two gold stripes for service.

Martin Snyder is a member of Battery A, 108th Field Artillery. A letter from him tells the following story of a German air raid in which he was slightly wounded:

"It is not a bad war after all, although at times I sympathize with Sherman when he made that remark, 'War is —,' but still we try to forget about the war until a shell happens to explode a few yards away from us and then we run for our dugouts and pass quite a few remarks about the Hun. One quiet evening, while on the road returning from the front, the Hun must have known that I was there, when a shell, which happened to be shrapnel, exploded about twenty-five yards from where I was seated upon my horse, and my nose came in contact with a piece of shrapnel. An automobile, which happened to pass at that time, rushed me to the hospital where they found that the only damage done was a deep cut on my nose and lip."

Harry H. Hall, who worked at West Street until he entered the service a little more than a year ago, writes that he was wounded in a recent battle, but expects to be back in action in a few weeks. At this time he probably is back at the front.

Lieut. A. S. Larter, who was employed in the automatic department in London before the war, has received the British Military Cross. He is a member of the Yorkshire Regiment.

Marc Grand gave the San Francisco house its first service star early in 1915 when he sailed for France to enlist in the French Army. In April, 1918, he returned to spend a few hours with us on his way to enjoy a well-earned furlough in Tahiti, and he certainly looked splendid in French horizon-blue, with scarlet tabs on his collar to indicate that he served the famous "75's." As an additional wonder he bore on his chest the Croix de Guerre that he had won at Verdun for carrying a message through a gas-shell barrage. In fact, Marc became a local celebrity; he was interviewed, feted and pedestaled by the local French Colony as was quite fitting and proper. A letter has just been received from Marc stating that he was wounded in the great German offensive in June along the Chemin des Dames, but is convalescing nicely at Finisterre. "I came back to France," said the plucky lad, "just in time for the big German drive and I was right there where they were stopped."



O. Whitmire and the little French girl whom he has adopted

Lieut. Overdown Whitmire, of Atlanta, has adopted the little French girl who is standing beside him in the photograph. Part of a letter received recently from him follows:

"Your letters of June 22nd and 27th were certainly appreciated. If there is anything we long for over here, it is news from home, and of course news from the

W. E. Co. ranks the same as home news with all Western Electric men.

"We have been honored a great deal at this place recently—Day before yesterday the C in C came through with his special train and looked the place over; also, yesterday, another distinguished party spent the afternoon with us. Among them were the C. S. O.-S. O. S. (General ———), Col. (Chief Eng. of A. T. & T. Co.) and Maj. (Foreign Sales Manager W. E. Co.) who is now the C. O. of this Depot. It certainly seems funny to walk through a large warehouse in France with some of our big men and see the shelves full of W. E. goods, also a cable yard of several acres containing nothing but our products.

"We have a No. 1,800 board in our office and I have a No. 1317-B camp phone on my desk, so you can see it is hard to realize we are in France sometimes (except when we have an August day like to-day and every one wears sweaters or overcoats).

"We also have another warehouse that I have not mentioned—you could put the Atlanta house inside it, and it contains nothing but W. E. switchboard equipment. There are complete exchanges all boxed up and are known by certain numbers. Whenever it is necessary to install an exchange anywhere we order out boxes No. So and So, and a complete exchange is described in about half dozen lines of the shipping ticket.

"The 402nd Tel. Bat. arrived about 2 days after receipt of your letter telling me about it. They were camped here about 2 weeks and I had a good chance to see them all—Hix, Stepp and Weaver were certainly enjoying life. They have now left to build a telephone line somewhere in France.

"Yes, I have already adopted my little French girl, will send you a picture of us both sometime soon. She is only 13, but I can wait for her to grow up."

Cadet John H. Deardoff, formerly of Department 6031 at Hawthorne, is now at Princeton University training for aviation work. Before going to Princeton he was engaged in repair and installation work on Western Electric telephones in observaballoons at Camp John Wise, San Antonio, Texas. The news of Cadet Deardoff's movements comes, not from Hawthorne, but from the Atlanta house, where he stopped for a visit on his way North, and was warmly welcomed by the local staff.



This photograph shows a Czecho-Slovak Company celebrating the Fourth of July with a parade in a French village. It was sent to THE NEWS by Joseph Krivanec, of Hawthorne, who is a telephonist in the 21st Regiment of the Tcheco-Slovak Army

A front seat at the "big show" over on the western front has certain drawbacks that might serve with many of us to off-set its advantages. Cyrus A. Cook, formerly of the Hawthorne plant department, now of Co. C, 108th U. S. Engineers, lists a few of both in the following letter:

"My work gave me a fine view of one of the big drives, as I was just behind the lines where the big stuff was being pulled off. The Hun artillery were concentrating on the advancing reserves, so we got few shells in our neighborhood. It was a clear day and the battle kept up all day. The gas shells burst like clouds of steam and floated off close to the ground for the valleys.

"A shell just exploded a couple of hundred yards from where I am writing and interrupted my train of thought. Sounded like a 9.2. From the sound of a motor I think a 'Jerry' is in the air. They follow the clouds to keep hidden, then dash out for observation. They don't dare to bomb in the day time, only at night. We bomb all the time. A second shell just exploded. I am dug down about three feet sleeping on mother earth and he has to make nearly a direct hit to get me. He is shooting now with a long-range gun.

"I saw a bunch of 'Jerry' prisoners the other day from the big drive—captured the night before, and they are a poor lot. They were so hungry they were trading watches for a tin of bully beef. They seemed to think Germany would be licked soon and were glad to be out of it. They are a tricky bunch.

"We were given a package of cigarettes and tobacco from one of the tobacco funds yesterday. It sure was welcome, as they have been scarce, but we have quite a supply now. That is the way with everything here—one day turkey and the next the feathers. Considering we are on field operations we are fairly well taken care of as a rule. At times its tough.

"After a spell of rain the weather is fine. Rainy weather is damnable in the army. Living in holes damp and buggy is not pleasant but far safer than outside.

"There is an air battle going on over head. I interrupted this for mess and 'Jerry' came over just after. I have been taking a slant at him. They use anti-aircraft guns and machine guns till the battle planes arrive. Sometimes you get a shower of shrapnel watching them. This stuff is going on all the time and is just mildly interesting now. A few nights ago I saw them bring down one with five passengers. It had five engines. It was set afire with tracer bullets and there was some explosion when it landed.

"In the past two months I have seen hardly any of the fair sex, and most of the ones I did see were over sixty, but the best of the French girls are not in the same class with the American girls. If you don't already know it, you are living in the finest country in the world, and I have met men here from the four corners of the earth. I dont care how much they muss me up if I only get back to the U. S. A. at the finish and get a chance to see all the old familiar faces again. Yea bo."

Wagoner E. W. Shingleton, of the First Battalion of the 11th Field Artillery, begins a letter from France with these words: "Coming in yesterday I found July's NEWS on my bed and I sure was glad to read it over and the other boys also are reading it now."

Carl Mutschler, of the Kansas City house, has enlisted in the Navy, and is stationed at the Great Lakes Training Station. Six of his uncles are fighting in the German army, but Carl, who is only 19 years of age, his made it clear that he is a true American.

Sergt. Ted Norton, of the Chicago house, says among other things in a recent letter:

"Of course, you know what our boys on the American front are doing to the Huns. I think I told you before that our division is brigaded with the British forces on quite a different part of the front. Since being made sergeant I have been with the battalion headquarters, and, of course, been on the go more than if I had remained at regimental headquarters.

"Our battalion was sent into the front to relieve some British for one week, and we have just returned. During our stay at the front lines 'Jerry' tried his best to make it uncomfortable for us, which he managed to do, to some extent, with his artillery. It was my first time under fire, and, take it from me, I am not crazy about it. We had very good success, pushing 'Jerry' back about two miles, but we suffered some casualties in doing so, but of course that is all to be expected.

"My duties were to keep a record of all casualties and make myself generally useful around headquarters. I put in most of my time around the first aid station, where the wounded were brought. (The station is about 100 yards behind the front line.) Most of our boys that were killed were mangled by shell fire.

"I had a very close call one afternoon—was just returning from the transport line, which was about seventy-five yards from the first aid station dugout. It was a level stretch of ground, and 'Jerry' had not thrown a shell over there all afternoon, so I ventured out with a detail to carry some dead bodies across this stretch of ground to the transport line, so they could be picked up that night on wagons and carried away and buried.

"I guess I lingered too long on the road, for just as I started to return to the dugout I heard a 'whizz' coming over the hill, and I fell flat on the ground. The shell broke about twenty yards from me, but missed me. I got up and started to run for the dugout, thinking that there would be an interval of a couple of minutes before the next one came, but I had only taken about four steps when another 'whizz' came over the hill again. I hit the ground, and in the next second after the explosion was up and off again.

"But that is not all. 'Jerry' dropped seven shells within a radius of fifty yards all around me within two minutes, and I dug my nose into the mud exactly seven times during those two minutes. I came out without a scratch, but fellows who were watching me from the dugout say they can't figure it out, as pieces of shell were flying all around me.

"It took me pretty near two hours to get righted, as I was exhausted and pretty well scared, which I am not ashamed to admit. Our whole regiment is in the line now, but I am about three miles behind at sub-headquarters. Col. Davis is commanding the sector and has a genius mind.

"We expect to see 'Jerry' backed up a few more miles within the next few days. Things are beginning to look as if my prophecy that I would spend next Fourth of July at home will come true."

Here is visible proof that the News is read in France. The soldier with a copy of the June issue in his hands is Ralph N. Sample, a former employee of the engineering department at West Street. He is now a master engineer with the 102nd Engineers in France. The following paragraph from his letter shows the typical W. E. spirit:

"The other day I received the June number of the WESTERN ELECTRIC NEWS, and enjoyed reading it a great deal. It seems good to get something in the magazine line from the States besides the French and English papers over here. I suppose the Western Electric Company is very busy at the present time, and although I miss the old familiar faces, I feel much better to be over here doing what I can. The hours we spend here are not all pleasant by any means, but for those that go back all right, it will have been a wonderful experience. It has been very much cooler this summer here than it was last summer in the States. Everything is going on nicely with myself here, and after everything is settled in our way, I hope to be able to come back to the Western and be with you all again."



Ralph N. Sample

In a letter from France, Sergeant L.E. Dorrothy, of the New York Radio Company, encloses the accompanying photograph of himself and G. J. Sperling, of the Hawthorne Radio Company. Sergeant Dorrothy was detached for special duty one day at a signal station and there found Private Sperling, who, at that time, was the only member of the Hawthorne Company in France.



When East meets West on the fields of France. Sergeant L. E. Dorrothy, of the New York Radio Company, on the left, and Private G. J. Sperling, of the Hawthorne Radio Company, on the right

Ed. Saylor, a Kansas City employee, who has been in France for nine months, writes of pushing back the Boches. He says:

"Just a year ago to-day my battalion entered the Federal service and since then we have spent nine months in France; three months of which was in training behind the lines and six months in the trenches. Our outfit has changed in personnel possibly as much as the K. C. office force, but in our case many have paid the grim reaper's toll, but as the heroic French say—*C'est la guerre*.

"To-day we are resting—recovering and rejoicing after twelve victorious days and nights in which we drove the Huns back many miles after terrific fighting, from the 'pocket' which was extending dangerously near to Paris. During this time there was little sleep and none of us removed our clothing.

"The good work is still going on by our relief and we will soon be back at it again.

"Incidentally, the Boche, is their rapid though stubborn retreat (it started as their 'offensive' on July 14th—it's 'offensive' to them to think about it now), were forced to abandon thousands of dollars worth of equipment, which was liberally sprinkled with their mangled dead from hand-to-hand fighting.

"Our boys collected the choicest 'souvenirs,' such as officers' helmets, belt-buckles, watches, iron crosses and automatics and have decked themselves so they look more like peddlers than soldiers."

Frank A. Dedic, of the tool making department, Hawthorne, now with the Marines, writes that he has arrived safely across, and that everything is fine and dandy. I'm kind of lucky," he adds, "one of our Marines, R. W. Anderson, used to work for us in the Cable Plant. We often get together and talk over the Hawthorne Works."

Frank now bears the title of expert rifleman, the highest rank for skill with that weapon, and by the time this appears probably will be testing his aim by picking off a few Germans.



A. W. Hammett

The tall sailor on the left is Alfred W. Hammett, of Department 5876, at Hawthorne. He is now in the United States Navy.

The following letter has been received from David C. Guest, executive officer of the U. S. S. *Yorktown*, who was in the sales department of the Chicago house:

"Since coming to the Atlantic Coast, we have been where the submarines were active, most of the time. While coming up the coast one night about two weeks ago, two officers on the bridge saw the wakes of two torpedoes cross just about ten feet ahead of us, apparently having been fired by a sub. on our quarter and just missing us. We immediately fired a gun in the direction from which the wakes came, and head the ship in that direction, but it was so dark we could not see anything. Many of the officers do not think that we were fired at, but the two officers on watch, who are both regular navy officers of considerable experience, say that if what they saw were not the wakes from torpedoes, they looked just like them. If they were, then we had a mighty close call.

"The next morning we passed the wreck of a ship that had been torpedoed about a week before, and three days later we passed the wreck of a big steamer that had been sunk that very night. Her crew had apparently gotten away, or been drowned, but the cargo, boxes, barrels, etc., covered the sea for a thousand yards from the ship.

"That same night we received an S. O. S. call from a steamer about twenty miles from us, that was being chased by a submarine. We immediately headed for her, but before we got there it was dark and we could find neither ship or submarine. I never did learn whether that ship escaped or not.

"There is a sub. operating off this port that claims he is the one that got the U. S. S. *San Diego*. The *San Diego*, you know, was formerly in our old fleet on the Pacific Coast. Of the six ships that came around from that fleet, two have been sunk, one by a submarine and the other by collision. There is more danger from collision than from subs. We run at full speed, absolutely dark, and sometimes it is so dark you can't see your own jack staff. I sleep with my boots on, when I get a chance, most of the time when we are at sea.

"It is a great game and sometimes, when I have been up most of the time for two or three nights in succession, due to bad weather, or subs. in the vicinity, I wish I were back at Clinton Street and could close down my desk and go home and go to bed. But when you finally do get into a safe port, drop your hook, leave the bridge and go to bed. Oh! 'Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling?"

"In your last letter you say, now that I am married you know I will come back to the Western Electric Company when the war is over. You just know I will if you will take me."



F. W. Nanta

This sailor is Fred W. Nanta, formerly of the switchboard department at Hawthorne. He enlisted in the Navy several months ago as an electrician and is now stationed at the Great Lakes training camp where he is a member of the 26th Company of the 7th Battalion of the 12th Regiment. He is anxious to hear from some of his former fellow workers at Hawthorne. The photograph shows that he knows how to salute in the approved naval fashion.

Frank R. Fielding, who is now on the U. S. S. *Vedette* in service in foreign waters, was formerly employed by the Company as a field man at Roanoke, Va. He enlisted in the Navy as a seaman and earned his commission from the ranks. Part of a letter from him follows:

"I am now fully responsible for the cleanliness from bilges to topmast and also general appearance and condition of material of Miss *Vedette*. On a small ship right now I'm not afraid of comparison with anyone from the 'Cor-sair' down the line.

"I think I can ascribe the willingness of my men to work to the fact they know I scrubbed decks myself for nine months and know just what a day's work is. They know I won't ask for anything I haven't done myself, and on the other hand, that they can't pull any camouflage.

"Isn't it great the way the boys up at Château-Thierry and Soissons gave them hell? The French simply adore the Marines, and I guess they deserve it. The Heinies are getting worried because they have tightened up on their submarine work, and we're getting lots of action, as they want to prevent the rest of our boys from hornin' in on the argument. Last Sunday our convoy was attacked twice in five hours. In the first they sank a merchantman astern of us and got away clear, and in the second an Avion located him under water. As we swung to attack the Boche missed us by ten feet and we picked up his oil slick at right angles to the torpedo wake. We bombed him with the 400-pound TNT ash-cans and got him on the eighth.

Hollis W. Kilpatrick, of the Atlanta house, gives a glimpse into naval life in foreign waters. He says:

"Yes, we are giving them hell now. Real condensed hell at that, too, and have several notches cut on our gun. If I could only tell you what we are doing and where we are doing it you would be surprised. While the Sammies have been knocking on his front gate we are knocking on his back door, and before long both of our forces are going to meet in the Kaiser's living room, and then good-night to Kaiser Bill. We will put that sucker to bed and he will never wake up.

"You can't begin to imagine the wild exciting time we have when we go ashore. There is absolutely nothing doing around here on liberty. Go to some place and fill up on eggs, ham and tea. Regular old tea hound now. Have seen some of 'The Ladies from Hell' with five and six wound marks and going back for more. Believe me, they are the boys who look good in their peculiar uniform. Some one fellow who had won the V. C. and D. S. O. both. He went out in 1914 and had been wounded six times, and the time I saw him he was in charge of a draft bound for France."

Ernest R. Zabriskie, of the sales department at 195 Broadway, is now an ensign in the U. S. Navy.

Here is George F. Buess, formerly of department 6460, Hawthorne. He is now stationed at the U. S. Naval Air Repair Base in England. In fact, George is the only part of the landscape that isn't English. However, you probably would never guess that the background was British unless you happened to notice the absence of boulevard cooties on the road behind George.



Frank R. Fielding



G. F. Buess



G. H. Berry

The man looking for a place out of the sun is G. H. Berry, formerly of department 6485, Hawthorne. He is now at Edgewood Arsenal, Maryland, in the Chemical Warfare Service of the United States. Berry went on the job as a private, was made a corporal last July and on September 26th took another jump in rank, this time to a second lieutenantcy.

S. B. Brennan, of department 5946-C, Hawthorne, recently received a letter from a friend in France, Private Frank Hanne-

man, who has just returned from the front-line trenches and was being transported to another section of the line. The letter contained a clipping from the July issue of the WESTERN ELECTRIC NEWS, which the writer had picked up in a small town near the lines. In it he had noticed a photograph and write-up of R. Vander Ploeg, department 6163, Hawthorne, a neighbor of his in Chicago, who received a 20-year service button in July.

So the News was privileged to do its bit in bringing home nearer to one of Uncle Sam's boys outside our own Western Electric family.

Elmer Kock, of department 6163, Hawthorne, writes that he is well and happy in France. The thought that he is "doing his bit" has instilled a little more "pep," if such is possible, as Elmer always had an over-abundance of it. While chauffeur on Auto No. 20, although he was a little fellow, he covered more ground in a day than Barney Oldfield would in a week. When Elmer was put on the job fire or water would not stop him until he accomplished his purpose, and as he is in the Aviation

Corps, he will not be contented until he has delivered a few notes to the "Kaiser in Berlin."

Elmer evidently expects to "clean up the job" very shortly, as he says he is looking forward to being back at his old stand on Auto No. 20 in the near future.



Elmer Kock

Private J. H. Sendele, of Company A, 308th Engineers, writes from France to express his appreciation of the NEWS. Among other things he says, "I see quite a lot of Western Electric material, such as wire, sockets and telephones."

Western Electric people have a habit of rising from the ranks within the Company, and many of our boys in the Army and Navy seem unable to break themselves of the habit. E. S. Johnson, of the Raw Material Order Department, at Hawthorne, entered the Army about a year ago as an awkward squad candidate for the rank of high private. Then right away that habit began to work. Here is the story in Johnson's own words:

"On the 23rd of September, one year ago, I with 90 others climbed aboard a train in the Union Depot, bound for Camp Grant, Illinois. We had all the comforts of home on the train—a barrel of water on each platform with about 10 tin cups chained to the side. At 6 P. M. we had our first view of our new abode. We were taken off the train and lined up, the roll was called and we started our first march to the barracks. Here we were given mess kits and marched into the mess hall for supper, after which we went down to the hospital and were examined, vaccinated and given our 'first shot.' That night there was very little sleeping for any of us.

"About a week later the battery was divided into sections and I was placed as acting section chief. A few days after, all section chiefs and some of the acting corporals were sent to a non-commissioned officers school. This school lasted about five weeks and it was on October 19th that I received my warrant as a line sergeant. When I put on my chevrons I thought I had one of the biggest jobs in the Army.

"It was not very long before rumors came out that men having six months training could apply for the officers training camp. My chance came about the first of May, and I immediately put in my application. On the 11th I was instructed by my battery commander to report to the training school on the 15th. At that time the school was in Camp Grant.

"Our first school lesson was in the art of scrubbing the barracks inside from the ground up, and washing all of the windows. Everybody went at this work like a dog after a bone, and if I might say it myself we did a first-class job. From then on it was study day and night."

Private C. A. Cook, formerly of the Plant Department, now connected with Company C, 108th Engineers, American Expeditionary Forces, writes:

"I am well, hale, hearty, and working 'to beat the band.' Driving six-foot stakes with a fifteen-pound maul all day is not so easy nor is picking through hard lime stone. We have just completed our dug-out, which is quite comfortable and bomb-proof, except in the case of a direct hit. If the Hun makes a direct hit, of course, we will push up the daisies next spring.

"This was the noisiest Fourth of July I have ever experienced, and they were not shooting blanks, either.

"Best regards to all the W. E. boys, and tell them this is a wonderful game."

Frank Naberstk is familiar to the readers of the NEWS as the manager of the Hawthorne base ball team which last year won the amateur championship of Chicago. He is now in France, and is a second lieutenant in the Field Artillery.



S. J. Johnson



F. J. Naberstk



George Barkos

High Life, a newspaper published at Post Field, Fort Sill, Okla., ran a long article September 20th about George Barkos, formerly of the hand screw machine department at Hawthorne. The article says in part:

"It took Private First Class George Barkos of Squadron E some little time to become an expert machinist, but he found himself a wrestler in about five minutes.

"And at both he is quite an artist.

"Barkos came to Post Field last January from Chicago, and in the Engineering Department has shown himself to be a thorough mechanic as well as a consistent soldier. Born in Greece, he had a hard row to hoe after he come over here until he landed with the Western Electric near Chicago. How he happened to get into wrestling is told in his own words:

"An old friend of mine came to me one morning and started telling me what a wonder he was at wrestling. He said that in two weeks he would wrestle for the Western Electric championship, and asked me to go to his club to see him work out. As I went a little early, and he didn't have anybody to work out with him and he gave me a pair of trunks and told me to do my best and see what I could do.

"Just as I got the trunks on the rest of the boys came and they all gathered around to see my finish. As it was the first time I ever tried to wrestle I had to work fast and in a minute and a half had my friends shoulders pinned to the mat. We wrestled again and I threw him in three minutes the second time.

"A short time later I wrestled in the finals for the championship of the Western Electric, but this time I had a little more courage and I jumped into the ring before 3,000 fans, weighing 108 pounds, wearing a pair of swimming trunks and in bare feet, to wrestle another 123-pounder with a swell wrestling outfit and a wonderful shape.

"All the fans started yelling. They called me Ignatz and my man Crazy Kat, but I shut them all up in a hurry when I threw my man in four minutes and won the championship. That was September 27, 1918."

"Two months later, Vanderplug of Cornell defeated Barkos for the United States championship, but in 1914 he again won the Western Electric championship. Boesset of the Gary Y. M. C. A. defeated him for the U. S. title a short time later, and again in 1915, after defeating three men, he met Boesset in the finals. This time, after three draws, Barkos was knocked unconscious in a fall and got second place.

"Barkos again wrestled Boesset in September, 1915, but lost the decision, but in February, 1916, he wrestled Boesset for the U. S. title and defeated him in 15 minutes.

"Barkos has not been defeated since in his class. He has performed in a number of exhibition bouts at Post Field."



R. D. Tansey

Roger D. Tansey, a former Hawthorne boy, who worked in the switchboard departments, writes from France to express his thanks for the News. He sends the accompanying picture of himself dressed in a baseball uniform. He says that baseball uniforms are pretty scarce over there, but that he is a member of the ball club of the 34th Service Company stationed at Tours. His team recently had a game arranged with the Service nine on which Grover Cleveland Alexander played, but at the last moment, the former big league pitcher and his outfit were prevented from playing baseball by a summons to active duty at the front.

The following letter with accompanying photograph is from Sergeant Ralph Eaves, a Boston employee, who served at the Mexican Border in 1916, and who has been at the front since February of this year. He participated in the first American Battle at Apremont Woods, in April, also figured in the Second Battle of the Marne and the engagement at St. Mihiel, with the 26th Division. He is now in action in the present big drive.



Ralph Eaves

"I am in the best of health and enjoying life very much, as we are in a rest camp now, and it sure is a rest, as all we do is care for our horses and amuse ourselves as we see fit the rest of the day. We are located in the woods, on the outskirts of a little French village. Our camp is walled in on all four sides by big, tall shade trees, and on one side runs the swellest river I ever saw, and the water is clear and cold, and an ideal place to swim, and it also would make an ideal place for Charlie Howes to camp, as there are trout in the river as big as your arm, and we have lots of fun trying to catch them with a line and pole; and when this does not bring results, we take our rifles and shoot them and this is about the best and quickest way to get a fish dinner, I have yet found.

"We are living in pup tents and roughing it in real old camp style. The village is very small, but pretty, and we are the first American soldiers they ever saw, so we are treated like kings, and the town is ours—as they say in Boston. The first Sunday we were in camp here, the entire population (about sixty) came over to our camp and from the look of joy on their faces, you would think a circus had come to town, as it was great sport for them to see us ride and feed our horses.

"We also have a nice Y. M. C. A. here, and a real, live man running it, and he keeps us furnished with base balls and other amusements. I was promoted to Sergeant yesterday."

Clyde Paris, Samedi le 4 Août 1918
 Tell all the boys and girls at the office
 that their train do not run anymore.

DE PARIS
 A COLOGNE, HAMBOURG
 ET BERLIN

| Matin | Soir | Soir | W | dép. | Paris-Nord. | dép. | A | Matin | Matin | Soir |
|---------|-------|------|---|------|----------------|------|---|-------|-------|-------|
| 7 50 | 13 45 | 22 . | | | | | | 23 30 | 7 35 | 16 . |
| 4 19 | 11 01 | 8 . | | arr. | Cologne . . . | | | 4 19 | 10 52 | 7 56 |
| min. 08 | 6 55 | 6 03 | | | Hambourg . . | | | 7 39 | 2 45 | 11 14 |
| min. 21 | 8 54 | 6 01 | | | Berlin | arr. | | 8 . | 1 . | 9 26 |
| | | | | | | | | | | |
| | | | | | | | | | | |

Prix des billets au départ de Paris

| | | Validité | 1 ^{re} classe | 2 ^e classe |
|--------------------|-------------------|----------|------------------------|-----------------------|
| Cologne | Simple | 4 . | 53 10 | 36 20 |
| | Aller et retour . | 20 . | 85 40 | 60 40 |
| Hambourg | Simple | 5 . | 97 60 | 64 40 |
| | Aller et retour . | 20 . | 173 60 | 116 10 |
| Berlin | Simple | 5 . | 110 50 | 71 30 |
| | Aller et retour . | 20 . | 199 50 | 129 80 |

Study

This rather deceptive time-table was sent by Lieutenant C. A. Sanborn, of the Los Angeles house

Who's Who at Hawthorne



Who backs that old H. C. of L. against the factory fence and threatens it with merry hell unless it beats it hence? Who buys up groceries fresh and nice in boxes, tins, and sacks, then sneaks up on the retail price and hits it with an ax? Who helps us save a cent or two on everything we buy to purchase bonds and add some blue to Kaiser Bill's

black eye? Who stands ace high and then some more in good scouts' company, and runs the Haw. Club Co-op. Store? Right! Quigley—old H. C.

Apparently New York's Bunk Hurts

The following wail of woe followed close in the wake of a New York engineer's trip to Hawthorne. The neutral nations ought to take immediate steps looking toward some joint action to stop such atrocities.

Editor WESTERN ELECTRIC NEWS.

DEAR SIR:

Surely we had thought him dead—Hogo, the Jap, who panned the elevator system at West Street when he wasn't busy lambasting, lampooning, harpooning and otherwise maligning the folks here at Hawthorne. You know, this man Hogo is no Jap at all. Under his own name, and sometimes under another, or none at all, he spills all kinds of bunk. (That's a weird pun on his real cognomen.) Yes, we had thought him dead. Not even the recent outbursts of W. A. Wolff drew him from his lair. And now he bobs up in Hawthorne—same old string bean—same old jackanapes.

Say, that fellow has no business here. After all he has said about us, what right has he flitting around? Worst of all, he hobnobs with the very ones who have been the victims of his pen. Can you imagine it? And to add insult to injury—he knows all the girls in the place and flaunts the fact in our faces.

What we want to get at is this—before ever this letter will appear in the News, Hogo will have gone back to New York. Can't something be done in case he ever comes back? For instance, can't we arrange to have no bank robberies, jail deliveries, thief hunts, trolley wrecks, etc., the next time he comes? Just look at the chance that fellow has to paint Chicago as the Wild and Woolly Wilderness. We're willing to wager dollars to doughnuts that he has a whole notebook full of suggestions for a write-up. And he's been sampling the menus in Café Chopard and in Du Plain aux Cable Reels.

Just as a suggestion—perhaps you could take a fling at his English. He calls Des Plaines "Day Plan" and Joliet "Zholeeay" and Pere Marquette "Pair Market," accent on the last syllable.

Yours for a good come-back,

THE GANG.

Married

September 22d.—Miss Helen Szuszkewic, department 7381, Hawthorne, to Fred Brzenko, of Chicago.

September 7th.—Miss Mabel A. De La Mater to Mario Lucio Scacherl, department 6821.

September 7th.—Miss Pauline Bowman, of Indianapolis, to J. Moravec, department 6872, now of Co. H, 10th Infantry, U. S. A.

"Keep the Old Clothes Turning"

They were brought down from the attic,
Where they were stored away;
And now Mother's made them over
For me and Bob and May.
We are just as proud as soldiers,
And are boldly marching on,
With hearts so true and loyal
As we sing this grand old song.

REFRAIN

Father does the churning,
While Mother sure is learning,
To turn the old clothes inside-out and Hooverize.
Keep your old coat lining,
Though it may be shining,
Turn your old clothes inside-out,
Till the boys come home.

Overseas our boys are fighting
For rights they know are just;
And when it is all over
They will come home, yes, they must.
Then a glad hand we will give them,
And a pleasant "thank you," too,
For showing Kaiser Wilhelm
What America can do.

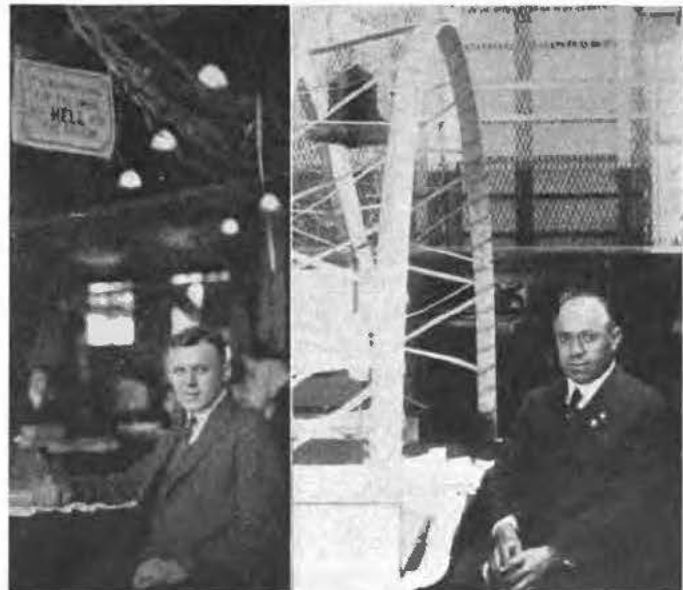
REFRAIN

Keep the home fires burning,
At the same time learning
To turn the old clothes inside-out and Hooverize.
Keep your old coat lining,
Though it may be shining,
Turn your old clothes inside-out,
Till the boys come home.

—M. J., Dept. 6672.

A Little Recognition for the Grooms

"BLUSHING BRIDES" has a nice alliterative sound, but when it comes to real blushes and maidenly confusion you ought to see a Hawthorne groom newly returned from his wedding trip. So that you may, we are printing this picture of two of them. The one gripping the rolling pin is G. E. Hildebrandt, of department 6606, and the one in front of the elaborate decorations is F. Konicek, department 6607. Their wedding days were about as close as their department numbers, so we are running them in the same picture. The motto and the wedding bell apply to both.





To Be Awarded in November

| TWENTY-FIVE YEARS | | | | | | |
|---|----------|----|---|---------------------------------------|----|----|
| Ryan, T., Chicago..... | November | 1 | Driscoll, W., Hawthorne, 5876..... | November | 9 | |
| TWENTY YEARS | | | | Kitching, B. F., Hawthorne, 6640..... | " | 10 |
| Wantz, A., Chicago..... | November | 16 | Delwey, J., Hawthorne, 6886..... | " | 11 | |
| Prena, J., Hawthorne, 6801..... | " | 17 | Anderson, Ida, Hawthorne, 7032..... | " | 16 | |
| Koch, C. H., Hawthorne, 6640..... | " | 23 | Connor, F., Hawthorne, 6805..... | " | 16 | |
| Ketschke, A. J., New York..... | " | 1 | Freudig, Carrie, Hawthorne, 6326..... | " | 16 | |
| White, D. E., New York..... | " | 29 | Potopoulos, Geo., Hawthorne, 6300..... | " | 17 | |
| FIFTEEN YEARS | | | | Gabriel, C., Hawthorne, 7168..... | " | 17 |
| Giroux, H. J., Hawthorne, 6377..... | November | 14 | Mihm, A., Hawthorne, 6460..... | " | 17 | |
| McClarence, B., Hawthorne, 6427..... | " | 20 | Fitzgerald, May, Hawthorne, 6925..... | " | 18 | |
| Urban, J., Hawthorne, 6889..... | " | 20 | Hofert, E., Hawthorne, 6322..... | " | 18 | |
| Hitzman, Anna, Hawthorne, 7394..... | " | 24 | Olson, C. O., Hawthorne, 8198..... | " | 18 | |
| Lechner, J., Hawthorne, 6337..... | " | 28 | Zimmerman, Minnie, Hawthorne, 6921..... | " | 18 | |
| Smith, W. F., Kansas City..... | " | 8 | Merle, H., Hawthorne, 7382..... | " | 19 | |
| Harper, H. L., Kansas City..... | " | 18 | Swanson, A., Hawthorne, 6805..... | " | 19 | |
| TEN YEARS | | | | Kirchenberg, W., Hawthorne, 6924..... | " | 23 |
| Perry, N. J., Boston..... | November | 17 | Kosar, C. J., Hawthorne, 7120..... | " | 23 | |
| Tighe, Emma M., Boston..... | " | 30 | Mangold, Tessie, Hawthorne, 6325..... | " | 23 | |
| Kelly, Pearl M., Chicago..... | " | 10 | Ryan, R., Hawthorne, 9167..... | " | 30 | |
| Breitenbach, A. H., Chicago..... | " | 16 | Sawyer, T. G., Hawthorne, 5771..... | " | 30 | |
| Filip, M., Hawthorne, 6460..... | " | 1 | Spring, A. L., Los Angeles..... | " | 24 | |
| Sidley, W. P., Legal Department, 3..... | " | 1 | Cronin, D., New York..... | " | 16 | |
| Hosso, J., Hawthorne, 5791..... | " | 2 | Hunter, F. (In Military Service), New York..... | " | 17 | |
| Cantalupy, A., Hawthorne, 6896..... | " | 4 | Antes, J., New York..... | " | 12 | |
| Bartusch, Bertha H., Hawthorne, 7393..... | " | 9 | MacDonald, I., New York..... | " | 9 | |
| Carlstrom, Agnes L., Hawthorne, 6322..... | " | 9 | Groome, R. C., New York..... | " | 16 | |
| Corrado, T., Hawthorne, 6921..... | " | 9 | Leighton, W. L., New York..... | " | 16 | |
| | | | Gilmour, Anna J., New York..... | " | 28 | |
| | | | Olson, J. H., San Francisco..... | " | 9 | |
| | | | Wheeler, W. T. J., St. Louis..... | " | 1 | |
| | | | Leutwiler, O. H., St. Louis..... | " | 4 | |

Who They Are

Thomas Ryan



When the World's Fair of 1893 went out Tom Ryan came in. His first job with the Company consisted of dismantling the Western Electric exhibit at the big fair which made Chicago a city of national prominence. According to Tom the destructive work began on the first Monday of November, 1893.

That, of course, was a quarter of a century ago and since that time Tom has occupied a number of different positions. For a while he was foreman in the shop, but now he is teller and paymaster, a position which enables him to bring joy to many hearts and smiles to many lips when he appears in the offing trundling his little cart.

A. Wantz



Twenty years at Clinton Street entitles Al. Wantz to the two-star button which he gets this month. At present he is head receiving man.

Al's biggest job was at the time of the great Paris Exposition. Being the only person able to read and write French fluently, he volunteered to take care of the shipments to the exposition. As each box or container had to be marked in French and English, and considering that there were about 80 carloads of apparatus it was some work. Al. says that he would gladly do it over again.

With all these French names cropping up in the war news these days, Al is having a new chance to do some translating and pronouncing for his fellow Chicagoans.

Julius Prena

When Julius Prena took a position in the old Clinton Street Shops in the wood-finishing department, a varnish brush consisted of a wooden handle hitched to a bundle of fine bristle. Nowadays a varnish brush is a can tied to a compressed air hose. With either apparatus Julius can do an A-1 job, but he can do about twenty such jobs with the new equipment in the time it used to take to do one with the old. He has stayed right with the wood-finishing job, and has progressed with the art.

Outside of work Julius has not slowed up any, either. He is still a ball player of no mean ability. In fact, up until this year he was manager of the Avondales, a team well known to Chicago ball fans. This year, of course, baseball has had to give way to Hun hunting, but when the last Hun is hunted, Julius probably will re-enter his avocation of ball playing. He is too fond of it to give it up altogether.

Mr. Prena's continuous service with the Company dates from 1898, so that the new service button he gets this month will carry two stars.

Carl H. Koch



Everything that goes through the Hawthorne Shops must bear inspection, and everybody acquainted with our inspection departments know that means bear inspection of the grizzly variety. They surely are bears at it. Any-

thing that does not meet "spec" meets disaster.

Carl H. Koch began training as a bear cub at Clinton Street in 1898. At that time the inspection was all done in one big room, and Carl got a rather varied experience, which stood him in good stead later, when inspection began to be handled by classes of apparatus and material.

In 1904 Mr. Koch went to the research department to handle tests on dry batteries. Two years later he took up sub-set testing and from there went into the process inspection on small switchboards. On that work he was transferred to Hawthorne in 1907 and shortly after was put in charge of all process inspection on woodwork. At present he is responsible for the inspection of switchboard ironwork, unfinished woodwork, finished woodwork, cable reels and packing boxes.

Besides answering for the excellence of work in all these lines, Carl answers to the name of Kotch, Coach, Coke, and a few other mispronunciations of his name, which he pronounces "Cook." When we add that Carl manages to preserve his good nature through all of this you will at once properly conclude that he can also be pronounced a good scout.

After all, it is so much easier to pronounce him a good scout than it is to pronounce his name that we will let it go at that. And no one who knows him is likely to question that decision.

He gets a twenty-year service button this month.

Albert J. Ketschke



Once upon a time the Western moved uptown to 463 West Street from a hole in the wall called Thames Street. That's ancient history having been told in the News years ago. Well, they moved by truck. It seems

the help, or at any rate the boys, were brought up on the trucks to help unload. One of the trucks carried brass nuts. These the boys threw to others in the street who picked them up to sell at the junkman's. The youths, among them Albert Ketschke, followed the truck to the new building. There they found the superintendent, standing at the gate hiring boys. The chances looked a little brighter than those of a casual finder of brass nuts, so the hero of our tale had himself taken on as an assembler in the transmitter department. He became assistant gang chief, then gang chief. When the shop moved to Hawthorne he went along and stayed in the wild and woolly until 1915, when he returned to New York to work in the local repair shop.

After a few months he was transferred to the Transmission branch to do experimental work. Now he's kept locked up in one of those secret cubbyholes from which proceed ways and means for the confusion of Fritz.

D. E. White



D. E. White began work in the mailing department at West Street just a score of years ago, and after one week on that job went down to Thames Street to be an errand boy in the retail store. The stock department

next engaged his attention, and he reports that while there he spent many a pleasant day with "Pop" Shanks, who is now a salesman at Newark.

When the store was removed up to Murray Street, career with the W. E. Co.," he writes, and trust that the Mr. White went along, too, becoming sales service clerk. About ten years ago he was made a city salesman, and has been one ever since.

"I wish to state that I have spent a very pleasant career with the W. E. Co.," he writes, "and trust that the future will be just as pleasant as the past."

A Fifteen-Year Trio



H. L. Harper



W. F. Smith



John Urban

AFTER THE WHISTLE BLOWS



Buffham Wins Golf Title

New Hawthorne Club Champion Plays Course in Par

THE annual Hawthorne Golf Club championship played during August and early in September, was won by Ben J. Buffham who, as predicted, met with little opposition in his climb to the top and possession of the gold medal. Unfortunately, our former champion, H. Rautenbusch, failed to defend his title, so the gallery was robbed of the spectacular treat which it had hoped for in the final match.

Playing wonderful golf for the first nine holes in the final round against R. Walter Kuhnle, Mr. Buffham, who is the Cook County open champion, went out in 32, two strokes under par, and tucked up an overwhelming lead of 8 up. A poor six on the 325-yard eleventh hole robbed him of a chance for a new course record, his medal score for the first 18 holes being 71, which is par for the course. He won the thirty-six hole match by 12 up and 10 to play.

On the 175-yard fifth hole, Buffham holed out his drive for an "eagle" and Kuhnle, not letting this discourage him, played his tee shot so accurately that it rolled onto the green, hit the pin and lay dead less than a foot away for an easy "birdie." Had his ball followed Buffham's into the cup, it would have probably constituted a world's record. The summary:

| | | | |
|---------------------|---------------|---------------------------|-------------------------|
| B. J. Buffham (74) | B. Buffham | } B. Buffham 7 and 6 | } B. Buffham 6 and 5 |
| C. M. Dolan (91) | 5 and 4 | | |
| S. Bielby (94) | S. Bielby | } T. Dwyer 4 and 2 | |
| P. E. Kern (94) | Default | | |
| C. G. Crowder (99) | C. G. Crowder | } J. Taylor 5 and 4 | |
| P. Weber (115) | 6 and 5 | | |
| J. C. McBride (98) | T. Dwyer | } R. W. Kuhnle 2 up | |
| T. Dwyer (93) | | | |
| M. Kelley (83) | R. D. Jessup | } R. W. Kuhnle 6 and 4 | |
| R. D. Jessup (101) | 1 up | | |
| J. Taylor (86) | J. Taylor | } R. W. Kuhnle 6 and 4 | |
| R. P. Ashbaugh (90) | 1 up | | |
| F. A. Mueller (85) | J. H. Grant | } R. W. Kuhnle 6 and 4 | |
| J. H. Grant (102) | Default | | |
| R. W. Kuhnle (87) | R. W. Kuhnle | } R. W. Kuhnle 6 and 4 | |
| R. McKullagh (97) | 1 up | | |

In a Liberty Bond Tournament at the Harlem Course, during September, Mat Kelley, one of our star men, made a "3" on each of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth holes, the par for each of which is 4. It was a great exhibition of pulling a game out of the fire, as Kelley was two down at the end of the first 15 holes and his opponent made the last three holes in par. Kelley's three "birdies" were unbeatable, however, and he finished 1 up.

T. F. Dwyer, another one of Hawthorne's best, won the Garfield Park Club championship during August.

A special match arranged by the Hawthorne Club between Ben Buffham, our Cook County open champion, and Lloyd Gullickson, winner of this year's Chicago championship, was played at Marquette Park on Sunday, October 6. Buffham was defeated 1 up in 19 holes. Unfortunately, Ben was considerably off his game, as a medal score of 78 will testify, and although he forced his oppo-

nent to play an extra hole, he was unable to deliver his usual brand of golf and a drive which hooked into the bushes on the nineteenth hole was fatal.

Harry Rautenbusch, our former Western Electric Company champion, and S. W. Mason, a team mate of Gullickson's, made up the four-ball match. Rautenbusch played the best golf, finishing two up on both Gullickson and Buffham. A gallery of about 500 followed the match throughout and were treated to some high class golf.

A foursome, a challenge match play, and a medal play event, with thrift stamps for prizes, made up the semi-monthly daily events and brought the season to a close on September 28. While the attendance this year has not been what we had hoped for, owing to the loss of several of our regular players in military service, the class of play has been far superior to any previous year, due to the acquisition of several strong players and a consistent improvement in the game of the old members.



Ben J. Buffham

Utilities Golf Association

"The melancholy days are come
The saddest of the year."

THAT has been the song, at 500 South Clinton Street, since 1915, when Lorenzo Lucippi organized the Utilities Golf Association.

This year the song has changed. Is this due to Harry Grant's transfer from the windy city to the great metropolis? Perhaps. Anyway, this year, after having suffered prolonged defeat, the Western Electric Company, Incorporated, copped the cup.

The aforesaid association was organized by said Lucippi—or was it by Grant, as a matter of dollar diplomacy? It is composed of officials of the Commonwealth Edison Company, the Peoples' Gas Light and Coke Company, the Chicago Telephone Company and the Western Electric Company, Incorporated. How our Company qualifies as a utility perhaps General Swope can explain.

Who was the victor the first two years is not now remembered. For the past two years the massive silver cup has been in the possession of Mr. Insull's company. Now—praise be!—it adorns Manager Ketcham's mahogany.

There were six matches this year. At each, one company played against one of the others. The cards of the best five were matched, Nassau, against those of the best five of the contesting team. The results for the season were:

| | |
|-----------------|-----------|
| Western | 62 points |
| Edison | 49 points |
| Telephone | 39 points |
| Gas | 19 points |

The final match of the season was held October 16th, at Flossmoor. The cup was awarded to the Western. Suitable ceremonies followed. But the organizer—or part organizer—of the association was sadly missed. A toast was proposed to him in these classic word: "Alas, poor Harry; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy! Where be your gibes now? Your gambols? Your songs? Your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar?"

With a new "Richmond in the field" the boys at Clinton Street are confident of keeping the cup for many years. Their manager says he will gladly O. K. the necessary expense.

Baltimore Has a Watermelon Party

G'EVER hear of it? Not from the NEWS, at any rate. We waited a year to get up enough courage to attempt to slip something past the Editors.

Let me tell you about the watermelon party we had. (There are seventy of us now.) It was held at one of the girl's home in Raspeburg, Maryland, on a large farm. The extensive grounds around the home were decorated by streamers of lights with Japanese lanterns hung over Sunbeam lamps. Everyone seemed to have a wonderful time. All business-like manners were re-



Baltimore's Girls

strained, (you see, we are business-like sometimes), and it seemed the best and jolliest part of us all was set free. We acted like a crowd of little boys and girls who had just seen the school house burn down.

During the evening, we danced and played games. Oh, what a time we did have playing "Drop the Handkerchief," "Farmer in the Dell," "Spin the Plate," etc., etc. The ceteras were the best, but, Oh, Judge, we only kissed on the cheeks.

You should have seen George Young running up the road just like a big boy after Fred Spuck, our new salesman, trying to wash his face.

But let me tell you about Fred Spuck. He is our SLACKER. I'll explain. Freddy told us one day before the party that he was going to wash every girl's face with watermelon—no exceptions. And he did. Without exception, every girl got one good face-washing from Mr. Spuck. So the girls got together and decided they would go in full force after him. (Going alone was not to be thought of.) Some boy. He led them a merry chase, and just as he was about to get his, the world opened before him in the shape of an open trolley car door and, poof, he was gone.



The Baltimore Boys



Three views of the Minneapolis picnic. The girls' shoe race in the center picture

The Picnic Season Isn't Over

THE Minneapolis office of the Western Electric Company journeyed to Parkers Lake recently for a basket picnic. As there are only about ten thousand lakes in the State of Minnesota, it is not a difficult feat to pick out a suitable place for a picnic. During the afternoon there were a number of contests thoroughly enjoyed by everyone present. If you don't think this is true, look at the expression on W. D. Anthony's face during the girls' shoe race, particularly during the time when they were locating and putting on their own shoes.

Emeryville's Comfort Club

UP and up and still going is Emeryville's Sammy and Jackie Club. With a never-ending membership campaign and a shop of boosters, we have a lively club of ninety and more always coming. We have received most interesting letters from many of "Our Boys" and are delighted to know of the things they are doing.

H. B. Gilmore Displays His Registration Ticket

WE have all heard the saying that "A change is as good as a vacation!" However, it took Manager H. B. Gilmore, of Boston, to prove the theory that a trip to New York can be as salutary in its results as immersion in the Fountain of Youth. Here's the story:

Mr. Gilmore made a flying trip to New York, during the days when New York was keeping a watchful vigil for draft evaders. He had scarcely set foot in the Grand Central when he was approached by a soldier and asked to produce his registration ticket.

Was Mr. Gilmore nonplussed?

Not for a second!—*He doffed his hat.*

For most of us, the story ends at that point, but, for the benefit of those who do not know, it might be well to state that in one respect Mr. Gilmore bears a startling resemblance to the Editor of the News, and to Mr. J. D. Kennedy (Hawthorne), and F. H. Leggett, New York. 'Nuf sed?

Willie Neverlearn—Perhaps He's a Nut, Too



Western Electric Company

H. B. Thayer, President; H. A. Halligan, Vice-President; W. P. Sidley, Vice-President and General Counsel; A. L. Salt, Vice-President in charge of Purchases and Traffic; Gerard Swope, Vice-President and General Sales Manager; H. F. Albright, Vice-President and General Superintendent; J. W. Johnston, Treasurer; F. B. Jewett, Chief Engineer; G. C. Pratt, Secretary; R. H. Gregory, Comptroller; C. E. Scribner, Consulting Engineer.

Office of publication and address of President, Secretary, and Treasurer, 195 Broadway, New York City.

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Western Electric News

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December, 1918

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

GENERAL ORGANIZATION

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H. B. THAYER

IN CHARGE OF DOMESTIC BUSINESS

C. G. DuBois, Vice-President

H. A. Halligan, Vice-President
W. P. Sidley, Vice-President and General Counsel
A. L. Salt, Vice-President (Purchasing and Traffic)
H. F. Albright, Vice-President and General Supt.
F. B. Jewett, Chief Engineer
R. H. Gregory, Comptroller
J. W. Johnston, Treasurer
*G. C. Pratt, Secretary

GENERAL SALES DEPARTMENT

F. A. Ketcham, General Sales Manager
O. D. Street, Assistant General Sales Manager
E. W. Rockafellow, Assist. General Sales Manager

AMERICAN HOUSES

Boston—H. B. Gilmore, Manager
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Peace and Readjustment

By H. A. Halligan, Vice-President

An armistice has been declared among the warring nations of the world, and this has brought with it an armistice in our war industrial activities. We have been maintaining large outputs by using all our resources, but now that we may expect the armistice to be followed by peace, it will mean for us a change from war work to peace work.

Our part in the war began long before America entered the conflict. In the latter months of 1914, our associated company in Antwerp came under the domination of Germany, and only recently has been freed. The associated companies in London, Paris and Milan have been engaged in war work, almost since the outbreak of hostilities. And the reports which we have received from these factories show that all have worked tirelessly and loyally for the ultimate victory.

When our own country launched its mighty forces into the struggle, the workers of the Western Electric Company were quick to do their part. More than five thousand of them have enrolled in the fighting forces of the nation. A few of them—it is a source of the deepest satisfaction that the number is so small—have laid down their lives for their cause. Those who have stayed at home have had hard work to do, and have done it well. A large part of this work was done directly for the governments of this country and its Allies, much of it under extreme pressure.

From time to time, the News has printed the results of the various Liberty Loan campaigns and the record of the Western's workers has been one which has demonstrated the full measure of their loyalty to their country.

It is still too early to speak of the immediate future

with any degree of certainty. The change from war work to peace work will inevitably cause those interruptions in our normal operating conditions which always accompany great readjustments. These will be only temporary, however, and are sure to disappear in the new order. But this much can be safely said at this time. Ours is a peace business, one that is capable of its greatest development when the world is not torn by war. A great proportion of our work is the manufacture of electrical means of communication. The telephone is a conveyor of speech, and so is a most efficient instrument in the establishment of understanding among men. The easier it is for men to communicate with each other, the easier will it be for them to understand and appreciate each other's point of view.

The normal development of the telephone and telegraph has been arrested by the war, but after the end of the struggle we hope for a return to the progress of former days. On another page will be found an account of the progress on the new buildings at Hawthorne, an eloquent expression of the company's confidence in the future of this industry.

And all of the electrical devices and supplies which we make or sell, help to make the world a better place to live in. They save labor and time, and their use in the business world is keeping step with their ever increasing use in domestic life. In this end of the business it is difficult to see any limitation to the scope of our endeavors.

We have come through the bitter years of war with a record of which we all have a right to be proud. We did our work well, and let us strive to do the work that is before us with equal skill and faithfulness.

Christmas Carols and the Internationalists

By A. E. Reinke

WE, Internationalists, are a queer lot; anyone whose maritime experience has been limited to a ferry-boat ride on the Hudson River, will frankly confirm it. Even the few members of the American organization, who have braved the terrors of the deep and have seen us in our native habitat—somewhere on the globe—will admit, when gently pressed, that we are—well let us say—unusual.

Our very appearance reveals our identity. We wear curious combinations of clothes—a hat from Antwerp, a coat from Tokyo, a necktie from Paris, a collar from Amsterdam and shoes from London—and we do it, impenetrably oblivious to the reigning styles in New York City.

We have even been known to wear a straw hat on a hot September sixteenth, obsessed by the foolish notion that straw hats were made to protect against the sunshine. We sometimes carry a cane, though preferably in the dark; and we wander about with a large-sized black wallet under our arms that we call our "portfolio" and with which we camouflage home work.

We prefer very dry cigars, whose quality is quite compensated by their low price. We feel disconcerted by a clover club and tell with upturned eyes and a click of the tongue of a Barsac of the vintage of 1885. We have forgotten all about chicken a la King, or sweet potatoes Southern style, or buckwheat cakes; even chewing gum has become with us a lost art. Instead we sigh for sole a la Dieppoise or Malines asparagus, or steak and kidney pie, or certain other dishes best called these days, "Liberty" in the interest of personal safety. We are so confused in the choice of dishes from an



A Happy Internationalist. He has found a way to make a desk set usable

American bill of fare that we end up uniformly with cold chicken and a cup of coffee. *Que voulez vous?*

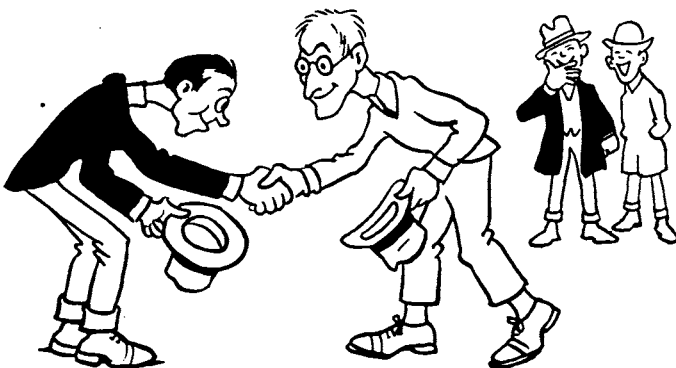
Our manners must appear John Drew-like in their studied elegance and dignified reserve, to the breezy Westerner, who insists on calling his new acquaintance Mike after the third meeting and Mutt after the sixth. When we Internationalists meet in public, we shake hands enthusiastically as if we had not met in years. We gravely lift our hats, solicitously inquire as to our respective good healths and generally exhibit that higher form of good breeding so often found in Europe. Even these days we picture a Bolshevik, raising his hat and in polite and un-

offending terms asking for your watch and chain. We blush to be caught with our feet on the desk—a remnant of our Clinton Street bringing up—and we dislike intensely to remove our coats on a sweltering hot day. Our colleagues suspect it is because we suspend our cuffs by tapes, they being utterly unable to grasp the motives of a highly sensitive nature.

We can be seen laughing at each other's jokes, with strained mirth if unavoidable. A combination of politeness and the knowledge of humor in different countries has taught us how to laugh at the right moment. We get so we make jokes in two languages and at the same time we still enjoy "Charley Chaplin" in the movies in Budapest. And an Internationalist may start out as an "Innocent Abroad" and end up as an Innocent at home, but he will for all that laugh over the "Penny Ante" series or the "Terrible Mr. Bang" or "Bringing Up Father."

We are naturally filled up with a miscellaneous assortment of languages. We communicate with each other by producing uncouth sounds, made intelligible by an international code system of hand signalling. We call the "jargon" French, *n'est ce pas?* But what would a Frenchman call it? Sometimes an Internationalist meets a stranger in an art gallery in Florence and talks to him in French, having failed in Flemish and Norwegian; after thirty minutes or so of labored conversation the stranger suddenly says "some chromos" when they both discover they were raised in St. Louis.

When we are forced to speak English, we do it with a funny Belgian-Swiss-Russian accent or any other combination, depending on fancy and location of the company's foreign branch houses. Our slang must have



Two Internationalists performing the sacred rites of European politeness

been very popular about 1897. Whenever we blow in again at 195 for a few weeks' stay, we have to go to a night school to get up-to-date on the recent "improvements" of the language. Such words as: goof, yap, bunk, kybosh, 23, ishe gabibble, gink, etc., are meaningless, *mon dieu*; we seek them in vain in the dictionary and dare not ask. Somehow words mean something else every time we come back. For all we know "cut it out"

may be a surgical operation; "he got my goat" makes us suspect a theft and "lashed to the mast" suggests an act of piracy; "greasing the skids" seems an unpatriotic waste of fats; "backed off the boards" and "kicked the bucket" sounds horsey and "I must beat it" displays cruel intention; terms of endearment like "lobster, oyster, whale, bird and fish" make one feel like charging a quarter to see the walking menagerie; and "keep your shirt on" always sounds like superfluous advice to any man accustomed to decent society. Believe me, it is some job to get next, but we step to the bat, and give these new gags the once over, but it aint no cinch to get wise.

Then there is that painful subject of popular songs. When I left the North side, many years ago—about the time that a knowledge of grammar, and a course in common law, was not yet required to write an equipment specification,—“Down Went McGinty,” “After the Ball,” “Comrades” and “Little Annie Rooney” were in their height of popularity. For years I found comfort in strange lands, by humming gently these sweet melodies, until the hoarse laugh of a recent Internationalist not yet appreciating the more delicate forms of European politeness, made me realize that “Annie Rooney” must look to him as modern as a Lincoln tile or a pair of Grant whiskers, or a spiral diamond stud screwed into a ready made tie. *Eh bien*, just now I am studying some of the modern classics like “Somewhere a Voice is Calling” and “A Long, Long Trail,” both of which titles peculiarly fit the Internationalist's case.

The Declaration of Independence freed men from tyrannical rule, but it was not broad enough to cover us Internationalists. We pay taxes (sometimes in several countries) but we have no representation. We have a vote, to be sure, but only in theory. About election time we are suddenly asked to proceed to Melbourne. And the company policy does not as yet approve of a trip from Cairo, Egypt to Cairo, Ill., to cast a vote in favor of local option or woman's suffrage.

Then again we do not always fully appreciate the inalienable rights of the American, to be jammed in the subway, savaged by the janitor, tyrannized by an Irish cook, ragged by a waiter or hoaxed by the newspapers. It is all very neighborly and brotherly, but we prefer the



A European Hotel Room, or what an Internationalist will endure to clinch an order for a telephone switchboard

rule of the Antwerp tramway: "No standing room inside the car," and we remember the convenience of having a respectful servant asking no more than \$7.00 a month and every second Sunday "off."

We have been "verboden" trained for so many years that we actually believe the signs that are posted. We keep off the grass and off the railroad tracks. we sneeze religiously into our handkerchiefs; we stuff an old news-

paper or a used banana peel into our pockets rather than deposit it neatly in the middle of the sidewalk. We meekly jump when the traffic "cop" asks us to jump. We observe the speed limit and the Sunday closing laws. We "Step lively" almost "goose step lively" when ordered to do so by a high strung conductor of the weaker sex. If we persist in this humility, our old age will be carefree and prosperous; for somewhere the Bible promises that "The meek shall inherit the earth."

We are different and sometimes ill at ease, like a cat in a strange garret. But we accept the inevitable and we come and go—mostly go—now bobbing up serenely in Buenos Ayres, now in Tokyo, now in Petrograd, but mostly in Antwerp. The poor wandering Israelite had nothing on an Internationalist. But the poor fellow resented the endless hike, while we like the change of scenery. We have long ago discovered that the first law of motion is: to move. Our furniture is as restless as we are and feels best tucked away in a moving van.

The man with an eight-year lease in the Oranges and an eight-cylinder car in his garage, feels sorry for us homeless wanderers, but his sympathy is sadly misplaced. Even to-day, after an enforced stay in this country for a year or two, we are anxious to get back to our old stamping grounds; or to new ones, for we have no preferences.

The world is our home. We board an ocean liner with as much excitement as we would a ferry boat for Christopher Street. A twelve-day railroad trip through Siberia is no more an event than a train ride to Mil-



Wherever the Internationalist goes he meets an old friend

waukee. Life in foreign lands is as full of a deep satisfaction, whether in our work or in our play, as if we had stuck to a desk in Hawthorne. Life has broadened the outlook, the tastes, the comprehension of the meaning of life itself, so that the little distinctions and niceties of a confined environment shrink into insignificance. In other words, if a man wants to eat olives with his knife and fork or spoil his oysters by frying them, it is a matter of personal preference and not for class distinctions.

As Internationalists, we have lived intimately with many peoples, learned their language, habits and customs and we appreciate and sympathize with their particular points of view. We have discovered how all people of any nationality are ultimately very human, with their good points and their weaknesses, just like yours and mine. Our sympathies have widened with our experiences through the years; we get the deeper meaning of: *tout savoir est tout pardonner*. And we are convinced that if the world were filled with Internationalists, war would be as impossible between peoples as between the Jerseyites and the cliff dwellers in the Bronx.

And that brings me, in a somewhat roundabout way to my subject. How does the Internationalist feel about Christmas? Can a man, who thinks he is nearly home, when he has reached Yokohama or who hates ice in his drinking water, have enough sentiment left in him to be



"Father Christmas" cheers the hearts of some London waifs

of men and women with peace and good will towards mankind.

"Peace on Earth, Good Will towards men." After four long dreary years of frightful bloodshed, those blessed words bid fair to convey again to Christian peoples, the deeper meaning intended when uttered nearly two thousand years ago. The angel of Peace will spread his wings over the embittered peoples of Europe, and Christmas, 1918, will stand out in the memory of humanity as the beginning of a new order—based on a larger opportunity to all for peaceful endeavor and equal justice.

touched by Christmas memories? Can a man who has been deeply stirred by the "Brabanconne" or the "Marseillaise" or the beautiful Russian Anthem, still be moved by Christmas Carols?

Christmas to the Internationalists may be a movable feast on the map, but in his calendar, it is definite and fixed, whether he is dealing at the time with Servians, or Argentinians, or Spaniards, or New Zealanders; whether he be in a hotel in Belgrade or in an apartment in Vienna or a house in Antwerp, or a "digging" in Johannesburg. For wherever the Sign of the Cross is the sacred emblem of religion, there he will find Christmas to be the great holiday of the year—the day to fill the hearts of children with joy, the day to fill the hearts



Christmas Eve in a French Home



And in a London Hotel



A Christmas in Greenland

The new start could not have been better timed than for the Christmas season. For Christmas is the one bond that still links friend and foe. Through the nativity of Christ, all men of Christian lands are, for all the strife, still united in a larger family, acknowledging a Saviour and a common God above. Now that Bethlehem is freed from Turkish rule and restored to Christendom, may we not believe that Christendom itself will make a new start on the basis of the larger ideals, about which the War ultimately turned.

But Christmas dreams can be projected into the past as well as into the future. A cup of coffee and a cigar, both black and strong, a deep leather chair and a quiet secluded corner, stir the vagrant memories of a long series of Christmas eves, spread pretty well over Europe.

An old homestead, a massive Yule-log and an open fire are usually considered indispensable for the real Christmas celebration that is mysteriously hallowed by the memories of the many Christmas eves of the past. But the Internationalist, whose homestead is pretty well scattered over the warehouses of Europe these days, needs no set surroundings to bring to his mind such fond memories. No matter where a company transfer finds him, when Christmas comes, he will have his Christmas celebration for the "Kiddies" and the merrymaking for the grown-ups—whether it be in a hotel room, or on an ocean liner, or in an *apartment au premier*. There will be the mystery of that half-dreaded, half-loved personage, Santa Claus; there will be a tree with flickering candles and glittering tinsel, and silver bells and gilded nuts; there will be carefully wrapped mysterious packages tied with red ribbons; there will be the reminiscent odor of pine and the tinkling of bells; and above all there will be the laughter of children's voices—the finest music in the world.

My first Christmas in Europe! It lies so far back that I can safely say, sometime in the last century. It was a bitter cold evening in Vienna, I had put in another hard day at the central offices, that I was installing. Wandering up one of the main streets, I passed window after window lighted up by Christmas trees, and I was as cheerful as the poor match-girl, in Anderson's fairy

tale. The solitude of the evening held out little hope of Christmas cheer. I climbed wearily the huge dark stone staircase to my room. When I opened the door, I was startled by the sight of a tree that made me as happy as any kid. The thoughtful landlady had not the heart to see the "foreigner" pass Christmas Eve all by himself and had prepared the surprise. You will agree with me, that there is in Vienna at least one person—if the poor soul is still alive—who is a human being, just like you or me, with the same capacity for joy and sorrow, asking no more than to live and let live. The evening will always stand out in my memory like a beacon light in a season of the hardest kind of hard work, and in an environment that grew at times, desperately lonesome.

The next Christmas found me in an Antwerp *Pension* in a little old, crooked street. The old madame, who managed the establishment was moved, doubtless by the same human impulse as was the Vienna landlady, and livened up the evening for her star boarder with a tree for *Kerstmas*. Except for the fact that Flemish now flowed instead of the Viennese-German, it is hard to believe that these two points of celebration were widely separated and among peoples that have since been at each others throats in a struggle of life and death.

By the next Christmas I had been transferred to Berlin. The *Pension* was large and there were many star boarders, too many for individual celebrations. The tree set up in the dining-room looked to me like a poor substitute, so I arranged for a privately owned and personally decorated tree in my own room. It was a lonely evening—the human element was entirely missing. I would never recommend this type of celebration to any young and budding Internationalist.

Some years later work carried me to Munich. My wife and I decided to flee the routine monotony of Munich hotel life and took a train into Bavaria's mountains—away off towards Koenigsee. Christmas Eve found us in the village inn of a world-forgotten hamlet of a few hundred souls. The night was stormy and



In New York the Policemen entertain the children of the neighborhood



They pack up your tree neatly in England

roads were snowed in, but the villagers had found their way for a Christmas celebration into the low, smoky dining room, dimly lighted by kerosene lamps. A tree that touched the ceiling,—and a real Christmas tree must always “touch the ceiling”—had been set up in one corner and decorated by loving hands. The room was crowded by the peasants dressed in their native Bavarian costumes; they sat on rude benches before long tables covered with beer mugs. The joyous laughter of the children, crowding about the tree to receive their presents, was half drowned by the chatter from the tables and through the noise came the strains of “Holy Night” played innumerable times by an untrained artist on a squeaky hand-accordion. We were promptly adopted by the villagers, drank their foaming mild beer, sang and joked with them in an atmosphere of such equality as Jefferson dreamed of when he framed the Declaration.

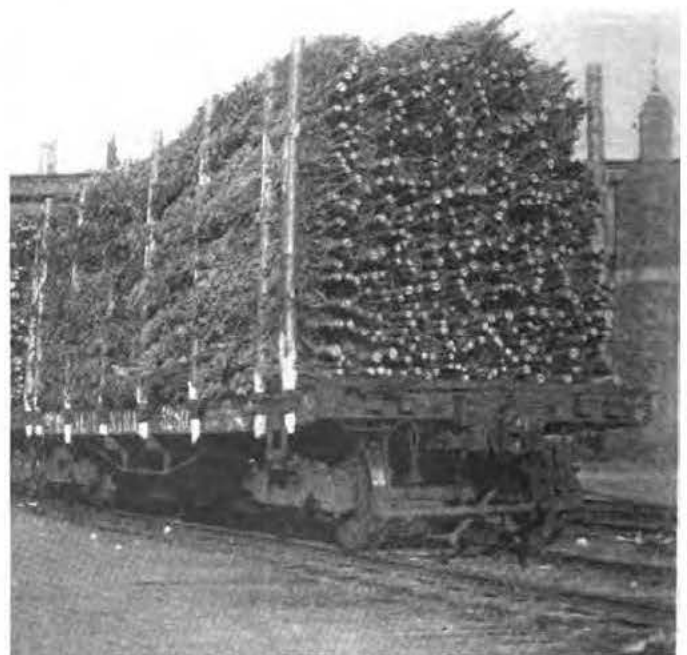
Another year—and now a bouncing baby had appeared on the scene—my fourteen year old son, who measures five feet nine in his socks. We were preparing for a Christmas eve in a Berlin apartment. The atmosphere of a German town is very pregnant with Christmas promises. The streets are covered with the first snow. Thousands of Christmas trees—for all “heights of ceilings”—are lined up for sale. An old-fashioned country fair, with its innumerable stalls offering Christmas wares—enlivens the scene. Hurrying people crowd each other, laden with belated purchases. Seldom had we selected a tree with such care, trimmed it with such solicitude as to artistic effect, and seldom were we so disappointed in the outcome. Our ten-months old baby glared at the unusual flood of lights—then let his gaze wander to a stuffed monkey suspended from the chandelier, and then proceeded to play safe by setting up a yell that startled the neighbors. He later grew

very fond of the animal and spent many contented moments chewing his tail.

Then came a series of Christmas Eves in Antwerp. The Belgian is so filled with the notion that Christmas is a children’s fete, that he has no time for the grown-ups. In fact, he gives the children two bites of the celebration, to be sure they have stuffed themselves completely. There is the day of St. Nicholas on December 6th, that brings the annual abundance of presents and then there is Christmas Eve with its Christmas tree. The grown-ups put off their merrymaking and feasting until New Year’s, with its generous exchange of gifts. The Internationalists, who always foregather preferably in Antwerp for some reason (and there were, I believe, about 40 there when the War broke out), first celebrate individually, and then begin to celebrate in various combinations of families during all of “Christmas week.”

The Christmas in Paris brings another viewpoint. There is the same feverish preparation for the holidays in which flowers play a large part. The main streets and the markets are lined with booths overflowing with fresh flowers and Christmas gifts. The Internationalist who is stationed in Paris will find a Christmas a la Francaise as soul-satisfying as a celebration a la North Side.

The London Christmas holidays are heralded by rows of hawkers, closely crowding the edge of the sidewalk, offering with insistence and good nature, their wares for Christmas, at a penny or tuppence apiece. I used to cart back to Antwerp a satchelful of such penny purchases of all kinds, toys and knick-knacks and odds and ends. Christmas in England is the season for feasting—a Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year rolled into one. A gorgeous tree and a big Christmas dinner are inextricably associated. Round the table the merry



They pile them high on freight cars in the United States

diners gather and their hearts are warmed by the sight of a twenty-pound turkey at one end and an enormous baked ham at the other. Of course, the feast is not a "dry" one and, of course, there is a "feast" of reason and a flow of soul." And then comes on the plum pudding. All lights are turned out and cook enters, carrying the platter, with the pudding enveloped in the blue dancing flames of a brandy sauce. And there are many "Ah's!" and each one wonders where he can stow away any more.

My Christmas experiences have thus run through my life like a red thread of identification, in an unbroken series of pleasurable memories. The series began in a frame house on the North Side of Chicago, where I first saw the light of day and where as a four-year-old, I can faintly remember a huge Christmas tree and a pop-gun and an old music-box. And the series ran through the years hopping merrily over the map, until the last link of the chain found us in a room in the McAlpin Hotel. The family had been separated for several months. My wife and son came across the Atlantic from Christiania and I came around the other way. It was probably the happiest celebration the family experienced, coming as the end of a year full of worry and uncertainty. We didn't have any tree, to be sure, but we all walked down to



The Community tree in Madison Square Park, New York. Electricity is doing its part to scatter the Christmas spirit through the darkness

Madison Square to see the big tree there, a new experience to me, for the community tree custom had sprung up since my last stay in New York.

Sometimes it is difficult to arrange for the home coming. Sometimes, company and business finds one in some distant town, when Christmas approaches. I had personally some narrow escapes. I started once, post-haste, from Rome for Antwerp, via the St. Gotthart over the Alps. I reached home just in time, but nearly crippled by trying to take along as hand baggage, a marble statue of the Venus of Milo, weighing seventy pounds. At the Swiss frontier, they insisted on me paying duty at the rate of 3c per pound—one way to evaluate works of art. Again in 1916, I hustled across the mine-infested English Channel from the Hague to London

and arrived when least expected on Christmas Eve.

You will see that there is little to choose for the Internationalist in the variety of Christmas celebrations. Each country has developed its special adoption of the Christmas festivities and the Internationalist can combine his own Christmas Eve, as he does the varieties of foreign accent with his English. Fundamentally, however, Christmas remains just Christmas, the happiest day in the year—if his family be united and well and his heart filled with peace and good will towards men.

JUST to prove that Mr. Reinke's reminiscences of Christmas days spent hither and yon are the real thing and not the creatures of his imagination, the News here reproduces a post-card recently received by Dr. Jewett. As a close inspection of it will reveal it was mailed by Mr. Reinke in Petrograd on October 25, 1917, and arrived at



West Street only two or three weeks ago. Where it had been in the meantime, even an experienced traveler like Mr. Reinke declines to state. He beat it to New York by nine or ten months and had paid his respects to Dr. Jewett in person many moons before the post-card put in its belated appearance. Better luck next time.

Hawthorne Joins in the Unconscious Rehearsal for the Real Peace Celebration



A few happy Hawthornites starting to celebrate "the Kaiser's Funeral." The celebration was a couple of days too early, but there is nothing like getting away to a good start.

"HERR GENERAL VON HINDENBURG," said the Kaiser, "Go vunce und see vot iss it dot cheering. Der 8th of November iss nodt mine birthday. For vy den, shoult such applause be in der far-avay distance?"

"All Highest," answered the world's most versatile corpse (who had not died so far that day), "dot iss dose fool Americans celebrating Chermany's surrender."

"Ach, swine!" pleasantly remarked the All Highest, "yet haff we nodt surrendered. Even yet, mit mine shining sword, I vill go forth und smite der foes of der beloved Vaterland. I vill—"

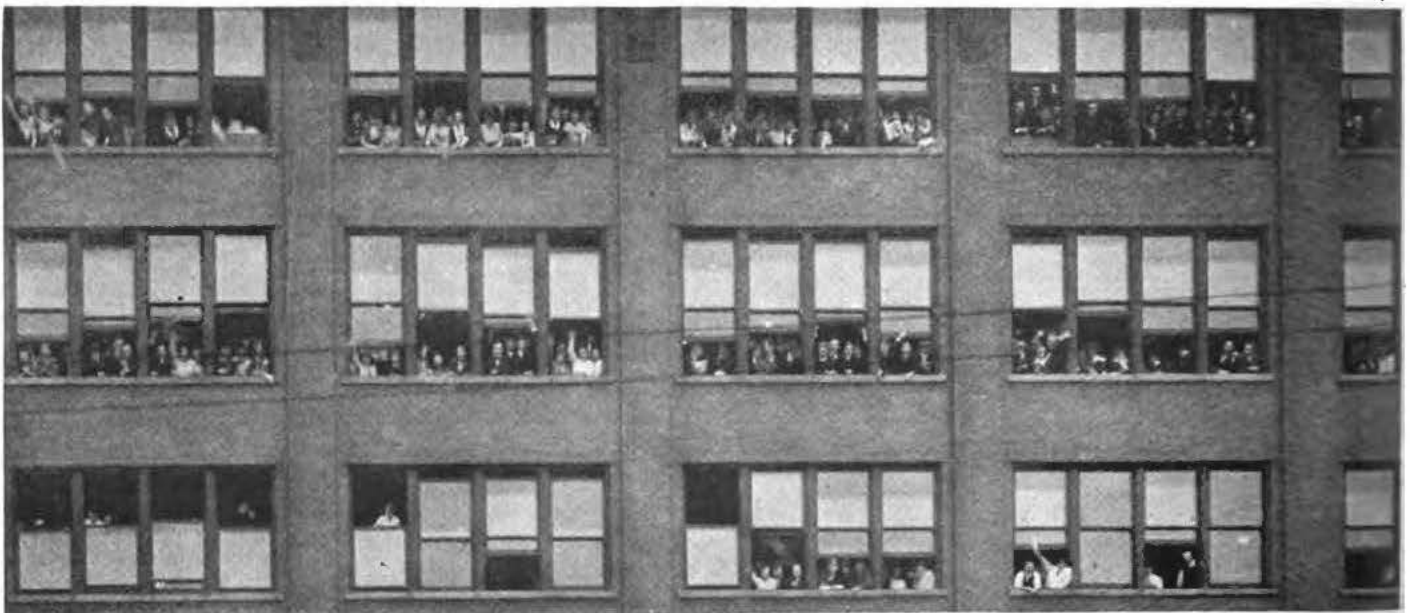
"Safe der hot air, Kaiser, old sport," interrupted Hindenburg, "it vill come in handy to varm der car-

burettor ven you beat it offer der frontier in der royal flivver. Better you shoult use der time haffing Mudder Hohenzollern peck you up a nice liddle lunch to eat on der vay. Me, I shall go beck to Chermany und stardt in der junk business mit die nails from out off mine statue. Later, if you vant, I make you a price on dot shining sword you talk so much about."

"But, Hindenburg," objected Wilhelm, "dot celebratings. Dot is nonsense, already. Ve haff nodt surrendered yet, by golly."

"Nodt yet, but soon," answered Hindenburg, and the gloom became so dense that it was impossible for the News photographer to get a picture of the scene.

However, he did succeed in photographing some of the



A few windows of the Telephone Apparatus Shops when the premature report of the German armistice reached Hawthorne.

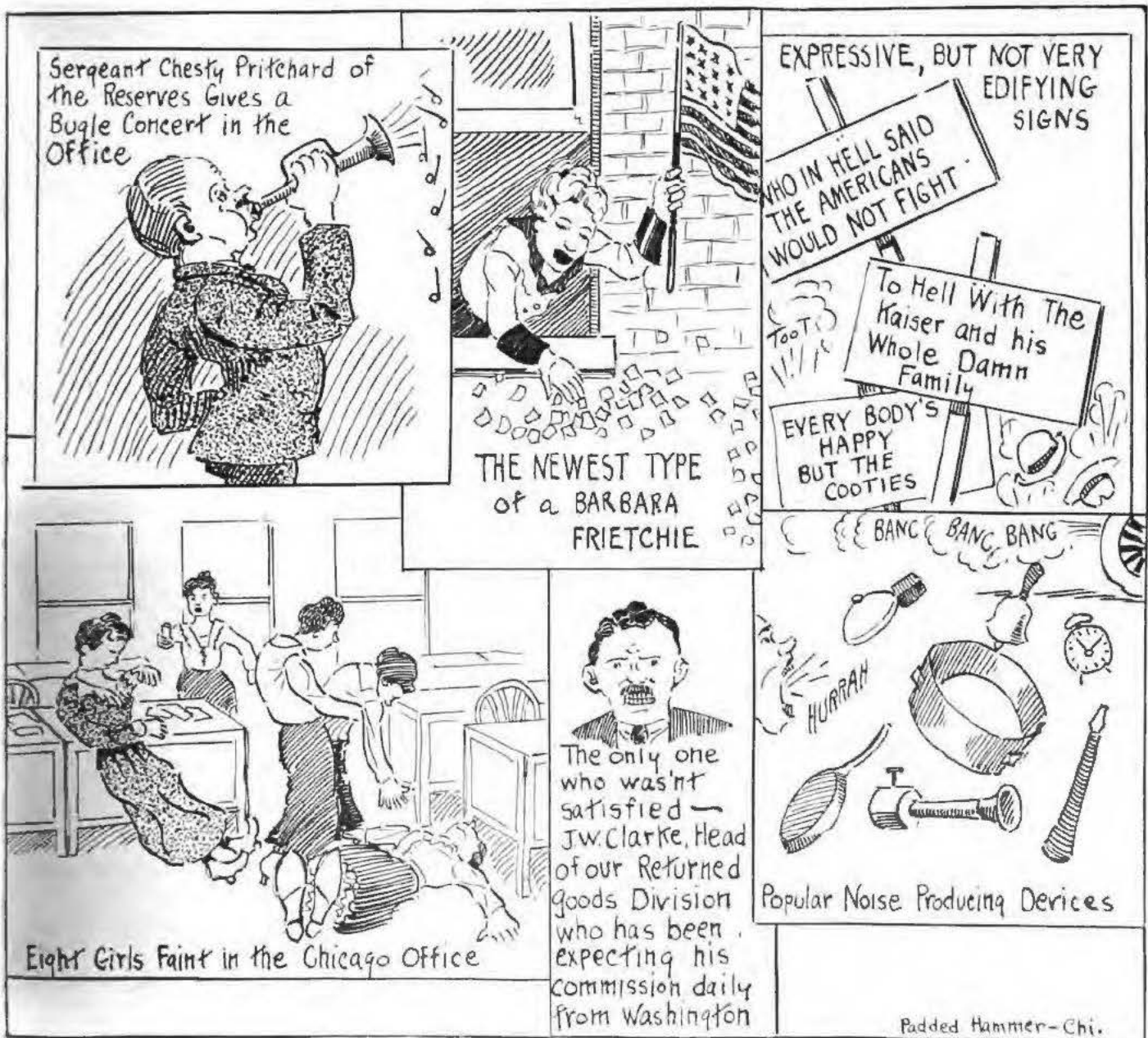
Hawthorne Works employeess giving vent to their enthusiasm. It took rapid work to get anything, too, for things certainly did move fast that day.

The premature peace report reached Chicago during the noon hour. At once the usually sane old factory had an attack of temporary insanity. Voices proved inadequate as noise makers and everything that could create a racket was immediately requisitioned. Improvised parades sprang up everywhere and marched about the grounds and buildings hammering, yelling, singing, laughing—aye, yi, such a noise! No wonder the Kaiser was disturbed by it.

Of course the management shut down the works and let everybody go home or downtown to celebrate. Peace does not come every day. That is, not generally. But this time it did come again a couple of days later. Maybe you heard about it out your way.

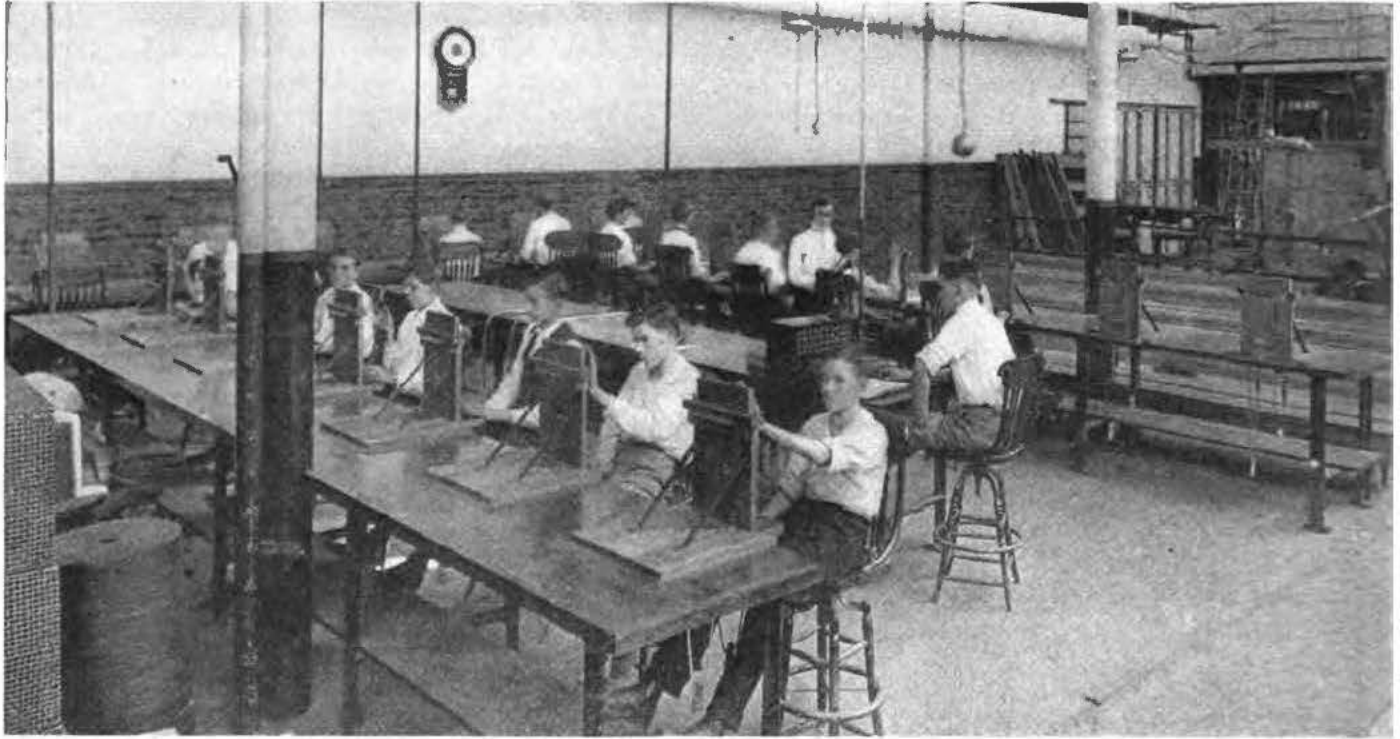
Of course nobody worked that day, so perhaps the premature report was of some good, after all, since it gave the Hawthorne family a chance to celebrate the good news together. And rumors from other parts of the country tell us that we were not alone in celebrating twice. We understand that even the wise New Yorkers were fooled too.

Incidents in Connection With the Big Chicago Peace Celebration



Padded Hammer-Chi.

Untechnical Talks on Technical Topics—Switchboard and Telephone Cords



Squad of boys making manual tests of telephone cords.

WHEN you lift the receiver from the hook or move the desk stand telephone preparatory to making or receiving a call, it is obvious that the electrical connection must be maintained between the desk stand and the leading in wires, also between the desk stand and the receiver. These connections must be flexible and designed to withstand a large amount of bending before breakage of the conductors occurs. It is also essential that the connectors be neat in appearance. To meet these requirements the green silk desk stand and receiver cords have been developed and are in general use in practically all telephone systems.

At the Central Office other cords come into use when you request the operator for a number. First the operator has a telephone set on her head which must have a flexible connection with the switchboard in order that she may hear the number requested and second she must have a means of connecting your line to the line of the number called. The former connectors are green, silk-covered cords very much like the desk stand cords, but the latter are hard-finished, glazed cotton-covered cords especially adapted to withstand hard service. These cords terminate in plugs which are inserted into jacks which are in turn connected to the incoming and outgoing lines. An article printed several months ago told about these plugs and jacks.

It may be seen, therefore, that there are two general classes of cords which are roughly designated as telephone cords and switchboard cords. The former class consists of the green silk-covered cords and the latter of the glazed cotton-covered cords used for making Central Office connections. Every cord in each of the two classes is made up of from one to three or more separately insulated conductors. The construction and materials used in these conductors are the result of a long and careful investigation of various forms of flexible connectors. Practically all of the cords now manufactured by the Western Electric Company are known as tinsel cords in which each conductor usually consists of 18 tinsel threads twisted into a rope formation. Each tinsel thread is made up of a cotton thread around which is wound a small copper ribbon. This ribbon is formed by flattening between steel rolls a very small wire to a thickness of less than one one-thousandth of an inch and to obtain satisfactory results it is necessary to see that the ribbon does not exceed this thickness.

Cords in the telephone industry may be likened to the tires of an automobile in that they must frequently be replaced. Switchboards, jacks, coils, relays, cable, etc., may reasonably be expected to last from ten to twenty years or longer under hard service conditions while switchboard cords under like conditions have to be removed for repairs or replaced by new ones every four

to six months. The constant bending at the base of the plug soon breaks the tinsel threads which results in noisy connections. Perspiration from the operator's hands is a considerable factor in the life of cords, in that it causes rapid deterioration of the cotton covering and lowers the insulation between conductors.

During 1917, more than ten million tinsel cords, including all classes, were manufactured in our Hawthorne plant, practically all of which were immediately required for maintenance and for new equipment. To manufacture these cords approximately 300,000 miles of tinsel thread was required in which about 500,000 miles of fine copper wire in the form of ribbon was used.

In order that the high quality of the cords going out to the various telephone companies be maintained, a careful check is made of all raw materials entering into the manufacture of cords and in addition, a small percentage of all switchboard cords manufactured is subjected to a manual plugging test in which the cords receive practically the same treatment as they receive in service. This test consists in having operators, who

are boys in this case, plug the cords into a strip of jacks as shown in the illustration, until failure of the conductors or braid occurs. The test boards are wired to message registers located on the supervisor's desk by which an exact count of the number of plugging operations on every cord in the test is kept. The cords are tested for conductor trouble and inspected for braid wear at frequent intervals. This test gives consistent and valuable results both in checking the commercial run of cords and in the development of new cords. It might be remarked that about the only trouble experienced in running the test is that occasionally a cord exhibits greater endurance than the boy doing the test.

The question is often asked, "Why do you not build a machine to test cords and avoid the expense and supervision necessary to maintain a force of boys?" The answer is that several machines have been designed for the purpose but the results were not satisfactory because no machine yet invented will duplicate operating conditions especially to the extent of treating the cords with perspiration.

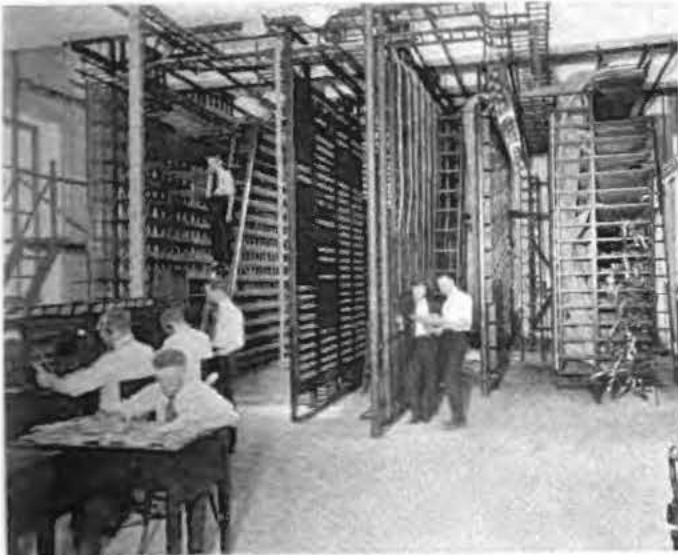
The War Department's Big Board

ONE of the biggest switchboards ever installed is now in operation at the War Department in Washington. It consists of two line-ups, the Eastern which consists of 45 positions, and a West line-up of 30 positions. The West line-up was nearing completion at the time this was written. The equipment is 75 subscribers' positions, 7,200 subscribers' multiples, 8,970 subscribers' answering jacks, 800 central office trunk answering jacks, 800 O. G. trunk multiples.

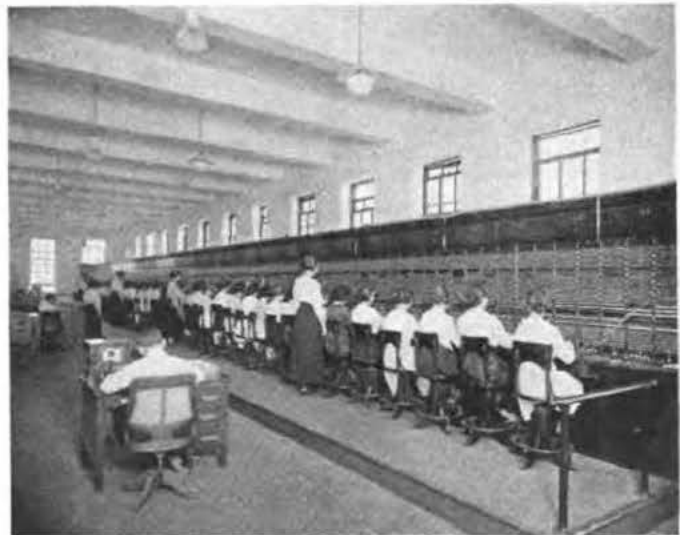
C. E. Ray is the foreman of the installation crew which put in the big board, and an idea of the work they

did may be gained by reading the following paragraph from the official Government announcement of the completion of the new switchboard:

"In equipping this branch all records for speed were broken. Messengers were summoned from distant cities under instructions to carry needed material by trunk-loads, paying excess baggage, and taxis awaited them at the Washington Station. It was found, for example, that for some specific circuits 820 relays on 82 mounting plates were needed immediately. The material was all special and the parts had to be manufactured and the coils wound. The specifications were wired at 4 P. M. on a certain Friday to the factory of the Western Electric Company at Chicago, Ill. A messenger left there on the next day with the equipment and it was in the building in Washington at 6 P. M. on Sunday."



The Terminal Room at the War Department



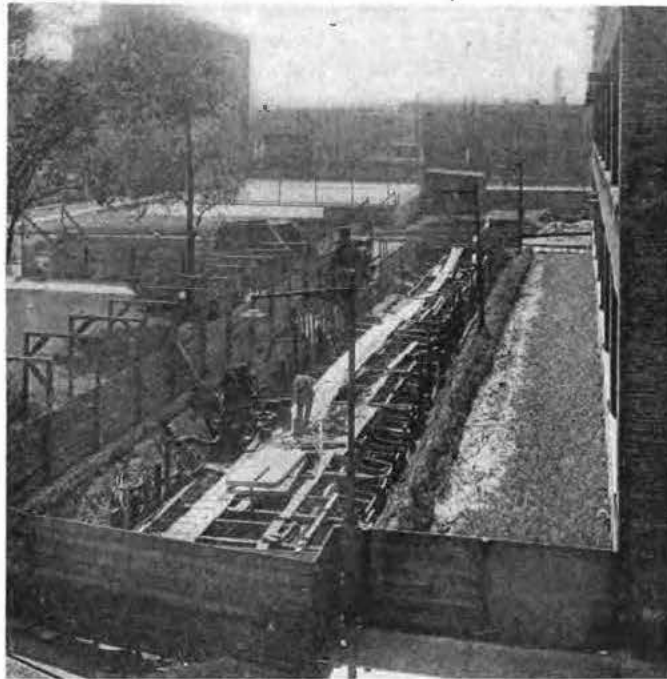
The Operating Room at the War Department

Three Hawthorne Sections and How They Grow

A Verbal and Photographic Progress Report on the Factory's New Buildings

"If three men do three-fifths of the total work of erecting a building in one and one-half days, how long will it take one of the men to finish it?" queries the inquisitive arithmetic, and your young hopeful throws up his hands and yells "Kamerad!" Then, before the problem can take him into camp, he proceeds in true German style to call on the reserves. "Gee, pop," he remarks, thrusting the book under your nose, "this one's a sticker. I don't see how you can work this one."

So you explain that if three men do three-fifths of the work in one and one-



Putting in the tunnel which will carry pipes and electric conduits to new sections

half (or three one-half) days, they will do one-fifth of the work in one-third of three one-half days, or in one-half day. And since there are three men, each man in one-half day will do one-third of one-fifth of the work, or one-fifteenth of the work. But two-fifths, or six-fifteenths of the work are still to be done. Therefore, it will take one man six times one-half day, or three days, to finish the building.

And the arithmetic is perfectly satisfied with that answer. However, if you showed it to a building contractor he would probably propound another problem to you, about like this: "If



General view of the space to be occupied by Sections 24, 26 and 27

twenty men can carry a one-ton beam 30 feet in 15 seconds, how many feet can two men carry it in the same time?"

Now the answer to that is zero everywhere except on paper; and if you see the point you now begin to understand why it is hard to put up buildings on schedule in competition with a war which is bulling the labor market. In spite of difficulties, however, Hawthorne's new buildings are, as the photographs show, now beginning to take form. In fact, about one-fourth of the work on them is completed. Now don't assume that "therefore they will be done in just three times the number of days already spent on them," because that sort of arithmetic doesn't make good in the building trades, especially nowadays, when all bets are off on labor market predictions.

However, the Company doesn't have to worry over that part of it. That is up to the contractors. *With* this important exception: If they cannot get the buildings done for us, of course we cannot get much use out of them.

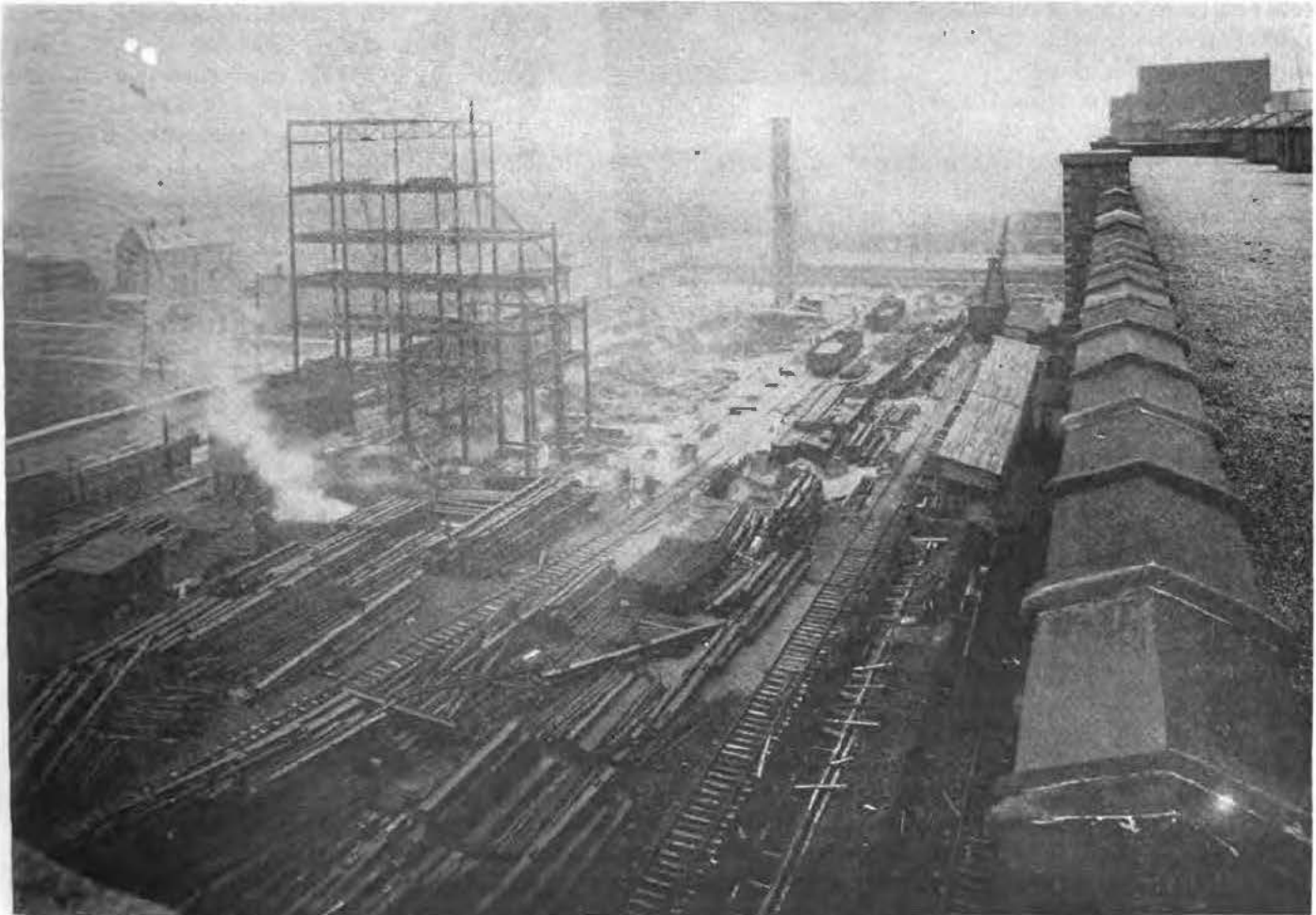
Hawthorne's buildings are all erected on contract, to meet exact specifications and drawings prepared by our plant department. These specifications are even more complete than the average. For instance, an architect usually merely specifies the number, kind and

location of the electrical outlets to go into his building, but our plans give also the wiring details—where the leads shall run, their size, etc. All of this care in matters of detail insures uniformity in all the factory buildings.

Besides the condition of the labor market another difficulty in the way of building operations is the structural steel situation. Our steel deliveries were about five months late, but most of it is now either on the ground or in sight, so that obstacle is now safely passed. Some of those steel beams are fairly sizeable, too. The big girders that support the tower are four and one-half feet high and weigh about ten tons apiece. The tower alone, by the way, will require 5,000 tons of building material altogether—steel, brick, tile, granite, etc.

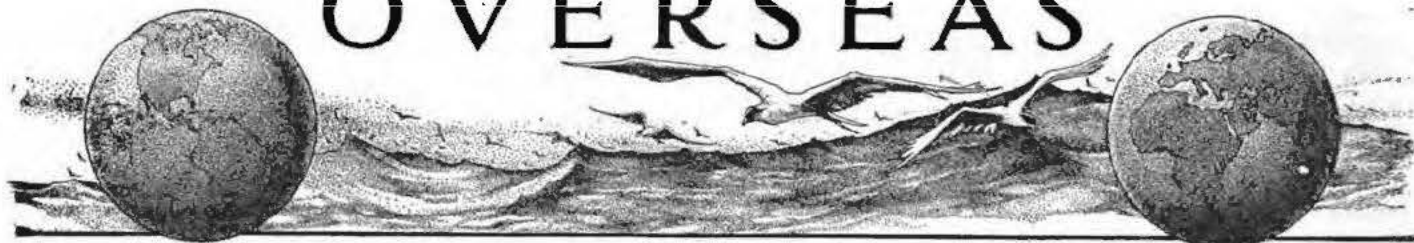
In these new sections a concrete conveying system was used for the first time at Hawthorne to pour the foundations (or "footings," as they are technically called). These are of reinforced concrete and extend about eight feet below the ground. The soil is firm clay, so the foundations need not be sunk deeply. Their area is calculated so that they support 8,500 pounds for each square foot of base.

A very good idea of the extent and character of the work completed on the new sections at the time of writing can be obtained from the photographs.



Another view of the same space with some of the steel in place

OVERSEAS



Our Visitor from the Antipodes

R. B. Hungerford Tells About Our Allied House in Australia

INASMUCH as the Company needs its present operating forces at Hawthorne, New York and the various other cities throughout the country where Western Electric employees flourish it seems almost inadvisable for the *News* to record in detail the remarks of R. B. Hungerford, the manager of our allied house in Australia, when interviewed the other day by a *News* representative. For Mr. Hungerford's description of his bailiwick was so glowing that if it were repeated here the readers of the *News* would pack up their effects and move to the Antipodes en masse. And what would the Company do then, poor thing?

Now that the war is over, however, it may be safe to say that according to Mr. Hungerford, in Australia, food regulations have been conspicuous by their absence all through the four years during which the dwellers in other lands have been existing as best they may under the burden of meatless, wheatless, sugarless, and otherless days too numerous to mention. In fact, Australia has had more food than could be eaten and great stores of it are still piled up awaiting shipment to other parts of the world where it is sorely needed. The lack of ships caused by the war, especially during the last eighteen months when many vessels were withdrawn from the Pacific trade in order to carry American troops to France, is responsible for the piling up of Australia's food supply.

As if the news of food in plenty were not enough, Mr. Hungerford added a few details in regard to the Australian climate. The weather is comfortably warm for nine months in the year, in fact the coldest it ever gets is 28 to 30 degrees above zero Fahrenheit, and that low level is reached only in the interior in the latter part of July and early in August. Snow is almost unknown. As a result the picnic habit indulged in by the Western Electric folk in this country during the summer months only, is a year 'round institution in Australia. From noon on Saturday to midnight on Sunday life is one grand, sweet picnic.



R. B. Hungerford

As is natural in a place where picnics are so popular outdoor sports flourish in great variety and abundance. So great is the variety, in fact, that America's national game, baseball has many followers and both in Victoria and New South Wales there are a number of baseball teams. Of course the three great standbys of the sport-loving Britisher, cricket, golf and tennis, outrank baseball in the affections of the populace, but it is comforting to learn that baseball is played at all.

It really is a little unfair to Australia to say so much about its pleasures that the reader is likely to get the impression that the cares of war have not been in evidence on the island continent. But on the

other hand, who is there who does not know of the great and valorous deeds of the Anzacs in every theatre of the world-war? Out of a total population of about 4,800,000, Australia has sent 836,000 of her sons to the front, and this great force was recruited entirely by voluntary enlistment. The staff of our allied house in Sydney, N. S. W., of which Mr. Hungerford is the manager, consists of twenty-one persons, of whom seven are women, and is represented on the roll of honor by three men, Captain H. Cross, G. W. Sturges and A. Chandler. Captain Cross has distinguished himself by winning the British military cross, and Mr. Chandler has made the supreme sacrifice. Mr. Sturges is a member of a signal company engaged in telephone work.

The telephones in Australia are controlled and owned by the Government and our allied house furnishes the Government with most of their telephone supplies, including large quantities of cable. Australia is about as big as the United States, exclusive of Alaska, so there is plenty of room for cable. During the war most of the cable and telephone supplies have been sent from Hawthorne, although before that they came from our allied company in London.

As stated in the *News* last month, Mr. Hungerford is here for a visit of a few weeks and about the time this

issue appears will be starting for Sydney. An interesting feature of his trip to this country was the fact that after he left Sydney the ship touched only at American ports, first at Pago-Pago in the Samoan group, then at Honolulu, and finally at San Francisco. At Pago-Pago a number of American naval officers boarded the ship on their way home for active service, and at Honolulu the ship was filled with drafted men and candidates for officers' training camps, all on their way to the States to prepare to fight under the Stars and Stripes.

A. D. Whipple Married

WORD has come from Paris that A. D. Whipple, of our allied house in that city, was married recently to Miss Germaine Craen. The readers of the News who are familiar with the article about Belgium which appeared just a year ago will recall that Mr. Whipple was one of the Company's two employees who went back to Antwerp after that city had been captured by the Germans, and for nearly three years took charge of the Antwerp house.

Miss Craen was a resident of Brussels during the German occupation of the Belgian capital and although she left there last June she only recently reached Paris.

Our London Letter

THE activities of the Social Section of the Athletic Club took another turn for the better and the Dancing Season started in earnest. A social was held on Friday, October 4th, the proceeds of which were to be used in taking a party of wounded Tommies to a Theatre. It was hoped the new Mess Room would be ready in time but this was found impossible. However, with that enthusiasm which characterizes them, the S. & M. Branch set to work and transformed the old Mess Room into a Dancing Hall at short notice. Mr. Howe, Foreman of the Loading Coil Department (and one of the original committee men of the Athletic Club), presided and presented the prizes, and altogether it was a most enjoyable evening.

The final event of the season of the Swimming Section was a Feed a la Food Controller at the Pavilion Hotel, North Woolwich. Upwards of 60 sat down to dinner under the presidency of Mr. R. L. Diemer, Secretary of the Company. This was Mr. Diemer's first public performance, and apparently he felt his position so much that he had to ask your London Correspondent to say "Grace" for him. After this helping hand Mr. R. L. D. seemed to buck up a bit and instead of leaving about 8 p. m. he was nearly the last away.



Praise for W. S. Gifford

Former Western Electric Man Is Thanked for Services by Secretary of War

WALTER S. GIFFORD, formerly assistant secretary of the Western Electric Company, who has been serving as Director of the Council of National Defence ever since its formation, has returned to the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, where he has been appointed comptroller, succeeding Charles G. Du Bois, who comes to the Western Electric Company as Vice-President.

Mr. Gifford came to this Company soon after his graduation from college, beginning with clerical work in the Chicago office. He later entered that branch of the secretary's office which is now under the jurisdiction of the Comptroller and remained there until about 1908, when he went to the A. T. & T. Company.

Mr. Gifford, who was statistician of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company when called into the Government service about twenty-two months ago, at first received a leave of absence of only twelve weeks but that period was extended until a month or two ago, when he was regretfully released by the Government to return to the Bell System. The following letter, written by Secretary Baker of the War Department, gives some indication of the value of the services rendered by Mr. Gifford:

THE SECRETARY OF WAR
WASHINGTON

October 30, 1918.

(SEAL)

MY DEAR MR. GIFFORD:

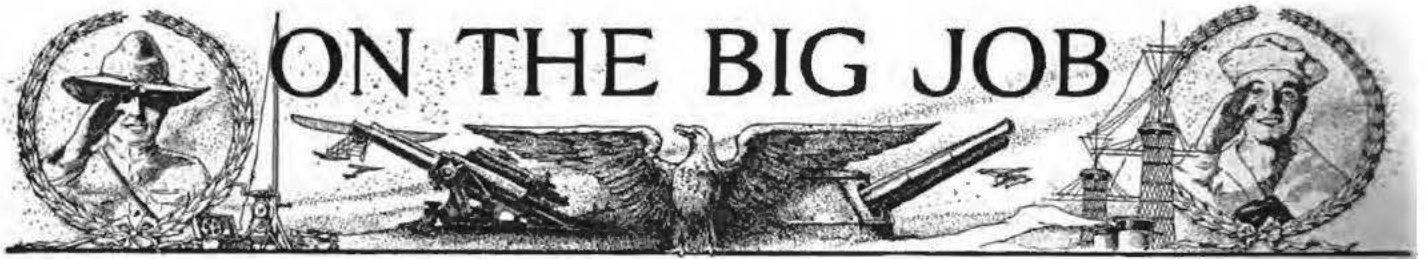
The Council of National Defense has charged me with the expression of its deep appreciation of the services which you have rendered as Director and to express its regret at your separation from the public service and from the work of the Council. Your letter submitting your resignation very generously leaves the Council to determine whether the exigencies of the public business justify its acceptance. We have, therefore, weighed the matter and feel that we would not be justified in asking Mr. Vail and the Telephone Company to extend your leave of absence in view of the circumstances recited by your letter, and also in view of the fact that much of the constructive work which the Council was called upon to undertake in the preparation of the country for war activities has now been performed and committed to regularly organized parts of established agencies of the Government's future performance. We, therefore, reluctantly accept the resignation.

The termination of your activity as Director of the Council gives me an opportunity to express the grateful appreciation of the Council for the energy, loyalty, and success with which you have acted as the executive officer since the formation of the Council. The work entrusted to us and to you was difficult, urgent, and of great importance; to its successful performance you have contributed at every point, and it will always be a satisfaction to you to know that the members of the Council feel that the conversion of America from a country at peace to a country prepared for war and waging war successfully was the work in which you had borne a helpful and considerable part.

Cordially yours,

(Signed) NEWTON D. BAKER.

MR. WALTER S. GIFFORD,
Director, Council of National Defense.



Died on the Field of Honor



Luther A. Hagar

Captain Luther A. Hagar

ONE of the most recent casualty lists from France told of the death in action on October 1 of Capt. Luther A. Hagar of the 303rd Field Signal Battalion, 78th Division. Captain Hagar was employed at West street before he entered the Army.

Captain Hagar was born at Plattsburg, N. Y., on May 12, 1892, and was graduated from Union College in 1913. He was an instructor at Union the following year and also took a post-graduate course in electrical engineering.

In the summer of 1914 he came to West street and was employed in various capacities in the Engineering Department until the United States entered the war. For a while he was an officer of the radio company organized at West street, and later was sent to Camp Vail at Little Silver, N. J., and Fort Sill, Oklahoma. At the time he received his overseas order he was an instructor at Camp Dix. When he met his death he was acting as Major in his battalion.

Private C. J. Choitz

CHARLES JOHN CHOITZ, Department 6844, Hawthorne, died August 15 from wounds received in action. He was a member of Company A, 355th Infantry, 89th Division.

Private Choitz left for training at Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill., on the 23rd of April, and was sent overseas July 25. He was hit the first time he went into action.



C. J. Choitz.



Frank K. Driscoll.

Lieutenant Frank K. Driscoll

FRANK K. DRISCOLL, formerly of the Cashier's Department at Hawthorne, died of pneumonia on October 18.

Lieutenant Driscoll entered the Army September 17 as a private in the Headquarters Company of the 343rd Infantry at Camp Grant. He soon rose to the rank of sergeant and later was made battalion sergeant-major and then regimental sergeant-major. At the opening of the fourth officers' training camp his commanding officer assigned him to attendance there. He was graduated with the rank of second lieutenant and was acting as adjutant to the 161st Depot Brigade previous to the attack of pneumonia which resulted in his death.

Sergeant Otto E. Trapp

WHILE stationed at Mineola, L. I., Sergt. Otto E. Trapp of the 74th Aero Squadron died of pneumonia on October 17. Sergeant Trapp was an employee of the Minneapolis house and resided with his parents in that city.

Most of Sergeant Trapp's training was received at a flying field in Texas, but about two months before his death he was transferred to Mineola and expected to be sent overseas. Ill health prevented this, however, and he was preparing to return to Texas to take up work as an instructor when he became ill.

Sergeant Trapp, who was 23 years old, was grad-



Otto E. Trapp

uated from the South High School in Minneapolis and was employed by the company for ten months. His parents, four sisters and four brothers survive him.

Private Charles E. Glazebrooke

WHEN the Ticonderoga was torpedoed and sunk on September 30,

among the soldiers who lost their lives was Charles E. Glazebrooke, who was the stock maintenance clerk at the Boston service before he entered military service.

Private Glazebrooke was 26 years of age and was a member of the staff of the Boston house for about two years. He tried to volunteer twice, but was rejected, and finally was accepted in the draft and sent to Camp Jackson, S. C., leaving Boston on May 31.

It was impossible to obtain a photograph of Private Glazebrooke in his military uniform, but the picture which appears on this page shows him in another uniform, that of a lay reader of St. Peter's Episcopal Church in Cambridge.



C. E. Glazebrooke

News from Western Electric Men in Camp and Field



S. H. Dearing

Samuel H. Dearing, Department 6618, Hawthorne, was severely wounded in action September 18. Private Dearing is a member of Company G, 103rd United States Infantry. His wound was received from a fragment of a large shell, which struck him near the hip. A letter received from him states that it

will probably be about two months before he is able to stand, but indications are that he will eventually make a complete recovery.

Charles W. Ellis, Department 6414, Hawthorne, was wounded in action August 9. Corporal Ellis belong to the 182nd Infantry. He enlisted April 18, 1917, at which time the organization was still the 2nd Regiment, I. N. G. He is now in a United States Base Hospital in England, where his condition is pronounced very favorable as this issue of the News goes to press.



C. W. Ellis



C. J. Pstuka

C. J. Pstuka, Department 6113, Hawthorne, was injured during the early part of October while in action in France. Private Pstuka is a member of the Hawthorne Radio Company, which he joined October 9, 1917. He is at a base hospital in France and is on the road to recovery.

Now that the war is over he may also be on the road home before many months have passed.

Edward J. Gogolinski, Department 6870, Hawthorne, was wounded some time in October, and is now at a United States Base Hospital in England.

Private Gogolinski entered the Army October 4, and was assigned to Company C, of the 182nd Infantry. He went to France with the 66th Brigade of the "Prairie Division" (the 33d Division).



E. J. Gogolinski



J. L. Kozick

J. L. Kozick, Department 6968, Hawthorne, was gassed on August 8 and is now in a United States Army Hospital in England. He was a member of the old Second Regiment, Illinois National Guard, and served with it on the Mexican border in 1916. He is still connected with the regiment, which is now the 132nd Regiment of the United States Army. Word has been received that he is progressing very satisfactorily.

Word has been received that he is progressing very satisfactorily.

Victor Halvorsen, Department 6400, Hawthorne, was wounded in action on September 15. Private Halvorsen belonged to the marines. He enlisted in that branch because that appeared to be the quickest way to get into action. As he went over the top about four months after he left Chicago for his preliminary training, it seems that he chose the proper branch. He is now recovering from his wounds at a base hospital in Paris.



Victor Halvorsen



G. B. Gourley

Another Hawthorne boy has been cited for bravery by the British Government. This time it is Sergt. George B. Gourley, Department 6601, now with Company "I," 131st Infantry (the old "Dandy First" of the Illinois National Guard). No details have been received regarding the immediate act which won the citation, but a letter received a short time ago from Corporal White, of

the 132nd Infantry, furnishes a ground for conjecture. Corporal White, who is also from Department 6601, wrote that Gourley had "been over the top several times and had covered himself with glory."

Sergeant Gourley is an expert marksman and was a range instructor when the First Regiment was guarding the Mexican border in 1916.

The friends of Capt. Henri Robert, former shop superintendent at Paris, will be glad to learn that he has recently been made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France. This decoration is only given by the French Government for most distinguished services. Since the outbreak of war Captain Robert has been in charge of the manufacture of munitions at the Government Arsenal at Vincennes, near Paris.

Bradley J. Gaylord of the Buffalo house, who enlisted in the early days of the war, has been quite active on the western front, as the following clipping from the New York Tribune will affirm. He has been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross by the commander-in-chief:

"First Lieutenant Bradley J. Gaylord, pilot, air service. For extraordinary heroism in action between Chambley and Xannes, France, September 13, 1918. Lieutenant Gaylord, while leading an important mission with two other planes, was attacked by fifteen enemy planes. Nevertheless, he and his observers carried out the mission, bombed the objective in a running fight and shot down at least one enemy plane." Home address: Mrs. Harvey R. Gaylord, mother, Buffalo.

Lieut. R. J. Ambler of the Advertising Department, who is in France, has written a most interesting letter

to his parents, who were kind enough to permit the News to print a portion of it. He says:

"Well, I've been up in front and over the top so to speak. I've seen and heard everything in warfare, from tanks to railway guns and pigeons. Saw war at its worst. For instance, I saw an observation balloon set on fire and it fell on the observer's parachute in mid-air and burned him to death. I saw the dead when they had fallen; saw one Hun feet up and head down on a stairway. Saw other dead being buried, their arms were stiff over their faces as they had fallen and so they were buried. Saw other dead, taken from ambulances as they had passed out en route to the hospital. Shells burst all about me but not a scratch did I get. My horse was wounded and sent back. The first hours of an advance are horrible; men, horses, trucks, guns, etc., are bowled over in the big effort to overcome the resistance of the enemy, in his entrenched positions. The Hun is on the run now in all directions. Have seen aerial battles and victims fall, I'm not even effective in my present job of supply officer. I just plod along in the fray and do my quiet bit, helping 90 per cent. on the other work for the general cause and 10 per cent. on my own job. I even did M. P. food work from two to six thirty to relieve another officer. Shells of large calibre are quite exciting. You hear a boom and then a whiz which grows louder and louder, after a second you duck, it may pass over and then boom, she breaks, either on the ground or in the air. They have hit where I've stood but not in my presence. Shells have fallen all over the side of the hill near our camp, but hit no one. I've been lucky and I'm glad.

"I'm now up front again but in a quiet sector. From the front can be seen the spires of Metz on a clear day. We have had rain every day for weeks. Have you ever slept under a wagon in the rain? It's great fun. I am now heating a lard can full of water to get a warm bath. It's a great life, I am quite comfortable here as I have a real room with a stove. The room has a roof, a door and a window with six cloth panes and two tin ones. I've lost several friends, Major Israel Putnam, Captain Ingersoll, etc. We were up against a famous regiment of the Prussian Guard, saw lots of prisoners, officers and men. A sullen lot, still glad to be alive. These rivers, like the Meuse and Marne they fight about, are the size of the Bronx river at Bronxville, and have similar banks."

There has always been a popular impression that the way to see the world was to become a sailor, but apparently there are times when that method fails to give entire satisfaction. Take the case of Chas. H. Brems, of department 6571, Hawthorne, now aboard the U. S. S. *Massachusetts*. He is the sailor lad in the photograph, seated on the starboard what-you-may-call-it beside the what's-its-name there. (We hope our nautical terms don't confuse you.) Anyway, his letter seems to indicate that the soldier-



C. H. Brems

have a little the edge on the sailors when it comes to sightseeing. He says:

"I have been ashore but three times since June 5, and one of the three times was my furlough in August.

"Today I got a letter from Walter Boehme. (Another boy from 6571.) He says he is getting along so well with his French that he is now able to 'jolly' the French girls.

"I have also heard from Joe Snyers and Louis Kuebler (two more Hawthorne boys) who are both in France. Joe tells of a good time he had in Paris on a few days' pass. Some class!"



Charles A. Fries

The young man shown in the photograph is filling a uniform now. He is Charles A. Fries, formerly of the Switchboard Cable Inspection Department at Hawthorne, now in France with the Fifth Provisional Replacement Battalion of the Third Army Corps. Probably at times he

would be willing to take on the job of filling the chair in addition to the uniform, for he writes: "We sure drill here. I mean *drill*." Apparently they were getting ready for the big doings in Berlin.

Old Jim Moon is seeing all that there is to be seen in France. At least, one gets that impression by reading the following letter, which he sent back to his former compatriots at Hawthorne:

"Am all padded out, for 'Fat,' our mess sergeant, certainly had some swell 'mulligan' for dinner to-day, and I lit in the mess line hungry as a bear. Each morn at seven, Hard Work and I link arms and remain bosom companions 'till 5:30 P. M. Have gotten so that if I'm not in bed by 9 o'clock, I feel sleepy all the next day. When in camp, over in the home states, I built wonderful air castles of returning a legless hero, with my monicker in the Hall of Fame, but my pretty little castles have been tumbled down for I'm located in a big Signal Corps camp to the rear.

"If you are full up with Division Foremen when I come in to bum a job, I can qualify as a battery expert.

"Chilly weather and rainy season have set in, but having moved into our barracks for the winter, we are quite comfortable. My bunk buddy is an electrician from Zanesville, O., formerly employed by the B. & O. R. R. Day times we swap tobacco, chocolate and lies, and are a most amiable pair, but the minute taps are blown, war is declared, due to the fact there is considerable variance of opinion as to who is entitled to the biggest share of blankets. Sleep, cats, and work are plentiful, but I have some trouble making my 33 per last thruout the month. The buying power of a franc don't amount to much. Don't guess I should wail about that for it teaches a good lesson in thrift. We had a pretty good trip over; only scared once, and then I uttered such fervent prayers that it would be a hard-hearted Lord indeed that would let any harm befall our boat. Was in England a short while. They have funny little locomotives, each one bearing a name inscribed on a big brass plate on the side of the engine. The 'Duke of Wellington' pulled our train. All the way thru the British gave us a great hand. Nearly all the dwellings are constructed with bricks, and patterned alike. Here in France the houses are all styles, quaintly fashioned and make a pretty appearance. We were billeted in a little village for a while, and my home happened to be a leaky barn. If you want to know the feeling of a rusty hinge, just sleep in such a place. The means of conveyance here is a two-wheeled shay, hitched to a diminutive donkey. Most of the milk is obtained from goats. As far as I can see, the much lauded Mamselles can't start to compare in the least with our girls back home. Fact is, the more one sees of these countries, the more he can appreciate the best of them all, the U. S. A.

"Please excuse the omissions, etc., there's some argument going on in the next bunk between two guys as to who took the last bath.

"We are all willing to stay here till Hell freezes over to see the Kaiser licked, but believe me, when he is, a King's ransom couldn't keep a Yank here. Well, I've got to beat it. Please give my very best to the W. E. fellows."

Western Electric apparatus is built rugged, but apparently it *can* be damaged—(say by a direct hit from a 16-inch shell, or by being run down by a tank)—as the following letter from A. C. Jones indicates. Jones, who was in Department 6411 at Hawthorne, is now a sergeant in the 34th Service Company, Signal Corps, located at Advance Supply Depot No. 1, in France. He writes:

"We left New York Sept. 1st, and until a week ago to-day we appeared to have been specially chosen to try out the formula, 'Join the Army and see the world.' Personally, I was ready to stop off for a while and rest up.

"Considering everything, we had a good trip, and I wouldn't take a good deal for the experience. Here is one of the things we were up against: Fifty of us left Camp Vail from the 13th Service Co., had 13 ships in the escort, parts of 13 organizations on board ship, landed on Friday, the 13th, and were quartered in barracks No. 13 at the first rest camp we struck in England. Yet in spite of it all we didn't lose a man. Hereafter I'll take all the numbers 13 that are passed out.

"We did not sight any 'subs' on the way over, but a lot of rough sea caused almost as much trouble. However, I wasn't forced to the rail during the trip. I couldn't afford it, for I had a \$5.00 bet with one of the men that he would be the first over.

"We landed at Liverpool, went across country to Southhampton, from there to Havre en route to Romain near Tours, where we stayed five days before coming to our present location. We had quite a time getting to this place, as we were sent to two other camps through error, and for a few days wandered about like lost sheep. We are now quartered here for some time, I imagine, judging from the amount of work that is laid out for us.

"I feel quite at home, for I am working on a lot of the things that were common at home, apparatus that has been up to the front in service and has returned, battered and broken, for repair. I wish you could see some of the sets that come back. The stuff we send back here 'repaired' looks far worse than apparatus returned to the Hawthorne repair shop for rebuilding, but it goes as long as it works. We can't get them ready ahead of the schedule, either, for we appear to be working entirely on back schedule stuff.

"We work from 7:30 to 5 daily, including Sundays. We are in bed at 9:30, up at 5:30, have three good meals a day, so all in all, it's a great life and I am getting fat on it.

"P. S. Please forward at once:

200 generator cranks
500 bells
300 condensers
400 cords

20,000,000 nuts, screws and washers—
oh, never mind, the list would be too long."

Hawthorne people are used to seeing Tony Nilio in a uniform. Many an attendance record has Tony saved from disgrace by shooting his elevator up to the sixth floor in time to beat the last whistle by a nose. Tony has now changed his uniform from W. E. to U. S., and we are therefore printing his picture as he appeared in the new outfit at Camp Jackson, South Carolina. He is now Private Antonio Nilio of Battery B, Eighth Regiment, F. A. R. D.



A. Nilio

Corporal J. Arthur Gangloff, formerly of the New York Claims Department, writes in the "do or die" spirit from France as follows:

"So far I am well and happy although they say I am in that unit which never come back, the telephone corps, of which you have probably read. Nevertheless we are the fellows who keep the phones going and I for one always managed to do that back in old New York."



W. F. Schlack

We don't know the horse's name, but the rider is W. F. Schlack, from Department 6056, Hawthorne. He is now with the 54th Field Artillery at Camp Travis, Texas—at least he was when last heard from, but Uncle's Sam's troops move fast. Just ask the Huns.

Private Charles Vogt, Jr., Company I, 105th U. S. Infantry, now in France; remembering the joys of being connected with the New York house, writes this letter to the boys, telling his first experiences on foreign soil:

"I have arrived safely 'over there' several weeks ago. Things are going fine. We started our intensive drilling and, believe me, by the time four o'clock comes around we're all in. Our drill consists of plenty of bayonet work, bombing, gas instructions and musketry.

Mostly all our instructions are given by English officers who saw active service. Yesterday we went 'over the top' and charged dummy Germans, but it's comparatively easy when you know there's no come-back.

"Since we landed we did quite a bit of traveling. Had a two-day ride in little four-wheel boxcars. There were forty men to a car with all their equipment, but there wasn't room for more than twenty. If we wanted to get any sleep it had to be done sitting up.

"After getting off the train, our barrack bags were returned to us and all equipment packed on our backs. After we were given our tin derbys and gas masks we were decorated like Christmas trees. With this equipment we hiked to our new billets, a distance of about ten miles. You can imagine the feeling when we reached our destination. With blistered feet and wet with perspiration, the first thing to do was to sleep. Our quarters are in the 'Chateau-de-cow stable' and our bed is the straw on the floor. We have the finest companions anyone could expect, fine, big, healthy rats. One fellow used his coat for a pillow with a piece of hard tack in his pocket. He woke up with the hard tack gone and the pocket with it."

G. H. Wood, formerly of the Atlanta house, is cutting wood in France as a member of Company A, 517th Engineers. He writes:

"Am over 'here' at last and feeling tip-top. Guess it is permissible to tell you I am in France, and while not on the firing line, I am not far off. Guess I can also tell you that our outfit is operating one end of a saw mill. Our job is to cut the trees and get the logs to the mill. My job at present is scaling logs. In other words, getting the measurements of the logs and the cubical contents.

"By the way, I noticed a phone on the ship I came over in and, of course, looked to see if 'we' made it. Of course 'we' did."

The photograph presents John G. Jablowski's salute to his Western Electric friends. John was employed in department 6878 at Hawthorne before becoming a blue-jacket. He writes from Great Lakes, Ill., and his letter certainly indicates that he is neither sad nor down-hearted. If they all feel as "peppy" as John, the Kaiser had better take his navy in out of the wet before it shrinks.*

* This was written a few days before the Kaiser's Navy was so effectually and forcibly shrunk by the terms of the armistice.



J. G. Jablowski

H. M. Steele, Elec. (R) 2 C (meaning Electrician Radio, 2nd Class), a former West street employee, whose picture is printed herewith, recently received a 10-day leave of absence for his excellent work in connection with the capture of a German submarine. While Elec. (R) 2 C Steele's photograph does not show it, he wears a gold foreign service stripe. Steele is another Western Electric boy who has made good.

The newly organized Syracuse house already is doing its share to win the war by sending its men into the service. Two, of them have gone thus far—John Waters, who is in the 807th Cavalry, Troop D, at Del Rio, Texas, and Robert Mack, who is enrolled in the training school at Oswego. Portion of a letter recently received from Mr. Waters follows:

"Believe me, we certainly have some drills. You ought to see me get thrown twelve times in one day. Oh, boy, some life! Lucky I didn't get hurt, eh. I'll tell you about our day's work. Get up in the morning about five-thirty, wash up and get ready for reveille at six. After reveille we get ready for mess at six-thirty. After mess we have physical exercises from seven till eight. About eight-thirty we go to the stables, first water our horses, then clean them. By that time it's nine o'clock, and then we ride for about two hours on our horses. After that we bring them back to the stables, clean and curry and water them again. By that time it is time for dinner.

"After dinner we have foot drill for about an hour, and then we have gun practice. About three forty-five we water our horses again. After that we are through for the day. So you see, we have quite a lot of work to do.

"Our horses are wild and bucking, so you see I'm right in the real Wild West. It's fun to see a fellow get thrown from his horse, but not for the fellow who is thrown, as it jars him a little. I know it did me. The reason why I got thrown so many times was that I didn't have a saddle, and it was my first time on a horse. You see, the first week with the horses they ride us bareback so as to break us in, and believe me, I'm broke in now.

"It's terribly warm down here—only 180 in the shade, and sometimes more. The lieutenant told us the other day that it didn't rain here in two years, and I believe it, too, as the dust down here is about a half a foot deep, and I don't know what a cold glass of water tastes like. When we get finished drilling on our horses our faces are covered with dust and sweat. It is dark when we get up in the morning.

"The captain tells us that we are booked here for eighteen weeks' training, but the way it looks we'll be over in two months, if not sooner."

The sailor on the bicycle is Charles W. Wellington, of the U. S. S. *Brown* which, when he wrote, was at Lewes, Del. Mine sweeping has been his occupation for the last ten weeks, his ship staying out for ten days at a time.

Although his letter tells various interesting things about his work, he neglects to tell the readers of the News the exact function of a motorcycle in mine sweeping operations. It is a pretty safe bet that he was on "liberty" when the photograph was taken.



H. M. Steele



C. W. Wellington

E. Shapran, who worked in department 6286 at Hawthorne, sent the accompanying picture of himself from Europe. He says:

"I will tell you a little of the things seen and felt by a soldier in the front lines. As you approach the lines the first thing that lets one know that 'Jerry' is on the lookout and knows you are somewhere about is his heavies. There is a screeching and weird screaming as the huge shell nears. The shell bursts and the flash is blinding. Small pieces of shrapnel fly with a sound similar to the droning of a huge beetle and fall with a thud. The first one, my heart came to my throat and almost stopped beating, but in time one gets used to them and thinks nothing of them. Now we can almost judge by the sound how far or how near they are from us. When they are near we need no one to tell us to get down.

E. Shapran

"As we near the line his 'heavies' give way to 'whis-bangs,' so called because they come so unexpected. All you can hear is the whiz, followed by the bang from the explosion. They are more dangerous than the heavies because we don't have time to get down.

"Nearer yet you can hear the distant popping of his machine guns and the tattoo played by our own in action. They don't worry us in the least, for what is a bullet wound?"

This is Lieut. L. M. Nichols, late of 195 Broadway, and now of Washington, D. C. While he was a civilian, Lieutenant Nichols used to write for the News now and then, in fact, an article from his pen was printed only last month.




L. M. Nichols

Hawthorne Radio Company Helps Finish the Huns

THE boys of old Company A got their wish! When a News representative visited them at Camp Funston about a year ago they had one source of worry: They were afraid the war would be over before they got across to France. But instead of that they got

over just when Uncle Sam's boys dug in their toes to give the final push that tipped over the Kaiser's air castles.

Just read this aloud to yourself and listen to their jubilant tones:



ON ACTIVE SERVICE
WITH
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.

France
Oct 6 18

Hellos Myr Reed. Cabin
Howe Everything
at home.
Regards and Best
wishes to all at
the W. E.
The old W. E. Radio
Company was fortunate
enough to get into the
first big drive made
by the Boys overseas.
Regards to all Hope
to be with all of you
soon
Lt. H. Richards

and whats left of
the old bunch
Over here.

| | |
|-----------------|--------------------------|
| <i>Licky</i> | <i>Hartman</i> |
| <i>Sullivan</i> | <i>Wielw.</i> |
| <i>Ryan</i> | <i>Harry</i> |
| <i>Bilton</i> | <i>Aiken</i> |
| <i>Adams</i> | <i>Dorency</i> |
| <i>Warner</i> | <i>and your Judy</i> |
| <i>Expung</i> | <i>Richards</i> |
| <i>Becky</i> | <i>all that is</i> |
| <i>Daydt</i> | <i>left of the old.</i> |
| <i>Combs</i> | <i>Gully,</i> |
| <i>Rustler</i> | <i>Are for a purpose</i> |
| <i>Hartman</i> | <i>so lets go!</i> |
| <i>Jackson</i> | |
| <i>Jurgens</i> | |
| <i>Pete</i> | |
| <i>Masa</i> | |
| <i>Jordan</i> | |
| <i>Buckson</i> | |
| <i>Cannon</i> | |
| <i>Ellis</i> | |
| <i>Harkins</i> | |
| <i>Masek.</i> | |

H.R.
1918
U.S.A.



Frank Caestecker gets chummy with a French officer

Private Caestecker, who is a well-known employee of the Chicago House, was one of the first to enlist from that House in the Navy. He is a brother of Julien Caestecker and he comes from a fighting family, as there are three brothers now in the service.

Frank is stationed at a Naval Base in France and this picture shows him hobnobbing with a French officer while off duty.

Private Albert F. Jones, of Emeryville, writes from Somewhere in France:

"Well, we have left England and the good times behind now. We gave three Yankee dances there before leaving and had great fun each time. After moving to another camp in England for a couple of days we breezed across to France.

Had a quick trip across the Channel on an American ship. The water was calm, and it was like crossing the Bay.

"After a day at a rest camp we went to St. Maixent, in central France. The weather there was hot, like that of Southern California. We were quartered in barracks which had been used by Napoleon. Guess he never thought the place would some day shelter Yanks. There were two courtyards in the enclosure, and it made a pretty picture, especially on moonlit nights, when the boys would get busy with instruments and songs. The walls of the barracks were about six feet thick, so I presume they will stand for another month or two.

"It took us five days and five nights to come up here, and we were glad to get off the train. These European trains are rotten for a long trip. There are many American trains here now operated by our Railway Engineers. And Old Uncle Sam has a world of stuff over here, too. Fritz is going to get an awful jolt one of these days. What is transpiring now is mild compared to what is coming.

"This is a fine aircraft depot, and is in a pretty spot. Am glad my card proved of interest and will try to send others from time to time.

"So far as social activities are concerned, we might as well be on a desert island as this place. But that doesn't worry us.

"The News came yesterday with the picture of the Emeryville bunch on the picnic. It is always welcome and goes the rounds after I finish with it.

"Well, I fear the stock of news is running low, so I must bring this to a close. Please tell the members of the Club hello for me, and my very best to each and every one of you."

Sergeant G. R. Johnston, of Company C, 110th Field Signal Battalion now in France, says:

"I am in the same line of work as when with the Western, and although I am the only ex-employee of the Western in this signal battalion, all the other boys are glad to read the News. Our work here would not pass an inspection such as all Western Electric work must, but it gives fairly good service."

This is Moses J. Burns, formerly of Department 6640, Hawthorne. Of course you recognize England in the background and the ice cream cone in the foreground. Burns is at the Naval Air Base at Eastleigh.



M. J. Burns

Some of the work done by a forestry regiment is described in a letter from W. A. Sparks, Company C, 10th Engineers, who was employed at 195 Broadway before he enlisted. In the letter he mentions Messrs. Small and Richards, who were employed as pole inspectors at Baltimore.

"The censor—our kind friend—seems to have amended the rules considerably so that now we are allowed to write of most anything that is not in the nature of a complaint or give the names of towns, etc., so I think you might be interested in knowing just what we are doing here. We're located in the far southwest of France within walking distance of the coast, some ninety miles from one of the largest cities of France. For miles, and then some, there is nothing but yellow pine trees, averaging 15 inches in butt diameter which was planted out some fifty years ago by the Government, we hear, at an expense of some \$19,000,00, and has been taken very good care of. The soil is very sandy, and there is no reproduction, so we find the forests laid off very neatly in lines, as you would an orchard. For years the inhabitants have derived a livelihood from tapping the trees and gathering the rosin for turpentine and its by-products, and it has proven a good dividend producer for the owners who purchased the forests after the Government had planted them out.

"Since the war started, the tapping of the trees has been carried on most intensely, and when they found out we were to slaughter some of it, the tapping was gone at with no regard for the future life of the tree, so that we find the butt cuts of very little use. We have cut and shipped some hundreds of pine pilings which have been used for building the docks up the coast at which the majority of the American troops will land, and we hear they have been and are being used to very good advantage. We have had running night and day for over two months one mill of 20,000 capacity which has been regularly overrunning the stated capacity, and we have to-day started on another mill of 40,000 capacity which will run three shifts of eight hours and we expect to over-run the stated capacity on this mill.

"This one is what I might term 'underslung,' i. e., the machinery is under the building and the sawing, edging, re-sawing, etc., is done overhead. A large skidway is built above the mill on either side with a flume running between into which the logs are rolled and hoisted into the carriage by means of an endless chain dropped over the ends. A large dock is built at the other end of the mill where the finished product comes out on both sides on rollers and is tipped over the side down slideways directly on cars, and it is at this dock I can be found in charge. I have some five or six men and I'm doing my best to hold the job down and believe I will but it's a job to catch and properly sort the lumber as it comes out on the rollers for the head sawyer is a Westerner, used to pushing things to the limit, and he certainly makes us all move to take care of it. In addition, we have had for some time, running night and day, four or five small French mills of like capacity as you see around Maryland, but these will be discontinued when two other large mills which are now under construction get under way. There are a number of trucks here besides some 200 head of horses which are all being used.

"In short, we have a small town here and things are on the hum, and if what we produce is going to put those fellows across the Rhine and finish this mess up, it is not going to be so long before the job is over. You are doubtless acquainted with the other details of military life, yet we get along mighty well considering what a hard bunch a lot of lumberjacks is to control. There's one thing I find among the fellows—these Westerners are the crudest and most ruthless of professional bull shooters I have ever come in contact with. There are three of them in my tent and they make things hot for me trying to back up the East's advantages over the West.

"Small is very much interested in our band and, in fact, organized the affair, I believe, having been the proprietor of Small's Orchestra around Townson at one time. He is well fitted to work it up and he has put out a very good band. Richards beats a big drum and they are out here practicing to-night. To help keep my nose clean, etc., I go to school three nights per week endeavoring to master the native language, but after six weeks' efforts I have very little progress to report though I hope to before we come back."

D. F. Mitchell, of the Boston Sales Department, has enlisted in the navy, but has only removed across the street to act as stockkeeper, third grade, in the naval warehouses.

Charles E. Monk, of the Cincinnati house, has written a long letter from France in which he describes some of his interesting experiences. Part of the letter follows:

"In the old days trenches were from 25 to 200 yards apart and each side had an elaborate system covering the country. Now we have several lines, as many as eight or ten of trenches, each a firing and a support line connected by switch lines running back for miles. Then there are concrete pill boxes cut in every little place that will hide them. They are about six feet square, room for three or four men and a machine gun. Then barbed wire by the mile.

"As the 75 or three-inch gun of the French, Belgium, British or Boche is good up to three or four miles you can see that they are placed generally about one and a half miles from the advance line. The guns are farther back as they increase in size and type. Thus guns shoot at an elevation not over 15 degrees. Howitzers or 'Hows' at an angle over 15. The Anti A guns are about four and one-half inches and generally on motor cars. The gunners are very rarely able to see their targets. I saw one S. O. S. call go recently at 1.10 A. M. and in less than two minutes over 100 guns of different sizes were firing at a tremendous rate.

"My personal quarters are some six miles from the line. The sound of guns is always heard but not that great roar we read of. At night the flashes are visible in all parts of the front. I have had a gas attack but not serious. Six of my men have been wounded so far and two attached to me killed. My work is Headquarters of regiments and forward and I have four to look after. The enemy airplanes come over at night but never in daylight. They do little damage.

"I have done work in No Man's Land and have made several trips there. It's lonesome work. Imagine being at an abandoned farm house with roof gone, shell holes in wall and around the road and yard. The cellar is a dugout six to eight feet of rails and sandbags and brick with a gas curtain over the door. Room for 10 to 15 men inside. The tall grass with lines of barbed wire just visible. Everywhere shell holes six to fifteen feet across and three to ten deep, at times full of water. The trees are nearly all dead and shot down, rats everywhere. Off to the right and left star rockets make regular illumination of a green ghostly light. At intervals sudden bursts of say 20 to 40 machine gun bullets are heard from the front. At times the bullets sing over you or draw sparks from the brick and stone walls. In the shadow of the night a man can be seen on guard. He carries his bayonet fixed, wears his gas mask at the 'alert' and has on a tin derby or steel helmet. No one needlessly shows his head or body. Overhead there will be an occasional burst of cannon fire. We throw five to his one. Roads and possible concentration points are shelled. The raiding parties slip out and back again. To the rear are the first line of actual trenches. To the front are small, well-defended strong points. In the trenches, with eyes just over the edge of the parapet, are the sentinels. The men lie scattered along at intervals and ready.

"As we return from a trip to the advance posts we are sharply hailed and we answer in a hurry as they do not argue on this front. During the day we can go to the battalions but no more. We must wait till night to go beyond there. The roads in the rear are screened for miles with chicken wire and burlap. Mile after mile screen of 12 feet screens. The roads and camp in the rear are continually subject to fire.

"There is one thing sure. We feel, yes we know, we have Fritz beat. If we drive a wagon near the front at night he rushes to his flares and starts his machine guns going. They fire very slow, about one-half our speed. His planes stay home, except at night. His balloons are well back and the prisoners say we need not expect an attack here. We have the morale and everyone feels it. And that is a wonderful help."

Sergeant Major A. C. Johnson, a Hawthorne boy in the personnel department at Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill., writes to thank the Soldiers' and Sailors' Comfort Club for one of their recent packets, and incidentally describes his work at the camp.

"I am still eating some of the candy," he writes. "It comes in handy, especially when I don't get up for breakfast when we work very late. I don't have to drill since becoming sergeant major and on these cold mornings, as Harry Lauder sings, 'It's nice to get up in the morning but it's nicer to stay in bed.'"

"I have charge of the office now. We have a force of about 40 men and the work is very interesting. It is hard to realize how important personnel work is and just how men must be made ready for overseas duty, such as being equipped, examined, paper work completed and transferred and the experts sorted from the ordinary soldiers and put in their correct places.

"Our grub is very good, much better than most people imagine—better, in fact, than most people get at home now."

It is hard to explain just why Arthur Hansen should enjoy himself so much holding hands with another man, but perhaps a woman was operating the camera and the smile may have been meant for her. The picture was taken at Camp McArthur, Waco, Tex. Art was in the blueprint department at Hawthorne before entering the army.



A Hansen on the left

Edwin G. Baker, of the Headquarters Detachment of the 55th U. S. Infantry Brigade, says:

"I have run across several men employed by the Western Electric Company in France, but it sure does feel good to hear a few bits of news of our fellows through the papers. I wish any of the fellows from the Philadelphia house would write to me, as I have not seen or heard of any of the boys for a good long while. The News is the first sign of a magazine or periodical that I or any of our fellows had seen for over two months, as the fast retreating enemy have cleaned every single thing out of the country we are at present traveling through. I was in the town that Corporal T. P. Lawless was shell-shocked in and can easily see why he was so afflicted."

Harold Carnie, a former Boston employee who is now a cook with B. Battery of the 55th Artillery in France, has this to say for himself:

"Well, here we are almost up to the front and I guess we will be there before you get this letter. We are now in a village that the Germans shelled, and all the people who were here just flew, taking with them just what they could carry, and so we are living nicely in their houses, and their beds are good and soft. I am lucky.

"Last night I went in for a swim in the Marne River and it was great. When I will get my next bath, I don't know. We are surely seeing some of this part of the world, starting with England, and here in France, and with hopes of seeing Belgium and Germany.

"I suppose you were surprised to hear that I am a cook, but you never know what you can do until you try and that is what I did. We are feeding fine over here. Last week we had steaks almost every day and apple pies, biscuits and cakes, so you see we are not doing so bad.

"Well, I feel that I had better close as I am about tired. Have been up since three o'clock this morning and have been cooking out in the open in the rain all day. It rains every day here and I am about sick of seeing rain. So far I have received two copies of the News since I have been over here and am looking for more.

"I am in the best of health and like it over here fairly well, but am looking forward to the day when I shall enter 885 Summer Street again. I guess it will be soon."

Captain Jack Sheriff, formerly of the Cincinnati house, turned up at 195 Broadway a few days ago. He was on board a transport all ready to sail for France when news of the armistice came and thereupon was ordered to disembark and return to Camp Meade.



H. Carnie

Frank A. Ketcham Becomes General Sales Manager

AS the News goes to press, the announcement is made of the appointment of Frank A. Ketcham as General Sales Manager, effective December 1, 1918. On this work Mr. Ketcham takes the place of Gerard Swope who, as previously announced in the News, is at present serving as assistant to General G. W. Goethals in the Division of Purchase, Storage and Traffic of the War Department. On his return from his war service, Mr. Swope will resume active charge of the export and foreign business of the Company.

Mr. Ketcham is a Michigan product, having been born in Saginaw in 1875 and educated at the University of Michigan. He came with the Company in 1900, starting at the Clinton Street office in Chicago. During his entire career with the Company he has been identified with the Chicago house in various capacities.

Most of his early work was done in the telephone supply end of the business and in 1905 he became telephone storekeeper. A year later he was promoted to the posi-



Frank A. Ketcham

tion of chief clerk, and on January 1, 1907, to that of assistant manager. In April, 1911, he was made manager. Two months later he received the additional title of Central District Manager, with supervision over the Cincinnati, Omaha, Indianapolis and Minneapolis houses. Subsequently the Cleveland, Detroit and Milwaukee offices were opened under his jurisdiction.

Mr. Ketcham is another example of a Western Electric executive who has come up through the organization to a place of large responsibility. He combines an intimate knowledge of the business with rare executive ability and a wide personal acquaintance and popularity. Having been identified with the

Company's business in the middle West for nineteen years, his departure from Chicago will be keenly felt by his many associates both in and outside of the business.

Mr. Ketcham will take up his duties at New York about the first of the year. His successor as manager at Chicago has not been announced at this writing.



How They Celebrated the Coming of Peace in Baltimore and Syracuse



Baltimore's band of shouters



The Salt City crew ready to start

SERVICE AWARDS



To Be Awarded in December

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

Troche, R., Hawthorne, 6877.....December --

TWENTY YEARS

Thomas, B. H., Hawthorne, 6094.....December 8

FIFTEEN YEARS

Binford, R. J., Hawthorne, 6100.....December 17

P. E. Erikson, New York....." 1

Forsyth, A. K., New York....." 9

Greenfield, S., Baltimore....." 7

TEN YEARS

Wyman, J., Chicago.....December 12

Novak, J. W., Hawthorne, 6824....." 1

Holstedt, A. E., Hawthorne, 6411....." 2

Kerrins, Maud F., Hawthorne, 5931....." 4

Carlson, C. J., Hawthorne, 6805....." 7

Guido, J., Hawthorne, 5786....." 7

Langner, H., Hawthorne, 5915....." 7

Dreher, C., Hawthorne, 6805....." 9

Jaspert, J., Hawthorne, 6886....." 9

Meyer, L. J., Hawthorne, 6820....." 10

Halik, R., Hawthorne, 6886....." 10

O'Hare, Kathryn, Hawthorne, 7398....." 10

Tontz, J. L., Hawthorne, 5762....." 11

Ruzich, F., Hawthorne, 5754.....December 18

Berg, Ellen E., Hawthorne, 6112....." 14

Coffey, G., Hawthorne, 7486....." 14

Ehr, J., Hawthorne, 6304....." 16

Wiencalaw, A., Hawthorne, 5350....." 16

O'Connor, J., Hawthorne, 5915....." 17

Boudrye, R. R., Hawthorne, 9515....." 17

Johnson, J., Hawthorne, 6842....." 21

Nichols, C., Hawthorne, 6838....." 21

Crowe, B. C., Hawthorne, 7897....." 22

Peters, F. C. W., Hawthorne, 6858....." 22

Reher, Minnie, Hawthorne, 7892....." 22

Dautel, F. G., Hawthorne, 6837....." 28

Miller, J., Hawthorne, 6858....." 28

Simon, G., Hawthorne, 6819....." 28

Dostal, J., Hawthorne, 6806....." 30

Plachek, Lydia, Hawthorne, 6615....." 30

Chamberland, I., Minneapolis....." 1

Sjoberg, E. S., Minneapolis....." 1

Schneider, L., New York....." 17

Brackett, C. K., New York....." 29

Luster, R. W., New York....." 1

Appar, Nelle V., New York....." 15

Cassedy, T., Philadelphia....." 1

Scott, A., Philadelphia....." 28

Pearson, J. H., Jr., Richmond....." 1

Who They Are

R. Troche



Back in 1893 R. Troche did two things of considerable importance to himself—he took a wife and he took a job with the Western Electric Company. He still has both. Moreover, to show that he has been faithful to the job, as well as to the

wife, we might mention that this summer he took his first vacation in 25 years to celebrate the 25th anniversary of his marriage.

Mr. Troche began work at Clinton Street as an instrument maker. He left that work to become assistant foreman of the circuit breaker and switcher department, where he remained until the Company abandoned that line of work. His next position was in the jobbing shop, where he has continued ever since. He has charge of the section which makes delicate testing apparatus for the Works inspection departments.

As Mr. Troche's three-star button is due on December 14th it can also class as an early Christmas present.

Three Fifteen Year Men



S. Greenfield



A. K. Forsyth



P. E. Erikson

Just in Time

It looked as though P. T. Erikson would have to wait another five years before getting his photograph into the News, for nothing had been heard from him when the time came to go to press. At the last minute, however, he bobbed up and explained that he had been down in South America since early in the year and had just returned.

Mr. Erikson is on the move nearly all the time as from 1909 to 1915 he was European transmission engineer with headquarters at our allied house in London. There is not space here to tell of his trip to Brazil, but he has made a half-way promise to write something for the News about his experiences.

Who's Who At Hawthorne



Who said to William, erst-while Emp of Deutschland in the sun: "Your choice, Bill, two good yards of hemp, or beat it on the run?" Who told the German army then: "Come, now, it's up to you. Say, 'uncle,' quick, or Foch's men will chop you up for stew?" Whose song of triumph

shook this sphere from Nome to far Bombay and made it plenty good and clear that Hunning doesn't pay? Who'll bring our brave boys back again? (Wow! Won't we give 'em joy!) Come on, now. All together, then! The peace dove. Attaboy!

Pegasus Kicks

IT would greatly reduce the mortality among editors if every irate subscriber, instead of beating up the poor scribe and then stopping his subscription whenever Uncle Sam's postoffice has a relapse, would adopt the policy of W. A. Goethe, Department 5089, Hawthorne, now a sergeant stationed at Headquarters, 10th Division, Camp Funston, Kans. It seems that his copy of the News had been going astray and that only one number had reached him in five months. Wherefore he sent in a copy of "Trench and Camp," addressed to "Ye Ed, Western Electric News," and containing this penciled poem down the center margin of the middle pages:

"I've raved and roared and cussed and swore
Until I've gotten peeved and sore
I like the News. Yep, think it's great.
Say, ship me one. Reciprocate."

Sergeant Goethe will get the next issue, we hope. He had been transferred and had not sent in his change of address, which is hard on the army postal authorities.

But, gee, just look what those Heinie postal clerks were up against locating the Fritziees with our boys chasing them all over the landscape.

The Hawthorne Movies

THE moving pictures taken at Hawthorne last summer have been completed, and soon will be shown to the employees in Hawthorne and in New York. Films are being made with Spanish and Norwegian titles, which will be used in South America and Norway respectively.

A New Division at Hawthorne

THE duties of the Editing and Drafting Divisions of the Equipment Branch of the Engineering Department at Hawthorne were taken over by the Manufacturing Department on October 21, 1918. The work transferred consists of editing customers' orders for manual central office equipments, including the preparation of the specifications and drawings required.

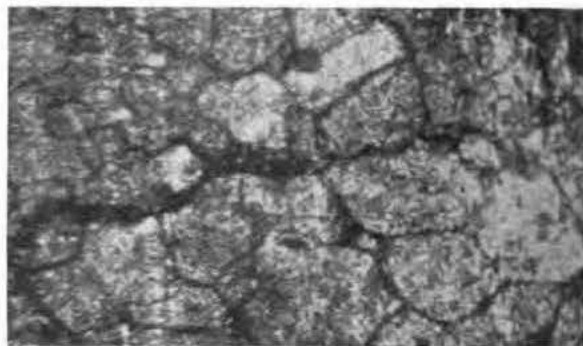
The new organization in the Manufacturing Department is to be known as the Central Office Engineering Division. It will form a part of the Production Branch, and is to be in charge of H. W. Mowry, reporting to Superintendent of Production C. L. Rice.

The duties relating to the development of new central office structures and the standardization of equipment practicees, which have in the past been performed in the Standardization Division of the Equipment Branch, as well as the work of editing customers' orders for machine switching equipments, are to remain in the Engineering Department, to be carried on under the name, "Equipment Branch," in charge of H. H. Lowry.

Hawthorne Man Sends in An Aerial Photograph

NOW that the war is practically over, perhaps we can get away with this aerial photograph without running foul of the censor. It was taken by a Western Electric man at a point where our lines were the thickest. You will note the broad main defense trench, the communicating trenches leading up from the rear and those extending to the lightly held front line trench system. You can also easily see the numerous shell holes everywhere. Perhaps you can also distinguish a few soldiers scattered here and there, but they are very hard to find. You can? You see them? Good. Then you get 100 per cent. in imagination.

Oh, sure, it is an aerial photograph, all right—a photograph of an aerial cable sheath. And our lines run right inside the sheath in great plenty, as we intimated above. The picture was taken with the aid of a micro-



scope attachment, and what it really shows is the crystalline structure of some sheath rejected by our quality sleuths as defective. The metallurgical department took the photograph of the culprit to determine just what ailed it.

Around the Circuit

San Francisco



THIS photograph represents a portion of the San Francisco Red Cross Auxiliary, who, after spending many devoted months in the production of sweaters, mittens and Red Cross bandages, are now busily engaged in the production of Influenza Masks. These masks, by the way, were worn in San Francisco and enforced by police regulations, causing a considerable depreciation in the spread of the disease. The girls in the picture are (from left to right): Misses Myrtle Visker, Lucia Viale, Gerda Fern, Elsie Burt, Elsie Anderson, Iva Hapgood, Mrs. Mitchell, Misses Amanda Rasmussen, Marion Reed, Mrs. Weggermann.

The tedious job of preparing a vacation schedule for the salesmen was dispensed with this year by the adoption of a scheme which worked so well that we are passing it along to the other houses through the medium of the *News*. Instead of slowing up the work of the sales force all through the summer by having at least one, and sometimes more than one, absent all the time, all of our salesmen took their vacations at the same time—the first two weeks of July.

Although the full effects of the plan have not yet been analyzed, it proved so successful in many ways that it will be repeated next year, and it also is probable that most of the dealers will take their vacations at the same time.

One effect of the plan which was noticed was that during the last two weeks of June, which immediately preceded the vacation period, there was a marked increase in orders. This probably was due, in a large measure, to the fact that we sent out post cards to the trade advising them of the plan, and these cards acted as a stimulus and reminder to many of our customers.

As the same plan was followed by all of the local jobbers, all were on an equality and none gained at the expense of the others during the two weeks vacation period.

The following is a clipping from the front page of the *Modesto Evening News*, dated Saturday, September 21, 1918, following recent unprecedented and heavy rains in the Central California valleys.

"NEWS PRINTED BY STORAGE JUICE, BECAUSE OF STORM"

"The storm this forenoon played Hob for a while with the *News*. It disabled the San Francisco and Sierra Power Company's distribution system near Manteca, cutting off the power supply to this city, thus disabling the *News* linotype machines, and also the big press. Nor did the electric company know when the juice would be resumed, so Frank Andrews, of the Andrews Magneto and Battery Works, was sent for. He surveyed the situation, got busy and hastily installed a Western Electric farm lighting system which is run by storage batteries. Each of the two linotypes were hooked up to the System and the *News* printers resumed operations, with but one of the linotypes out of commission. Crippled one-third in our efficiency, after being delayed for some time, the *News* was set up and gotten out on the big press on time."

Emeryville

HERE is the methods department at work with the influenza masks in place. We cannot say with certainty that these were the very masks made by the Western Electric Red Cross girls over in San Francisco, but there is nothing to prove that they are not.



Dallas

H. P. HESS, our Sales Manager, has put the taboo on the word prospect. There is a liberal reward for a synonym we haven't used. Here is one of the reasons for putting the ban on "prospect."

A. K. Siebe, a Power and Light salesman, made a quick jump to follow up a hot trail. He made the following report:

"The Mrs. Blank who wrote the office has a baby boy (7 months old). She said she was so glad I came for she was planning for Son's future, and when he is seven years old they are going to build a new home and equip it with electric lights, also that Son would start to school when he was seven and how much would the plant cost seven years from now, etc., etc."

It's great isn't it, the excuses these fumbling salesmen make up?

Spokane

WHEN the News printed that letter from our Mr. Peters to Mr. Colwell, nobody dreamed that anything like the following epistle would result. It did, however, and as it is too good to keep all to ourselves we are sending it to the News:

Tacoma, Wash.
September 16, 1918.

Mr. W. F. Peters,
c/o Western Electric Co.,
Spokane, Wash.

Dear Peters:

Upon reading yours of July 7th in the News, I felt at first you had written it from Montana, but upon reflection I felt Spokane must be correct, since bonded whiskey does not have the effect that produced your epistle. In the first place you state you had several opportunities to write such a letter, if recollection serves me rightly you have had not only the opportunity, but have, in fact, written many letters. Harry Michener says so.

Regarding your first meeting with Irving Colwell at 1518 in Seattle, what happy memories are recalled.

You remember, Pete, how I told you that you were crazy to quit a sure thing game, like the hearse business in St. Louis, to enter the electrical game. We figured it was a cinch that everyone would ride in a hearse, but not everyone would buy a washing machine. However, you stuck to your point and claimed the electrical game had a great future.

Well, you were right, Billy. Where you go after you die depends entirely on how you lived while on earth. I am going to take a couple of Western Electric Heat Regulators with me and be comfortable.

In connection with raises, Bill, do you remember how they used to start in and make forty copies of the raise sheets along about February first and how there was one column headed "No Raise Thus ✓." And how everything used to be "thusly."

Remember how we used to get our raises the first of every April and how when we didn't get them we used to know it was April 'Fool's' day. And how we used to laugh and then get sore and quit and then go right on working. Do you remember, Pete?

Do you remember how the warehouse gang at 1518 had to pump the basement out every morning, and how rubber hip boots were a standard stock in those days? And how we used to have to write the word "Imported" behind every item of basement stock when shown on the invoice, so the customer wouldn't get sore when he smelled the ocean?

And how when Irve Colwell made the biggest play of his life and induced Old Man Palmer to fix up the basement free of cost to us, McCreery got all excited and hanged himself in the basement by mistake? If we only had the News in those days, Pete, we would certainly have had all the News correspondents faded for all time to come. Just think how we would have featured that in the News—big head lines—BASEMENT AT 1518 REPAIRED—MACCREERY HANGS HIMSELF IN HONOR OF THE EVENT! And photos! Believe me! One showing the exact spot where it happened, another of Phil Aaron cutting down the body. And a cut showing one of Dan Richardson's aspiring young auditors refusing to audit the pay check signed by Mrs. MacCreery because we held no written authorization from Mac, and we couldn't send a letter to Mac, where we figured he had gone, because Johns-Manville hadn't gone in for asbestos products then. Do you remember, Pete?

You may have your "Paneled Oak Vestibule" in Spokane, but it will never bring up memories like 1518. I have a keener recollection of those oak panels that you have, Billy. Years ago I passed through them, with the hope that I could secure a Fifteen Thousand Dollar advance payment from a party who had no intentions of paying Fifteen Cents in advance. As I went out my mind was not chiefly concerned with oak panels, but with the connection established between the seat of my pants and your tiled floors. However, at that particular moment, I could say fervently as you do now, "OH, BOY!"

You need not think you have the only office in captivity. We have one in the City of Destiny, Tacoma. No oak vestibule, understand, but the door is always open, like a "Y" hut in France, in fact, you can't shut the door. Large stocks of conduit fall through this floor to the jeweler's place below, but he sells the "Economy" for platinum and gets by, so why worry. The Just always get their reward, in the neck, or hereafter, so you are sure it is coming."

Getting back to raises and more money and everything, do you remember how we used to get our raises in October, the fall of the

year? They used to figure it was a bad time to give us more money because with cold weather coming on, they figured we would spend it for "Tom & Jerrys." Now when you can't get them, they pay you a Bonus. It's all wrong, Pete, all wrong.

Your recollection, Billy, of meeting a competitor in a small town and talking things over with him does not do you justice. At your age you should know that life holds its compensations. Never be sorry for the man who does not work for us, and only has one line—Because we have more lines than Solomon had wives is no reason to get chesty. Think of the corset salesman, or the salesman selling Ladies' Form Fitting Underwear. Between selling a Farm Light Plant, learning to tie a milking machine on a nervous cow, or personally demonstrating either of the above mentioned individual salesman lines, I will give you one choice.

Yes, I vote in the affirmative myself.

Referring to your eight and one-half years of service, Billy, always remember the first hundred years are the hardest. And remember that it is not who goes into that swell oak and tiled vestibule, but what goes out the back door from the shipping department that is going to make the hit.

What I really started out to say, dear Pete, was that having been associated with you all these years you refer to, I know the feeling that prompted you to write the letter, and I subscribe to all you say about the Company, about the organization, and above all about the Company's policy. In normal times, Billy, you will never need worry about competition, because that Policy is building all the time better than you and I know, and until the other fellow matches up, competition is not a worry.

Anyway I am glad, most glad, to learn of your advancement and know that you will make good. My last wish for yourself as well as the Company in the new field is that you and they may always "Go Over the Top" in sales and gross profits.

I hope you will take this letter in the spirit it is written—I never want to write it again.

I thank you.

Very sincerely,
JAMES H. KELLY.

Pittsburgh

CREDIT men usually pride themselves upon the brevity of their letters, but here is a reply to one which carries brevity to the limit. The notation at the bottom of the page is the answer to the letter. It is short and to the point, but is anything but sweet:

Western Electric Company.
INCORPORATED
POST OFFICE BOX 46
PITTSBURGH

REPLY REFER TO
12-10/30/18-12

Mr. Kinsler & Co.,
West End, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Gentlemen

Against your company we have the following invoices which are long past due.

June 21st \$25.00 covering 100 91127 Pases, and 100 No. 903 Benjamin Plugs.

July 22nd \$11.50 covering 100 91126 Pases.

August 22th \$11.50 covering 100 No. 91126 Pases.

Won't you please let us have your check for these three bills

Yours truly,
[Signature]
Credit Manager

NO

Atlanta

THE war is over but we still have Inventory on hand.



He Proves That He Works

The accompanying photograph shows R. H. Witherspoon talking to a customer. Our Sales Manager is not satisfied with asking his salesmen for a daily report of their activities, but occasionally asks them to send in a picture of themselves in action, actually endeavoring to secure an order, that he may have concrete evidence that they are working.

Memphis

DOWN this way and in the regions still farther South our washing machines are sold in direct competition with the well-known Southern mammy who takes in washing at ruinously low rates. She is our worst enemy so this tale of the unconditional surrender of one of her vast army may be as interesting to the readers of the News as it was to us.

It was the Western Electric motion picture "The Education of Mrs. Drudge," which turned the trick. It was shown at Greenwood, Miss., recently, and a few days later J. D. Lanham, our agent in that town, received a visit from a young colored girl who announced that she wanted to buy a washing machine. Now, colored girls in that section rarely possess more than six bits at one time, and Mr. Lanham didn't think this one was an exception. He explained the working of the machine and, much to his surprise, she pulled out a roll of bills and handed over \$125 in cold cash. As she was leaving she remarked that she and her mother had seen the "Mrs. Drudge" film and had decided then and there that they could make more money washing for the white folks by machinery than by the strong arm methods which they had been using.

As a result of the transaction, Mr. Lanham is a firm believer in the persuasive power of the industrial moving picture, and has sent word to us that if we have any more pictures of the Mrs. Drudge type to send them along.

When he gets that "Square Deal For His Wife" film he ought to be able to sell his entire stock.

Buffalo

Heard from At Last

The other day the boss sez he,
 He sez, sez he, sez he to me,
 Each month as I look thru this "News"
 To get the other fellow's views,
 It matters not how hard I look,
 There's something missing in the book,
 For not a darn thing does it show,
 About our house at Buffalo.
 Why don't you fellows all get hep,
 And try to show a little "pep,"
 Write some stories for the News
 Like that there bunch at Syracuse?
 They planted stuff sometime ago,
 And Saturdays go out and hoe,
 Then they sent a photograph
 Designed to make the readers laugh,
 To see their gang out in the mud,
 Looking for the early spud.
 Now, you boys here look "kinda" sick,
 When folks see nary boost or kick,
 For Buffalo, our house, so grand,
 We ought to yell to beat the band,
 Let's put our shoulders to the wheel,
 And each month have our little spiel.

F. A. Miller.

Chicago

One of Chicago's Big Deals

RECENTLY the returned goods division at Chicago received 810 resistances from the Telephone Company for credit. These were sent to Hawthorne and credit was given Chicago as follows:

| | |
|-----------------------------------|--------|
| 9 lbs. copper @ \$22.12 cwt. | \$1.99 |
| 107 " iron @ 1.00 " | 1.07 |
| | <hr/> |
| Less labor | 2.80 |
| | <hr/> |
| Less auto charges..... | .25 |
| | <hr/> |
| | \$.01 |

It is now up to Chicago to render credit to the Telephone Company for the amount of Hawthornes credit less one-half of one per cent. for the service charges.



The Western Electric Golf Team which won the Utilities Cup. From left to right (standing): B. C. Culp, A. G. Nabors, R. C. McEwan, F. G. Austin, J. H. Gleason, E. R. Gilmors, W. P. Hoagland; (seated) W. J. Spear, A. C. Fredbloom, F. A. Ketcham, W. H. De Witt, Jr.

New York—West Street

HERE is a letter which shows how "those engineers at West Street" killed two birds with one stone by making the victors in a Liberty Loan contest hand over their spoils to the United War Work campaign. This is the way the story was sent out to the New York newspapers:

UNITED WAR WORK CAMPAIGN
7
BEHIND YOUR SERVICE
STAR
Release—IMMEDIATE 680 Fifth Avenue 'Phone Circle 4600

Y. M. C. A.—Y. W. C. A.—
National Catholic War Council,
K. of C.—Jewish Welfare
Board—War Camp Community
Service—American Library As-
sociation—Salvation Army.

FUND GETS \$100 IN LIBERTY BONDS

RESULT OF LOAN DRIVE BET
Fund Gets \$100 in Liberty Bonds
Result of Loan Drive

Among the first contributors to the \$170,500,000 fund of the United War Work Campaign, are the employees of the Western Electric Company. Their donation is two \$50 Liberty Bonds, which were won by the employees of the Methods Division of the Company after a spirited contest with the Accounting Division in buying Liberty Bonds.

The contest came about through the "friendly enmity" of the heads of the Methods and Accounting Divisions, who are P. R. Goodwin and J. E. Moravec, respectively.

Each insisted that, based on percentages, his own division could raise the biggest subscription for the Fourth Liberty Loan.

In the race that followed the Methods Division won with the oversubscription of 120 per cent. against a 94 per cent. oversubscription turned in by the Accounting Division.

It was agreed that the stake should go to the most deserving welfare organization and the United War Work Campaign was unanimously so designated.

J. E. Moravec and P. R. Goodwin celebrated Monday, November 11th, by parading up Fifth Avenue from 14th to 42nd Street with the Garment Makers' Association,



and from 42nd Street to 50th Street with the tail-end of Mayor Hylan's parade, where they guarded the left flank of a standard-bearer who bore aloft a placard with these words, "Who Said Work!"

The accompanying photograph shows Mr. Goodwin

on another of his non-working days. Perhaps some day the News will be able to convince its readers that he works now and then, but at present the weight of evidence seems against that theory.

New York—Fifth Avenue



JUST a small group of Fifth Avenue girls, up on the roof, after lunch, enjoying the fresh air of fall. The young woman with the posies is Miss May Tinker, who is shortly to be a bride. The girls gave a farewell party for the prospective bride, and then adjourned to the roof and called in a photographer. The picture is the result.

Boston

AT a Sales Conference held at the Boston City Club on the evening of November 1, for the purpose of discussing the rulings and requirements of the War Trade Board, for the distribution of materials, we were honored by the unexpected presence of R. B. Hungerford, Managing Director of our allied company in Australasia.

It will be appreciated that our subject could carry no trace of entertainment and although Mr. Hungerford was our guest, he was quite the feature of the evening. He gave a most interesting, instructive and constructive talk regarding the general activities of our allied company in Australia, and with his thorough knowledge and familiarity with national characteristics and resources, drew a vivid picture of the richly endowed country which has been his home for the past fifteen years. One of the most interesting points mentioned was that regarding the abundance of foodstuffs and other commodities so sorely needed in this and other countries, but the tonnage question has made utilization of these Australian supplies impossible.

The members of our Boston organization present at the meeting were unanimous in their appreciation and pleasure at the opportunity of meeting Mr. Hungerford and we would enjoy extending our hospitality to representatives of more of our foreign houses than has heretofore been possible.

Reid of Boston Talking, After Apologizing to K. C. B.

George Reid
HAS AN office
IN THE basement
WHERE EVERYTHING
coming in
IS CHECKED up
AND GEORGE is the first man
IN THE Boston house
TO GET "the News"
AND LAST Monday
BEING THE 11th of the month
I RAN down
TO ASK George
IF 'TWERE in yet
AND WHEN he said "no"
I BEGAN
TO ABUSE the printer
AND GEORGE said, "Ed

'TIS NOT the printer
BUT WHYTE'S that's to
blame"
AND I was surprised to learn
THAT ONE Editor
IS INCAPABLE
OF CREATING enough
trouble
HE'S GOT to have
SUB-BOARDS AND assistant
boards
AND ALL kinds
OF EDITING boards
AND GEORGE says
'TIS MUCH wiser
TO GIVE an editor
BOARDS TO sit on
THAN TO put him in a
sanctum
OR WHATEVER it is

THEY PUT an editor in
BEFORE HE dies
AND GEORGE says too
THAT EDITORS and tailors
ARE MUCH alike
AND HE believes
THAT A tailor
IS BUT the ninth part
OF A man
BUT HE is not sure
WHAT FRACTION of a man
AN EDITOR is
BUT HE insists
THEY KNOW in New York
FOR THEY have 10 or 12
EDITING "THE News"
AND I'M not sure
IF THERE'S much in common

BETWEEN A tailor
AND AN editor
BUT I am sure
THAT A tailor
NEVER KEPT a promise
AND I know, too
THAT WE in Boston
GOT MANY promises
THAT WE'D have "The
News"
ON OR before
THE SEVENTH of each
month
BUT HERE it is
THE FOURTEENTH, now
AND STILL we wait
WITH SOULS serene
I THANK you.

New York—Broadway

ALL of the units of the Company in New York subscribed to the United War Work Fund through a committee headed by E. C. Estep, of 195



Broadway, so the story of what they all accomplished is told here. The figures speak for themselves.

In the next column will be found a poem describing the manner in which part of the fund was collected by the girls in the advertising department, and the photograph shows some of the girls who thus contributed. They are (from left to right) standing, Misses Ball, Nutty, Sandi-

ford, Farley, Dickson, Mrs. Elsassser, Miss Ferguson. Seated, Misses Speare and Piro.

| | Number of Subscribers | Amount Subscribed |
|--------------------|--------------------------|----------------------|
| West Street | 2,690 | \$7,064.52 |
| Fifth Avenue | 947 | 2,158.42 |
| *Broadway | 648 | 2,752.81 |

Total 4,280 \$11,900.75
* Includes Government Department at West Street, Patent Department at 920 Broadway, and Tool Design Department at 203 Broadway.

\$5.65—Or the Cuss That Helps

To a little box of tobacco tin,
With the lid sealed down and a hole cut in,
An Advertising Department maid,
Decreed that there be straightway paid,
A one cent piece for a common cuss
And a nickel for one more strenuous,
No matter to what it might be due,
By each of the department's crew
Who spoke aloud a single word
That in best spheres should not be heard.

Since last July, it gathered cash
As male and female, who've been brash
Enough to cuss and thus to sin,
Sought absolution in the tin,
Five sixty-five in four months, say,
About five cusses for each day,
(And that's not much if you but knew
The days we ad. folk oft go through)
The girls thought really 'twould be best
To place it in the War Fund Chest.

But now a question comes to mind:
Should money of this tainted kind
Be taken? For some squeamish soul
Suggested that no single dole
From Sunday golf or prize fight should
Acceptance find in work so good.
Well, maybe so, but over there
We'll bet that there are few who care
A tinker's damn—gosh, there we go!
Another cent we've got to blow.

W. A. Wolf

Patent Department Now on Broadway



The new
Quarters
of the
Patent
Department
at
Broadway
and
Twenty-
first Street,
New York

THE Patent Department has been added to the Company's list of "roomers out" in New York City as it has taken up quarters at 912-920 Broadway, where it occupies the entire seventh and eighth floors and a portion of the sixth floor (approximately 10,000 square feet) of a new sixteen-story office building on the southeast corner of Broadway and Twenty-first Street.

This move was made necessary on account of the Engineering Department's need for further space in the West Street building for its government work.

The eighth floor is occupied by the attorneys, and on the seventh floor is located the stenographic, clerical and drafting divisions. A small portion of the sixth floor is used for files and storage. The Patent Department consists, at the present time, of seventy-nine employees.

A Snappy Item From St. Louis

(Submitted for the Christmas number.)

WF. CHERRY, our telephone specialist, was transferred to the Government Department at New York on October 18th.*

* Perhaps he was sent there in order to lure Washington to the aid of Grant and Sherman.—E4.

Patent Attorneys Eat

THIRTY-SIX attorneys of the Legal and Patent Departments were guests at a dinner given at the Hotel McAlpin on November 6 by Vice-President and General Counsel W. P. Sidley, but unfortunately Mr. Sidley was suddenly called back to Chicago and was unable to be present. G. E. Folk, General Patent Counsel of the A. T. & T. Company, and A. G. Webster, a former employee of the Patent Department, now a Chief Yeoman in the United States Navy, also were present.

After dinner the new Western Electric movie films, "Telephone Inventors of Today" and "Forging the Links of Fellowship," together with a couple of war films obtained from the United States Government Committee on Public Information, were shown.

Reconstructed Poems—II

(With apologies to Poe)

Once upon a midnight dreary, as I tossed, so worn and weary,
Utterly exhausted from the routine household chore,
In my head there came a rapping, as of hammers gently tapping—
'Tapping just as if each blow said, "Use your current more!"
"Tis mere fancy" soon I muttered, "for no message thus was bore."
—Only this, and nothing more.

Most distinctly I remember it was in the cool December,
All the day was spent in cleaning, and in scrubbing walls and floor.
For the African I hired, late the night before, had wired,
She was getting rather tired, and to work would come no more.
At the which a word I uttered with a loud and lurid roar
—Nameless HERE, for evermore.

Startled at my slumbers broken by a message all but spoken,
"Doubtless," thought I, "what it imparts I have picked up in some
store,"
"But as I am my own master, I should check a health disaster"
"Which in this age comes much faster than to household slaves of
yore."
"Let me ponder for a moment, and the mystery explore"
"Of this 'Use your current more.'"

"Now, can anything be harsher than to be the household washer?"
"It's a message straight from Garcia," I repeated o'er and o'er.
"Why should I be dally scrubbing—all the dirty linen rubbing."
"Every Monday spend at tubbing in the cellar, near the door?"
"And the answer to this problem, why I should not wash 'til four"
"Is in 'Use the current more.'"

"Then consider household mending—why should I be always bending"
"O'er a job that seems unending, and soon gets to be a bore?"
"And why must I always treadle, just to push a heavy pedal?"
"It's about time that I meddle and my liberty restore"
"I should use my current more."

These facts left no room for guessing, so at daybreak quickly
dressing,
I was very soon expressing to the salesman in a store
That I wanted each appliance upon which he placed reliance,
That to labor bids defiance, and from dull work culls the core.
So a washer, sewer, cleaner bought I, e'er I passed that door.
I can use the current more.

W. F. LEONTT.

Western Electric News



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VOLUME VII

JANUARY, 1919

NUMBER 11

Enter Multiplex Telephony and Telegraphy

By Frank B. Jewett, Chief Engineer

WHO among us does not remember even to this day the ecstatic joy which we, as children, drank in the stories of Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp? Is there one of us who at some time or other in his youthful career, and possibly even in more mature days, would not have given all he possessed to have had just one rub at that entrancing mechanism from old Arabia?

To us as children there was nothing mysterious or impossible in the tales of Aladdin. Why should there be? Did not Santa Claus career around the world on a winter's night, scramble down a narrow, dirty chimney with packages that an ordinary mortal might have found it difficult to bring through the door, and leave them spick and span to be opened by our excited fingers in the morning? Did not a wonderful being called Jack Frost appear unexpectedly some autumn evening, and change the whole face of Nature? Did not good old Mother Goose pick her geese up in the sky and deposit their feathers over the world for our special delectation? If these things could be—and we knew that they were real—a part and parcel of our existence, what reason was there to doubt that the lamp could do all that was claimed for it?

To many of us the spell of enchantment has never been wholly dissipated, despite the fact that we know more of the rubbing process than we did in those childhood days. Now we realize that the lamp, though still fraught with untold mysteries, is a jealous guardian of its secrets, and that the rubbing process savors much of mental labor and elbow grease. But after all, the vital point is that the good old lamp still does produce when in the hands of the initiated, and who will dare to

say that we of the Bell System are not to be numbered among the cherished votaries of the lamp, or that the heritage of Arabia and Kashmir has not descended upon us?

If there be any such doubting Thomas, let him turn to Mr. Vail's letter of December 11th announcing the accomplishment of multiplex telephony and telegraphy, and then admit that dreams do, in fact, come true, even if their arrival is sometimes long delayed. In this case the accomplishment of the Technical Staff of the Bell System, which Mr. Vail announced to the Postmaster-General, and through him to the world at large, was merely a rendering into actuality of the Castles in Spain, which all of us, as telephone people, have built for ourselves. I doubt if there is one among us who has not at some time or other pictured to himself a time when multiplex telephony and telegraphy would cease to be a fancy and become a fact. I venture to say further that each of us felt sure that he or she would know of its arrival by the startling changes it would produce in his or her work.

Could any plant man, for example, conceive of so momentous a change without a revolutionary alteration in the plant he had learned to know so well? Could any manufacturing man think of the apparatus to accomplish the desired result in terms of the coils and relays and jacks that had become part of his very existence? Indeed no. It would have to be something vastly different, vastly more intricate and complex, and he, at least, would know the time when it arrived. Finally, could any operator believe that she, the skilful director, manipulator and mistress of the threads of speech, would not be early apprised of the workings of the lamp?

And yet how different has been the realization from the dream. To the keen eye of the plant man the appearance of his pole line with its cross-arms, its insulation and wire, its brackets and transpositions is almost identical with its appearance of yesterday. He feels that in some way Fate has played him a trick and deprived him of the right to say, "I knew it would be so." And the workers at Hawthorne? Have their tools and machines suddenly taken on weird and fantastic shapes, and are they

engaged in turning out queer devices never hitherto constructed. Alas, they also have been tricked by Fate. The insatiate magician of the wires still requires his coils and condensers, his cords and jacks, his switches and tubes and the thousand and one other tricks of his trade.

Finally, what of the operator—she whom Fate would certainly smile on and call her own? Was she apprised in advance of the new subjugation of nature for the service of mankind? Once again Fate asserts herself as a dispenser of even justice. She will play no favorites and, having tricked the Plant Department and the people at Hawthorne, she deals equally with the Traffic Department. The fact that the tired, harassed operators at Washington and Pittsburgh awoke one morning to find four additional circuits available for relieving the strain of war calls did not in itself herald to them any new appearance of Aladdin. To be sure, they soon found these four new circuits *very* good, and *very* reliable, and had them ticketed promptly as the favorites of the group. But was there anything remarkable in this? Had not other new circuits been found to be *very* good, and *very* reliable ever since time was? Wherefore they accepted joyfully and wondered not, and Fate chuckled up her sleeve.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH BUILDING

195 BROADWAY

THEODORE N. VAIL
PRESIDENT

NEW YORK December 16, 1918.

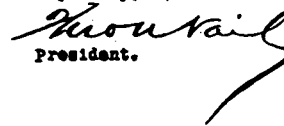
Bancroft Gherardi, Esq., Acting Chief Engineer,
American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

Frank B. Jewett, Esq., Chief Engineer,
Western Electric Company.

Gentlemen:

I desire to express to you and through you to the technical staff of the Bell Telephone System my appreciation of the splendid results which they have accomplished through their combined inventive genius and engineering ability in developing the multiplex telephone and telegraph system. I have tested the operation of this system between Baltimore and Pittsburg and I am delighted with it. I want you to see that my personal thanks and congratulations are conveyed to each member of the staff who has had a part in this work.

Yours very truly,


President.

"But," you say, "if things are so apparently prosaic and ordinary, has my dream of forty years' standing really come true?" "Has Aladdin actually rubbed the lamp, and what, then, is there strange or wonderful about it all?" That the dream has come true, that Aladdin has rubbed the lamp and that the creation is strange and wonderful, and of great prospective utility to mankind we can vouch for—we, who have seen the rubbing and who have witnessed the results thereof.

For a better understanding

of it all, suppose we transport ourselves once more from the realm of the fanciful to the realm of the real.

The problem of multiplex telephony and telegraphy which the Engineering Departments of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Western Electric Company, working in close cooperation, have solved, demonstrated and put into practical day in and day out commercial operation, is nothing less than the simultaneous use of a single pair of wires for many non-interfering telephone conversations, or many non-interfering telegraph messages, or, if need be, for both. Actually, the commercial service in which the system was demonstrated provides for five pairs of simultaneous non-interfering telephone conversations and two ordinary telegraph circuits on one pair of wires.

But the lamp, when rubbed to make this much possible, could not stop here and has been forced to release a regular Pandora's Box of possibilities. As indicated in Mr. Vail's letter, the opportunities for multiplex telegraphy which are opened up are great and for both telephony and telegraphy the practical limits are not now those imposed by physical possibilities, but rather by man's decision as to what it is economical or reasonable to ask Dame Nature to do. For example, it is now

Mr. Vail's Letter to the Postmaster General Announcing the Invention of the Multiplex Telephone

Hon. Albert S. Burleson,
Postmaster General,
Washington, D. C.

December 11, 1918.

Dear Mr. Burleson:

I beg leave to announce to you the most recent practical application of the work of the technical staff of the Bell System. After several years of intense effort, they have invented and developed a practical system of multiplex telephony and telegraphy by the use of which it is now possible to increase manifold the message carrying capacity of long telephone and telegraph wires, especially of the open wire type.

An installation of the multiplex telephone system has been made between Baltimore and Pittsburg and has been in service for more than a month. On Monday afternoon of this week, accompanied by a party of distinguished Government and telephone and telegraph officials, I made an inspection of this system at Baltimore and a test of the service provided by it between Baltimore and Pittsburg. All of the party were delighted with the successful working of the new system and the evident skill which had been shown in developing it.

With this new system four telephone conversations over one pair of wires are simultaneously carried on, in addition to the telephone conversation provided by the ordinary methods. Thus, over a single pair of wires a total of five telephone conversations are simultaneously operated, each giving service as good as that provided by the circuit working in the ordinary way.

Heretofore the best telephone methods known to the art provided only one telephone conversation at a time over a single pair of wires. A number of years ago, we developed the "phantom circuit" arrangement by which three telephone circuits are obtained from two pairs of wires, an important improvement of which we have made extensive use. Now, by our new multiplex method, we are enabled to obtain five telephone circuits over one pair of wires, that is, ten simultaneous telephone conversations from the two pairs of wires which formerly could be used for only three simultaneous telephone conversations. This represents an increase of more than threefold in the telephonic capacity of the wires as compared with the best previous state of the art, and a fivefold increase under conditions where the phantom circuit is not employed.

In telegraphy, as well as in telephony, sensational results have been attained by the new system. By combining two telegraph wires into a metallic circuit of the type used for telephone working and by applying our new apparatus and methods to this metallic circuit, we have enormously increased the capacity of the wires for telegraph messages. As applied to high speed printer systems we can do eight times as much as is now done, and as compared with the ordinary duplex telegraph circuit in general use we can do ten times as much. These increased results are attained without in any way impairing the quality of telegraph working.

The nature of these developments is such that if desired wires may be used partly for telephone and partly for telegraph. A pair of wires is available either for five simultaneous telephone conversations or for forty simultaneous telegraph messages, or partly for one and partly for the other.

These developments have been the result of the work of the technical staff of the Bell System, acting as an organization and are the outgrowth of their combined inventive and engineering skill. Hundreds of the men of our staff have co-operated in the work, and it is impossible to name any one man who is entitled to even the major part of the credit for the result. Without, however, detracting from the credit due to any one of them, there are a few whose contributions to the system have been so distinctive that they should be named here. They are: O. B. Blackwell, G. A. Campbell, H. S. Osborne, J. R. Carson, Lloyd Espenschied, H. A. Affel, and John Davidson, Jr., of the Engineering Department of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and E. H. Colpitts, H. D. Arnold, B. W. Kendall, R. A. Heising, H. J. Vennes, E. O. Scriven and H. F. Kortheuer of the Engineering Department of the Western Electric Company, the Manufacturing Division of the Bell System.

From the earliest days of both the telephone and the telegraph, there have been almost numberless attempts by inventors, scientists, and engineers to develop methods for the multiplex transmission of messages. It was while working on the problem of multiplex telegraphy that Dr. Bell had his first conception of the structure of the original telephone. Now the organization, which is continuously working to perfect the telephone and to extend its usefulness, has accomplished not only multiplex telephony, but also multiplex telegraphy and has solved the telegraph problem upon which Dr. Bell was working over forty years ago.

While heretofore no substantial practical results had been obtained notwithstanding the efforts which have been directed to this problem, some proposals made by the earlier workers in this particular field have naturally proved suggestive in the successful solution of the problem. I have in mind particularly a suggestion made by Major General George O. Squier, Chief Signal Officer of the United States Army, about ten years ago and which at the time attracted very general attention.

Furthermore, while working in entirely different fields and with a different objective, Dr. Lee DeForest a number of years ago invented a wireless device known as the audion which by our improvements and adaptation we have made an important part of our system.

From the nature of the apparatus and methods employed the system is not practically advantageous on short lines, either telephone or telegraph. On long lines its application will be extended immediately, but its introduction must necessarily be gradual on account of the nature of the apparatus required and the rearrangement and adaptation of the lines themselves and their associated apparatus to the new methods of working. Our studies show, however, that this system of multiplex telephony and telegraphy will have great usefulness on long open wire lines. It is not too much to characterize this new system as marking an epoch in the development of long distance telephony and telegraphy.

Sincerely yours,

THEO. N. VAIL

President.

possible to operate many telephone circuits over a single pair of wires, be they long or short. But since the terminal and intermediate apparatus to provide for the multiplexing involves considerable monetary expenditure, and since an extension of the number of multiplex circuits beyond a certain point would involve much expense

in connection with the line, it is neither *economical* or *practical* to employ the multiplex system on very short lines, nor attempt to approach what it is physically possible to obtain in the way of large numbers of circuits.

To most of us the picture of the modern telephone circuit and what goes over it is reasonably familiar. We

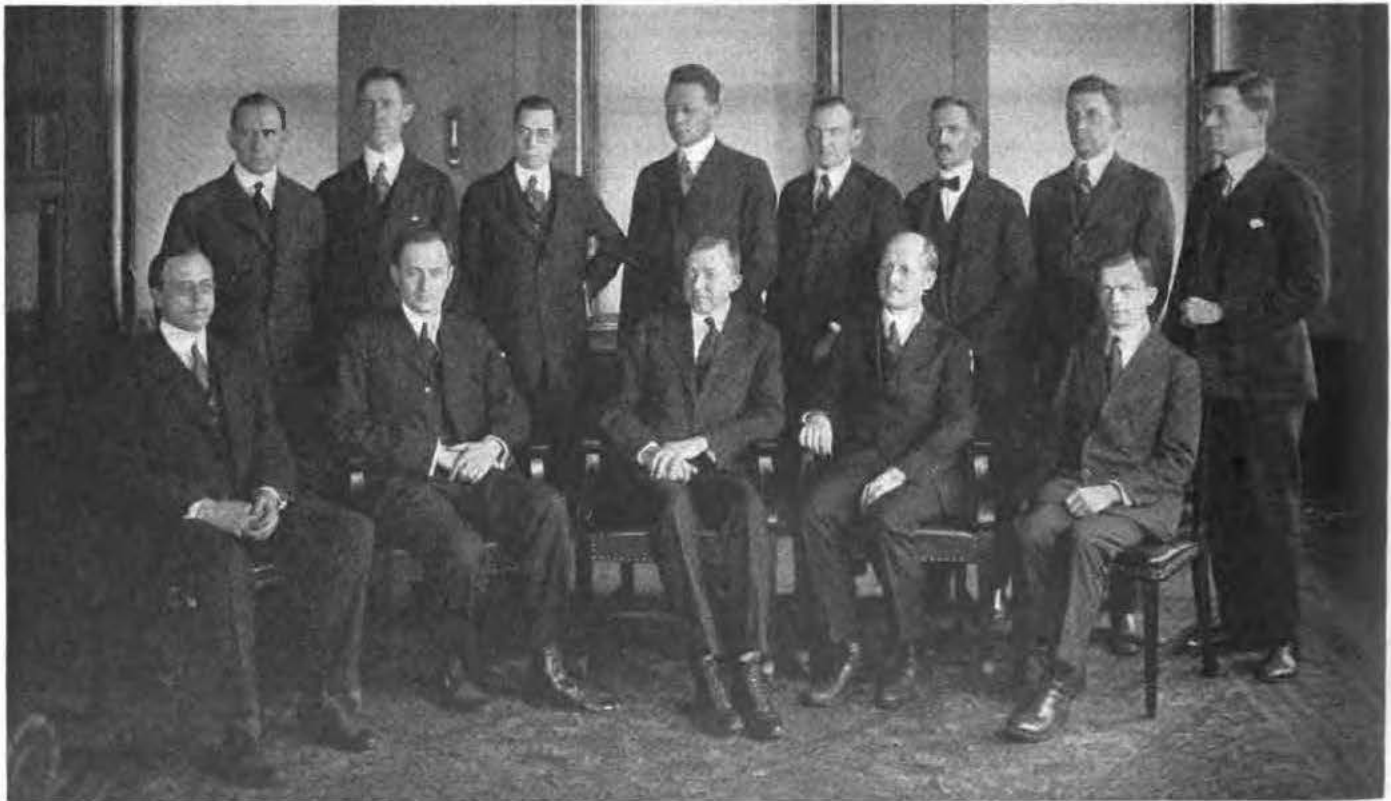
know that it has long been possible to take two adjacent metallic telephone circuits and so arrange them as to provide for an additional or phantom circuit. Coincident with this phantom, we know also that each of the four wires can be employed for an ordinary telegraph circuit without interfering with its employment as a part of the telephonic highway. We know, also, that when we talk into a telephone transmitter we generate feeble electric currents which have very curious and complex forms, and which involve a wide range of frequencies—a range which extends up to more than 2,000 alternations per second. In a word, we know that if our telephone transmitter, receiver and line are good we will have in each part of the circuit a current which pictures a faithful reproduction of the disturbances which the voice produces in the air. We know also that if our circuit is to be satisfactory it must, so far as the receiver at least is concerned, be free from electric currents of voice frequency save only those produced in the transmitter used by the one to whom we are talking.

If this is so, and if, as we know, all human voices employ about the same range of frequencies, how is it possible to use a single pair of wires for many simultaneous messages and have each message go only to the terminal apparatus for which it is designed? Why do they not all become mixed up and inextricably tangled when they are waltzing together down the common by-path? It was this difficulty which baffled so many men for so many years, and led to such a great number of ingenious pro-

posals designed to keep separate messages separate. But none of the many schemes that were proposed performed practicably until the Technical Staff of the Bell System began to work with a new principle.

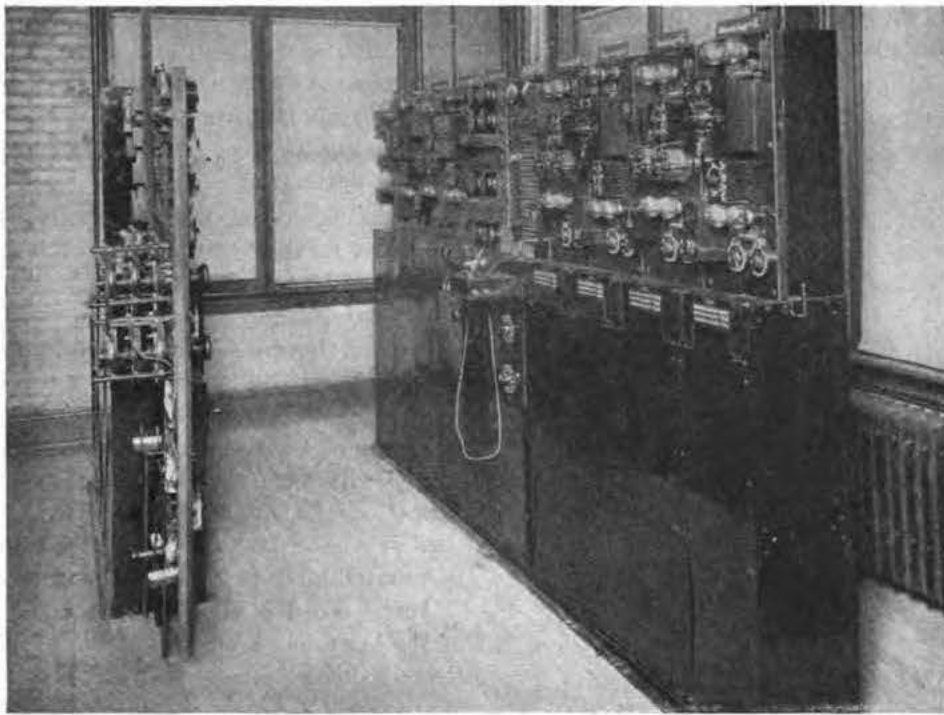
We all know, or at least have heard, that there are ranges of frequencies, both electrical and mechanical, that are beyond the limits of perception by any of our five senses. But men have found out that currents of high frequency, for example, obey the same laws as currents of low frequency, and they have found out further that these high frequencies have a particular liking for circuits specially dimensioned to receive them, and that each particular high frequency, or range of high frequencies, if given a chance to choose between a number of different circuits, will select the one best adapted to its needs, and travel down it in preference to all other circuits. One might almost say that the selection was analogous to that employed by a swarm of hermit crabs looking for new domiciles in a heap of empty shells.

It is this peculiar property of selectivity between different high frequency currents which we have employed for combining and separating the various messages which are destined to travel together over a common pathway. But there is more to the problem than merely employing a number of different high frequencies and their corresponding circuits. We must in some way impress upon each of the high frequency currents the characteristics of the particular voice frequency which we wish to transport to the distant end of the line.



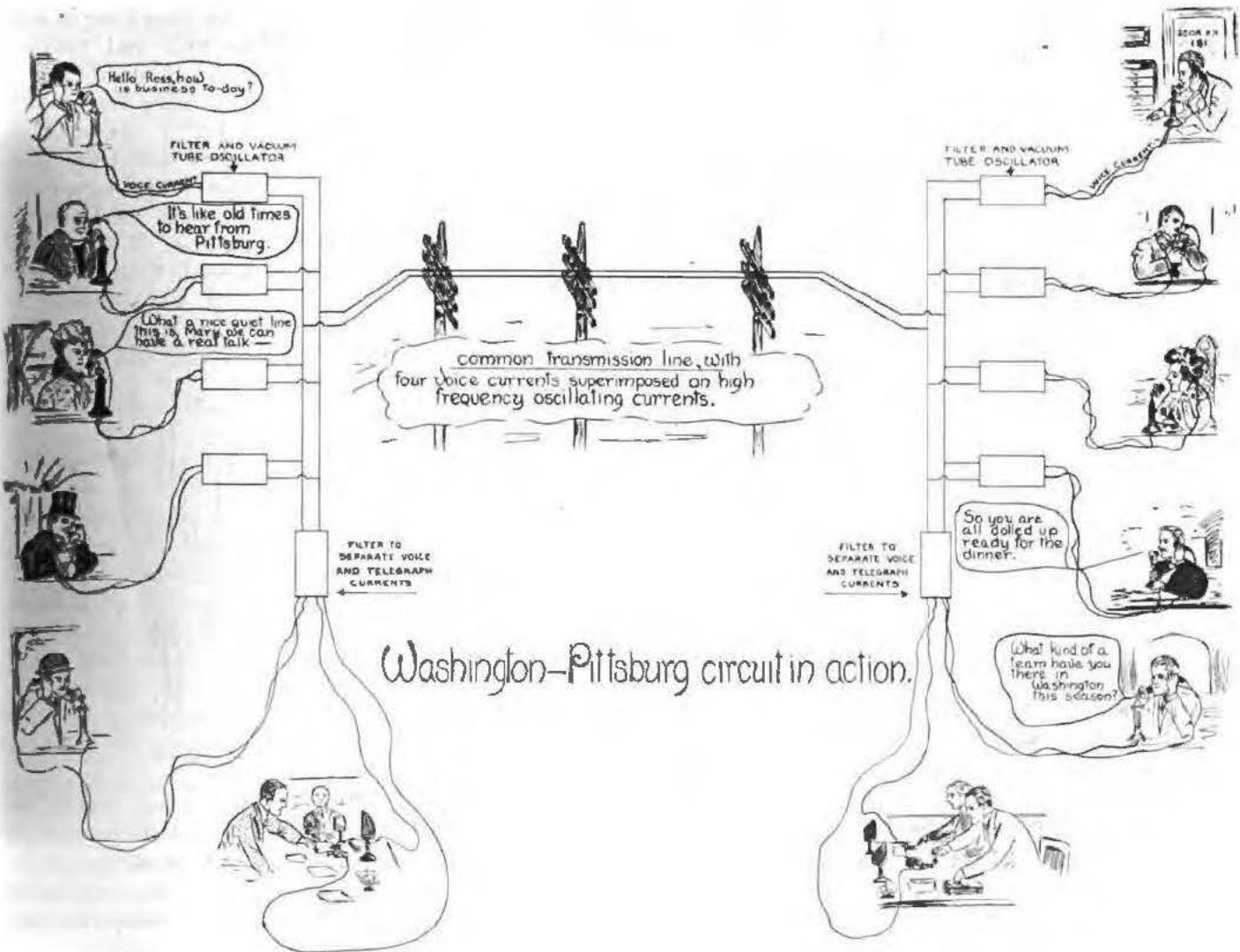
Some of the men who have been closely connected with the development of the multiplex telephone. From left to right (standing)—H. J. Vennes, Western Electric Co.; E. O. Scriven, Western Electric Company; Lloyd Espenschied, A. T. & T. Co.; H. A. Affel, A. T. & T. Co.; H. F. Kortheuer, Western Electric Co.; J. R. Carson, A. T. & T. Co.; R. A. Heising, Western Electric Co.; John Davidson, Jr., A. T. & T. Co. (Seated)—H. D. Arnold, Western Electric Co.; O. B. Blackwell, A. T. & T. Co.; E. H. Colpitts, Western Electric Co.; B. W. Kendall, Western Electric Co.; H. S. Osborne, A. T. & T. Co.

Fortunately, one of the devices which we developed in connection with the earlier work leading up to the Transcontinental Line and the Trans-Oceanic Wireless Telephone furnishes a ready means of so mixing an ordinary voice frequency with a higher frequency that an exact picture of the latter as it emerges from the device would show distinctly the effect which



The apparatus at Tuxedo, just outside of Baltimore, used for connecting five Washington circuits to one Pittsburg circuit

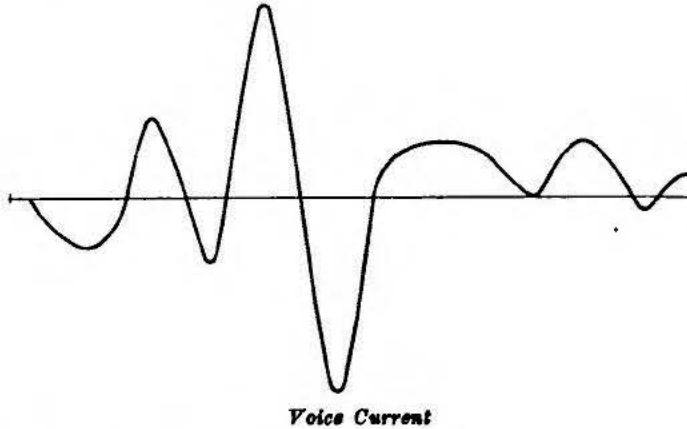
the relatively slow-moving voice current had had in lopping off the tops of the high frequency waves. This same ingenious device, which we all know is the vacuum tube amplifier, can serve equally to divorce completely a union of high and low frequencies which may be handed to it. All this, of course, if properly associated with numerous other



pieces of apparatus, the most notable of which are the filtering circuits, without which the vacuum tube would be impotent.

Here, then, is the basis for the commercial plant referred to in Mr. Vail's letter, and now giving service

These three diagrams explain the modification of a high frequency current to transmit the characteristics of a voice current.



between Washington and Pittsburgh. Actually, the multiplex section of the line extends from the Tuxedo Test Station just outside the city of Baltimore to the Brushton Test Station, just outside the city of Pittsburgh. From Washington to Tuxedo, and from Pittsburgh to Brushton, there are provided as many ordinary telephone circuits as are required for the ordinary and multiplex use of the toll line between Tuxedo and Brushton—in this particular case five. None of these five circuits is in any way different from an ordinary telephone circuit, either from the standpoint of talking, signalling or operating. At Tuxedo and at Brushton each of the ordinary telephone terminals runs into its own particular piece of apparatus. One of the terminals, namely, that one which is to use a toll line in the ordinary way, goes directly to the latter through an equipment which prevents any of the outgoing or incoming high frequency currents from going back to the terminal. Each of the other terminals goes through an apparatus which, for outgoing transmission, combines the voice currents with a particular higher frequency current or carrier. This latter, when modulated by the voice currents, passes out to the toll line through an apparatus especially adapted to that particular carrier when loaded with its heterogeneous mass of voice frequencies, and to no other carrier. At the distant end of the line the first, or ordinary, conversation passes through its proper

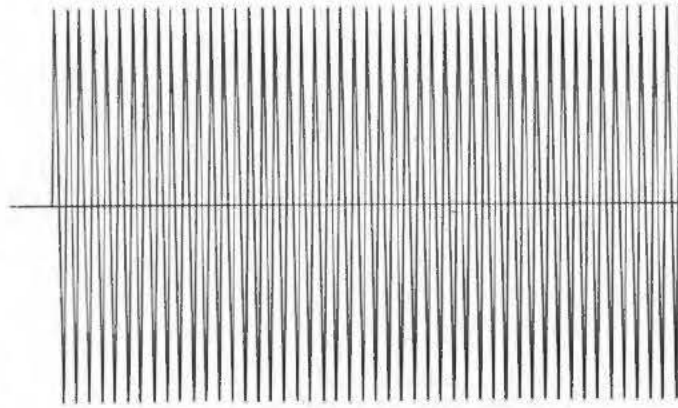
selecting apparatus directly on to the terminal designed for ordinary working, and each of the four other carriers pops into its own designated circuit, where, after being divested of its patient carrier, the demodulated voice frequency goes out on an ordinary line to the distant subscriber.

In the meantime, telegraph currents have been flying back and forth over the wires of the circuit without interference to or from the various voice and carrier currents that have been in play.

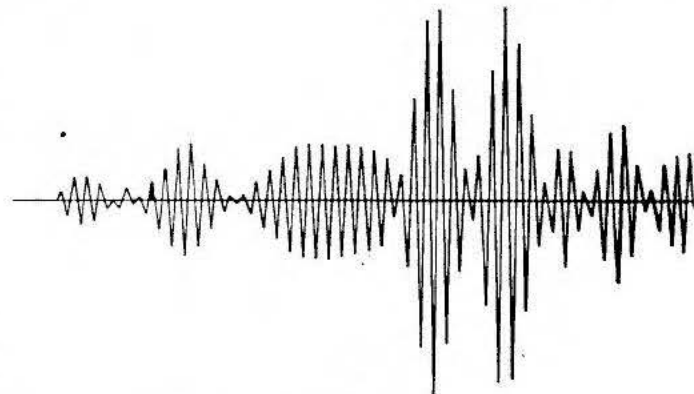
Thus it happens that at any given instant the two wires of the toll line have impressed upon them a heterogeneous mass of high frequency carriers, human voice currents, telegraph currents and such control currents as it may be necessary to employ for the proper operation of the terminal apparatus. An electrical picture of what is taking place in the toll line itself would be unintelligible to any of our senses.

Just a word in conclusion to show that no single rub of the lamp has been productive of the marvelous result that has now been obtained. Even before the Transcontinental Telephone Line from New York to San Francisco had been installed it was realized by the Western Electric engineers and those of the American

Telephone and Telegraph Company that the work which has been done in connection with that problem would be of great assistance in solving the problem of multiplex transmission over wires, and more than four years ago apparatus was set up in the Research Laboratories of the Western Electric Company with which it was possible to carry on more than one conversation over a pair of



Unmodified High Frequency Current



Modified High Frequency Current

wires. Following this the work was pushed, and in the latter part of 1916 and early in 1917 a trial installation was made and put into service on a part of the line between New York and Chicago. From the experiments on this line grew the installation now in commercial service. (Concluded at bottom of following page)

Three Managerships Filled

G. E. Cullinan, H. N. Goodell and M. A. Curran Assume New Duties



George E. Cullinan



Marcus A. Curran



Harry N. Goodell

THE appointment of Frank A. Ketcham to the position of General Sales Manager left vacant his post as Manager of the Chicago house and Central District Manager. This has been filled by the appointment of George E. Cullinan, Manager at St. Louis since 1909 and Western District Manager since 1916.

Mr. Cullinan began to work for the Company in 1901 in the Accounting Department in New York. He became head of the Billing Department in 1902, was advanced to a similar position in charge of the apparatus stock in 1904, was made Chief of the Shipping and Traffic Departments in 1905. His advancement continued and in 1907 he went to St. Louis as Assistant Manager, becoming Sales Manager in April, 1909, and Manager in October. He held this position up to the time of his promotion with the exception of a few months as Assistant Manager at Chicago.

Mr. Cullinan is a Williams College man, where among other things he gained a reputation as a football player. The habit then acquired of putting the ball over has continued in business where he has been "putting it over" on each successive job. In St. Louis he has been a conspicuous figure in business, civic, and athletic circles, being identified with many organizations usually in a position of prominence as a result of his fine personality and natural qualities of leadership.

Succeeding Mr. Cullinan both as Manager of the St. Louis house and as Western District Manager, is Harry N. Goodell, who is advanced from the position of Manager of the Omaha house. He was employed by the Company as a clerk in the Billing and Voucher Department of the Chicago house in January, 1906. Here he remained, being promoted at frequent intervals until April, 1912, when he was appointed Manager at Omaha.

Under Mr. Goodell's efficient management the Omaha house has grown and prospered. He made the employees there one big happy family that worked together.

Marcus Aurelius Curran replaces Mr. Goodell as Manager of the Omaha house. Mr. Curran began his career with the Company in the Credit Department in January, 1911, and remained in this work for seven years. In 1912 he was transferred to the Credit Department in Chicago and later in the same year became Credit Manager at Minneapolis. In June, 1915, he was promoted to the position of General Credit Manager, which he held until last July, when he was appointed Manager of the Line Material Division of the General Sales Department. A month or two later he went to Philadelphia as Assistant Manager, which position he leaves to take up his new duties in Omaha.

"Marc" Curran, in addition to his abilities as a man of finance and an exponent of Trade Acceptances, is one of the few young old bachelors still left among the Company's officials, and has many claims to a seat in the hall of fame, ranging all the way from champion tuna fisherman at Catalina Island to chief exponent of the plow-up-and-plant-your-golf-course mania that hit certain sections of the country last summer. His faculty for keeping himself in the public eye through the **WESTERN ELECTRIC NEWS** finally drove the editors to invite him to a place upon their board, which carries with it an unwritten immunity from any personal exploitation. However, "Marc" soon tired of this enforced self-effacement, and applied for the job at Omaha, where, as readers of the **NEWS** will remember, he was lionized by the young women employees at the annual picnic, and though only a chance visitor at the house, draped himself gracefully in the center of the picture which was taken of the party and printed on these pages. If Manager-elect Curran is received at Omaha in the same open-armed fashion that prevailed at the picnic, who knows but that he will next time be earning publicity in the column devoted to those who abandon the illusions attributed to single blessedness, and our bachelors' ranks will lose one more good old scout.

(Continued from preceding page)

vice between Washington and Pittsburgh, and in view of the telephone conditions which existed in Washington at the peak of the war load, it was fortunate indeed that we began polishing up the lamp when we did.

As a concluding sentence, I cannot do better than express here my appreciation of the efforts of the men who have made this possible, and who have added one more laurel wreath to the collection of the Bell System.

The Western Front

Edward B. Craft, Assistant Chief Engineer, Tells of His Trip to England and France

IT has remained for Edward B. Craft, one of the Company's assistant chief engineers, to discover why they called the battle line in France the Western front. He was over there last summer, and everywhere he went he saw Western Electric material—benches and tables made of Western Electric packing boxes, good old Western Electric cable reels, Western Electric telephones—in short, the quantity of material bearing the Western Electric label was so great that the origin of the term Western front is indubitably proved, and the word Western ought to be written in the flash type so familiar to all of us.

Two or three months ago the News referred briefly to Mr. Craft's trip, and at the time reserved the right to retell the story in greater detail when the censorship came to an end. That time now has come, and although he was too busy to write an account himself, he described his journeyings to a representative of the News in such vivid fashion that, even when told at second hand, so to speak, they make most interesting reading.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Craft's ingenious theory of the origin of the term Western front is hardly as much of an exaggeration as it looks. All through his account of his travels he kept referring almost unconsciously to the American atmosphere which seemed to exist everywhere he went—the Army-Navy baseball game in London on the Fourth of July; a wild ride in a flivver driven by an American sailor in the North of Ireland; luncheon on the battleship New York in the Firth of Forth, the great American docks and hospitals in France, and the visit to Chateau-Thierry, the little town that is now part and parcel of America's glorious history. "Even the little kids in France all shout 'Hello—Good-bye' at you," he said. That certainly is pure American, and telephone talk at that.

Ordinarily, any account of a trip such as that made by Mr. Craft would be divided into two subdivisions—what he did, and what he saw. This particular account has got to worry along without the first of these subdivisions, however, because, although he is quite loquacious when



Edward B. Craft

describing what he saw and heard, he becomes extremely reticent when the time comes to tell of the work which he accomplished. Beyond admitting that for several weeks he worked almost day and night, Sundays included, Mr. Craft had nothing to say about his own accomplishments. Therefore, readers of the News will have to be content with the statement that he went over at the request of the Navy Department, as a technical representative, to look over radio communication, both in the air and on the sea. And as the Navy has shown no disposition to regret the fact that it sent him over, it is safe to presume that he did a good job.

"We sailed from New York on June 19th," said Mr. Craft to the News representative, "in a small British transport named the

Walmer Castle, a vessel which, before the war, was in the South African trade. We were escorted out of the harbor by a fleet of American destroyers, but they soon turned back, leaving our convoy of a dozen ships in charge of a cruiser, which went all of the way over with us. One of the ships in the group was the *Empress of Asia*, which had come from China through the Panama Canal, and which was taking a horde of Chinese coolies to work back of the front.

"The voyage lasted fourteen days, but we all enjoyed it. Our ship had on board about 1,800 troops, including a number of officers and (here came a pause, accompanied by a reminiscent smile) 101 American nurses.

"We landed in Liverpool on July 2, and received a great welcome. At that time the arrival of American troops was a novelty, and as we steamed up the harbor we were greeted by a chorus of whistles and bells. It was the same sort of welcome as that which we hear every day now, as the transports bring back the troops from France.

"The next day we got to London just in time to pick up a couple of tickets to the Army-Navy baseball game, which was the big feature of London's celebration on the Fourth. We sat on the Navy side of the field, and had the pleasure of seeing the Navy win—3 to 1. The whole Royal Family was there, but King George didn't throw

out the first ball, as some of the accounts said. Accompanied by Admiral Sims, he walked down to the home plate, and after shaking hands with the captains of the two teams, carefully handed the ball to one of them.

"The game was intensely interesting, with plenty of wild cheering from the soldiers and sailors, and it was hard to realize that the game was being played in London. Everything seemed so typically American. Why when he first got to the field we tried to

get into the wrong gate, and became mixed up in a crowd of jackies and doughboys. Right ahead of me was a little soldier about five feet four inches tall, walking arm in arm with a little British farmerette. They looked just as though they were a boy and girl who had been going to games and picnics together all their lives.

"There were plenty of Englishmen in the big crowd, however, and I sometimes lost track of the game while watching their faces when some brilliant play set the Americans wild with enthusiasm. The Englishmen would look a bit bewildered, greatly puzzled to know what all the noise was about.

"And then, while the game was on, a big British dirigible of the newest type came over the field flying very low, and as it got over the crowd unfurled two big flags—British and American. In fact, the American flag was everywhere that day in London. Every man you met had a little American flag in his buttonhole.

"After the celebration was over we settled down to work, and my first trip was to Plymouth, where I saw a number of submarine chasers equipped with the radio sets we put aboard at New London, Conn. Then we went on a tour of the naval bases and naval air stations in Ireland. At Queenstown we went on board an American ship and enjoyed the first good meal in many a day. The food restrictions in England were no joke. It was difficult to get a really good meal.

"There were a great many American destroyers at Queenstown. They went out from that port to patrol the entrance to the English Channel.

"I took a chance on the way up to Dublin and dropped off for a while in Cork, although I was not supposed to do so because of the Sinn Fein troubles. From Dublin we went up north to Londonderry, and it was there that I had my thrilling ride in a fivver. The sailor in charge took that fivver up and down fifteen miles of hills in a fashion that made my hair stand on end. Our objective was an American air station, formerly run by the British. The Americans had taken it over, to do patrol work.

"From Derry we went to Belfast, then back to Dublin,



The Navy Nine, Which Won With the Aid of Mr. Craft's Rooting

and from there down to Kingston, the Irish port from which the steamers sail for Holyhead in Wales. The trip across the Irish Sea lasts four or five hours, and was anything but pleasant. It was a dark, cold day, and we stood around in our life preservers, wishing the voyage was over.

"When I got back to London I spent several weeks working with the Royal Air Forces in and about the city. The British do not have separate divisions for their Army and Navy aviation forces,

but combine them in one arm of service. While working at one of the experimental fields one day an officer dropped in and asked me if I wouldn't like to 'see his 'show.' His 'show,' he went on to explain, was the only school for teaching the use of the radio telephone to air pilots, and I was on the point of accepting his invitation when he explained that the school was at Chattis Hills, some 85 or 90 miles away, a three-hour trip by train from where I was. I therefore regretfully declined, but he amended his offer by asking me if I would make the trip if he would send over an airplant for me in the morning. That sounded more reasonable, so I agreed and next morning a Bristol plant, the fastest type developed by the English, dropped down from the clouds and the pilot announced that he had come for me. I put on my flying clothes—leather coat and all that—and climbed in. We had a Western Electric intercommunicating set with us, so that we could take to each other, and we flew at an altitude of only about 3,000 feet, so that I could see the country. We passed over Aldershot, the great military training school, where they had a miniature battlefield laid out, with opposing trench systems and everything that went with them. We landed at Chattis Hills just one hour and five minutes after we had left the aviation camp, 90 miles away. I stayed at the school all day, and started back after tea.

"I did a good deal of flying while I was in England, and went up in about everything except a single-seater. I hardly need explain why I let that type alone. I was up one day with a charming fellow, who suddenly asked me if I would like to loop. As I didn't have a safety belt on, I declined, although he insisted that it would be all right. When I persisted in my refusal he accepted my decision, and just to give proper expression to his disappointment, turned the nose of the plane directly toward the earth and went down in one of those beautiful corkscrew dives. The next day I took a belt along and let him loop to his heart's content.

"Before I left England I made a trip up to Scotland to see the Grand Fleet. We went on the special Navy

train, which left London every night during the war, and got to Edinburgh in the morning. We took a taxi down to the big Forth bridge, when we were met by a tender from the battleship *New York*. It was a clear day, full of sunshine, and the never-ending line of big ships, both above and below the bridge, presented a magnificent spectacle. The big ships all were at anchor, but there was a steady procession of destroyers and other smaller craft moving in and out all day.

"We had been on board the *New York* only a short time when an orderly brought word that Admiral Rodman had requested us to lunch with him. Only a few days before the King of England had been honored in a similar manner while on the *New York*, so of course we accepted. The minute he saw us the Admiral wanted to know whether we had any radio telephone sets stored away in our pockets, but when we replied that we had none, he concealed his disappointment, and proved a most delightful host.

"In the afternoon the British naval officer took us under his wing, and we visited a number of British ships, including the superdreadnought *Barham*, which distinguished herself in the Jutland battle. They said that she was severely punished at that time, but there was no trace of it that I could discover.

"Probably the thing that impressed me most was the spirit of comradeship between the American and English fleets. They all seemed to be one big family. That is the best way to express it.

"All this jumping about the British Isles was crowded into one month, and early in August we went over to France, crossing from Southampton to Havre. We went directly to Paris, and reached there about half-past ten on a Saturday night. To my surprise, the streets were deserted and dark, very much different from the popular conception of the French capital. One of the first things I did in Paris was to hunt up Shreeve and Buckley in their laboratory on the east bank of the Seine. It looked like the West Street laboratory transplanted to France. We all held a Western Electric reunion before I left.

"From Paris I went to Tours, where almost the first person I saw was Colonel J. J. Carty, Chief Engineer of the A. T. & T. Company. Colonel Carty had just arrived in France, and was hobnobbing with General Russell, the chief signal officer of the A. E. F. Major Griswold, formerly of the Pacific T. & T. Company, also turned up and informed me that he was constructing, maintaining and operating telephone and telegraph lines in approved Bell fashion.

"Tours is the headquarters of the service and supply end of the Army, and is a busy place every hour of the day—and night, too. The telephone and telegraph exchange offices were the busiest places of all. There were wires to all ports and army bases, and a printing telegraph with London at the other end of the line. The operators were American girls, and were headed by a chief from Lynn, Mass. She said that it was just like Lynn, except that the switchboard was better than the one back home. Needless to say it was a Western Electric board of the most modern type.

"From Tours we went to Romarantin, an air service base for Liberty planes, where they are assembled and then dispatched to the front. On the way to Romarantin I passed the chateau owned by Mr. F. R. Welles, formerly our European general manager, but did not have time to stop. As we went by, however, I noticed that Mr. Welles had marked a spring beside the road with a sign in English saying "Fresh Drinking Water," so that no American doughboy would pass there thirsty. There were plenty of them about, too. This was the center of a large training area, and we passed all sorts of units along the road. Machine-gun companies, cavalry and infantry. In passing through the villages you would see the Yanks everywhere. They would invariably have two or three French children with them, and on the doorsteps of the cottages you would see them sitting with the whole family about them.

"Everyone seemed to be happy, and the Yanks certainly looked as though they felt at home, even though it was three thousand miles away. I never could understand how they got along with the language. They say, however, that instead of taking the trouble to learn French they taught their hosts English. On this trip I first saw boche prisoners. They were mending roads under American non-coms, and, believe me, they were working.

"When my work at Romarantin was done it was back to Paris from where I started by motor on a tour of the French ports. We visited Bordeaux, Rochefort, Nantes, Savenay, where there is a big base hospital, and St. Nazaire, with its immense railroad yards, warehouses and docks. All had been built within the year with American labor and materials. The American locomotives were transferred from ship to land at St. Nazaire, and the big railroad guns manned by the Navy were also assembled and equipped at this point. I happened to be there on the day the first of these big guns left for the front.

"At a small place named Pouillac, about 40 miles from Bordeaux, is another immense airplane assembly plant operated by the Navy. I lived with some naval officers in a big chateau, and while there indulged in an attack of the "flu." I spent one night on the journey in the little fishing village of les Sables d'Olonne. The fishermen there, who catch sardines, are Basques, although what they are doing in that part of France is a mystery. The room in which I slept had a window facing the sea, and I awoke early in the morning, just as the fishing boats were putting out to sea. The camouflaged sails in the early morning light made a beautiful picture.

"Finally we got to Brest, after sitting up all night in a train, the usual experience of travelers in France during the war. From Brest we went to Paris by train, and this time got a place to sleep. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, was on the train, and after I had matched with the naval officer with me for the only remaining berth and lost, I went forward and made friends with the U. S. secret service men with Mr. Roosevelt. I gave them some chocolate (a real luxury in France), and as they had to sit up all night anyway to guard the secretary, they turned their sleeping quarters over to me.

"My next excursion was to the general headquarters of the American Army at Chaumont. There we arranged to visit all of the Army air-stations in the American sector, and started on our journey in an Army car. The first stop was at Toul, one of the French border fortresses, but there was no place to sleep. After various inquiries we discovered that the best place to get a room was in the hotel in Nancy, about twenty minutes ride from there. Our informants said that the hotel was an excellent one, and added that it rarely was crowded because the Germans bombed the town nearly every night. They proved to be right in every particular. The hotel was a fine one, it was not crowded, and about 4 o'clock in the morning I was awakened by something that came screeching through the air. I came to life just in time to hear the screech end in a terrific explosion less than a block away, which showered mortar and pieces of brick through my open window. I didn't know whether to make for the cellar or stay where I was, so I listened to discover whether the next bomb would fall nearer or farther away. The explosions kept on for some time, but kept getting further away, so I went back to sleep. In the morning I learned that the boche had dropped 74 bombs, and that as the hotel was right across the street from the railroad station, that particular vicinity was a favorite target. My experiences of the night had awakened my interest in bombing, so before I left town I visited an exhibition of unexploded boche bombs in the city hall. One big fellow was 24 inches in diameter, about 7 feet long, and contained about 650 pounds of T. N. T.

"Before I left that neighborhood I saw more aerial work. On a second visit to Nancy I stood one night on the hotel balcony with a boche plane directly overhead, and while in Toul the next day two German machines came over to take photographs. The anti-aircraft guns got after them at once, some planes went up to drive them away, and finally one boche plane plunged to the ground in flames. Better than any movie you ever saw.

"Going back to Chaumont, we made a fresh start, this time down the valley of the Marne. We went through Chalons, Epernay and Dommans, crossing the river at the point where the Germans managed to get to the south bank during their last drive, and then followed the line of retreat toward Fismes, which was then in the hands of the enemy. We visited an advanced artillery post, where we had to wear our gas masks, and received an invitation from the officer in charge to visit him again next morning to see his 'show.'

"It was on that day that I witnessed something which

made a deep impression on me. In one little village there was a partly ruined church, surrounded by boche graves, and as I passed by I heard the sound of an organ. I stepped inside, and, way up in a gallery was an American doughboy who had forgotten the war long enough to play awhile on the organ in the old church.

That same day we saw an airplane which had fallen to the earth in a field not far from the roadside. It had been left where it fell, and beside it was the grave of the pilot.

"That evening we reached Chateau-Thierry, the place where the Marines stopped the German advance. The town was filled with soldiers, and at first it looked as though we would be unable to find a place to sleep. Finally we were directed by the town major to an old convent, which had been turned into a Red Cross hospital, and the physician in charge, an American major, led us into a courtyard and pointed out a tent. 'There you are,' he said. 'Make yourselves at home.' We peeked into the tent, and found forty or fifty cots, so it looked as though we would at least have enough room.

"That problem settled, we decided that it might be a good idea to get something to eat, so we left our baggage and set forth on a foraging expedition. We finally found an old Frenchwoman who had nothing but sardines and prunes for sale, but we bought some and ate them. We were far from satisfied, however, so

we interviewed an American M.P., who advised us to present our claims to the cook of a pioneer regiment stationed in an old hotel. We hunted up the place, discovered the cook, who was a doughboy about five feet high, and, stumbling through the dark, he led us into a storeroom filled with loaves of white bread and cans of food. Taking a meat axe, he chopped open a can of pork and beans, cut some thick slices of bread with the same weapon, and told us to go ahead. We went. When we were filled up we went back to our convent-hospital, taking with us a few assorted officers whom we found wandering around in search of a place to sleep.

"Our invitation to the artillery show was for sunrise, so we got up at 3 a. m. in order to get to the battle on time. It was a fifteen-mile ride, and we arrived in time to see the bombardment begin, and after watching our American friends operate their French .75's for a while, started along the line. Accompanied by an officer who had fought over the same ground before, we went up on a hillside where we could watch the artillery fire from both sides, and also could see the colored rockets used in controlling infantry movements. At that time Fismes



One Reason Why the American Doughboy is a Welcome Guest in France

was being captured by the Americans, against the stubborn resistance of the Germans. We had been there for some time, when someone suggested that it might be a good idea to turn the car around, so that it would be heading down hill, ready for a quick start if necessary. Just as this was being done a shell came right over our heads. It was followed by a second, which dropped a little closer, and when the third one arrived, we decided to depart. It was still pretty dark, and as we went through a village we were stopped by one of the omnipresent M.P.'s, a youngster about 20 years of age.

"Anything going on here this morning?" one of our party asked.

"Not a thing," was the reply. 'Jerry came over a while back, though, and dropped some eggs. One of them hit that ammunition dump up there, and it is still blowing up.'



*The Hotel de Ville (French for City Hall) in Chateau-Thierry.
A German Shell Pierced the Clock Right in the Center*

"That was the nonchalant manner in which that youngster regarded what to us seemed like a most exciting morning.

"Learning that the grave of Lieutenant Quentin Roosevelt was in that vicinity, we made a detour and discovered it about a mile from the main road in a field on a hillside. We stopped a few moments in silent homage to a brave American boy who had done his final 'bit.' We didn't talk much as we drove down the road. In spite of the constant view of ruined villages and abandoned material of war, what we had just seen had, I think, brought the realities of war much closer to our hearts.

"Back in Chateau-Thierry again, we hunted up our friend, the cook. In anticipation of our coming, he had done himself proud. Real American corn fritters, bacon and coffee. It was hard to realize that we were in a foreign country. Then we set out for Paris along the same



A View of Chateau-Thierry From the Wrecked Bridge Across the Marne. The White Building Just to the Left of the Center of the Picture is the Hotel Where Mr. Craft Found His Obliquing Soldier Cook. The Hotel de Ville May Be Seen At the Head of the Street



Died on the Field of Honor

Lieutenant Augustus Foss Bell



Augustus F. Bell

WORD has been received of the death in France of Lieutenant Augustus Foss Bell, of the Chicago house. He was killed in an airplane accident on October 31, at Issoudun, the big American flying field abroad. His parents have no particulars of the fatality other than those contained in a letter from a fellow

officer, which stated that Lieutenant Bell met with an accident while flying over the aviation field, fell and was killed instantly. He is said to have been one of the first Chicago aviators to fly in France.

He wrote just before his death that he was perfecting the vertical bank, one of the most difficult of aerial maneuvers, and that he intended on the following day to pilot a Spad, the small French pursuit plane. He had been instructor at the Cazaux School of Aerial Gunnery, and had been awarded both the French Aerial Gunner's Brevet and the American Pilot's Brevet.

At the time of his enlistment, Lieutenant Bell was an employee of the Power Apparatus Service Division. His home was in Chicago and he was a graduate of the Hyde Park High School. He is remembered at the office as a very promising employee and a mighty likeable companion.

Of the 194 men from the Chicago house and its branch warehouses in the service, he is the only known fatal casualty.

A letter written to his mother by Lieutenant Bell on October 21 follows:

"I have just returned from one of the most beautiful and exciting trips I have ever had in an airplane. I am flying the medium sized ship which is the last step before the little boys. Well, it was a fairly cloudy day, the clouds being at about 3,000 feet. I took off at just 10 A. M. and climbed to about 3,000 feet. It certainly was thrilling inasmuch as it was my first trip into the clouds and I could not see a thing. I had to keep feeling the ship to be sure I wasn't climbing too fast and that I kept my wings level. After about a minute I came out above them. My, but it was wonderful. Great snowy billows that looked so soft and inviting. The sun shining and the air just as smooth as could be. Every now

and then I could see the ground below. I flew around, over and then through the clouds for an hour, then my time was up and I started a dive for the ground. I went whizzing through the clouds and levelled off about 300 feet up just over the village near camp. Here it was not sweet flying, for it was rough and the old bus bounced around like a cork at sea.

"I then started off for what I thought was camp. After about 20 minutes I decided I was going the wrong way and started to turn but I espied some hangars and a field so off I go for it. No luck. It was a French field about 80 miles from home. I knew the place, so looking around for the station, I picked up the railroad and started for home. Twenty minutes more of rough riding and I came to a large town, but not home. 'Ah,' says I, 'now I am all OK, follow the railroad.' About 85 minutes more another large town but still not home. I thought it best to land as I was supposed to have only two hours' gas. But where can I land, there are nothing but hills, rivers and vineyards. I then started a circle around town to find a place. Bohse! the engine started to miss, better hurry.

"Then I saw a couple of young kids waving and next to them a plowed field. So I pulled around in a steep bank and cut to come down. The field was small and running down hill into a hedge fence and creek, so I aimed between a large tree and a barn. I was going nicely when "Crack!" and pieces of wood flew by my head. I gave her the gun, pulled up and then cut again. Had lots of luck and made a perfect landing right in the middle of the field. Of course, the farmers came running up. When I got talking to them one said with glee that he saw me hit a tree and pointed it out. It was a small one and I had pruned it very nicely. However, I just nicked my propeller. After being wined and dined, I piked three miles into town and called long distance for service. I had been in the air just two hours and twenty minutes.

"At 5 P. M. the truck came in with the necessary dope, but it was too late to start back. In the morning the next day, it was cloudy and foggy but at 10 it started to clear so I started back for camp, which was 75 miles northeast of me. I figured out my course by the sun climbed through the clouds to 5,000 feet. I held my course for an hour and one-half when the clouds opened a bit and the camp was just below me. I came down and landed just before it started to rain. I happened to be the only machine up that morning. It's been raining ever since. Total time of trip, 3 hours and 50 minutes, but it was great sport."

Cyrril Harant

CYRILL HARANT, Department 6377, Hawthorne, died in France September 2. The cause of his death had not been learned at press date. He was a member of the 56th Infantry, and had been in the Army since April 4 last, when he left the Company for training at Jefferson Barracks.



Cyrril Harant

Lieutenant S. Crowley



Lieutenant S. Crowley

S. CROWLEY, formerly of Department 6968, Hawthorne, died of wounds received in action on October 7.

Lieutenant Crowley was a private in the 2nd Regiment, Illinois National Guard, until the United States entered the war. He then applied for admission to the first officers' training corps at Fort

Sheridan and graduated with a second lieutenant's commission. He acted as instructor in the second officers' training camp and later, in January, 1918, was sent to France with Company H, of the 28th Infantry.

In March he entered the trenches. It was in that month that the Germans made their great drive and more than once seemed on the point of breaking through the lines of the Allies. The Americans who got into the struggle at that time had their hands more than full and were in action day after day. Lieutenant Crowley took part in the fighting at Cantigny and was wounded in the right shoulder. Conspicuous bravery during his various engagements won Lieutenant Crowley the Cross of War. He was also cited for bravery twice, once by his Brigadier General, and again by Major General Habord.

After recovering from his wound, Lieutenant Crowley rejoined his regiment with the rank of first lieutenant. As he was the ranking officer among those surviving, he acted as captain for about a month. He took part in the St. Mihiel offensive and was again wounded, this time slightly.

About ten days later he again rejoined his regiment, which took part in the fighting along the Meuse River, near the Argonne forest. They went into action on September 26, and on October 7 Lieutenant Crowley was again wounded, this time so severely that his death occurred a few days later.

Lieutenant Crowley left behind him a proud record which was what those who knew him had expected of him. He was a fine gentleman and a brave officer. No better tribute than that can be offered.

Corporal Edwin Standing



Corporal Edwin Standing

EDWIN STANDING, who was employed in the engineering department at West Street, from May 8, 1917, to August 20, 1917, when he enlisted in Company C, of the old Seventh Regiment (N. Y.), was killed in action in France recently.

Although he worked for the Company but a comparatively short time, Corporal Standing made many friends at West Street, and his own remembrance of his work there is expressed in the following words from a letter written by his parents, who live in Newburgh, N. Y.: "Our son was very proud of his position with the Western Electric Company."

Sergeant Joseph Topinka



Sergeant Joseph Topinka

JOSEPH TOPINKA, formerly of Department 6305, Hawthorne, died of pneumonia in a French Hospital on October 7. Sergeant Topinka volunteered for military service in April, 1917, and was sent to Fort Barrancas, Florida, to join the 4th Company of the Coast Artillery Corps. As he was

an accomplished gymnast, the rigors of army training were play to him, and he enjoyed army life immensely.

In September, 1918, Sergeant Topinka was sent to France, but he died before reaching the battlefield.

Gold Stars On Our Service Flag

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|------------------------------|-----------------------------|----------------------------|-------------------------------|----------------------------|
| Bell, A. F., Chicago | Dieball, A., Hawthorne | Harant, Oyrill, Hawthorne | Meyers, E. F., Hawthorne | Topinka, Joseph, Hawthorne |
| Bohan, E. A., 5th Ave. N. Y. | Driscoll, F. K., Hawthorne | Harris, Ed., Hawthorne | Peterson, A. P., Hawthorne | Trapp, Otto, Minneapolis |
| Brand, W. C., Hawthorne | Ewing, A. W., Hawthorne | Hasseewer, R., Hawthorne | Rhoads, J. W., Philadelphia | Tuenones, C. V., Hawthorne |
| Choits, C. J., Hawthorne | Geating, G. J., Hawthorne | Marek, E. J., Hawthorne | Shinko, D., Hawthorne | Vidal, A. A., Hawthorne |
| Cokeley, H., West St., N. Y. | Hagar L. A., West St. N. Y. | McCarthy, J. J., Hawthorne | Seufert, A., Hawthorne | Webster, H. C. Hawthorne |
| Crowley, S. L., Hawthorne | Glazebrook, C. E., Boston | | Standing, E., West St., N. Y. | Wichlacz, B., Hawthorne |

The World Listens to Hawthorne Boys

Both Radio Operators on President Wilson's Ship Are Western Electric Men



F. H. Schnell

AS far back as 1911, F. H. Schnell used to pester his boss for personal sales orders on Clinton Street for wire, switches and numerous other electrical goods. He was building a wireless telegraph outfit and every day or so he needed something else to tack on to it. Another early follower of Marconi was P. S. Pfeifer. He also installed a "wireless" in his home and sent dots and dashes wandering out over the landscape.

That is Chapter I. Chapter II is the following item that appeared in the *Chicago Tribune* of December 6:

CHICAGO BOYS KEEP WILSON IN TOUCH WITH U. S.

Two Chicago boys, chums inseparable for years, are the radio operators on President Wilson's ship, the *George Washington*, carrying the President and his party to Europe. The young men are Fred H. Schnell, son of Mrs. John G. Jacobson, of 1646 North

Irving Avenue, and Paul Pfeifer, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Pfeifer, of 919 South Bishop Street.

The young men became acquainted when as youngsters each had his amateur wireless outfit. Each sent and received messages and each picked up the other's flashings. This led to a friendship that grew after they enlisted together in the radio school at Great Lakes almost as soon as war was declared.

Last July, still inseparable, they were sent to the Navy Department at Washington. Last summer Schnell came to Chicago on furlough and married Miss Pauline Rahn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Rahn, of 2220 Roscoe Boulevard. She is now in Chicago with her parents.

When two wireless operators were wanted for President Wilson's ship Schnell and Pfeifer were chosen. Their families here are quite happy in the distinction conferred upon them.

Pfeifer worked in the Output Division of the Telephone Apparatus Shops before enlisting for Government radio service. Schnell formerly worked in the Output Division of the Cable, Rubber and Insulating Shops.



P. S. Pfeifer

West Street Physicians and Nurses Go to Germany with Third Army

A LETTER received from Miss Jane I. Rignel, formerly chief nurse at West Street, tells her friends that the unit to which she, Dr. Grace and Miss Evans belong has been selected to accompany the Third Army into Germany. Here is what she says:

Just a little time to say hello and good-bye, but you will understand that I am busy these days when I tell you I am taking my twenty-one nurses into Germany with the Third Army. We have been selected, as a hospital unit, for this work and feel very proud of the honor. We have been most fortunate during our six months "on the road" to have been in every big push that has been made and finished with our boys in the big battle of the Argonne. It has been such a comfort, too, to have the entire unit kept intact throughout the period of our rush. We have had all kinds of experiences but have come out on top every time.

Many of us have had the "Flu" but only one of the nurses had pneumonia. She was desperately ill and for three days I worried constantly, but thank goodness she has recovered and is now in the South for her convalescence.

The *W. E. News* follows us and is great fun. It is like a letter from home to read about our old friends at home. We have seen a number of our *W. E.* boys at one time and another; the other day we saw Capt. G. C. Pratt in a nearby town.

Your letters are a great joy to Miss Evans and myself. How we envy you the fat pay envelopes you are getting these days. But we really have little expense and so why worry. I can't imagine ever going out to shop in a big city like New York again; the noise of Paris or even Bar-le-Duc gets on my nerves. So perhaps I shall stay over here for a year or so after the war, trying to get used to living in undestroyed towns and accustomed to the noise of a big city.

We have been located at the very edge of the Argonne for the past two months in a comfortable Chateau with the hospital barracks built around the grounds. It is very attractive and especially so on account of the stoves and real fireplaces in the house. The cold days and colder nights have no terror for us now. It has been pretty hard on the poor troops though. Thank goodness the worst part is over, and the fighting has ceased. Their courage and bravery has been remarkable; the obstacles they have overcome are unbelievable, until one actually sees what has been accomplished.

Our orders have not come through yet but we expect to be on our way soon. You will hear from me somewhere in Germany,—

you know that squib, "This way for America, via Berlin," well, that is our road. The Season's Greetings to you all; this will be a real Thanksgiving for us over here.

Much love from the old *W. E.* trio, Miss Evans, Lieut. Grace and me.

West Street Boys All Survive Fighting

SERGEANT GEORGE F. GRICE, Company A, 819th Signal Battalion (the Radio company formed at West Street), has written a few lines to the *News*. The sentence in his letter which stands out most prominently is this:

"We are all returning, none the worse for our trip, although some of the boys were in lively places most of the time."

If Sergeant Grice had written a thousand words, he could not have said anything which would have been more satisfactory to the friends of the boys from West Street than those contained in the sentence just quoted.

The News in No Man's Land

WHEN you have always wanted something, it must be soul satisfying to get plenty of it when it finally comes your way. Corporal Frank Cada, 12th Infantry, formerly in Department 6756, Hawthorne, writes from France:

"I have had quite an experience the last two months. I have been in a place I was always longing to go and I certainly got plenty of it—many narrow escapes and saw lots of things I'll never forget.

"I am now attending a signal school, and guess whom I met there? Two Hawthorne boys—George Emerson, who used to work for Fisher in Section 35-4 and Joe Hinch, from the Employment Department.

"Another miracle happened. One of the sergeants in our company found a piece of the *Western Electric* magazine with my picture in it, so he cut out the picture and sent it to me. It seems that the *WESTERN ELECTRIC NEWS* gets all over. Just think of it floating in No Man's Land. Maybe one of the Boches had it in his hand, because two days before it was handed to me the spot where it was picked up was occupied by the Germans."

Lieut. Haskins Decorated



Lieut. Joseph F. Haskins

WHILE in the chemical methods department at Hawthorne, Joseph F. Haskins was universally considered a very fine young man, but we understand that he had not proved at all popular with the Huns up to the time the armistice was signed. Our grounds for this understanding are the Croix de Guerre conferred upon him by the French

for conspicuous bravery and the following citation presented when he was transferred to the American forces when the French Escadrille, with which he had been serving for about two months. Here is a translation of the citation:

"Chief of Squadrons, De la Morlais, Commanding the 18th Escadore, cites to the order of the Escadore Haskins, Joseph F., First Lieutenant, Pilot Escadrille 184:

"Excellent pilot officer, impressing everyone by his calm courage. On the 12th of August, in spite of most unfavorable atmospheric conditions, gave proof of the greatest endurance by leading his expedition with success. He has often returned with many shots in his machine. He has carried out successfully several bombings and machine gun attacks at a low altitude.

"Chief of Squadron,
"Commanding Escadre 18,
"De La Morlais."

(Signed)

Lieutenant Haskins left Hawthorne June 28, 1917, to enter military service. He received his ground school training at Ohio State University. Later he was commissioned first lieutenant and assigned to the French Escadrille. When American units were formed he was transferred to the 96th Aero Squadron.

Herman J. Rudolph Gassed

The official casualty list of December 12 contained the name of Herman J. Rudolph among the severely gassed. Private Rudolph, who formerly worked in the twister department of the cable plant at Hawthorne, is a member of Company K, 132nd Infantry. A letter received from him shortly before he was put out of the fighting, shows that the regiment had been seeing about all there was to see in the way of action. He writes:

"Twisting wire is a cinch compared with the task of stretching it out over No Man's Land, as I did one night when I was detailed to help establish a listening post. We laid some 2,000 yards of pairs.

"I am at present in the lines living in a dugout some 25 feet under the ground. We have built a small stove and now we warm up our meals when they come up somewhat cold. We also toast bread or fry it in bacon grease, and, believe me, it goes good.

"We had some trip up this time. The first night we hiked in a rainstorm, and it was as dark a night as ever I have seen. I could not see the man in front of me. Each of us exposed a shiny

piece of equipment, so that the man behind us could see something to follow. We finished our hike the next night, when it was still pouring. It rained for five successive days thereafter and it was also rather cold, so we kept in our dugouts most of the time.

"I have seen some of the fronts where the fiercest battles have taken place. You have probably read of our regiment doing well and of some men being decorated for bravery.

"In the front lines at night it is a sight to see the illuminating bombs, star shells, signal lights, flares, and the flashes of the big guns. It reminds one of a Fourth of July celebration.

"But it will seem great to get back and see the Plant all lighted up and the big towns with their many lights. All fires and lights are extinguished here after dark. Even the automobiles run without lights."

Readers of the WESTERN ELECTRIC NEWS will be interested in the following quotations from the Chicago Evening American of November 29 relative to Captain E. W. Vickery, formerly in the foreign service division of the general merchandise department, Hawthorne:

The overseas mail is in, and there's news of some of the Chicago Evening American's representatives over there, contained in letters from Corp. Jess Krueger, Radio Intelligence Section, Second Army; from Lieut. A. L. Sloan, Signal Corps, and from Capt. H. Armand DeMasi, with the American Legation in Lisbon. Corp. Krueger's letter is among the first received since the signing of the armistice.

Krueger sends news of the last shot of the war.

"By the time you receive this letter," he says, "you will probably have heard of as many 'last shots' as there are 'first robins' or sea serpents at Atlantic City. But I'm going to enter another candidate, and I'll vouch for him, as I was pretty close when it occurred. He is Capt. Earl W. Vickery, of Oak Park, who, as a civilian, is an official of the Western Electric Company.

"Capt. Vickery, who was recently transferred from the 132d Infantry to the staff of the Second Army,* was at the front on the morning of November 11th. By 'front' I mean the Meuse sector held by the Americans. He was walking through the trenches of the 865th (colored) Infantry—trained at Camp Dodge—when Col. John Greer, the commander, gave the order to cease firing.

"How would you like to fire the last shot with me?" the Colonel asked Capt. Vickery. The latter quickly said he would like it, and the two officers made their way to a section of the trenches containing the mortars.

"Each took a shell. At exactly one minute before 11 o'clock the Colonel gave the word and dropped his explosive into the 'stove pipe'. Capt. Vickery followed suit a fraction of a second later and his projectile was last to be sent over the enemy lines.

"That was the official last shot of the war as far as this district was concerned. It was fired between Bouxieres and Dommartin, a spot where the 'whizz bangs' were hitting pretty regularly just before the finish. It is close to Metz."

* Captain Vickery was appointed A. C. of S. G-5 Headquarters, Second Army, A. E. F., to have charge of inspection the training of troops in the support and reserve lines.

Herbert C. Markuson, Department 6036, Hawthorne, was severely wounded in the right knee on July 18. After recovering at a hospital in London, he returned to his regiment and remained until an attack of rheumatism again incapacitated him. At last reports he was in a base hospital in France.



Herbert C. Markuson

Lieutenant Markuson is a member of Company K, 132nd Infantry, the old 2nd Regiment, Illinois National Guard. He was called for duty in the United States Army July 23 and advanced rapidly in the service, rising from private to the rank of first lieutenant.

To Employees Returning From Military Service

December 11, 1918.

MEN having been given leave of absence for military service who have been honorably discharged therefrom, and who desire to again take up work in the Company should make application within thirty days after they are mustered out.

If possible, they will be promptly assigned to work for which their previous experience qualified them, at the rate of pay which others are then being paid for similar work.

If it is not possible to assign them to work immediately, they will be placed on a preferred list until such time as business conditions enable us to take them on. During their continuance on this preferred list they will enjoy the same rights with respect to the Employees' Benefit Plan as they had while in the service of the United States, and they may take other employment.

When they are notified of a vacancy they should present themselves for work at the time stated, and failing to present themselves for ten days thereafter, their leave of absence shall terminate.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY,
INCORPORATED.

Our Honor Roll

General Sales Distribution

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Allerud, E. (A)
Anderson, R. I. (A)
Baker, D. B. (A)
Burke, J. F. (N)
Burke, R. A. (A)
Burke, T. F. (A)
Cairnie, H. (A)
Caporale, P. H. (A)
Carson, R. H. (N)
Casey, T. J. (A)
Cavanaugh, W. J. (A)
Cohen, A. (A)
Crothers, L. H. (A)
Daley, W. F. (A)
D'Amore, C. (A)
Davenport, S. C. (A)
Dooley, E. J. (A)
Doon, F. C. (A)
Doren, Wm. J. (A)
Dumas, R. Z. (A)
Eaves, Ralph D. (A)
Fandel, J. T. (A)
Ferguson, Wm. H. (A)
Fisher, Wm. (N)
Flyntpatrick, F. X. (A)
Flanders, P. J. (A)
Freeman, D. H. (A)
Frost, H. G. (A)
Galbraith, T. A. (A)
Goad, J. B. (A)
Gorman, J. (A)
Hagen, A. R. (N)
Hamilton, A. O. (MM)
Harrington, J. W. (A)
Hawes, C. L. (A)
Hayes, M. J. (MM)
Hayes, Perry (A)
Haynes, W. G. (A)
Johnson, H. G. (A)
Kane, Wm. H. (A)
Kelley, Wm. F. (A)
Lauday, S. P. (A)
Lyons, Joseph (A)
Major, T. F. (A)
McCarthy, E. W. (A)
McGrath, J. (A)
McNamara, J. T. (N)
Mendelsohn, L. E. (A)
Milk, H. A. (A)
Minton, D. A. (A)
Mitchell, D. F. (N)
Mitchell, G. (A)
Murphy, T. A. (A)
Nielsen, C. H. (A)
Noyes, C. K. (N)
Osborn, D. (N)
O'Sullivan, J. J. (N)
Patterson, R. E. (A)
Perkins, A. H. (A)
Powers, G. A. (A)
Reeves, O. E. (N)
Rusten, G. F. (A)
Ryan, R. (A)
Saunders, H. S. (A)
Sava, J. (A)
Scaglione, L. (A)
Storer, H. W. (A)
Sullivan, A. E. (A)
Talbot, J. E. (A)

Temple, F. L. (A)
Walsh, Wm. H. (N)
Weiss, G. M. (A)
Welch, R. C. (A)
Wholley, F. A. (N)

New York

Ackerson, J. T. (N)
Albrecht, E. (A)
Alexander, P. (N)
Ashley, F. J. (A)
Axtman, J. C. (YMCA)
Baro, E. C. (A)
Beuner, O. V. A. (A)
Bergan, J. F. (N)
Berran, F. J. (A)
Best, G. M. (A)
Bieber, J. G. (A)
Blanchard, G. I. (A)
Bohan, E. A. (A)
Baileau, G. J. (A)
Bougard, Harry (N)
Bowler, J. A. (A)
Boyle, F. J. (A)
Brereton, J. P. (A)
Broadhurst, D. (A)
Brooks, W. H. (N)
Bub, J. A. (A)
Buch, P. O. (N)
Caven, J. (N)
Clark, D. G. (A)
Clark, E. W. (A)
Collegio, P. (A)
Conniskey, E. J. (A)
Centure, A. (A)
Cowen, H. H. (A)
Crisman, L. J. (N)
Croll, C. (A)
Cruger, J. O. (A)
Cullinley, M. A. (A)
Davis, H. A. (A)
de Gruchy, F. S. (N)
de Nicola, S. J. (A)
Derrick, G. C. (A)
Dittman, E. H. (A)
Devina, F. (A)
Dowd, M. E. (A)
Dunn, C. F. (A)
Duncan, W. A. (N)
Elliott, W. (A)
Essig, T. W. (A)
Ferrara, P. F. (A)
Fish, A. S. (A)
Fitzgerald, T. J. (A)
Flynn, C. J. (N)
Fouant, A. R. (A)
Fowler, R. C. (A)
Gaertner, E. (A)
Gallagher, A. J. (N)
Gallagher, F. P. (A)
Ganloff, J. A. (A)
Garbarino, J. Jr. (A)
Gaylord, E. J. (A)
Gibson, F. W. (N)
Green, E. (A)
Grieve, W. (N)
Haberman, E. (A)
Hansen, J. J. (N)
Hart, T. J. (A)

Heacock, W. J. (N)
Hessler, W. F. (A)
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Hoening, J. M. (A)
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Holligan, F. (A)
Hopwood, I. B. (A)
Jenner, E. (A)
Jones, T. L. (A)
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Johnson, H. O. (A)
Joyce, L. A. (N)
Keller, J. A. (A)
Kelly, W. Jr. (A)
Kelley, Wm. J. (A)
Kerns, J. W. (A)
King, C. J. (M)
Kirby, T. S. (N)
Kirchner, G. (A)
Kloth, H. W. (A)
Knuudsen, H. W. (A)
Koch, W. D. (A)
Krenning, G. C. (N)
Laird, N. T. (A)
Lake, A., Jr. (N)
Lanal, J. A. (A)
Logan, J. F. (N)
Lynch, J. V. (A)
McAdam, T. B. (A)
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Mapes, S. W. (A)
Marsh, C. (A)
Mackey, W. (N)
Maxon, J. O. (N)
McCormack, J. P. (A)
McHugh, J. T. (N)
McMahon, J. D. (A)
McTague, J. F. (A)
Meier, H. G. (M)
Mills, J. A. (A)
Mirro, N. (A)
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Moran, J. F. (N)
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Mumford, O. S. (A)
Murphy, W. H. (N)
Neville, W. H. (A)
Nichols, W. J. (A)
O'Brien, F. (A)
O'Brien, J. L. S. (A)
Olsen, F. (A)
Palmer, F. O. (A)
Pasewark, W. (A)
Patri, F. J. (N)
Pettit, R. R. (A)
Pserhofer, G. (A)
Puroell, E. T. (N)
Recardo, R. F. (N)
Reehill, J. L. (N)
Reenstra, A. (A)
Riese, F. M. (N)
Reche, E. J. (N)
Roe, Z. F. (A)
Rose, D. (A)
Ryder, P. A. (A)
Schadler, H. J. (A)
Schneider, L. J. (A)
Scorso, G. P. (N)
Seaman, B. W. (A)
Secker, E. C. (A)

Sendela, J. H. (A)
Shannon, H. T. (A)
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Springer, J. F. (A)
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Stephan, A. L. (A)
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Vogt, C. Jr. (A)
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Welles, P. (A)
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Westcott, E. J. (A)
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Wiemer, J. P. (A)
Wilke, F. H. (ARC)
Wilson, H. (N)
Wolf, A. O. (A)
Woodward, M. (A)
Yates, J. H. (A)

Philadelphia

Adams, J. A. (N)
Athenbaugh, R. N. (A)
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Beane, W. R. (A)
Beckett, W. S. (A)
Bisciotti, B. J. (A)
Blaker, H. O. (RC)
Boynton, K. K. (N)
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Budd, H. H. (N)
Burch, O. G. (M)
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Fischer, E. L. (A)
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Hauck, V. P. (A)
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Kane, F. (N)
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Kelly, G. F. (N)
Kelly, P. L., Jr. (N)
Kratzer, M. E. (A)
Kennelly, M. J. (A)
Kerr, D. (A)
Koch, A. (A)
Kreamer, W. (N)
Krumrine, O. S. (N)
Lester, H. (A)
Loesch, W. F. (A)
Lurker, C. J. (A)
Lynch, J. J. (A)
Lyons, P. T. (A)
Mackie, D. E. (A)
Malcolm, H. (A)
Matheson, M. D. (A)
Matteo, L. D. (A)
McCourt, J. F. (A)
McKenna, R. S. (A)
McKnight, H. J. (N)
Moon, T. E. (A)
Moran, J. (A)
Morgan, G. K. (A)
Morgan, T. H. (A)
Morris, T. J. (CA)
Neidig, O. F. (M)
Nelson, J. (N)
Nessler, T. D. (N)
Nowell, C. O. (A)
O'Brien, W. A. (A)
Owens, O. L. (A)
Perry, W. T. (A)
Polaski, R. E. (N)
Ponsford, W. W. (A)
Powers, J. L. (A)
Quigg, W. J. (A)
Rader, H. (A)
Randolph, M. F. (A)
Rhoads, J. W. (A)
Rice, W. B. (A)
Rodham, J. W. (A)
Ruark, N. T. (A)
Savage, J. A. (N)
Schoch, J. E. (N)
Schlotzhauer, C. R. (A)
Scull, W. L. (A)
Smyth, E. (A)
Stevens, C. F. (A)
Stewart, R. B. (A)
Stoner, R. A. (M)
Sullivan, T. E. (A)
Sweeney, T. E., Jr. (A)
Thompson, G. O. (A)
Tillinghast, E. L. (A)
Turner, J. J. (M)
Uhrman, F. J. (A)
Vaughan, M. L. (A)
Watkins, P. E. (A)
Wellsford, H. R. (A)
Washington, A. (A)
Whittaker, H. F. (A)
Wilbon, J. T. (A)

Wilson, W. D. (A)
Winter, H. W. (A)
Wise, O. W. (A)
Wooley, C. O. (A)

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Audet, F. J. (A)
Bergman, H. P. (A)
Birney, G. F. (A)
Fabis, F. M. (A)
Frolic, O. (A)
Freer, E. D. (A)
Gano, T. R. (A)
Goodman, A. C. (A)
Hollins, G. A. (A)
Hunkle, A. J. (A)
Kramer, H. (N)
Linkenheimer, (A)
Lippert, O. F. (A)
Mahr, L. J. (A)
Maler, O. H. (A)
Miller, J. M. (A)
Peters, E. (A)
Peters, G. (A)
Scheuble, F. G. (A)
Schoos, H. J. (A)
Sellers, S. R. (A)
Tweed, E. V. (A)
Warden, A. W. (A)

Richmond

Beckner, M. O. (A)
Bouligny, R. H. (A)
Clarke, C. H. (A)
Dalton, H. S. Jr. (A)
Dashnell, R. M. (A)
Dixon, F. (A)
Ehmig, M. B. (N)
Finnegan, J. J. (A)
Harris, J. E. (A)
Hobson, H. H. (N)
Howard, J. E. (A)
Jewett, J. M. (N)
Laurence, R. (A)
Morrison, W. (A)
Perkins, V. S. (A)
Quarles, H. de W. (A)
Smith, E. A. (A)
Thornton, F. P. (N)
Tompkins, G. R. (N)

Atlanta

Adams, J. P. (N)
Adams, T. (A)
Allen, A. O. (N)
Bethes, H. F. (A)
Bledsoe, O. (A)
Brooks, J. H. (A)
Burke, W. E. (A)
Byrd, O. T. (A)
Collier, O. H. (A)
Currie, J. L. (A)
Evans, H. O. (A)
Ferguson, G. D. (A)
Full, H. P. (A)
Herbig, H. F. (A)
Higgins, L. (N)
Hix, H. H. (A)
Hyde, E. C. (A)
Jackson, W. A. (A)
Johnson, T. B. (A)
Laurent, J. A. (N)

(A)—Army. (N)—Navy. (M)—Marine Corps. (MM)—Merchant Marine. (C)—Canadian Army. (B)—British Army. (F)—French Army. (Y.M.)—Y. M. C. A. (R.C.)—Red Cross. (P)—Polish Army.

Laurent, G. J. (M)
Littleton, G. L. (A)
Lowery, W. W. (A)
Major, J. C. (N)
Martin, H. C. (M)
Martin, W. (A)
Mason, J. G. (A)
Mason, R. W. (A)
Moseley, R. B. (A)
Nash, M. J. (N)
Page, W. H. (A)
Putnam, G. J. (A)
Rosa, C. (A)
Salaun, A. A. (A)
Schleisinger, C. (N)
Simpson, S. S. (A)
Sparkman, R. E. (A)
Stapp, J. C. (A)
Thaxton, B. A. (A)
Twilley, A. (A)
Van Hook, (A)
Wall, F. A. (A)
Wallace, R. (A)
Weaver, C. V. (A)
Weitzel, Wm. M. (A)
Whately, W. R. (A)
Whitehead, E. C. (A)
Whitmore, O. (A)
Wood, G. H. (A)

Chicago

Adamski, O. J. (A)
Anderson, A. J. (A)
Arno, G. K. (A)
Artman, Wm. J. (A)
Angstia, F. (A)
Baccus, W. L. (A)
Barrett, J. (A)
Battie, A. J. (A)
Becker, G. W. (A)
Beilman, N. A. (A)
Bell, A. F. (A)
Bemko, M. (A)
Billman, P. E. (A)
Bilster, H. G. (A)
Blount, W. (A)
Blum, W. F. (A)
Bomback, E. J. (A)
Boyes, L. (A)
Brooks, B. J. (A)
Brooks, H. L. (A)
Brown, T. S. (A)
Butler, J. M. (N)
Caestecker, F. (N)
Caestecker, J. J. (N)
Campbell, G. W. (A)
Carey, E. P. (A)
Carlstedt, C. F. (A)
Cherghine, C. (A)
Chindblom, A. F. (A)
Clarke, W. J. (A)
Cohen, H. (A)
Collins, J. B. (A)
Conway, F. (A)
Copp, R. F. (A)
Coughlin, J. (A)
Crotty, J. W. (A)
Culver, J. C. (A)
Dallas, T. (A)
Des Jardien, P. R. (A)
Donovan, E. R. (A)
Dontlick, E. J. (A)
Downey, H. (A)
Drury, E. M. (A)
Du Mont, W. E. (A)
Dunlap, D. (A)
Dunsmun, H. P. (N)
Early, E. J. (A)
Evans, F. (A)
Elder, G. (A)
Emerling, J. (A)
Elko, P. (A)
Engert, A. J. (A)
Fague, F. (A)
Fischer, E. L. (A)
Fiss, C. J. (A)
Fleischman, R. T. (A)
Foster, E. (A)
Fuller, E. (A)
Gagen, H. K. (A)
Gates, R. D. (A)
Genicke, R. J. (A)
Gibish, J. (A)
Glossberg, J. W. (A)
Goldblom, A. (A)
Goodrich, W. M. (A)
Greene, P. W. (A)
Gross, C. F. (A)
Guest, D. C. (N)
Haeger, A. F. (A)
Hahn, E. F. (A)
Harrington, W. T. (A)
Hector, C. R. (A)
Hillia, A. W. (A)
Hoeffler, F. (A)
Hogan, F. L. (A)
Holub, J. (A)
Homolka, F. F. (A)
Jakubowski, D. F. (A)
Janowicz, T. (A)
Jindra, E. J. (N)
Johnson, H. E. (A)
Johnson, E. (A)
Julien, D. M. (A)
Kaczmarczyk, J. (N)
Kennedy, R. T. (A)
Kleber, A. (A)

Knudsen, O. (A)
Kohls, G. W. (A)
Kraft, F. (A)
Kufta, L. (A)
Kustulski, A. E. (A)
Laka, S. (A)
Landon, E. B. (A)
Larson, A. E. (A)
Larson, C. F. (A)
Layman, K. E. (A)
Leary, J. J. (A)
Leckelt, H. (N)
Le Francis, C. T. (A)
Lindahl, C. (A)
Leo, M. (A)
Leonard, R. (A)
Lenka, A. (A)
Lipnitz, O. F. (A)
Looper, L. R. (A)
Lopes, A. (A)
Lyden, T. M. (A)
Lynch, J. (N)
Malone, J. A. (A)
Mauix, D. O. (A)
McCauley, W. (A)
McClintock, H. J. (A)
McCloskey, E. J. (A)
McKernon, M. (A)
Meek, W. A. (A)
Merze, E. F. (A)
Miller, C. (A)
Miller, M. P. (A)
Mitchell, A. (A)
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Mueller, F. (A)
Mumma, R. (A)
Mushynski, F. (A)
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O'Bryn, G. (A)
O'Connor, J. J. (A)
O'Donnell, E. J. (A)
Oldham, B. L. (A)
Palm, R. (A)
Palms, J. (A)
Park, G. I. (A)
Paynter, E. E. (A)
Phelan, Wm. (A)
Pilkington, D. G. (A)
Pinkus, B. (A)
Porter, G. H. (A)
Procnunier, A. (A)
Rhett, H. S. (A)
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Richlowski, E. (A)
Rompeski, E. (A)
Rooney, D. J. (N)
Runford, S. B. (A)
Sager, M. M. (A)
Sasson, L. (A)
Schoewerk, E. P. (A)
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Seay, H. N. (A)
Sessions, A. L. (A)
Shapiro, J. (N)
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Stanley, M. (N)
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Stritch, F. J. (A)
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Wiley, G. E. (A)
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Wilkowski, F. (A)
Wilson, R. W. (N)
Wilson, R. (A)
Wolf, F. M. (A)
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Woods, P. E. (N)

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Jones, W. H. (A)
Krawowski, B. (A)
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Strand, H. (A)
Weber, F. M. (N)

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Abrahamson, V. (A)
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Anderson, H. M.
Aubrecht, Ed. J. (A)
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Byers, Fred (A)
Carter, L. R. (A)
Cashman, E. W.
Cutter, T. L. (N)
Davis, Harry (A)
DeCou, R. C. (A)
Dowling, R. F.
Duke, G. J. (N)
Farrington, F. J. (A)
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Garland, Chas. (A)
Josselyn, G. S. (A)
Kacher, Albert, Jr. (A)
Keller, H. J. (A)
McIlree, Vance (N)
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Moore, George (N)
Mondry, Ralph
Pattee, Irvin B. (N)
Peterson, H. G. (A)
Ruth, L. A. (A)
Sandgren, Carl
Schiefelbein, Wm. F. (N)
Schneider, R. (A)
Smith, J. M. (A)
Speier, R. M. (A)
Trapp, Otto E.
Thoren, A. (A)
Waddell, R. (A)

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Auld, Wm. R. (A)
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Biel, Wm. C. (A)
Burg, A. (A)
Burkhart, (A)
Campbell, R. E. (A)
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Dowell, A. S. (A)
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Henges, W. E. (M)
Huber, A. (A)
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Meyers, H. L. (A)
Mims, E. A. (A)
Monahan, E. M. (A)
Neudeck, R. (A)
Peck, R. M. (A)
Pennycook, R. R. (C)
Runnells, J. B. (A)
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Younger, O. H. (A)

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Buchner, H. E. (A)
Conrad, T. W. (A)
De Forest, R. R. (A)
Felton, R. (A)
Fisher, A. G. (A)
Gross, L. G. (A)
Harr, M. T. (A)
Hulig, F. C. (A)
Kidd, L. (A)
Morrison, C. E. (A)
Mutachler, C. L. (N)
Naylor, M. (A)
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Olmshead, G. N. (A)
O'Neill, D. L. (A)
Osborne, A. J. (N)
Paxton, G. E. (N)
Saylor, W. E. (A)
Smith, W. F. (A)
Stene, H. B. (A)
Swift, J. A. (A)
Switals, W. (N)
Thornton, G. W. (N)
Thornton, T. M. (A)

Dallas

Abbott, E. A. (A)
Adams, C. J. (A)
Ancell, T. B. (N)
Anderson, Z. V. (A)
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Arnold, B. (A)
Baras, B. (N)
Bell, C. E. (N)
Bell, W. O. (N)
Boyle, W. J. (M)
Carothers, J. C. (M)
Cibrowski, C. J. (A)
Clark, I. O. (A)
Cook, P. P. (A)
Cornett, R. (A)
Cummings, R. D. (YMCA)
Davis, W. C. (N)
Dowell, H. (A)
Ford, J. (A)
Fuller, M. N. (A)
Haley, L. A. (A)
Hardin, F. L. (A)
Heafner, H. P. (A)
Heiser, J. E. (A)
Hennemuth, H. E. (A)
Hepler, L. H. (A)
Hunt, O. E. (A)
Japret, E. L. (A)
Lawson, C. K. (A)
Lowrey, J. T. (A)
Mayer, K. B. (A)
McCraw, W. (A)
McLaury, W. R. (N)
Nagle, J. M. (A)
Olson, P. H. (A)
Pickens, D. B. (A)
Presly, W. A. (N)
Sellingsloh, H. B. (A)
Siebe, A. K. (A)
Weaver, F. F. (A)
Webster, G. B. (A)
Wendler, E. (A)
Wilson, J. F. (N)

Denver

Benson, H. A. (A)
Carlson, Wm.
Colburn, A. (A)
Connors, W. (A)
Cowan, L. R. (A)
Goodman, M. (A)
Johnson, A. K. (A)
Lackner, M. (N)
Medin, E. J. (A)
Ness, G.
O'Grady, W. J. (A)
Reep, J. H. (A)
Regan, P. (A)
Somers, A. (A)
Stadler, A. L. (A)
Stein, A. (M)
Stephens, E. F. (A)
Stoker, A. M.
Thompson, H. A. (A)
Voel, O. (A)
Weiss, W. M. (N)
Wrigley, M.

San Francisco

Adams, G. F. (N)
Adelsdorfer, E. E. (N)
Rall, H. A. (A)
Ballaux, G. J. (A)
Barquist, G. H. (A)
Bernett, L. P. (A)
Bidstrup, S. D. (A)
Bischoff, A. M. (A)
Rondlett, C. (N)
Bradford, F. D. (A)
Brown, G. (CA)

Brown, R. W. (A)
Brunk, A. E. (A)
Burke, A. M. (A)
Callaway, A. J. (A)
Carroll, C. J. (A)
Catterlin, W. B. (A)
Coleman, N. (A)
Datson, R. (A)
Dewar, A. (A)
Downie, O. (A)
Dryer, R. E. (N)
Faveto, T. (A)
Finley, E. L. (A)
Fletcher, F. (A)
Flower, R. S. (A)
Fontas, F. J. (A)
Gausa, J. (A)
Grand, M. (FA)
Gregg, W. (A)
Gregor, L. W. (N)
Guy, E. (A)
Harkins, H. A. (A)
Harper, W. A. (A)
Helsner, C. L. (A)
Hine, R. (A)
Irvine, T. S. (A)
Johnson, S. H. (A)
Johnston, W. J. (A)
Jones, A. F. (A)
Kanouse, O. A. (A)
Keegan, J. E. (A)
Lacey, W. T. (N)
Last, O. F. (A)
Lescalect, J. G. (A)
Marechal, L. (N)
Martin, C. F. (A)
Mataname, P. (A)
McLaughlin, W. A. (A)
McPherson, C. (A)
McRae, C. O. (A)
Merrill, H. P. (A)
Moller, G. A. (N)
Muller, L. (N)
Murillo, R. C. (A)
Murray, E. R. (A)
Murray, D. G. (A)
Nichols, C. H. (A)
Noviooff, L. I. (A)
Olsen, J. H. (A)
Payus, L. (A)
Powers, F. M. (A)
Ray, W. A. (A)
Ray, L. M. (A)
Renard, A. E. (N)
Rockwell, N. E. (A)
Salebuler, D. M. (A)
Schiller, E. (A)
Scholar, R. W. (A)
Schubert, C. F. (A)
Shainin, A. (A)
Small, F. (A)
Sterrick, H. L. (N)
Swenson, A. W. (A)
Thompson, L. T. (A)
Tillett, E. L. (A)
Trotter, J. E. (N)
Unmack, E. M. (A)
Vann, F. L. (A)
Vervais, W. J. (A)
Wallace, J. F. (A)
Wallace, H. E. (A)
Washburn, H. C. (A)
Welch, R. F. (N)
Wheaton, L. (A)
Williams, G. (A)
Williams, C. D. (A)
Williams, G. W. (A)

Los Angeles

Bernsen, F. E. (A)
Black, Wm. R. (A)
Bloom, L. J. (M)
Compton, E. (MM)
Dosseair, E. F.
Galles, F. W. (A)
Hardesty, A. (MM)
Jackson, Robert (A)
Sanborn, C. A. (A)
Smith, L. H. (A)
Thompson, Ward (N)
Tucker, C. R. (A)
Whalin, Al. (N)

Seattle

Alberts, Wm. (A)
Allsup, H. (A)
Andrews, C. (A)
Bachman, H. C. (A)
Baker, R. I. (A)
Baughman, J. V. (N)
Booton, M. I. (A)
Botkins, W. M. (A)
Bruce, L. E. (A)
Carlson, E. (A)
Carlson, M. (N)
Carman, J. L. (A)
Carnaby, J. R. (A)
Christiansen, E. (A)
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Day, P. E. (A)
Disney, E. E. (A)
Dore, M. (A)
Drake, F. A. (A)
Friedenthal, C. G. (A)
Fulton, J.

Golden, Wm. L. (A)
Grant, H. E. (N)
Haftings, C. (A)
Herrick, D. R. (A)
Highsmith, C. W. (A)
Healy, R. H. (A)
Holst, E. T. (N)
Lahala, F. E. (A)
Lisietki, Jr., J. J. (A)
McNeill, J. T. (A)
Morris, C. F. (A)
Noble, E. R. (A)
O'Leary, O. J. (A)
Rasmussen, R. J. (N)
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Gallehr, A. (A)
Grice, G. F. (A)
Higgins, W. M. (A)
Horton, R. D. (A)
Keenan, H. J. (A)
Keller, C. A. (A)
Kick, J. A. (A)
Moore, I. H. (A)
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Nichols, L. M. (A)
O'Brien, H. J. (MM)
O'Neil, O. J. (N)
Peck, U. (N)
Quinlan, F. D. (A)
Scherr, A. O. (A)
Swanson, A. W. (A)
Swope, G. (A)
Van Tubergen, G. W. (A)
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Hawthorne

Andriusso, T. (A)
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Altshuler, J. O. (A)
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Berg, H. A. (A)
Bell, J. H. (A)
Beggs, H. (A)
Brislane, L. (A)
Brimalk, F. J. (A)
Bernacki, A. (A)
Birnbau, J. (A)
Briedy, C. M. (A)
Conway, O. V. (A)
Clarke, H. H. (A)
Clark, F. E. (A)
Childs, H. D. (N)
Chilar, S. (A)
Chouinard, F. (N)
Cullen, R. (A)
Conway, P. J. (N)
Conrad, F. E. (A)
Combs, R. L. (A)
Dins, W. B. (N)
Doran, R. L. (A)
Detury, L. E. (A)
Erickson, W. J. (A)
Foley, S. E. (A)
Felton, E. J. (N)
Fisk, J. E. (A)
Griffiths, W. S. (A)
Gibbons, W. J. (N)
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Hubn, O. (A)
Hubn, O. A. (A)
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Hicks, H. (A)
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Hartman, W. J. (A)
Higgins, E. O. (A)
Hull, F. D. (A)
Julian, W. F. (A)
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Jurgens, J. F. (A)
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Johnson, H. E. (A)
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 Pietrak, S. O. (N)
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 Pietras, A. (A)
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 Staral, G. (A)
 Smith, L. (A)
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 Allen, J. E. (A)
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 Ammirato, R. (A)
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 Apostolou, J. (A)
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 Armstrong, L. S. (N)
 Arnold, H. DeForrest (A)
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 Arzonico, J. A. (A)
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 Baker, Lewis S. (A)
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 Bancroft, E. P. (A)
 Bannon, P. (A)
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 Bartsch, A. L. (A)
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 Beck, H. F. (A)
 Beichert, W. (M)
 Beighley, J. F. (MM)
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 Bellezza, C. (A)
 Belton, M. (N)
 Bennett, H. (N)
 Benson, H. A.
 Berggren, K. G. (A)
 Bergstrom, A. M. (A)
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 Burwell, J. A. (A)

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 Carlsen, M. A. (N)
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 Caruso, D. (A)
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 Chilton, T. H. (A)
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 Crawford, W. G. (A)
 Crinnian, E. J. (A)
 Crocker, A. O., Jr. (A)
 Cromack, W. (O)
 Cross, R. E. (YMCA)
 Cullen, J. (A)
 Culverwell, J. E. (A)
 Cummings, J. (A)
 Curran, R. E. (N)
 Curtis, A. M. (A)
 Cusack, J. T.
 Custer, F.
 Dalton, R.
 Danecke, C. (A)
 Davis, J. A. (C)
 Dayton, H. N. (A)
 Deale, R. C. (N)
 Dean, G. (A)
 Deegan, J. W. (N)
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 Delchamps, H. J. (N)
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 O'Daniels, E. (B)

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 Pedersen, A. (B)
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 Potz, A. (N)
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 Vanderhoff, A.
 Van Hynning, H. O. (A)
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Hawthorne

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 Ramey, V. C. (A)
 Renner, A. G. (A)
 Reihmer, L. L. (A)
 Reihmer, C. A. (A)
 Schoffer, W. (A)
 Simon, R. B. (A)
 Schmits, G. (N)
 Svikhart, M. L. (N)
 Sponholz, F. (A)
 Senfort, A. (A)
 Schalk, L. A. (A)
 Sullinger, F. E. (A)
 Schneider, A. B. (M)
 Schaber, R. J. (N)
 Sherman, O. (N)
 Sigenthaler, J. L. (A)
 Townsley, P. P. (A)
 Tate, D. E. (A)
 Turner, W. F. (A)
 Tenkach, E. (M)
 Tourmier, E. P. (A)
 Van Nott, G. R. (A)
 Voelker, W. R. (N)
 Williams, H. A. (A)
 Weiss, W. L. (N)
 Wright, W. E. (A)
 Wiese, C. W. (A)

General Purchasing Department

New York—195
Broadway

Butts, C. E. (A)
 Dawber, H. (N)
 Fielding, F. R. (N)
 Fink, F. C. (A)
 Hood, D. C. (A)
 Horn, L. F. (N)
 Howard, L. W. (A)
 Jasper, W. E. (A)
 Jordan, M. A. (A)
 Kilpatrick, G. E. (A)
 Malone, J. J. (A)
 Minkelsen, W. H. (N)
 Otto, Gustav (N)
 Lester, R. L. (A)
 Sarver, G. C. (A)
 Small, C. A. (A)
 Sparks, W. A. (A)
 Spencer, H. M. (A)
 Stewart, G. W. (A)
 Taylor, R. N. (A)
 Weiss, A. Jr. (N)
 Woods, H. M. (A)

Hawthorne.

Harrigan, W. T. (A)
 Idiaszek, F. P. (A)
 Idiaszek, J. (A)
 Murphy, J. D. (N)

General Manufacturing Department

Technical Branch

Abbott, L. H. (A)
 Allen, R. (A)
 Anderson, A. (N)
 Anderson, L. (A)
 Anderson, N. (A)
 Agin, A. G. (A)
 Apsel, C. (A)
 Blandry, E. E. (A)
 Brokop, J. F. (N)
 Bryan, J. C. (A)
 Black, J. (A)
 Blank, J. F. (A)
 Backofen, O. (A)
 Becker, L. W. (A)
 Bertram, J. J. (N)
 Berry, G. H. (A)
 Baker, T. (A)
 Baker, R. J. (A)
 Briglio, M. (A)
 Bayless, J. R. (A)
 Born, F. J. (A)
 Beutler, L. (A)
 Boehme, W. R. (N)
 Bagdiunas, F. J. (A)
 Buess, G. F. (A)
 Berles, A. A. (A)
 Bates, J. F. (A)
 Bowman, A. A.
 Byrre, L. R. (A)
 Brush, S. R. (A)
 Bohumil, D. (A)
 Churchill, F. (A)
 Clark, I. W. (A)
 Cuff, J. E. (A)
 Chwatal, R. J. (A)
 Codav, L. L. (A)
 Curtis, G. E. (A)
 Clarke, F. (N)
 Cooney, F. E. (A)
 Cizkorsky, J. C. (A)
 Cibell, G. H. (A)
 Dunlop, J. H. (A)
 Darrenoune, E. (A)
 Dwyer, J. J. (N)
 Dupre, L. M. (A)
 Doyle, J. (A)
 Downe, C.
 Dusek, R. F. (N)
 Denton, E. F. (N)
 Dempsey, F. B. (N)
 Dedic, F. G. (A)
 De Schenper, (A)
 Dieball, I. (N)
 Ellis, C. (A)
 Erwin, C. O. (A)
 Erickson, J. E. (A)
 Ellison, L. H. (A)
 Ernest, M. (A)
 Fredrickson, P. G. (A)
 Featherstone, R. M. (A)
 Forrest, W. S. (N)
 Floer, V. N. (A)
 Fioener, J. R. (A)
 Fliger, J. F. (A)
 Firman, R. (A)
 Fowler, R. R. (A)
 Freischlad, W. (A)
 Gould, S. A. (A)
 Greig, J. A. (A)
 Grafha, F. (A)
 Gronwald, R. S. (A)
 Gier, M. A. (A)
 Graham, W. T. (A)

Gregule, F. (A)
 Gill, T. A. (A)
 Groben, A. (A)
 Gorin, F. B. (A)
 Gehrke, R. N. (A)
 Henderson, D. R. (A)
 Horner, H. (A)
 Hints, L. F. (A)
 Halvorsen, V. (A)
 Howe, L. W. (A)
 Henry, W. R. (A)
 Hoffman, J. (N)
 Hanson, I. (A)
 Hayward, S. V. (N)
 Hotek, G. M. (A)
 Herek, J. D. (A)
 Hudson, G. (A)
 Hartis, W. (N)
 Hallman, F. J. (N)
 Hipman, J. J. (A)
 Hoppe, E. (A)
 Hora, J. J. (A)
 Houda, J. C. (N)
 Hromada, J. (A)
 Hurley, R. (A)
 Hubbard, R. E. (A)
 Herion, W. R. (A)
 Hansen, J. E. (A)
 Hudrlík, C. (A)
 Horsch, J. C. (A)
 Haskins, J. P. (A)
 Hodson, F. W. (A)
 Hull, J. M. (A)
 Hanley, J. G. (A)
 Jacobs, G. O. (A)
 Janda, R. W. (A)
 Jensen, S. C. (N)
 Johnson, E. S. (N)
 Johnson, R. C. (A)
 Johnston, A. T. (A)
 Kelberg, A. E. (A)
 Kelly, J. T. (A)
 Keeny, F. (A)
 Kidd, H. F. (A)
 Kennedy, E. J. (A)
 Krell, R. E. (A)
 Kenney, G. P. (A)
 Kakuksa, F. D. (A)
 Kapsa, R. L. (A)
 Kolacek, E. (N)
 Kimmeth, J. J. (A)
 Kengott, G. A. (A)
 Kerins, M. M. (A)
 Koci, A. (A)
 Kahella, E. O. (A)
 Klinder, E. A. (N)
 Komarek, F. (A)
 Knoff, S. V. (A)
 Link, A. (A)
 Lindquist, E. (A)
 Lenox, J. (A)
 Locander, O. (A)
 Lynch, V. M. (A)
 La Vigne, L. (A)
 Lyden, A. R. (A)
 Larkin, T. B. (A)
 Larson, A. R. (N)
 Landstrom, J. R. (A)
 Lancaster, H. B. (N)
 McCune, G. B. (A)
 Major, W. (A)
 Maser, G. H. (A)
 McGowan, W. N. (N)
 MacDougall, R. (A)
 Mason, A. J. (A)
 Morris, S. N. (N)
 McHugh, F. (A)
 McKinnon, G. J. F. (A)
 Mangan, C. N. (A)
 Morzelewski, V. C. (A)
 Mackey, F. J. (A)
 McDaniel, S. P. (A)
 Manning, A. (A)
 Malecka, G. (A)
 Marek, F. (A)
 Motis, C. (A)
 Morgan, R. B. (N)
 Morgan, E. A. (A)
 McKean, J. L. (A)
 Maher, T. (A)
 Marchuk, F. (A)
 McGarrv, J. J. (N)
 Marousek, F. J. (A)
 McIntosh, H. H. (A)
 McBride, J. C. (A)
 Novotny, J. W. (N)
 Nelson, J. W. (A)
 Neuhaus, E. (A)
 Olsen, S. (N)
 Olwoko, L. (A)
 Patnos, R. A. (A)
 Proksa, J. (A)
 Peterson, A. W. (A)
 Powell, H. M. (A)
 Parkhurst, W. M. (A)
 Pszczukowski (A)
 Pavia, V. (A)
 Palach, A. (A)
 Peters, L. A. (A)
 Peterson, G. L. (A)
 Reynolds, E. (A)
 Rahn, R. C. (A)
 Raithel, A. (A)
 Ruthedge, R. (A)
 Roe, R. H. (A)
 Raddick, S. J. (A)
 Redderson, E. A. (A)

Rann, E. D. (A)
 Reese, J. N. (A)
 Rempski, A. (A)
 Rider, W. (A)
 Royal, C. M. (A)
 Ross, F. J. (A)
 Rieger, G. (A)
 Reese, J. N. (A)
 Sampson, H. N. (A)
 Shafer, C. H. (A)
 Stephanopoulos, J. (A)
 Short, F. (A)
 Stembol, S. E. (N)
 Simpson, L. (A)
 Snyder, H. F. (A)
 Schwab, R. N. (A)
 Smith, H. G. (A)
 Sellers, G. A. (A)
 Shire, E. D. (A)
 Specht, C. (A)
 See, G. L. (A)
 Schultz, W. A. (N)
 Snyder, H. C. (N)
 Sindelar, J. F. (A)
 Sparek, L. F. (M)
 Strelluf, H. D. (A)
 Sims, R. (A)
 Snyder, J. C. (A)
 Stanos, W. (A)
 Scriba, S. (A)
 Sawyer, H. G. (N)
 Sacha, H. (A)
 Spierling, H. H. (A)
 Sperling, J. J. (A)
 Triebull, W. C. (A)
 Tobinski, J. C. (A)
 Thorson, E. (N)
 Thohan, E. R. (A)
 Uhm, H. L. (A)
 Unger, M. S. (N)
 Valence, H. L. (A)
 Van Lone, I. I. (A)
 Vanselaw, J. C. (A)
 Wallera, C. C. (A)
 Webb, G. (A)
 Warrendes, O. L. (A)
 Wilcox, S. L. (A)
 Zimmerman, O. H. (A)
 Zegomacher, J. F. (A)
 Zelenka, F. (A)
 Zander, J. M. (A)

Operating Branch

Alfsen, E. (A)
 Ahlgren, B. E. (A)
 Anderson, O. (A)
 Anderson, O. (A)
 Andrews, A. J. (N)
 Ashwill, R. M. (A)
 Andrlartie, J. (A)
 Anlicky, C. J. (A)
 Aistrup, A. J. (A)
 Abraham, A. (A)
 Andrazewski, V. J. (A)
 Abramowicz, F. (A)
 Andino, J. (N)
 Asko, F. (A)
 Anderson, A. (A)
 Anagnostopoulos, C. (N)
 Andrzewski, S. J. (A)
 Aquilino, A. (A)
 Ariola, P. (A)
 Allerding, W. (A)
 Anderson, E. S. (A)
 Archer, C. S. (A)
 Amundsen, O. (A)
 Austin, C. (A)
 Arbal, W. T. (A)
 Anderson, E. S. (A)
 Bouchard, W. A. (A)
 Bionars, J. (A)
 Borg, E. A. (A)
 Brindisi, J. (N)
 Bunk, B. (A)
 Bell, Maynard (A)
 Bores, F. (A)
 Behles, W. M. (A)
 Benetz, R. (A)
 Boyer, J. S. (N)
 Becker, F. W. (A)
 Bollman, A. J. (A)
 Brown, C. (N)
 Borch, B. L. (A)
 Bolhuis, H. (A)
 Bunnell, A. E. (A)
 Bratlund, A.
 Barnwell, W.
 Bulin, B.
 Branch, A. J. (N)
 Bartelak, J. F. (A)
 Brennan, T. A. (A)
 Buchman, J. G. (M)
 Banaszek, V. A. (N)
 Baumgartel, G. C. (A)
 Batiste, R. A. (A)
 Brom, J. B. (A)
 Bernard, A. (A)
 Bublitz, E. (N)
 Brandner, E. W. (A)
 Brown, C. E. (N)
 Bussema, F. (A)
 Burns, R. (A)
 Benson, A.
 Bonebrake, E. (N)
 Burns, J.
 Brydon, J. H. (A)
 Bishop, W. A. (A)

Brandt, C. (A)
 Boyle, L. C. (A)
 Bass, B. L. (A)
 Bruno, P. (A)
 Berger, E. L. (A)
 Bruno, A. R. F. (A)
 Brousseau, A. (A)
 Block, G. (A)
 Bartunek, J. (A)
 Butterfield, H. (A)
 Bruno, A. R. (A)
 Becker, A. E. (A)
 Baumann, L. O. (N)
 Baldwin, J. P. (A)
 Braheny, J. (A)
 Brown, H. F. (A)
 Barrowman, J. M. (A)
 Bladell (A)
 Benisek, B. B.
 Bierma, A. W. (A)
 Bezdou, P. (A)
 Bernitt, O. P. (N)
 Bower, A. J. (A)
 Bailey, J. (N)
 Boerjer, W. F. (A)
 Bada, R. (A)
 Burda, J. (A)
 Berndt, H.
 Buczkowski, H. (A)
 Bass, B. L. (A)
 Bays, A. (A)
 Bombris, A. J. (A)
 Blue, H. E. (N)
 Bennett, F. (A)
 Bourbulis, A. (A)
 Brennan, J. P. (A)
 Blabut, F. (A)
 Benadix, H. A. (A)
 Barta, A.
 Beverley, E. J. (A)
 Bruska, F. (N)
 Barbera, C. (A)
 Beinke, R. F. (A)
 Boyle, H. (A)
 Boeker, G. H. (A)
 Bobinski, A. (A)
 Berkos, G. (A)
 Bogdanowicz, A. (A)
 Barth, H. J. (A)
 Barden, A. (A)
 Bagdasarian, J. (A)
 Bashoe, C. (A)
 Butler, J. O. (A)
 Broadus, E. L.
 Bialek, J. (A)
 Bloomfield, W. N. (A)
 Burel, A. (A)
 Birr, A. (A)
 Bielinski, J.
 Benson, E. H. (A)
 Bullerman, C. L. (A)
 Bolt, E. (A)
 Bellmore, J. J. (N)
 Brennan, D. L. (A)
 Brodi, E. (A)
 Barkstrom, P. (A)
 Bart, D. E. (A)
 Carlson, R. (N)
 Carlson, A. W. (N)
 Cinert, F. (A)
 Croncy, W. B.
 Costigan, J. J. (A)
 Cooley, A. C. (A)
 Cabot, J.
 Cederholm, F. E. (A)
 Cousier, E. J.
 Clark, C. M. (A)
 Cibulka, G. J. (N)
 Copek, O. (A)
 Columbata, D. (A)
 Collias, G. A. (A)
 Corrac, N. (A)
 Cummings, R. J. (N)
 Cornell, A. P. (A)
 Crokin, T. S. (A)
 Cwick, H. M. (N)
 Cormichael, I. W. (A)
 Chalupa, J. W. (A)
 Christensen, H. J. (A)
 Chernowekns, F. (A)
 Carter, F. L. (A)
 Collins, C. (A)
 Cicha, F. (A)
 Cejka, J. F. (N)
 Campbell, A. (A)
 Chapman, P. (A)
 Ciranek (A)
 Carbonara, F. (A)
 Chalonska, D. (A)
 Clarke, C. M. (A)
 Cunningham, F. J. (A)
 Cambansy, A. A. (A)
 Carlson, A. (A)
 Conforti, V. (A)
 Cunningham, G. (N)
 Coesser, L. S. (A)
 Ciancia, S. S. (A)
 Cawley, M. F. (A)
 Corey, H. D. (A)
 Carol, S. (A)
 Cechner, F. (A)
 Chisholm, R. J. (N)
 Coakley, C. A. (A)
 Collins, J. (A)
 Casey, J. (N)
 Cerny, J. J. (A)
 Cornwallis, H. (A)

Corliss, A. G. (A)
 Ceranski, J. P. (A)
 Czrenahowski, F. P. (A)
 Cook, F. J. (A)
 Connolly, J. P. (N)
 Campobasso, J. (A)
 Coston, F. W. (A)
 Casella, F. (A)
 Christensen, J. (A)
 Cisar, F. (A)
 Cosella, F. (A)
 Dinucci, D. (A)
 Dobracki, E. (A)
 Douda, J.
 Dobs, F. J. (A)
 Denem, R. (A)
 Dahi, H. W. (A)
 Dunovski, M. J. (A)
 Dioracki, A.
 DeRosa, C. (A)
 Dorn, A. (A)
 Dimopoulos, N. (A)
 Drosik, L. (A)
 Dimos, J. (A)
 Doty, C. H. (A)
 Dreuth, F. W. (A)
 Dorgalo, G.
 Deyo, H. (A)
 Deja, E. A. (A)
 Domrese, G. J. (A)
 Dahl, N. E. (A)
 Dethloff, G.
 Damm, C. H. (A)
 Dooley, E. W. (A)
 Dornback, F. J. (A)
 Daberkow, L. F. (A)
 Domenico, R. (A)
 Davis, D. (A)
 Dvorak, E. (A)
 Dolgner, A. C. (A)
 Dobrick, G. A. (A)
 Doyle, T. F. (A)
 Domanicki, J. (A)
 Dent, W. Y. (N)
 Dombrow, B. (A)
 Dwyer, W. W. (N)
 Davidson, W. W. (A)
 Dolstowski, J. J. (A)
 Drish, F. (A)
 Erlandsen, L. E. (A)
 Edmonds, J. E. (A)
 Eeles, A. H. (A)
 Eckman, M. E. (A)
 Epslein, R. (A)
 Ekman, M. E. (A)
 Engler, C. J. (N)
 Egan, A. (A)
 Ewing, H. N. (A)
 Evans, R. O. (A)
 Edgren, H. G. (N)
 Ehling, J. (A)
 Ekberg, R. A. (A)
 Ellund, G. E. (A)
 Engstrom, H. N. E. (A)
 Eherhardt, P. (A)
 Falkenberg, H. J. (A)
 Fern, G. N. (A)
 Fiedoresky, J. (A)
 Fusak, G.
 Ferber, J. J.
 Fletcher, G.
 Felgenhauer, E. L. (A)
 Flynn, E. J. (A)
 Frossa, W. R. (A)
 Fraax, F. A. (N)
 Finicle, E. L. (A)
 Fanning, M. (A)
 Fishman, F. J. (A)
 Franks, A. (A)
 Floresah, J. H.
 Fingl, F. J. (A)
 Feyerisen, P. J. (A)
 Fann, H. (A)
 Forest, W. J. (A)
 Fenske, W. (A)
 Friesse, B. W. (N)
 Fichtel, H. (A)
 Fleischfresser, A. W. (A)
 Flasa, S. (A)
 Fleckenstein, J. (A)
 Frala, A. (A)
 Falkowski, S. J. (A)
 Flake, W. S. (A)
 Fallon, P. G. (N)
 Fetty, H. D. (A)
 Felz, I. (M)
 Fleischfresser, E. (A)
 Faisey, J. P. (N)
 Frisell, A. (A)
 Fsil, R. F. (A)
 Fromon, E. R. (A)
 Fraser, C. E. (A)
 Fishman, G. (A)
 Getz, J. F. (A)
 Grabowski, P.
 Graziana, S. (A)
 Gabriel, A. (A)
 Gustafson, A. (A)
 Gleno, R. L. (N)
 Gargas, A. (A)
 Gurke, A.
 Gauereau, S. (A)
 Gottfried, F. G. (A)
 Gibson, J. (N)
 Gollender, C. L. (A)
 Groth, F. J. (A)

Goyolinaki, F. J. (A)
 Good, C. N. (A)
 Gauger, H. O. (A)
 Giermann, A. L. (A)
 Gambrell, G. E. (A)
 Gorzynski, W. (A)
 Gentilomo, S. (N)
 Gaulian, V. (A)
 Gruntorad, J. (A)
 Gensichen, H. M. (A)
 Glnodek, J. (A)
 Gungrich, H.
 Gealak, E. (A)
 Gartner, A. (A)
 Giordano, P. (A)
 Gutke, W. F. (N)
 Graffke, F. P. (A)
 Georgandos, G. J. (A)
 Glaser, F. W. (A)
 Grahls, A. L. (A)
 Gedros, F. (N)
 Gustafson, A. V. (A)
 Greve, C. C. (N)
 Gralak, E. A. (A)
 Goy, S. T. (A)
 Gubitasi, P. (A)
 Grendol, O. (N)
 Gross, H. (A)
 Gleixner, J. H. (A)
 Giacobbo, L. J. (A)
 Grogan, J. (A)
 Gustavson, H. (A)
 Gudeush, W. C. (A)
 Guzniczak, J.
 Guinan, E. (A)
 Glow, J. F. (A)
 Gersuka, W. (A)
 Gausseil, A. H. (A)
 Grabow, L. (A)
 Gallus, L.
 Gill, L. (A)
 Gross, L. O. (A)
 Gums, H. J. (A)
 Goniakowski, J. (A)
 Gross, E. E. (N)
 Gross, H. F. (A)
 Gurke, W. (A)
 Grabow, F. W. (A)
 Gobel, M. (A)
 Geier, J. (A)
 Gerliche, E. (A)
 Gailer, J. (A)
 Gaida, M. (A)
 Gieseler, A. (A)
 Hynek, E. R. (A)
 Harlin, O. F. (A)
 Hardinger, N. L. (A)
 Hintz, J. L. (A)
 Humbert, G. J. (N)
 Hantover, M. J. (A)
 Handy, H. (A)
 Hurdle, J. Y.
 Hill, J. J. (A)
 Hayman, L. E.
 Huddy, H. (A)
 Hodkiewicz, F. (A)
 Hines, C. C. (A)
 Harris, E. (A)
 Hayes, W. E. (N)
 Hazelfeldt, H. (A)
 Helms, E. W. (A)
 Hunter, D. J. (N)
 Hansen, N. J. (A)
 Hill, J. (A)
 Homer, J. (A)
 Higbee, F. G. (A)
 Hede, E. J. (N)
 Hanson, A.
 Hooker, C. B. (A)
 Horak, F. (A)
 Huth, W. (A)
 Hula, E. (A)
 Hula, A. (A)
 Hart, W. P. (A)
 Hirsch, M. (N)
 Hayek, F. H. (A)
 Herbert, F. E. (N)
 Howell, O. B. (A)
 Hrodey, G. B. (N)
 Hadl, E. F. (A)
 Hedemark, F. G. (A)
 Hoppe, F. A. (A)
 Hanus, F. (A)
 Halluas, W. C. (A)
 Hoegiund, H. P. (A)
 Hyde, F. G. (A)
 Hosna, W. J.
 Hybiak, J. (A)
 Hammett, A. W. (N)
 Harlin, J. J. (A)
 Heimerdinger, C. F. (A)
 Houlihan, J. J. (A)
 Hajek, J. (A)
 Hoffman, C. (A)
 Hoffman, A. (A)
 Hunt, T. A. (A)
 Hosman, A. (A)
 Hruby, M. A. (A)
 Homberg, W. C. (A)
 Hefner, M. (A)
 Hademik, E. (A)
 Hazdra, J. (A)
 Heckenbaach, H. E.
 Hellinger, P. (A)
 Hula, F. (A)
 Hayes, J. (A)
 Hartman, J. (A)
 Hroch, F. (A)

Hook, H. (A)
 Honer, D. (A)
 Halla, J. R. (A)
 Hair, L. (A)
 Hoepfner, B. C. (N)
 Hart, W. (A)
 Hornberg, A. (A)
 Hruby, M. A. (A)
 Halstenback, G. L. (A)
 Harest, P. (A)
 Ingman, A. (A)
 Jablonski, A. M. (A)
 Jablonski, J. G. (A)
 Jacklin, E. (N)
 Jackson, M. (A)
 Jacobs, H. W. (A)
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Zawitof, J. (N)
Zabran, J. (A)
Zawada, A. J. (A)
Zauri, F. (A)
Zars, C. (A)

Inspection Branch

Aulicky, J. (A)
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Annen, P. (A)
Anderson, T. B. (N)
Abbot, Lawrence (A)
Askew, R. M. (A)
Ault, J. (A)
Bugner, C. E. (N)
Beeson, F. S.
Bell, D. (A)
Barnes, M. (A)
Barnes, H. V. (A)
Baker, P. (A)
Bond, G. W. (N)
Becker, C. B. (A)
Baxley, W. A. (A)
Borah, F. F. (A)
Brizga, W. E. (A)
Browne, R. A. (N)
Borshel, E. (A)
Bennett, L. (N)
Bernas, A.
Roland, E. (A)
Boyer, O. (A)
Boss, W. J. (A)
Barber, C. G. (A)
Brady, W. W. (A)
Bell, E. J. (A)
Belowala, P. J. (A)
Beloharak, A. (A)
Bartlow, A. L. (A)
Buss, J. (A)
Benes, L. V. (A)
Bernard, D. G. (N)
Brada, J. (A)
Bouchman, J. J. (A)
Brizga, W. E. (A)
Borzell, F. D. (A)
Barwitz, R. (A)
Buck, C. D. (A)
Barson, C. H. (A)
Barron, W. H. (A)
Budzik, G. M. (A)
Baumgartner, O. J. (A)
Butler, F. T. (A)
Budurick, J. W. (N)
Rrockman, W. L. (A)
Brown, C. (N)
Borde, M. G. (A)
Burns, M. J. (N)
Bingham, D. H. (A)
Broderick, J. F. (A)
Berzum, G. (A)
Belderson, B. J.
Belej, J. (A)
Brauns, O. J. (A)
Barton, J. J. (A)
Rally, R. D. (A)
Bielenberg, A. A. (A)
Boyd, G. E. (A)
Borzatelli, F. (A)
Bresnahan, A.
Bergman, W. (A)
Racon, V. C. (A)
Cureton, J. C. (N)
Cutler, E. D. (A)
Cordon, E. P. (N)
Cook, R. (A)
Clark, G. (A)
Covne, M. B. (A)
Cipriario, S. (A)
Carlson, W. A. (N)

Christiansen, H. (A)
Cox, Charles (A)
Clark, J. (A)
Cormier, G. T. (A)
Callahan, F. J. (A)
Clayton, L. H. (A)
Clark, F. (A)
Cothran, H. (A)
Clusack, S. C. (A)
Carlson, P. (N)
Doyle, H. F. (A)
Dykes, H. E. (A)
Donohoe, M. K. (A)
Danielson, W. C. (N)
Day, J. W.
Dempsey, M. M. (A)
DeMont, J. F. (A)
Deuring, A.
Dunne, J. (A)
Denton, R. J. (N)
Dirst, P. K. (A)
DeMill, C. H. (A)
Dunne, M. M. (A)
Denoho, F. E. (A)
Dottenwhly, J. J. (A)
Douglass, A. E. (A)
Doody, T. J. (N)
Duschaneck, A. (A)
Decker, A. W. (A)
Deubel, F. W. (A)
Dembkowski, W. J. (N)
Doran, W. F. (N)
Dittmann, W. (A)
Domanski, J. F. (N)
Downs, K. D. (N)
Dietz, W. F. (A)
Dunne, F. R. (A)
Dispensa, N.
Dahl, H. R. (A)
Dobbins, T. (A)
Dvorek, J. (A)
Dvorek, J. C. (A)
Dwyer, D. (A)
Denney, H. E. (A)
Ewart, J. B.
Ehrler, C. (A)
Elliott, R. (A)
Edgar, D. (A)
Eldridge, S. M. (A)
Ehler, J. G. H. (A)
Eddy, J. M. (A)
Ehlend, P. G. (A)
Eustace, O. J. (A)
Eims, J. (A)
Eckles, Wm. (A)
Eberle, P. H. (A)
Ellison, H. E. (A)
Eversen, E. (N)
Engels, C. C. (A)
Evans, R. H. (A)
Erwin, R. B. (A)
Eyerdall, E. (A)
Esping, G. A. (A)
Ellis, E. (A)
Erickson, J. L. (A)
Freuburg, A. (A)
Freeman, H. A. (N)
Farrall, L. O.
Pivek, F. J. (A)
Ford, C. G. (A)
Forster, F. J. (A)
Frisen, A. G. (A)
Firek, F. (A)
Francisco, J. (A)
Fergen, P. (A)
Frank, C. H. (A)
Fabbri, A. (A)
Fife, E. (A)
Fredlex, G. J. (A)
Furman, L. (A)
Fitch, A. A. (A)
Fries, C. A. (A)
Fair, R. (A)
Fedar, A. (A)
Frieman, H. A. (A)
Foster, G. (N)
Fox, H. W. (A)
Frykman, C. M. (A)
Fitzgerald, L. (N)
Futterer, E. C. (N)
Goodrige, V. C. (A)
Gentry, J. E. (A)
Gapen, H. T. (N)
Gourlev, G. B. (A)
Grow, G. M. (A)
Gristnaki, J. (A)
Grejczik, E. A. (A)
Griot, A. (A)
Ganser, L. A. (A)
Galarau, J. (A)
Gortemoller, H. W. (A)
Godfrey, H. C.
Godemath, E. J. (A)
Glasel, E. (A)
Gredah, C. T. (N)
Goodson, R. (N)
Grendall, C. T. (A)
Gilbert, H. C. (A)
Glonh, C. R. (A)
Goff, F. E. (A)
Grundtin, G. B. (A)
Gourley, G. B. (A)
Gadski, R. (RC)
Goodwin, J. E. (A)
Gust, G. A. (A)

Hart, F. B. (A)
Hopkins, V. J. (N)
Hilton, H. S. (A)
Hall, J. G. (A)
Hahn, J. (A)
Horn, E. J. (N)
Harder, J. (A)
Horn, J. J. (A)
Henlin, A. (A)
Harderley, F. H. (N)
Hajak, C. J. (A)
Harnach, L. W. (N)
Howe, J. L. (A)
Healy, C. S. (A)
Harper, J. (A)
Houdak, L. (A)
Hoppe, A. (A)
Hess, A. H. (A)
Hyde, F. L. (A)
Hohe, H. J. (A)
Holpuch, O. (A)
Hurst, B. A. (A)
Hardy, D. M. (A)
Hadley, J. (A)
Halbedel, R. N. (A)
Helgesen, O. (A)
Hansen, A. O. (A)
Harkin, G. F. (A)
Hass, J. J. (N)
Hebner, E. (A)
Heit, J. L. (A)
Hurnecki, F. A. (A)
Hruska, L. M. (A)
Hruda, F. (A)
Heymann, H. R. (A)
Herzig, E. (A)
Henderson, H. F. (N)
Haicht, A. B. (A)
Hushands, A. F. (A)
Hand, C. R. (A)
Hausner, G. B. (A)
Harwich, J. M. (A)
Harte, M. (A)
Hverdall, E. (A)
Hall, H. (A)
Hemphill, J. W. (A)
Hendricks, F. (A)
Hansen, H. (A)
Hamburg, G. B. (A)
Hages, J. W. (A)
Iverson, O. (A)
Imbiorski, W. J. (A)
Jalovec, A. (A)
Jindrick, J. S. (A)
Jezek, E. (A)
Johnson, S. E. (N)
Johnston, E. M. (A)
Julien, A. G. (A)
Jacobson, E. A. (A)
Josefowicz, F. A. (N)
Johnson, C. G. (A)
Juhnke, W. H. (A)
Jopek, E. (A)
Jacobs, A. C. (A)
Jensen, W. H. (A)
Johnson, L. (A)
Johnson, S. R. (N)
Jager, A. O. (A)
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Jaax, J. E.
Jakevich, J. V. (A)
Johnso, C. N. (A)
Johnson, R. (N)
Jedlicka, J. (A)
Jewell, J. F. (A)
Jelincik, R. E. (A)
Jankinski, T. P. (N)
Kozlowski, C. (A)
Kowalski, S. (A)
Kollnecron, W. R.
Knieht, E. W. (A)
Knoisk, H. (A)
Kosek, L. (A)
Kotchever, S. (N)
Krajewski, F. (A)
Krakora, J. (N)
Kohnstrom, A. C. (A)
Kratochvil, A. (N)
Kuratko, J. J. (A)
Klajda, J. (A)
Kretch, A. (N)
Kaliszewski, P. (A)
Kusasa, J. (A)
Kobliak, F. A. (A)
Kane, J. (A)
Kratochvil, J. (N)
Kotrabe, F. (A)
Katel, E. (A)
Klitze, M. C. (A)
Kramer, A. C. (N)
Krusa, C. W. (A)
Kadison, A. (N)
Klein, P. J. (N)
Kane, W. T. (A)
Klein, W. B. (N)
Koblussek, J. F. (A)
Kane, J. (A)
Keating, W. (A)
Krieg, W. E. (A)
Kowalski, O.
Koptik, B. (A)
Kilmer, F. (A)
Krajewski, F. J. (A)
Kolkus, L. H. (A)
Kasperski, A. (A)
Korge, F. (A)

Klonda, C. J. (A)
Kramkowski, R. (A)
Knablen, A. (A)
Kennedy, J. P. (A)
Lurie, S. J. (A)
Losos, J. (N)
Lau, L. (A)
Langosch, W. (A)
Larson, E. (A)
Lee, J. (A)
Lunpp, E. W. (A)
Litka, M. (A)
Larson, R. (A)
Leach, O. E.
Link, A. (A)
Lifka, L. (A)
Lambe, H. W. (N)
Lange, W. F. (A)
Lapariars, W. (A)
Lehmann, W. (A)
Lukes, C. (A)
Lucker, H. E. (N)
Lemkan, A. (A)
Lange, A. (A)
Lewis, E. (N)
Lake, R. S. (A)
Laesser, E. C. (A)
Lutterloch, J. E. (A)
Litka, H. (A)
Lewis, H. C.
Lynd, R. P. (Canadian A)
Iesczynski, S. (A)
Lennon, H. D. (A)
Logan, M. L. (A)
Leutich, F. (A)
Laughlin, L. (A)
Mattson, H. M. (N)
Moore, J. R. (A)
McNamara, D. J. (A)
Mrzcek, J. W. (A)
Melsheimer, R. (A)
Moutor, W. (A)
Mrozinski, E. J. (A)
Murnane, J. (A)
Meyer, G. F. (N)
Miller, L. C. (N)
Miller, W. W. (A)
McCarthy, G. M. (A)
McLoughlin, E. J. (A)
McMahon, L. F. (A)
Mattson, C. M. (N)
Mildrow, H. J. (A)
Monaco, A. (A)
Manz, J. R. (A)
McCain, J. F. (A)
McGinnis, J. P. (A)
Mix, G. W. (A)
Meincke, E. A. (N)
Milton, W. (A)
Meyer, A. A. (A)
Malattis, V. A. (A)
Menski, A. H. (A)
Mueller, C. (A)
Mack, F. (A)
Majzl, J. (A)
McCarthy, A. (A)
McAvaney, F. O. (A)
Melby, F. E. (N)
McLean, J. (A)
McRoy, T. B. (A)
Maranek, J. (A)
Marek, E. F. (A)
Matz, A. (N)
Monday, A. E. (A)
Murphy, O. P. (A)
Minnio, J. R. (A)
Mvers, E. L. (A)
Miller, L. (A)
Magnuson, E. L. (A)
Melin, A. F. S. (A)
Marks, W. F. (A)
McCarron, G. S. (A)
May, Lester (A)
Mason, E. T. (A)
McSweeney, D. (N)
Mrax, C. (A)
Massey, W. C. (A)
McDonald, G. (A)
Murray, C. F. (A)
Mach, G. R. (A)
Moss, R. R. (A)
Mosa, J. F. (A)
Mueller, L. J. (A)
Miller, R. H. (A)
Majze, J. (A)
Moreland, H. B. (A)
Muller, V. J. (A)
Mynchenberg, G. (A)
Nikodem, L. (A)
Naucler, E. A. (A)
Noelle, C. T. (A)
Norwak, L. E. (A)
Nolan, E. N. (A)
Nouke, P. (A)
Neubert, A. J. (A)
Neilson, C. A. (A)
Norton, E. (A)
Nagel, E. E. (A)
Nottke, W. A. (N)
Norton, L. M. (A)
Ozda, J. B. (A)
O'Brien, J. E. (A)
Olekay, W. (A)
Olzowski, (N)
O'Keefe, D. J. (A)

Paulis, J. (A)
Pletka, C. (A)
Porter, P. H. (A)
Poliwoda, L. F. (N)
Piecarsky, J. G. (A)
Pierce, C. P. (N)
Pasic, W. A. (A)
Perkin, P. B. (A)
Pearson, H. W. (A)
Paulash, J. (A)
Paulinec, P. R. (A)
Polrock, W. F. (N)
Peterson, C. E. (A)
Pearson, E. (A)
Prate, J. (A)
Pazdernik, J. (A)
Patience, S. K. (N)
Prochaska, J. (A)
Pocns, J. F. (N)
Paaskiewiez, F. J. (A)
Pierce, H. G. (A)
Petkus, B. R. (N)
Prokop, G. (A)
Powell, J. B. (A)
Petraselka, J. (A)
Quitmeyer, H. L. (A)
Richardson, T. (A)
Ragan, D. F. (A)
Recker, M. A. (A)
Richardson, E. (A)
Raus, F. (A)
Rude, W. L. (A)
Ryan, J. J. (N)
Rutherford, D. (A)
Ritter, F. (A)
Rotchford, M. (A)
Rostkowski, F. J. (A)
Rudolph, E. (A)
Ringquist, E. O. (A)
Roy, George (A)
Relsner, H. (A)
Rosenke, J. A. (A)
Rakowski, T. F. (N)
Randa, V. J. (A)
Roerig, W. L. (N)
Rowan, C. W. (A)
Rutber, K. A. (A)
Raetzke, H. A. (A)
Roberts, W. J. (A)
Roessler, T. J. (A)
Righeimer, M. J. (A)
Rodka, A. (N)
Rak, O. (A)
Rourk, L. A. (A)
Reid, W. L. (A)
Ruck, H. F. (A)
Rice, A. C. (N)
Riley, J. P. (A)
Raleigh, G. A. (A)
Ribal, W. J. (A)
Richer, E. (A)
Reynolds, R. A. (A)
Spurling, E. N. (N)
Slagle, F. S. (A)
Smith, L. M. (A)
Schoenrock, G. A. (A)
Schlirer, E. A.
Spencer, R. L. (A)
Smith, H. L. (N)
Smat, J. (A)
Schuster, S. A.
Smith, R. L. (N)
Smith, V. L. (A)
Scheck, A. A. (A)
Swigloski, J. A.
Smith, J. F. (A)
Sobizak, J. A. (A)
Slagle, F. S. (A)
Speirs, T. (A)
Shedden, C. A. (A)
Shalson, C. A. (A)
Stare, M. (A)
Stowell, C. P. (A)
Swanson, J. H. (A)
Schlentz, H. (A)
Schofield, F. A. (N)
Stock, C. W. (A)
Spencer, R. (A)
Seuba, J. (A)
Shanks, J. (A)
Strutz, E. A. (A)
Saunders, E. D. (CA)
Sink, L. D. (A)
Stack, B. (A)
Swanson, E. (A)
Stranzala, C. (A)
Sperko, B. B. (A)
Skalla, E. A. (A)
Steinke, O. P. (A)
Schmidt, W. J. (A)
Sands, W. O. (A)
Safar, R. (A)
Schlipf, H. (A)
Scott, C. V. (A)
Solhem, A. (A)
Schellhorn, E. (N)
Stegatis, J. A.
Soboda, J. J. (A)
Solhem, E. (N)
Shea, J. S. (N)
Simandl, E. (A)
Sipek, J. (A)
Sounemann, F. (A)
Schults, C. H. (A)
Steller, E. F.
Sorensen, J. P.

Stuhlfouth, G.
Smith, P. C. (A)
Shack, B. (A)
Story, R. K. (A)
Thompson, E. A. (A)
Thompson, A. M. (N)
Tischart, A. (A)
Trim, H. (A)
Tuma, O. J. (N)
Tedwell, P. E. (A)
Tollisen, E. S. (A)
Tvent, T. E. (A)
Teander, H. A. (A)
Thunberg, O. E. (N)
Teunones, C. J. (A)
Tresch, H. C. (A)
Trieb, E. C. (A)
Thielen, A. P. (A)
Utley, C. L. (N)
Vemard, W. (A)
Valance, J. (A)
Vana, J. R. (A)
Valentine, W. D. (A)
Volanek, R. (A)
Vern, A. (A)
Vivacqua, F. (N)
Wranch, E. (A)
Weber, L. S. (A)
Walt, A. E. (N)
Weging, J. F. (A)
Welsh, E. (N)
Workman, J. (A)
Weswald, M. (A)
Woeifal, H. L.
Wilke, C. H. (NA)
Wos, F. (A)
Wah, S. A. (A)
Wettn, A. F. (A)
Walsh, J. L. (A)
Webb, J. T. (N)
Wilkins, S. C. (N)
Wing, C. R. (A)
Williams, J. H. (N)
Widansa, E. (A)
Wleczorek, F. J. (N)
Wisinski, B. F. (A)
Walker, E. R. (A)
Wirth, J. (A)
Wistafka, J. T. (A)
Woldfin, W. A. (A)
Warner, O. (A)
Yochelson, C. J. (A)
Yakley, O. S. (A)
Zarek, E. E. (A)
Zelent, G. J. (N)
Ziek, U. G. (A)
Zettlemayer, H. (A)
Zasadil, G. F. (A)
Zilinski, J. (A)
Zieruba, F. B. (A)
Zachary, S. V. (A)

Plant Branch

Althouse, R. Y. (A)
Arnold, R. V. (A)
Arive, E. W. (N)
Ashworth, H. (A)
Allen, T. (N)
Albus, Ed. (N)
Anderson, O. H. (N)
Arhens, H. (A)
Anderson, H. W. (A)
Antomek, P. (A)
Berg, J. E. (A)
Broderick, D. J. (A)
Baldginger, E. G. (N)
Biernacki, J. (A)
Bednarek, J. J. (A)
Bordvik, M. A.
Bricho, L. W. (A)
Brinks, J. (A)
Baier, A. L. (A)
Broken, C. H. (A)
Blain, O. J. (A)
Balis, C. (A)
Blitach, I. H. (A)
Barth, F. (A)
Bartlett, D. (A)
Boss, H. T. (A)
Beerbaum, A. J. (N)
Berschbach, C. F. (N)
Briggs, Wm. (A)
Bergdahl, A. E. (A)
Best, P. T. (N)
Bechtold, H. F. (A)
Bryant, T. (A)
Carlson, A. (A)
Carlin, S. (A)
Chatterton, M. (N)
Christiansen, S. (A)
Cole, R. R. (A)
Claridge, T.
Coit, C. J. (A)
Cook, C. A. (A)
Capalbo, M. (A)
Cada, F. J. (A)
Cline, J. (A)
Cisek, F. (A)
Carty, J. C. (N)
Cassidy, L. (A)
Clauon, R. A. (N)
Cook, W. J. (A)
Christrand, J. W. (A)
Currie, R. H. (N)
Cook, W. J. (A)
Dolan, E. J. (A)

Driscoll, D. J. (A)
Dunn, J. (A)
Doyle, B. J. (N)
Doust, S. (A)
Daneis, T. (A)
Drews, A. S. (A)
Dilametti, H. R. (N)
Driscoll, T. E. (A)
Dillery, Wm. R. (A)
De Laurier, N. (A)
Doibinski, J. (A)
Di Vito, M. (A)
Daggett, G. L. (A)
Evenhouse, H. (A)
Emrick, C. (A)
Edwards, L. C. (A)
Epstein, H. (A)
Ehrenberger, C. (A)
Eito, D. (A)
Funk, F. (A)
Flanagan, W. H. (N)
Farmer, B. (A)
Felt, A. B. (A)
Grieg, A. (A)
Griffin, L. (A)
Griffenack, P. (N)
Gnat, F. J. (N)
Gillroy, F. J. (A)
Grotz, F. (A)
Gribofski, A. (A)
Santini, A. (A)
Giovanni, R. J. (A)
Smith, T. A. (A)
Henderson, E. G. (A)
Howard, L. J. (A)
Hume, G. T. (A)
Halladay, E. (A)
Hoffman, F. W. (A)
Halling, R. E. (A)
Hadasek, F. O. (A)
Hoffman, M. (N)
Radiovsky, A. (A)
Hows, F. (A)
Hagerman, N. J. (A)
Hoffman, F. J. (A)
Haban, J. F. (A)
Hansen, G. C. (A)
Ilardo, F. (A)
Jager, J. (A)
Johnson, W. H. (A)
Jacobsen, T. (A)
Janer, W. (A)
Johnson, H. D.
Johnson, R. (N)
Jungles, W. A. (A)
Johl, J. (N)
Jackson, H. S. (A)
Jorgensen, A. S. (A)
Krydinski, B. (A)
Killackey, J. J. (N)
Kasper, J. (A)
Kasmasuski, P. (A)
Kulline, A. J. (A)
Kirchner, E. J. (A)
Kochbeck, R. (A)
Knuth, A. J. (A)
Kuston, A. (A)
Kruszynski, J. S. (N)
Kiefer, M. J. (A)
Kral, J. (N)
Kripner, F. (A)
Larsen, J. (A)
Lehman, R. (A)
Lhewelln, W. (A)
Lesak, J. (A)
Lind, J. (A)
Lloyd, E. B.
Lopahs, J. (A)
Lucinski, P. (A)
Lyons, J. (A)
La Fontaine, E. L. (A)
Larson, A.
La Boy, A. (A)
Mayer, E. (A)
Masacek, J. (A)
McDonald, H. W. (A)
Mondicks, B. A. (N)
Moran, W. J. (A)
Mottai, A. (A)
Murphy, F. (A)
Meyer, A. C. (A)
Marotzke, J. C. (N)
Madon, A. E. (N)
Meyer, E. F. (A)
McDougal, C. (A)
MacLaren, A. R. (A)
Marek, J. (A)
McGrath, W. J. (N)
McDonald, T. J. (A)
Manthey, J. E. (N)
Mueller, I. C. (N)
Meade, T. J. (A)
Martin, E. P. (A)
McMahon, L. D. (N)
McGrath, Wm. (N)
Math, E. R. (A)
Nitz, A. (A)
Nilio, A. (A)
Nork, C. (A)
Nelson, H. (A)
Naprstek, F. J. (A)
Oubram, J. (A)
Ondracek, J. K. (A)
O'Malley, V. (A)
Pritchard, A. D. (N)
Prescott, W. (A)
Prekholz, E. (A)
Prusa, E. C. (A)
Platt, R. C. (A)

Installation Branch

Alwell, W. (A)
Ash, N. C. (A)
Ayers, C. V. (A)
Ackerman, W. A. (A)
Applegate, G. (A)
Arms, E. R. (A)
Berry, A. E. (A)
Boehm, A. P. (A)
Bemis, H. P. (A)
Bates, R. W. (A)
Becker, H. J. (A)
Braidan, H. (A)
Butler, J. J. (A)
Brush, J. I. (N)
Brent, J. W. (A)
Brand, D. (A)
Beck, R. H. (A)
Bradfield, E. C. (A)
Bretz, F. (A)
Brooks, M. C. (A)
Bills, E. J. (A)
Ballentine, R. A. (A)
Bishop, R. R. (A)
Burlew, C. (A)
Barley, F. L. (A)
Beaton, F. T. (A)
Bels, L. (A)
Bookheimer, R. (N)
Baker, H. (A)
Boulter, G. T. (A)
Beisel, R. W. (N)
Bentley, E. N. (A)
Barr, W. S. (N)
Bybee, W. A. (A)
Brunner, L. V. (N)
Burmaster, L. (A)
Burghart, W. J. (N)
Bostie, C. H. (A)
Branson, R. O. (N)
Barnette, R. E. (A)
Bloeser, G. W. (A)
Brownstein, L. (A)
Baxter, R. (A)
Billings, A. W. (A)
Beitz, F. L. (A)
Benton, L. (N)
Bundy, H. (A)
Butler, H. (A)
Raiz, F. (A)
Boss, F. (A)
Boutwell, J. A. (N)
Berkhofer, G. H. (N)
Beck, A. H. (A)
Beagle, R. (A)
Blair, J. T. (N)
Biegalski, J. S. (N)
Beckberger, M. (N)

Pottie, L. B. (A)
Propop, J. (A)
Rowe, F. (A)
Robbins, J. F. (N)
Randle, R. E. B. (A)
Rose, E. E. (A)
Rybel, F. J. (N)
Recewald, E. (N)
Rogelsky, F. (A)
Roglin, B. F. (A)
Reading, C. W. (A)
Riva, L. F. (N)
Rojewski, B. (A)
Raczynski, C. A. (A)
Rejdukowski, E. (A)
Smith, F. J. (A)
Sirois, C. (N)
Sproviero, P. (A)
Spedle, A. (A)
Skilli, A. (A)
Shickula, M. (A)
Swiers, P. C. (A)
Swanson, F. E. (N)
Smith, D. M. (A)
Stastny, J. J. (A)
Scharinghausen, E. E. (A)
Stegemann, W. A. (A)
Sirnbaum, C. F. (A)
Santini, A. (A)
Steinmeyer, A. J. (A)
Smith, F. R. (A)
Sramelis, F. (N)
Tsakorris, C. (A)
Teickmiller, W. E. (A)
Talleri, S. (A)
Thario, H. B. (A)
Trojan, R. E. (A)
Tofal, I. L. (A)
Turek, J. (A)
Teboreck, C. (A)
Trotter, D. M. (A)
Ueland, T. M. (A)
Van Norman, O. (A)
Vancura, A. (A)
Vopelak, F. J. (A)
Voels, W. H. (A)
Wokas, J. (A)
Wilson, H. E. (A)
Williams, C. J. (A)
Witt, A. (N)
Winkopore, C. (N)
Wasah, J. A. (A)
Yanza, F. J. (A)
Zaradka, J. (N)
Zook, R. M. (A)
Zander, R. G. (N)
Zarobsky, E. (A)

Behrens, H. C. (A)
Burch, E. T. (N)
Bradley, W. W. (A)
Black, G. I. (A)
Castellucci, J. (A)
Cullom, T. A. (A)
Cargill, D. A. (A)
Christian, S. (A)
Christian, V. (A)
Clifford, W. P. (A)
Coyle, J. H. (A)
Crane, E. J. (N)
Carrigan, F. R. (M)
Cook, P. E. (A)
Crist, C. E. (A)
Carvin, R. T. (A)
Cassidy, J. L. (A)
Colwill, C. H.
Coombs, J. C. (A)
Cristman, F. W. (A)
Carr, R. E. (N)
Cole, E. R. (A)
Carothers, E. S. (A)
Childress, J. P. (A)
Chappell, F. (A)
Carson, E. (A)
Coffey, J. V. (A)
Carr, B. F. (A)
Collins, R. (A)
Colvin, E. A. (A)
Carroll, W. H. (A)
Campbell, C. R. (M)
Carlson, F. (N)
Curry, B. E. (N)
Duckett, J. F. (N)
Dashiell, H. G.
Dunn, E. (A)
d'Alfonso, P. E. (A)
Darker, G. E. (A)
De Bruim, H. M. (N)
Deegan, J. (N)
Drucker, S. J. (A)
De Witt, R. (A)
Dey, H. O. (N)
Dockroll, H. B. (N)
De Borea, F. E. (A)
De Witt, F. E. (A)
Dill, F. W. (A)
Don Hennessey, E. (A)
Doyle, H. K. (A)
Doffort, J. H. (A)
Durham, R. (A)
Dinkelkamp, E. (A)
Deering, W. L. (N)
Drewes, A. B. (A)
Durham, H. C. (A)
Davies, E. R. (A)
Donald, W. H. (A)
Daley, C. J. (A)
Darinody, A. P. (A)
English, H. W. (A)
Erickson, C. M. (A)
Ethridge, J. P. (A)
Erlange, J. B. (A)
English, S. L. (A)
Ehbkas, N. (A)
Ehbach, L. (A)
Erickson, N. (A)
Erickson, G. S. (A)
Eisner, H. P. (A)
Elves, C. (N)
Erson, J. M. (A)
Eachbach, L. F. (A)
Earley, E. M. (A)
Everett, L. E. (N)
Evas, W. B. (A)
Elliot, F. C. (A)
Fruin, W. F. (N)
Flocken, W. (A)
Faber, C. (A)
Finley, C. J. (A)
Foley, D. (A)
Frame, H. W. (A)
Forbriger, R. J. (A)
Fricke, G. A. (A)
Fay, D. J. (A)
Fooks, C. M. (A)
Farmer, W. P. (A)
Fitzpatrick, E. R. (N)
Fulner, F. L. (N)
Freeman, O. S. (N)
Fahy, J. F. (A)
Frazier, H. P. (A)
Friedwald, H. (A)
Gaffney, A. M. (A)
Glean, R. A. (A)
Greenhawk, R. E. (A)
Gould, J. J. (A)
Gerbs, A. (A)
Greiner, L. A. (A)
Gardner, H. (A)
Gulanorowski, J. (A)
Griffiths, A. C. (A)
Gemerek, F. E. (A)
Geo, F. (A)
Gallagher, C. O. (A)
Gaines, H. L. (A)
Geshner, J. L. (A)
Goewart, A. F. (N)
Gilbert, H. S. (A)
Gritner, F. A. (A)
Gilbert, R. J. (A)
George, W. A. (A)
Gruber, R. C. (A)
Groscup, H. F. (N)
Geffen, I. (A)
Hahlen, R. N. (N)

Hughes, J. F. (N)
Harley, C. (A)
Hattie, G. D. (N)
Hughes, A. F. (A)
Humphrey, W. F. (A)
Hummel, L. H. (A)
Harvey, G. M. (A)
Hoffman, W. A. (A)
Hart, T. (A)
Husen, W. F. (A)
Hicks, T. (A)
Hubbell, T. R. (A)
Holloway, E. F. (A)
Howard, J. H. (N)
Haley, K. R. (A)
Haney, J. E. (A)
Hagen, W. R. (A)
Henze, F. W. (A)
Housch, G. P. (A)
Hunting, H. C.
Helker, G. L. (N)
Hammergren, B. J. (A)
Hackman, C. O. (A)
Huniker, I. (N)
Houger, A. E. (A)
Hiliger, N. G. (A)
Henderson, J. L. (N)
Harvey, H. A. (A)
Haycraft, P. E. (A)
Hiatt, L. E. (A)
Heeschen, H. R. (A)
Huss, H. F. (A)
Irvine, A. (N)
Jacobs, L. (A)
Jenkins, J. A. (A)
Janz, G. A. (A)
Jones, R. S.
Johnston, G. R. (A)
Jarvis, W. M. (A)
Kitson, A. H. (A)
Kuchler, F. (A)
Koyce, J. (A)
Kuhre, A. W. (N)
King, H. J. (A)
Keatley, E. A. (A)
Keubler, G. (A)
Kennedy, J. D. (A)
Kite, G. A. (A)
Kelly, C. L. (A)
Kampwirth, N. J. (N)
Kavanaugh, F. F. (A)
Kelly, W. (A)
Kelly, W. L. (A)
Knapp, A. (A)
Klostermeyer, F. (N)
Klamt, J. T. (A)
Kendall, R. O. (A)
Kretschmer, O. R. (A)
Kriever, A. E. (A)
Kennard, G. A. (A)
Koch, J. L. (A)
Kruger, H. A.
Kure, H. (N)
Lawrence, W. (A)
Lupton, E. C. (A)
Leahy, J. (A)
Lins, H. F. (N)
Lambert, E. B. (A)
Lichten, M. (A)
Leedlam, G. (A)
Lockette, B. E. (A)
Lee, W. B. (A)
Lapins, A. (A)
Lemmel, R. H. (N)
Lonon, D. N. (A)
Lingo, C. A. (A)
Lemke, H. (A)
Lamb, H. A. (A)
Lorenz, C. (A)
Lendy, A. (A)
Ludtke, J. (A)
Lospos, P. J. (A)
Lieser, F. (A)
Lobsinger, P. (A)
Lynch, B. A. (A)
Leathem, S. J. (A)
Loehde, G. E. (A)
Marks, W. L. (A)
McCarthy, W. F. (A)
McCormick, T. (A)
McElrath, L. F. (A)
McNamee, G. H. (A)
McVeigh, J. E. (N)
Merceron, C. A. (A)
Maquire, W. J. (A)
Morgan, E. T. (A)
Montgomery, E. J. (N)
Moore, C. L. (A)
McLarney, J. A. (A)
McLougten, J. C. (M)
McKillop, J. M. (A)
McKillop, G. (A)
Miller, W. C. (A)
Meyer, F. R. (A)
Maxwell, W. (A)
Magee, W. F. (A)
McColgan, J. F. (A)
Meyer, G. L. (A)
Maxwell, W. (A)
McGinnis, J. (A)
McGee, G. S. (A)
Michelson, J. J. (A)
Mittelhaltz, M. (A)
Maxwell, R. F. (A)
McKendry, H. L. (A)
Matte, J. A. (A)
Miller, J. O. (A)

Miller, W. W. (A)
McDonald, F. J. (A)
Metzger, J. A. (N)
Mann, R. J. (A)
Mathewson, A. S. (N)
McGark, F. R. (A)
Moon, J. E. (A)
Mackey, E. (A)
Moorman, H. J. (A)
Marr, W. E. (A)
Minor, M. P. (A)
Mulligan, J. L. (A)
Morrison, W. C. (A)
Nelson, L. J. (N)
Nielsen, A. B. (A)
Nagengast, A. (A)
Nol, J. M. (A)
Newman, H. A. (A)
Nash, R. D. (A)
Nettle, W. H. (A)
Nelson, N. (A)
Nilest, M. J. (A)
Nelson, J. R. (A)
Nixon, W. L. (A)
Necly, G. E. (A)
O'Brien, F. E. (A)
Odom, W. E. (A)
Ohlhorst, H. E. (A)
O'Brien, J. K. (A)
Osborn, W. (A)
Oas, H. O.
Perry, F. O. (A)
Pules, L. (A)
Powell, W. M. (A)
Piggott, F. G. (A)
Preis, L. M. (A)
Petrucci, A. H. (A)
Porto, N. B. (A)
Pownall, L. B. (M)
Potter, H. N. (A)
Pickett, W. W. (A)
Provence, T. A. (N)
Price, C. D. (A)
Pittow, W. W. (A)
Puffer, R. K. (A)
Pfister, A. F. (A)
Renick, B. A. (A)
Ryon, J. A. (N)
Rasch, J. (A)
Rice, F. R. (A)
Richards, R. L. (M)
Ritter, H. J. (A)
Rigby, A. E. (A)
Rouse, W. T. (N)
Richardson, R. L. (A)
Roberts, W. G. (A)
Rogers, E. C. (N)
Ragsdale, M. (A)
Reits, F. L. (A)
Robitz, J. (A)
Ruthven, R. (A)
Ruhl, W. (A)
Robson, C. E. (A)
Roberts, H. G. (A)
Rogers, W. R. (A)
Sorrow, L. (A)
Snyder, M. (A)
Staake, W. F. (A)
Steelman, W. S. (A)
Steelman, W. S. (A)
St. George, L. E. (N)
Stormer, G. (A)
Stoutenburgh, A. (N)
Strahler, L. A. (N)
Sturgeon, W. H. (A)
Sullivan, C. J. (A)
Sellemann, W. O. (A)
Scanlon, A. L. (A)
Smith, J. L. (A)
Seiden, M. F. (A)
Stroheckes, E. A. (A)
Sargent, R. W. (N)
Schonleider, D. J. (A)
Schuldnrecht, F. A. (A)
Suple, C. L. (N)
Spoerl, W. P. (A)
Smith, G. (A)
Stevens, W. E. (A)
Scull, E. (A)
Schram, L. (A)
Smith, E. B. (A)
Strawn, J. F. (A)
Sweeney, A. F. (A)
Strand, H. J. (A)
Sesley, L. D. (N)
Sekol, T. (N)
Stcliffe, C. T. (A)
Spargo, W. J. (A)
Spence, C. T. (A)
Stallcup, J. P. (A)
Stackhouse, J. M. (A)
Smart, W. H. (A)
Schmidt, O. P. (A)
Symon, F. M. (N)
Saunders, J. L. (A)
Schindewilf, H. F. (N)
Sweeney, J. P. (A)
Sayles, T. C. (A)
Shugart, R. B. (A)
Shoehan, J. L. (A)
Stads, H. J. (N)
Sumner, C. M. (N)
Slee, L. E. (A)
Schway, R. S. (A)
Schuly, A. (A)
Schroeder, R. P. (A)
Sloan, E. A. (A)
Strait, P. M. (A)

Skiff, P. M. (N)
St. Onga, P. (A)
Stochmidt, G. (A)
Stockman, A. J. (A)
Shaw, C. O. L. (N)
Schultz, M. H. (A)
Sachtler, M. H. (A)
Thomason, C. B. (A)
Trepton, H. H. (A)
Tyner, D. A. (N)
Tyson, W. E. (A)
Turner, G. T. (A)
Ubler, A. G. (A)
Urban, W. (A)
Van Horn, K. (A)
Vessey, B. C. (A)
Vliet, W. (N)
Van De Water, C.
Van Olden, C. H. (A)
Vaughn, C. B. (N)
Watson, J. D. (N)
Wellington, C. W. (N)
Wilson, C. L. (M)
Wiedity, W. B. (N)
Walters, F. R. (A)
Welsman, R. E. (A)
Wright, F. T. (N)
Wayman, A. D. (N)
Wagner, C. P. (A)
Wendt, F. C. (A)
Wright, R. Z. (N)
White, O. R. (A)
Wallin, F. H. (A)
Westburg, H. J. (A)
Whittaker, A. C. (A)
West, F. E. (N)
Wedekind, L. W. (A)
Wheeler, K. V. (A)
Westersfeld, H. M. (A)
Whitney, H. W. (A)
Wyakoff, E. T. (A)
Werner, A. C. (A)
Wigginton, T. J. (A)
Xenopulo, J. (A)
Young, D. A. (N)
Young, J. V. (A)
Zenner, W. T. (N)
Zonlick, J. J. (A)

Clerical Branch

Arp, L. B. (A)
Appelman, E. (A)
Allyn, A. N. (A)
Anderson, A. E. (N)
Allen, C. S. (A)
Aldworth, J. P. (A)
Adams, W. D.
Bartissal, A. (A)
Brandt, S. B. (A)
Brann, A. (A)
Buchanan, W. H. (A)
Breda, W. J. (A)
Beegars, A. F. (A)
Berry, J. H. (A)
Buse, H. H. (A)
Burian, F. (A)
Berger, D. (A)
Brandt, W. (A)
Ciehy, G. I. (A)
Cornall, H. (A)
Cork, N. O. (A)
Carnegy, H. L. (N)
Carliato, F. (A)
Carroll, J. A. (N)
Cihlar, J. (N)
Carney, F. (M)
Carbutt, (N)
Chandler, G. L. (A)
Callahan, W. J. (N)
Capek, O. (A)
Gling, W. J. (A)
Cartwright, H. B. (A)
Carpouch, F. J. (A)
Drew, E. V. (R. O.)
De Koster, G. (A)
Deardorff, J. H. (N)
Donaraki, J. V. (A)
Demski, V. A. (A)
Doyer, C. H. (A)
Davies, J. N. (A)
Darling, P. H. (N)
Dowgiale, V. A. (N)
Dougherty, D. (A)
Dollies, F. W. (A)
Dumphy, G. J. (A)
Devine, J. F. (A)
Drake, W. E. (A)
De Vos, (A)
Dempucy, T. F. (A)
Donahue, R. T. (A)
Dykhuis, F. N. (A)
Donst, G. F. (A)
Elman, J. (A)
Enson, S. M. (A)
Ebson, S. M. (A)
Echor, E. A. (A)
Eiks, H. A. (A)
Ek, (A)
Eladky, L. F. (A)
Ferretti, J. (A)
Ferround, W. E. (N)
Ferkrats, L. (A)
Fischer, E. F. (A)
Greene, C. (A)
Gourley, S. W. (A)
Goethe, W. A. (A)
Glenn, W. F. (N)
Grandquist, H. (A)

Gromer, H. C. (A)
Gardenes, L. P. (A)
Hadsra, J. J. (A)
Howe, W. W. (A)
Hayes, T. F. (A)
Horrissey, E. J. (N)
Hansden, C. G. (A)
Healy, J. (A)
Hemple, A. H. (A)
Hains, J. (A)
Hanson, H. (N)
Hausman, A. (A)
Hennessey, W. H. (A)
Hansen, A. (A)
Hansshade, D. M. (A)
Hoover, A. D. (A)
Hatfield, R. F. (A)
Hanson, R. (A)
Herbert, H. D. (A)
Hadd, G. F. (A)
Hubbard, H. J. (A)
Hess, N. E. (A)
Hanat, A. P. (A)
Henry, H. (A)
Harms, A. (A)
Hill, C. N. (A)
Hagan, E. C.
Hartsemm (A)
Iverson, A. (N)
Iverson, E. (A)
Iverson, E. (A)
Jory, P. (M)
Jacklin, P. H. (A)
Jost, H. J. (A)
Jacobs, E. E. (A)
Jonas, T. (A)
Johnson, E. H. (A)
Jensen, V. (N)
Jensen, A. F. (N)
Jones, J. W. (A)
Jackwite, J. A. (M)
Jenderak, G. J. (A)
Justi, E. (N)
Kurtz, E. M. (A)
Kandl, J. F. (A)
Kullaf, F. (A)
Keckelson, J. A. (A)
Kraft, N. (A)
Kubielski, F. (A)
Kolar, H. J. (A)
Kane, F. J. (N)
Kerrigan, H. J. (A)
Kissano, A. (A)
Keller, B. (A)
Kurek, W. (A)
Kennedy, J. A. (A)
Kull, F. (A)
Kaylor, G. H. (A)
Karnshaw, H. W. (A)
Liber, J. (A)
Lindson, C. (A)
Lindell, O. (A)
Lodding, W. (A)
Lorden, J. (A)
Lemansowski, L. (N)
Lennstrom, A. (A)
Lensch, F. (A)
Latus, J. (A)
Lodding, W. W. (A)
Milkekin, G. W. (A)
Mueller, G. E. (A)
Magrady, J. J. (A)
Markuson, H. C. (A)
Martens, H. H. (A)
Martin, E. W. (A)
Maddru, H. J. (A)
Maddra, H. A. (A)
McLeod, E. E. (A)
McCarthy (N)
Moran, E. S. (N)
Murphy, R. O. (A)
Maguire, H. W. (A)
McCormick, H. B. (N)
Murphy, T. F. (A)
Mastey, A. (A)
Monteth, C. A. (A)
McCarthy, C. B. (A)
Mandricks, W. (A)
McCutchan, L. C. (A)
Martin, F. P. (A)
Maser, H. E.
Matejorsky, J. C. (A)
McCraskon, E. C. (A)
Malone, J. (A)
Mayer, P. (N)
Madigan, E. F. (A)
Matjorsky, J. (A)
Mourek, A. (A)
McDaniel, R. L. (A)
Nikes, W. (A)
Nowak, T. A. (A)
Negrick, P. (A)
Newberg, L. (A)
Nutrowski, C. (A)
Nosek, H. E. (N)
Nuebner, E. C. (A)
Norman, E. B. (N)
Naramore, E. F. (N)
Nudson, T. R. (A)
Norgang, G. N. (A)
Novotny, J. F. (N)
Nelson, A. H. (A)
Olson, E. E. (A)
Olsen, H. (N)
O'Day, D. J. (A)
O'Toole, T. (A)
Phepss, T. W. (A)
Paulson, B. (A)
Panosh, L. C. (A)
Pawson, J. T. (A)

Peynerton, W. G. (A)
Peterson, L. S. (N)
Peterson, E. H. (A)
Pratt, D. S. (A)
Quinlich, A. M. (A)
Reese, W. W. (A)
Reynertson, W. C. (A)
Rudcki, J. V. (N)
Sturner, T. L. (A)
Stratton, L. W. (A)
Sullivan, D. E. (A)
Stiefhold, E. D.
Scheirin, V. (N)
Schuts, M. J. (A)
Shea, W. E. (A)
Sarli, G. A. (N)
Solger, O. C. (M)
Sladkey, R. J. (A)
Sals, S. W. (N)
Stone, B. C. (N)
Snocks, L. O. (A)
Spahny, J. (N)
Sabek, O. (A)
Schubo, O. L. (A)
Schoenenberger, P. M. (N)
Scott, W. C. (A)
Schlack, W. F. (A)
Schaefer, R. E. (A)
Scheiss, O. M. (A)
Schultz, V. W. (N)
Sujak, F. (A)
Simmons, W. (A)
Starnar, A. J. (A)
Strouse, A. L. (N)
Steele, G. E. (A)
Tacks, N. J. (A)
Town, M. N. (A)
Timmes, E. O. (A)
Urgos, A. F. (A)
Vosyka, E. F. (A)
Walchor, W. (N)
Wheeler, T. A. (A)
White, B. F. (N)
Walker, H. J. (N)
Weber, W. C. (A)
Walker, H. M. (N)
West, W. F. (A)
Wright, H. N. (A)
Whitehead, L. S. (A)
Whire, J. (A)
Wichman, O. J. (A)
Wend, H. P. (N)
West, L. H. (A)
Yeh, H. A. (A)

Production Branch

Aldridge, J. A. (A)
Aiken, R. B. (A)
Ayers, V. W. (A)
Arnold, D. E. (N)
Albright, R. B. (A)
Anstett, G. L. (A)
Anderson, N. A. (A)
Applegate, R. L. (A)
Anders, A. (A)
Angelaci, P. (A)
Beckley, C. O. (A)
Brinkman, P. F. (A)
Baker, F. J. (N)
Brocker, S. C. (RO)
Bisley, B. (A)
Brandenburg, F. W. (A)
Bierwirth, E. D. (A)
Bibler, M. E. (A)
Bell, A. L. (N)
Buckholz, O. J. (N)
Bowden, L. D. (A)
Bosikowski, J. P. (A)
Benec, E. J. (A)
Brown, H. B. (N)
Banga, S. E. (A)
Biggio, A. R. (A)
Barnasly, J. W. (A)
Bunnell, W. W. (A)
Borgeson, A. B. (A)
Bukowski, J. (A)
Bowaki, A. (A)
Bienick, A. (A)
Bettejowski, J. (A)
Brotje, G. (A)
Cheney, J. (N)
Carlson, J. A. (A)
Crosby, N. (A)
Carter, O. E.
Cerney, F. W. (A)
Carns, R. S. (A)
Caprata, C. L. (A)
Cross, J. A. (A)
Curley, J. W. (N)
Cisar, G. E. (N)
Corrigan, S. (A)
Considine, P. (A)
Chilson, L. O. (N)
Carpenter, O. (A)
Conlon, B. (A)
Cotter, J. T. (M)
Coelln, H. A. (A)
Carlson, C. H. (A)
Carpenter, O. (A)
Dougherty, G. T. (A)
Dunne, W. F. (A)
Doner, J. E. (A)
Doran, A. P. (A)
Durkin, G. L. (N)
De Graw, A. E. (A)
Downs, M. (A)
Daugherty, L. R. (A)

Desetcki, M. (A)
Dixon, L. J. (A)
Dyer, J. J. (N)
Dreitiger, F. (A)
Deno, F. L. (A)
Dargary, J. (A)
Darcy, W. (A)
Duda, G. (N)
Dentamoro, F. (A)
Dec, G. (A)
Duisik, A. (A)
Dvorak, J. (A)
Divina, A. (A)
Dunleavy, A. (A)
Dyer, J. J. (N)
Engelthaler, G. J. (A)
Ellis, W. J. (A)
England, C. H. (A)
Farrell, J. (A)
French, H. A. (A)
Franke, E. (N)
Fanny, A. (A)
Fortner, E. (A)
Fairchild, L. L. (N)
Fox, H. T. (A)
Farrell, H. (A)
Fay, T. F. (A)
Fox, W. F. (N)
Feld, E. (A)
Flynn, J. J. (A)
Floerssch, J. (A)
Fillas, A. (A)
Gerber, G. W. (A)
Grant, J. E. (A)
Garvart, L. W. (A)
Goodrich, G. (N)
Goliniski, J. L. (N)
Gilbert, A. O. (A)
Gilsen, J. C. (A)
Golubeki, B. (N)
Geraghty, P. (A)
Gunderson, C. (A)
Glende, E. A. (A)
Gran, D. (M)
Gannon, M. J. (A)
Grochowski, P. P. (A)
Husbands, H. I. (A)
Horion, C. A. (A)
Homer, L. A. (N)
Hildebrand, A. (A)
Hemphill, C. G. (A)
Hulan, A. (A)
Hamper, W. J. (A)
Hage, J. (A)
Hage, W. O. (A)
Hitchcock, F. H. (A)
Hoh, J. N. (A)
Hennessey, J. P. (A)
Hurt, M. J. (N)
Harker, J. (A)
Harazin, J. F. (A)
Hersfeldt, H. (A)
Hayes, G. W. (A)
Hograkken, J. (A)
Huff, S. O. (A)
Hauptman, J. (A)
Halmesrich, W. H. (A)
Handerer, A. M. (A)
Hajik, A. (A)
Hadny, J. V.
Jennenga, N. L. (A)
Jensen, W. (A)
Jamison, H. (A)
Janke, B. A. (A)
Johnson, J. M. (A)
Johnson, E. (A)
Johnson, J. F. (A)
Johnson, W. A. (A)
Jackson, W. F. (A)
Krents, K. K. (N)
Kolsky, W. F. (N)
Kretlow, J. F. (N)
Kurta, P. J. (N)
Kennedy, R. J. (A)
Kaiserliak, J. (A)
Kiefer, C. E. (A)
Kelly, D. B. (A)
Kaczorowski, L. (N)
Kraft, E. T. (A)
Kummerow, G. H.
Kratzer, N. (A)
Koch, M. (A)
Keating, C. L. (A)
Kertowake, O. C. (A)
Kirby, D. (A)
Kuchinski, S. B. (A)
Kouba, F. (A)
Kastner, T. H. (A)
Koch, E. J. (A)
Kuchar, C. (A)
Kazieski, L. (A)
Kizaur, H. (A)
Lemm, C. (N)
Lancaster, R. I. (A)
Martua, D. W. (A)
Lerch, H. (N)
Lynch, S. F. (A)
Lenick, P. (A)
Morency, G. A. (A)
Moshar, A. (A)
Millington, R. M. (A)
McCarville, T. J. (N)
Mackey, H. (A)
Mahon, O. J. (A)
McElroy, W. H. (A)
Monken, E. J. (A)
Murray, J. P. (A)
Miskelly, D. (A)
McClellan, D. (A)

Mattson, P. E. (A)
Martin, B. C. (A)
Messer, L. T. (A)
Murray, C. F. (A)
Manning, E. (M)
Mehl, C. R. (N)
Marsh, R. C. (A)
McCarthy, E. J. (A)
Mitchell, F. (A)
Myers, R. (A)
Malone, L. D. (A)
Marrone, J. (A)
Monken, A. L. (A)
Mills, A. B. (A)
Moeller, J. C. (A)
McMahon, A. E. (A)
McCarthy, D. (A)
Morgan, E. (A)
McGuire, R. A. (A)
Morency, J. N. (A)
Malecek, C. (A)
Miekiszak, B. (A)
Miskelly, D. (A)
Marvan, J. (A)
Millette, T. M. (A)
Meyer, W. (A)
Nell, F. G. (A)
Nicholson, J. H. (A)
Novak, J. J. (A)
Noble, H. (N)
Ness, J. (A)
Nevins, G. (A)
Nowak, R. J. (A)
Nizinski, J. F. (A)
Neusenfeldt, A. (A)
Nystrom, N. (A)
Overstreet, A. P. (A)
Oefstedal, C. A. (N)
O'Connell, W. W. (A)
O'Connor, C. J. (A)
Pstuka, O. J. (A)
Peterson, V.
Pfeifer, F. S. (N)
Papp, E. G. (A)
Poklen, H. (A)
Phillips, G. W. (N)
Peterson, B. E. (A)
Parxon, L. J. (A)
Poala, R. J. (A)
Primm, E. J. (A)
Pickett, J. (A)
Pias, A. (A)
Pisaseki, S. (A)
Pappo, M. (A)
Quilman, J. P. (A)
Richard, H. (A)
Roake, E. B. (A)
Reagan, L. B. (A)
Richardson, J. (A)
Rathe, A. W. (A)
Robinson, D. E. (A)
Ratke, J. S. (A)
Rennhack, A. A. (A)
Reed, C. M. (A)
Studelar, G. F. (A)
Schultz, W. C. (A)
Slater, N. C. (A)
Symons, E. C. (A)
Swanson, H. J. (A)
Shemick, E. E. (A)
Schwager, L. C. (A)
Schuck, A. H. (A)
St. Pierre, A. A.
Skitt, E. J. (A)
Sebota, L. (A)
Smith, T. J. (A)
Sundt, E. F. (A)
Schmidt, W. A. (M)
Swain, H. C. (N)
Stachacz, E. F. (A)
Shane, R. W. (N)
Strand, J. J. (A)
Sponder, (A)
Silowski, T. A. (A)
Smith, J. M. (N)
Sears, J. E. (N)
Schmidt, H. V. (A)
Skubic, E. F. (A)
Tichy, A. J. (A)
Tuhey, J. (N)
Thurston, A. B. (A)
Thunberg, A. R. (N)
Tridge, F. (A)
Thompson, J. (A)
Tezasokos, A. (A)
Vachts, J. F. (A)
Vogt, W. (A)
Vanginder, F. L. (A)
Weiler, W. W. (A)
Walsh, L. D. (A)
Walsh, R. (A)
Williams, L. W. (A)
Wiebe, W. R. (N)
Woodrick, C. H. (N)
Wellek, F. (N)
Whitcomb, G. N. (A)
Zuse, F. (A)
Zajic, A. F. (A)
Zirngibl, J. F.

Employment and Welfare Branch

Albano, N. (A)
Alloway, F. L. (A)
Bennett, E. (N)
Baxter, D. (A)
Bailey, A. S. (A)
Brems, C. H. (N)

Bennorth, G. (A)
Boyle, L. F. (A)
Beskoktkny, F. (A)
Cesar, D. F. (A)
Dolan, J. E. (A)
Donkeal, R. R. (N)
Dieter, E. E. (N)
Dobyns, J. R. (A)
Ekdahl, C. A. (A)
Hinch, J. P. (A)
Herremans, O. (A)
Holmes, F. D. (A)
Harris, C. F. (A)
Heyden, R. A. (A)
Jelinsk, A. (N)
Kissano, M. J. (N)
Komm, P. (A)
Mrasek, G. E. (A)
Mojzsis, O. (A)
Mower, H. P. (N)
Maimros, C. N. (A Avia)
Nielsen, O. M. (A)
Pahis, Wm. F. (A)
Prime, H. M. (A)
Ryan, J. (N)
Rodemeyer, B. E. (A)
Rieger, I. (A)
Schwager, A. (A)
Selement, A. (A)
Croese, A. (A)
Shor, G. (A)
Spencer, O. (A)
Troubridge, C. W. (A)
Vogel, E. W., Jr. (N)
Voita, F. J. (A)
Wilson, C. (A)

General Accounting Department New York—195 Broadway

Burrell, A. R. (N)
Burt, C. A. (A)
Crandell, R. L. (A)
Cross, W. B. (A)
Ewing, J. N. (A)
Gates, W. J. (A)
James, H. J. (A)
Lafferty, J. F. (A)
Lamperti, F. A. (N)
Lumley, O. E. (A)
Mayo, A., Jr. (A)
Norris, R. B. (N)
Painter, W. A. (N)
Reddall, H. H. (N)
Schamberg, O. (A)
Whelan, J. J. (A)

Hawthorne

Lamrecht, E. D. (M)
Jackson, F. S. (M)
Reits, O. E. (A)
Ryan, E. A. (A)

Treasury Department New York—195 Broadway

Horn, K. W. (A)

Legal Department

Botsrom, J. E. (A)
Davies, T. (N)
Fiesgerald, C. H. (A)
Holland, E. W. (N)
Pratt, G. C. (A)
Webster, A. G., Jr. (N)

Executive Department New York—195 Broadway

Ferrari, S. P. (A)
Hawthorne
Branstater, H. F. (A)
Collins, B. J. (A)
Foard, J. W. (A)
Malone, E. A. (N)
Eliot, D. F. G. (A)

Western Electric International Company New York—195 Broadway

Hastings, H. C. (A)
Higgins, E. C. (A)
Jarrrett, E. L. (A)
Munson, C. H. (A)
Olson, P. H. (A)
Walker, R. T. (A)



To Be Awarded in January

TWENTY YEARS

| | | | | | |
|---|---------|----|--------------------------------------|---------|----|
| Bessler, J., New York, Distributing..... | January | 20 | Wild, C., Hawthorne, 6305..... | January | 21 |
| Burns, J. E., New York, Distributing..... | " | 23 | Kasprzak, T., Hawthorne, 5736..... | " | 21 |
| Ross, A., Hawthorne, 6305..... | " | 3 | Domkoski, L., Hawthorne, 5350..... | " | 25 |
| Thompson, G. S., Hawthorne, 7883..... | " | 3 | Webber, L. M., Hawthorne, 5906..... | " | 25 |
| Sullivan, Maggie, Hawthorne, 6320..... | " | 5 | Waiss, Agnes, Hawthorne, 6651..... | " | 26 |
| Tick, J., Hawthorne, 6305..... | " | 16 | Gamberole, N., Hawthorne, 6372..... | " | 26 |
| Wilke, Delia, Hawthorne, 7894..... | " | 24 | Brookins, C. W., Hawthorne 5771..... | " | 27 |
| Molitor, G., Hawthorne, 9505..... | " | 26 | Martirane, T., Hawthorne, 6389..... | " | 27 |
| Shelstrom, A. L., Hawthorne, 5967..... | " | 31 | Linde, Lizzie, Hawthorne, 6640..... | " | 28 |

FIFTEEN YEARS

| | | | | | |
|---|---------|----|---|---|----|
| Craig, N. G., Hawthorne, 6337..... | January | 4 | Mack, F., Hawthorne, 6339..... | " | 29 |
| Young, Luella, Hawthorne, 7480..... | " | 5 | Stolle, F. C., Hawthorne, 6433..... | " | 6 |
| Sims, G. H., Hawthorne, 6024..... | " | 11 | Johnson, J. E., Hawthorne, 6358..... | " | 6 |
| Brazelton, C., Hawthorne, 6437..... | " | 17 | Mueller, F. E., Hawthorne, 5917..... | " | 7 |
| Jacob, R., Hawthorne, 6378..... | " | 21 | Kavanaugh, J. P., Hawthorne, 6336..... | " | 7 |
| Carter, H. G., Cincinnati..... | " | 12 | Campbell, J. R., Hawthorne, 6336..... | " | 11 |
| McPherson, G. B., New York, Distributing..... | " | 1 | Chamblin, W. F., Hawthorne, 6109..... | " | 11 |
| Marshall, H. P., New York, 195 Broadway..... | " | 1 | Hauptrecht, F. T., Hawthorne, 6460..... | " | 11 |
| Swayze, F. H., New York, 195 Broadway..... | " | 1 | Hoffman, J. A., Hawthorne, 6344..... | " | 11 |

TEN YEARS

| | | | | | |
|---|---------|----|---|---|----|
| Morris, M., Atlanta..... | January | 12 | Genbara, S., Hawthorne, 5350..... | " | 11 |
| McMullen, J. H., Boston..... | " | 26 | Voss, G., Hawthorne, 6333..... | " | 11 |
| Galivan, Bessie, Chicago..... | " | 20 | Cook, A., Hawthorne, 5771..... | " | 12 |
| Caldwell, F. G., Dallas..... | " | 4 | Svenson, Emma, Hawthorne, 7393..... | " | 12 |
| Zercher, S., Dallas..... | " | 18 | MacEwen, Cora M., Hawthorne, 6074..... | " | 13 |
| Busch, C., New York, Distributing..... | " | 7 | Robertson, Jessie, Hawthorne, 7393..... | " | 13 |
| Wagner, J., New York, Distributing..... | " | 7 | Federico, C., Hawthorne, 6342..... | " | 14 |
| Creavin, T., New York, Engineering..... | " | 27 | Halbrat, F., Hawthorne, 6301..... | " | 14 |
| Sullivan, J. F., New York, Engineering..... | " | 12 | Heywood, F. A., Hawthorne, 5373..... | " | 14 |
| Hageman, J., St. Louis..... | " | 15 | Dalton, J. J., Hawthorne, 6640..... | " | 15 |
| | | | Christen, W., 6338, Hawthorne..... | " | 18 |
| | | | Catsulis, E., Hawthorne, 6322..... | " | 18 |
| | | | Palmer, J., Hawthorne, 6332..... | " | 18 |
| | | | Wallwin, J., Hawthorne, 7398..... | " | 19 |
| | | | Griswold, A. S., Hawthorne, 6358..... | " | 19 |



J. Tick



There is nothing in a name, after all. If there was Joseph Tick would be a watchman. (Listen to your Ingersoll a minute if you don't see why.) But, anyway, never mind. For, as a matter of fact Joe is a skilled

woodworker in the woodwork mill department at Hawthorne.

Mr. Tick learned his trade in the old Clinton Street shop, where he took up work in January, 1899. Joe says that if he had a dollar for every sub. set he had made, he could afford to quit wishing for the rest of his life. During one period, in particular, he was making them night and day, for orders were numerous and workmen not to be had. On one rush job Joe worked 24 hours straight. Later orders came from the superintendent that the men must not be allowed to put in long hours overtime, even if the work should never catch up to schedule, so Mr. Joe Tick once more got acquainted with Mr. Bed Tick.

However, as time went by, Joe graduated from sub. set work. He is now operating a three-drum sander, a machine used in preparing switchboard lumber for varnishing. And it requires a very skillful and careful operator to turn out work that will pass our lynx-eyed inspectors. However, Joe isn't worrying any on that account. He does the kind of work that gets by.

Mr. Tick is going to start the new-year right by pinning on a 20-year service badge this month.

G. S. Thompson



G. S. Thompson entered the employ of the Company on January 3, 1899, as a repair man in the wire insulating department at New York. He was a good repair man all right, but he wanted something hard. At

that time, putting the lead sheath on stranded cable was not considered child's play as the sheath was extruded in the form of a long pipe and the cable was

pulled through it by "man strength and awkwardness," so "G. S." hied himself, in October, 1899, to the lead-covered cable department at New York, where he supplied a little of "man (main) strength" and not a little of the "awkwardness."

In April, 1908, he was transferred to Hawthorne where the man strength was replaced by gigantic hydraulic presses and the "awkwardness" was entirely absent. If some one with a statistical turn of mind were writing this record no doubt you would be informed that enough cable had been made under Mr. Thompson's supervision to encircle this battle-scarred globe a large number of times, or to provide a suspension bridge across the Atlantic capable of supporting all of Pershing's victorious millions. In spite of the tremendous output required from his department, he still finds time to do some expert gardening. He also ran for alderman once and out of 9,000 votes polled for all candidates, he received all but 8,855.

He just finished a winning battle with influenza if for no other reason than to receive his 20-year service button this month.

John Bessler



Although he has been with the Company for a score of years, John Bessler is far from being an old man. He began in January, 1899, at the age of twenty-six, which makes him only forty-six years of age to-day, and even Dr.

Osler wouldn't call that old. So the News won't do so either.

Inspection of one sort or another has been John's business since he became an employee of the Western. His first work was in the inspection department, later on he became inspector of transmitters, and now, although still domiciled at West Street, is working in the inspection department of the New York distributing house.

J. E. Burns

Plenty of people have worked twenty years for the Western Electric Company, but few, if any, of them have as close to a 100 per cent. attendance record, as J. E. Burns, who may be found up in the shop at West Street.

Since his name first was written on the Company's payroll, on January 23, 1899, he has been late just three times and has been out for a day only once. That is a record in which Mr. Burns takes great pride, and the readers of the News undoubtedly will concede that he is justified in so doing.

Just at present when Mr. Burns comes in promptly every morning he sets to work adjusting instruments, and keeps it up until time to quit. His normal rate of speed is 500 instruments a day.

A. L. Shelstrom



In the early days of the equipment engineering department picnics, held a few miles out from Hawthorne, one of the features used to be a heavy-weight boxing contest between A. Victim and Art Shelstrom,

"the Englewood terror." Of late years these bouts have languished, because most of the possible victims know a little too much about Art's pugilistic performances.

That, however, is strictly by the way, for persons meeting Shelstrom would never suspect him of carrying a wallop up his sleeve for them. There is nothing pugnacious about Art—and his size is a sufficient deterrent to any pugnacity from the party of the second part.

Mr. Shelstrom began work at Clinton Street in 1899 and was first put into the shops to get some practical experience before entering the drafting department. A few months later he was transferred to drafting work, which has been his field ever since, with the exception of a few month's work in the production department. He was an expert on power switchboards when the Company was in that line of business. The layout of the Gary steel mills, the Majestic Theatre in Chicago and many other large jobs were his work.

When power work was abandoned in 1910, Mr. Shelstrom was transferred to telephone switchboard drafting. He is now in charge of a section of the equipment drafting department.

As you can figure for yourself, 1919 minus 1899 equals a 20-year service button, which Art. will receive this month.

G. Molitor

Did you ever know a pessimistic pessimist? At the bottom they are really the most cheerful chaps imaginable, for while most of us can only rejoice when things go right, they can rejoice when everything goes wrong, because see?—what did they tell you?

One of these pretended gloomsters is George Molitor of our installation branch. When George is completely enveloped in gloom he is supremely happy. But he don't fool any of his friends with that bluff—not a bit of it.

In the first place, he isn't a consistent pessimist. A real pessimist ought to sit tight and wait for everything to go wrong, but George is one of those fellows who mix right into difficulties and make everything go right. And anyone who can make those two billion or more twisted wires of a switchboard go right has to be on to his job, too.

George is. He worked up through the switchboard wiring and factory cabling departments, and he knows switchboards inside and out.

Mr. Molitor is a division foreman of the Southern District. He gets a two-star service button this month.

A. Ross

If you ever attempted to make a dining-room table out of two barrels, an old leg and five cents' worth of 10-penny nails, as outlined in the "household hints" of your favorite magazine, you realize that cabinet making is a very touchy job, and you probably would question a statement that a man can work at it 20 years and still remain good-natured. To overcome your skepticism we shall introduce you to Albert Ross, who began work in our New York shops in 1899.

Mr. Ross is a skilled cabinet maker and has, of course, always worked at that trade during his career with the Company. In 1907 he came to Hawthorne when the switchboard wood-working department was transferred from New York. "Al" located with his family at Lyons, Ill., about six miles west of the works, where he has one of the finest embryo farms to be found anywhere. He raises everything, from rabbits to radishes, and is besides raising a nice little family of Rosses.

Delia Wilkie

Miss Delia Wilkie is a "fancy" worker in more ways than one. She does pretty fancy work with a needle and she also does some pretty fancy work with a magnet wire insulating machine. But then, she has had quite a bit of experience in both lines. She enlisted in the services of the Company January 24, 1899, and was assigned to the insulating magnet wire department at Clinton Street under Foreman George DuPlain. She moved to Hawthorne at the time of the transfer of the Clinton Street shops to the factory. In 1908 she was transferred back to Clinton Street and then again transferred to Hawthorne in 1910, where she is now located in Department 7394. Miss Wilkie has not had a photograph made for a "long time" and you know how the styles were then. She couldn't be persuaded to furnish one of her earlier ones, although she hasn't changed a bit except for her mode of dress. She gets her 20-year button this month.

Four Fifteen-Year Men



H. P. Marshall



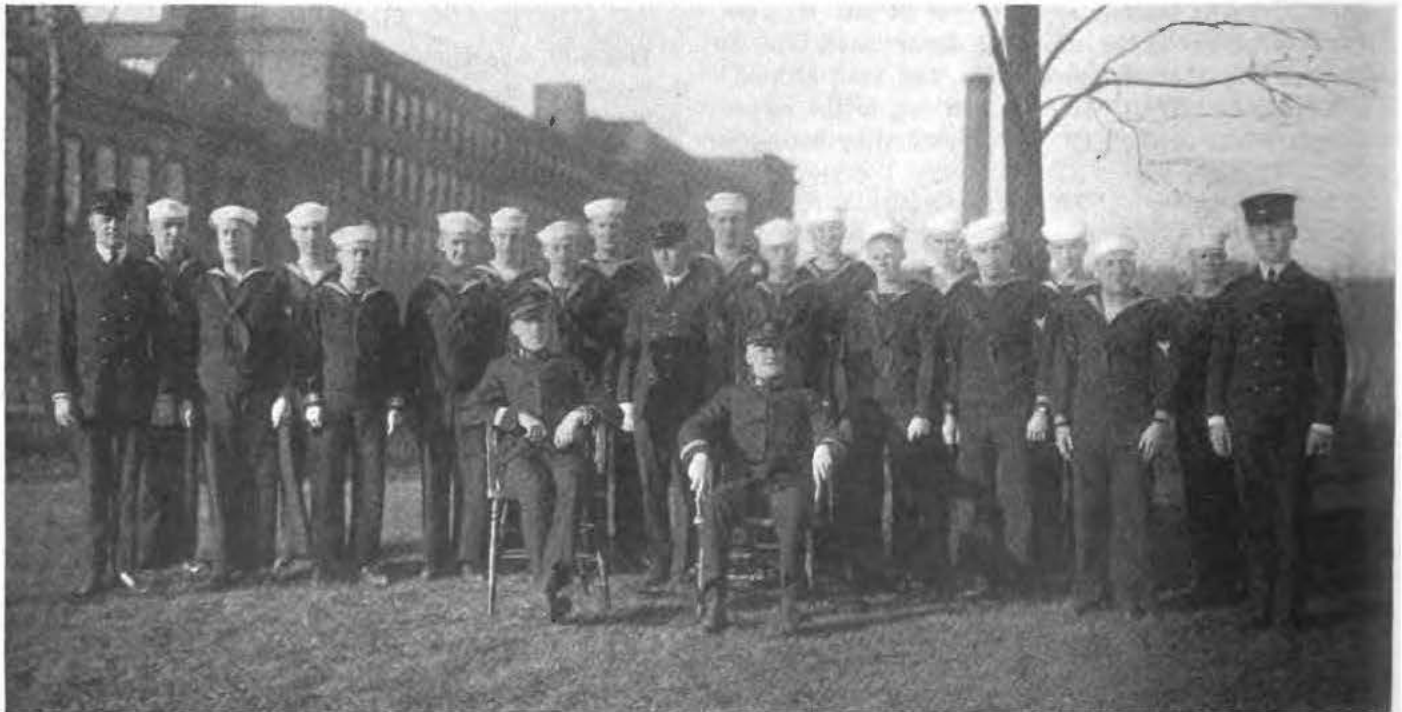
G. H. Sims



N. G. Craig



C. Brazelton



This Group Consists of Some of Uncle Sam's Naval Cost Experts Who Were Stationed at Hawthorne to Check Costs on Naval Telephone and Telegraph Sets Made for the Government

Around the Circuit

Los Angeles



ALMOST every one in California, whether of a bibulous turn of mind or otherwise, either knows personally, or knows of, Eddy Maier. There are several reasons—in addition to being an all-round sport, baseball enthusiast, rancher and hail-fellow-well-met, Maier owns a plant in Los Angeles which, until December 1st was turning out a brand of liquid refreshment—called Maier's Select, and which partakers stated was better than the kind that "Made Milwaukee Famous."

Maier has a ranch up in the hills near Los Angeles and the coyotes have been quite bad in that region. They are too cunning to be trapped, and too shy to be shot by day, but a high-powered rifle back of a Western Electric Davis Floodlight at night, mounted on a tower such as shown in the picture, makes coyote food for the buzzards. Maier is the man holding the rifle.*

* Has he been sampling his own stuff, or do California coyotes have wings?—Ed.



New Orleans

THE New Orleans house moved recently from the building which had been occupied for the last five years to a modern two-story, well-lighted building. By this move we were able to consolidate the recovery shop and the warehouse, thus eliminating the daily drayage between the two. A switch track is also added to our resources, while the advantages of a two-story building over a four-story one are too well-known in Western Electric circles even to be discussed.

The move was accomplished so speedily that it was not necessary to apologize to a single customer for delayed shipments on account of the change in location. This



The New New Orleans House

may not seem unusual to other houses who have made record moves, but on the day we started at least seventy-five per cent. of the new building was still occupied by the former tenant.

True to their reputation, the employees responded without a hitch or a murmur; they came to work early in the morning, and worked until late at night with a speed that would tax the determination of most men, even when endured for only two or three days. This task lasted two weeks, but not one of the men who bore the brunt was late or absent during the period.

Savannah

An interesting talk was given recently by Harry B. Stanton, Western Electric sales representative, to the Rotary Club of Savannah concerning the activities of the Western Electric Company. Mr. Stanton reviewed the history of the company in a cursory fashion from its beginning in 1869 through the high stages of its growth to a business of more than one hundred and fifty million dollars last year.



Harry B. Stanton

Copies of the October issue of the WESTERN ELECTRIC NEWS were distributed to the members of the Rotary Club.

Cleveland

THERE were twenty-six Western Electric men at the meeting of the Electrical Supply Jobbers' Association, held in December, at the Hotel Statler, Cleveland, Ohio. The Western Electric sessions over which E. W. Rockafellow presided were attended by all of the delegates who were keenly interested in the subjects discussed.

Chicago

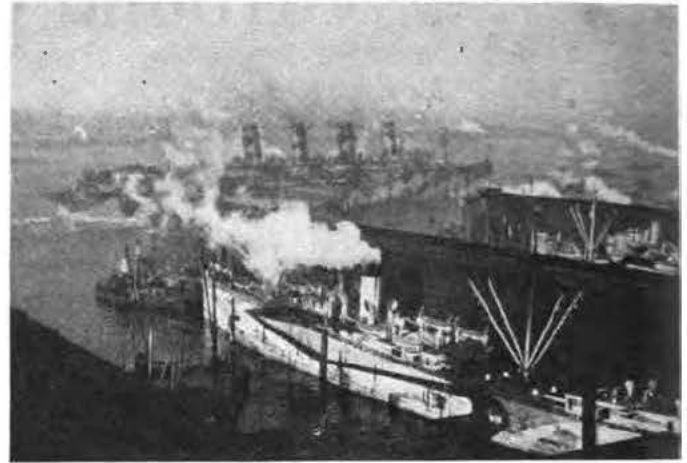
THE former associates of Frank A. Ketcham, in the Chicago house and other central district houses, gave a dinner in honor of his appointment to the position of General Sales Manager on December 3rd, at the Chicago Athletic Association.

After the dinner Mr. Ketcham talked about his career with the Company. E. W. Rockafellow, Assistant General Sales Manager; E. J. Wallis, District Manager at San Francisco; W. H. Quirk, Manager at Cincinnati; W. J. Drury, Manager at Cleveland, and C. D. Wilkinson, Manager at Minneapolis, also spoke. Special songs were printed for the occasion, and Mr. Ketcham received various telegrams of congratulation, among them being some "signed" by William Hohenzollern, Woodrow Wilson, George Hull Porter, and "Silk Hat Harry" of the Government Department.

Those who were present at the meeting were:

W. H. Rosenberg, A. M. Collins, G. J. Cossmann, B. S. Culp, G. E. Cullinan, W. J. Drury, A. C. Fredbloom, E. R. Gilmore, J. H. Gleason, W. P. Hoagland, E. S. Holmes, F. J. Kastner, G. H. Lounsbury, R. E. McEwen, H. A. Metzger, A. G. Nabors, H. L. Nash, W. H. Quirk, T. J. Rider, C. E. Roberts, E. W. Rockafellow, G. R. Slater, W. J. Speer, W. H. Tompkins, J. T. Valenta, H. B. Vanzwoll, J. T. West, W. Weiss, C. D. Wilkinson, E. J. Wallis.

New York, West Street



Above—A Welcome Sight That Greets Our Eyes Nowadays. The "Mauretania" Bringing Home Troops

Below—A Card Which Came Drifting Through the Payroll Department on the Great and Glorious "Eleventh of November"

| EX-EMPLOYEE'S RECORD AND LEAVING NOTICE | | | | | |
|---|-------------------------|------|---|------------------|---|
| TO PAY ROLL DEPT. NO. | | | DATE <u>Nov. 11, 1918</u> | | |
| THIS EMPLOYEE IS LEAVING THE COMPANY, AND SHOULD RECEIVE SALARY TO <u>Nov. 10, 1918</u> | | | | | |
| CLOCK NUMBER | NAME | | LAST DAY WORKED | | |
| <u>4114423</u> | <u>Wm. Hohenzollern</u> | | <u>Nov. 10, 1918</u> | | |
| CHARACTER OF SERVICE | | | REASON FOR LEAVING | | REINSTATEMENT |
| | GOOD | FAIR | UNSATISFY | OWN ACCORD | NO OBJECTION |
| WORK | | | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | LEAVE OF ABSENCE | DO NOT RE-EMPLOY (FOR REASON GIVEN BELOW) |
| CONDUCT | | | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | LAI D OFF | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> |
| ABILITY | | | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | SUSPENDED | <u>Under Present conditions his talents not</u> |
| | | | | DISMISSED | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> |
| | | | | DISCHARGED | <u>Required</u> |
| REMARKS (GIVE COMPLETE INFORMATION CONCERNING REASON FOR LEAVING) | | | | | |
| <u>Retired "according to plan"</u> | | | | | |
| SIGNED BY <u>F. Each</u> | | | DEPT. <u>W&R</u> APPROVED <u>Woodrow Wilson</u> | | |
| THIS NOTICE MUST BE SENT AT ONCE TO PAY ROLL DEPT. UNDER SEAL. | | | | | |





Leaving the Richmond House on November 11th



The Second Carload Carrying the Service Flag

Richmond

THE Richmond House was not misled into premature celebration of peace as so many of our northern brothers were, but when we knew peace had come, we certainly went at it right. Early on Monday morning, the 11th, as many of our people as could, piled into our two trucks, all of them equipped with klaxons and flags. We drove up and down the main streets of Richmond for a while and then hustled over to Petersburg and Camp Lee.

We beat the newspapers to it in Petersburg. Nobody seemed to realize what had happened, but there was hardly any doubt in their minds as to what had happened after we had cruised around town a while.

In Camp Lee, also, we found many of the soldiers had not yet received the news, and as we drove up and down the Camp streets passing out cigarettes wherever we saw a knot of men, we spread the glad tidings.

St. Louis

E. H. WADDINGTON, who is the NEWS correspondent at St. Louis, has been elected president of the St. Louis Jovian League of Electrical Interests. The St. Louis charter of the League has its quarters in the Hotel Statler, and under Mr. Waddington's leadership is planning for an active season.

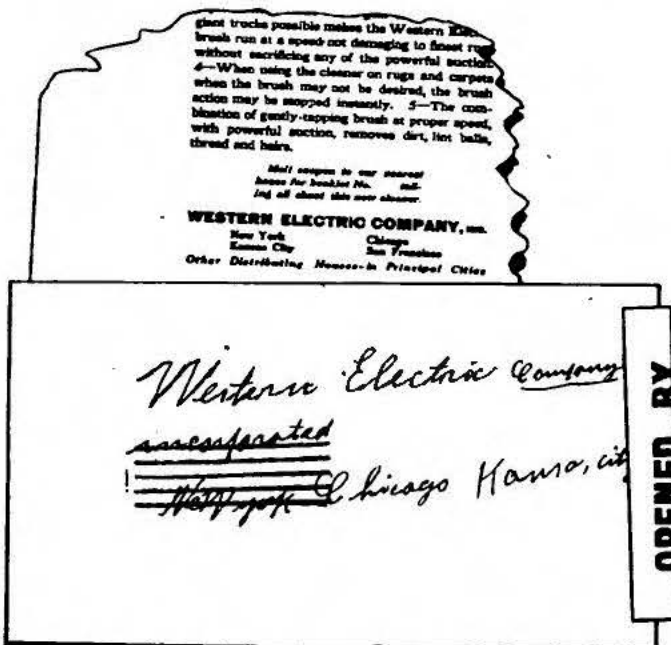
Dallas

A PEACE Day celebration is worth while when it enables the entire population of a distributing house to break into the columns of the NEWS. The next time a Peace Day comes along, some other house has our permission to try the same trick. The picture spread across the bottom of the page shows our general and particular appearance on November 11.



Kansas City

THIS letter from the Dominican Republic sneaked right by such unimportant burgs as New York and Chicago, and was safely delivered to us here



in Kansas City. The Postoffice Department isn't so bad after all.

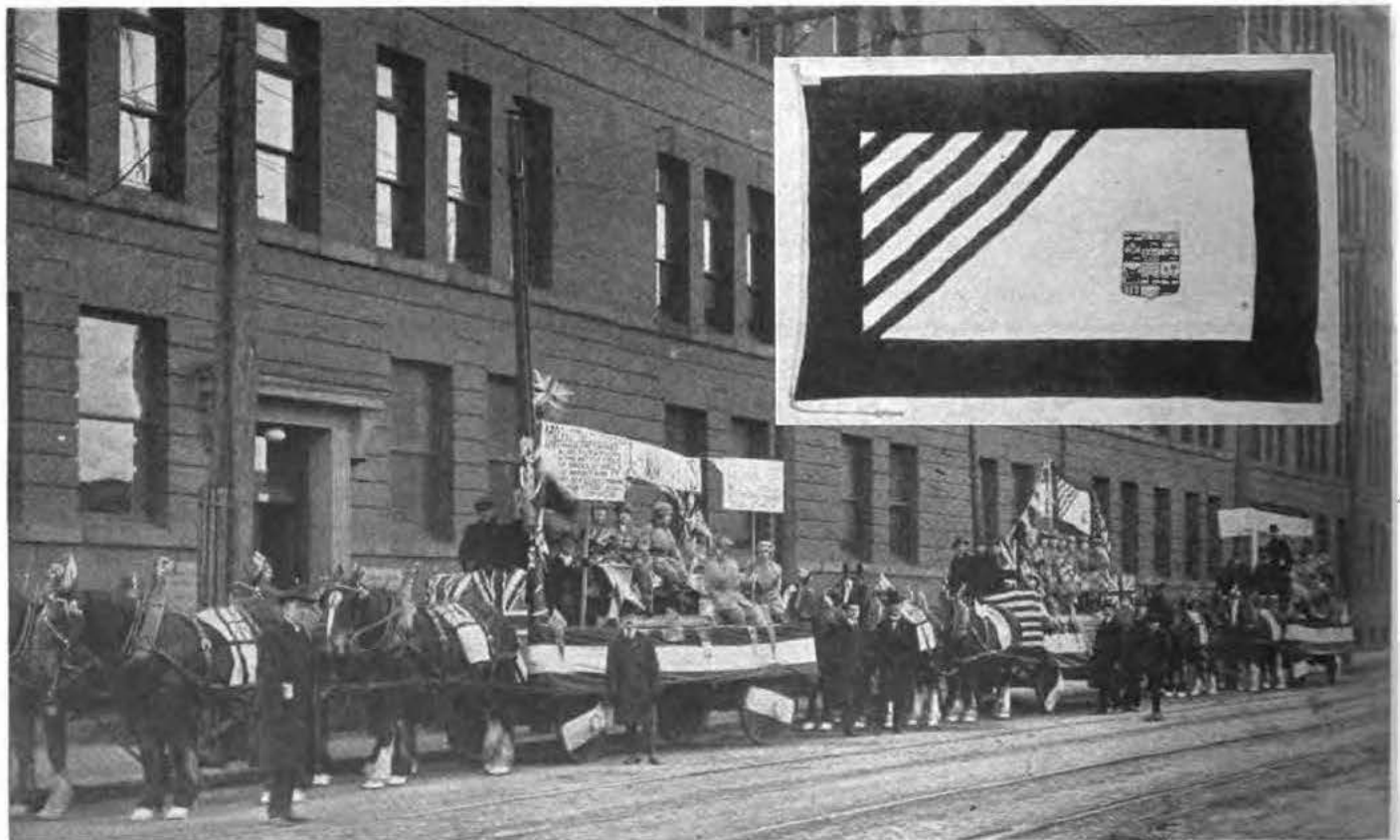
Canada's Victory Loan

Northern Electric Company Workers Subscribe for \$128,850 Worth of Bonds

THE Second Victory Loan of the Canadian Government started at 9 o'clock on October 20, and was ushered in by the continual blowing of all the factory whistles for over a period of fifteen minutes.

The Northern Electric Company, Limited, our allied company in Canada, decided to finance Victory Loan Bonds for its employees and an employees' committee of which J. E. Gilmour is the chairman, immediately sent out subscription cards to the different branch houses. In the Company's offices in Montreal, the various Victory Loan posters were placed in the General Office, in the lobby, in the dining-room, in fact, any place where one's eye happened to strike. Thermometers were placed in different parts of the building so that the employees could tell at a glance how near they were getting to the top. Honor emblems were made out for each department and as soon as a department obtained 75 per cent., an honor emblem was immediately posted outside. Keen competition was witnessed between the different departments.

On Wednesday, November 6, at 2.15 P. M., the Company reached the 75 per cent. mark and was thereupon awarded the Honor Emblem. When the Loan closed on Saturday, November 16, over 80 per cent. of the employees of the Montreal Office had subscribed Victory Bonds to the amount of \$128,850.



The Three Northern Electric Floats Which Took Part in the Montreal Victory Loan Parade on November 11th. Each Float Was Manned by a Dozen Girls Who Demonstrated the Manufacture of Shells

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Western Electric News



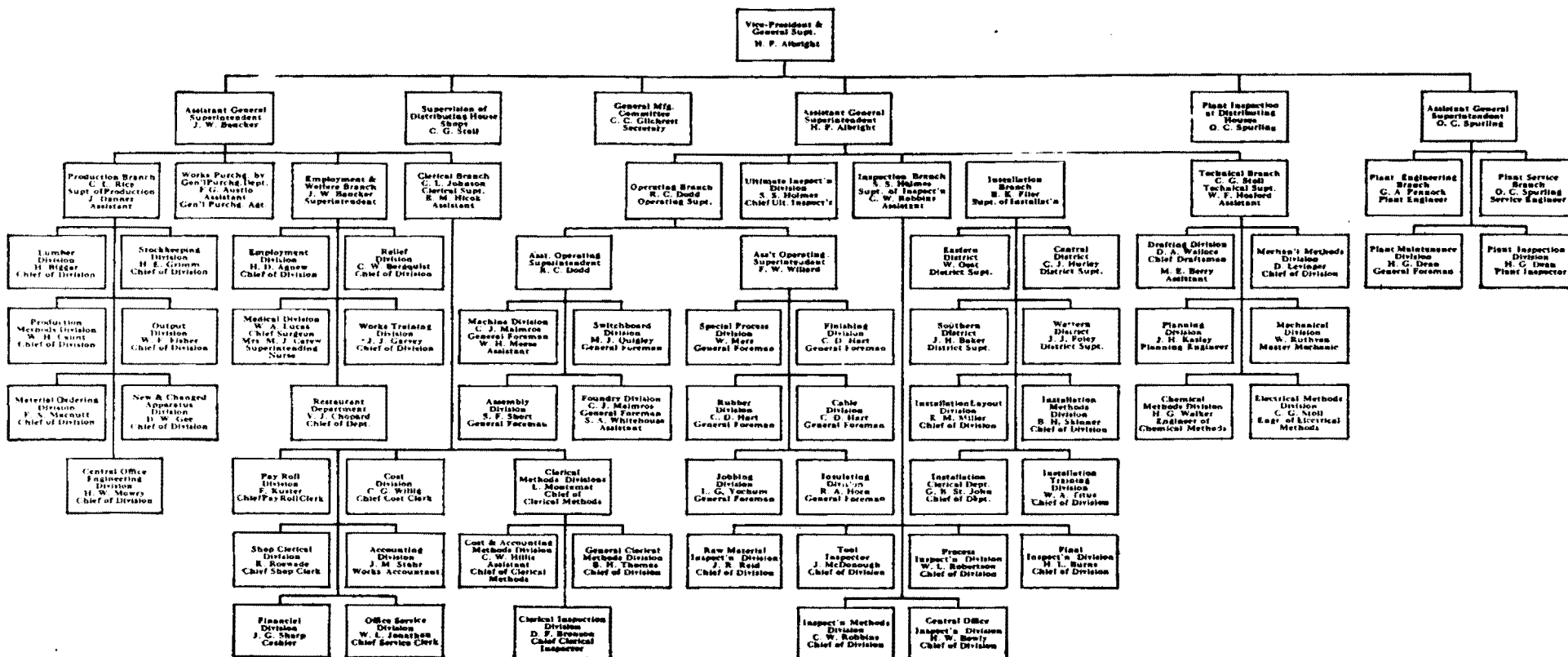
Vol. VII, No. 12

February 1919

ORGANIZATION OF GENERAL MANUFACTURING DEPARTMENT OF

Western Electric Company

INCORPORATED



Western Electric News



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VOLUME VII

FEBRUARY, 1919

NUMBER 19

Voices from the Sky

The Inside History of the Development of the Wireless Telephone for Airplanes

By Edward B. Craft, Assistant Chief Engineer

WAR stories are fast becoming a drug on the market, and before the columns of the NEWS are closed to this class of material, we wish to advise our readers of one phase of our war activities in connection with which a great deal has been done and very little said. The pledge of secrecy has been withdrawn and we are now free to tell the part the Western Electric organization has played in what General Squier has described as one of the most interesting and spectacular developments of the war.

The radio telephone has been a subject of study by our organization for a number of years, and it was fortunate that before our country's entry into the war we had a ground work of knowledge and experience which made it possible to render a real and immediate service in connection with the application of this device to military use.

Our readers are more or less familiar with the results accomplished in 1915 and 1916, when in co-operation with the Navy Department a system of radio telephony was demonstrated, which permitted of successful communication between distant points both on land and sea and culminated in the first Trans-Atlantic wireless communication by telephone.

In 1914 and 1915 the first experiments were started in the laboratories at New York, and an experimental wireless station was established at Montauk, L. I. While communication had been accomplished by others before this date, the apparatus and systems which were developed at this time marked the establishment of the methods which have since formed the basis of all present day types of equipment.

When H. E. Shreeve, now Lt. Col. Shreeve, of the Signal Corps, stationed at the Eiffel Tower in Paris, heard the words spoken at the Experimental Station at Arlington, and Lloyd Espenschied heard the same words at far distant Hawaii, a historic event was recorded and another milestone was set in the art of communication.

Another event which will always loom large in the history of the art took place in the office of Major General Squier, Chief Signal Officer of the Army, May 22, 1917. At a conference called by General Squier, there were present Colonel Rees of the Royal Air Force of Great Britain; Captain, now Colonel C. C. Culver, U. S. A., and F. B. Jewett and E. B. Craft, respectively Chief Engineer and Assistant Chief Engineer of the Western Electric Company. General Squier in his characteristic and



Aviator Equipped with Western Electric Radio Telephone

vigorous way outlined his picture of the part the airplane was to play in the war, and pointed out the value of a successful means of communication between battle planes when flying in squadron formation, which later events proved to be the ultimate development.

On this date Colonel Jewett—for he was then in the military service—was ordered to proceed with the development of a radio communication system for use in aircraft. Captain Culver had for some time previous been an enthusiastic advocate of the possibilities of this form of communication for the purpose, and we immediately set to the task of outlining the requirements which should be met to solve the problem successfully. It was obvious to all of us that the developments in long distance radio telephony of the previous years should form the basis of our work.

Within a few days the laboratories at West Street were seething with activity of a new sort, and men and materials were drafted from every department to help in this great and pressing problem.

It was but a few weeks when the first makeshift apparatus was assembled and the first practical trial under the direction of H. W. Nichols was made at Langley Aviation Field, Hampton, Va. R. A. Heising and L. M. Clement made the first tests, and on July 2, less than six weeks after our flying start, telephone communication was established between an airplane in flight and the ground. All three of these men were

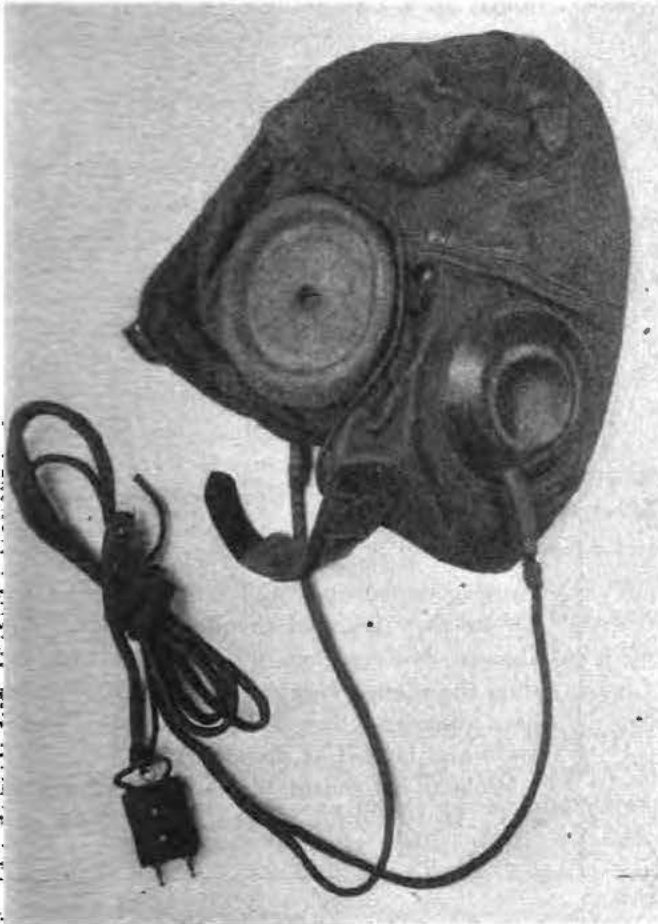
employed in our research laboratory at West Street. This was immediately followed by successful communication between planes in the air and between ground and plane.

All this sounds very simple, but it would take volumes to describe the innumerable experiments and heartbreaking failures before the first real successes. So far as the radio part of the equipment was concerned we had an answer in a short time. We had developed some very successful forms of vacuum tubes and it was a simple matter to assemble them with the necessary coils, condensers and other apparatus that comprise the transmitting and receiving elements. Working this apparatus under ordinary conditions on the ground, and in a swift-moving and tremendously noisy airplane, were two entirely different propositions. The noise of the engine and rushing air was such that it was impossible to hear one's own voice, to say nothing of the weak signals of the telephone receiver.

One of the first problems was to design a head set which would exclude these noises, and at the same time permit of the reception of the telephone talk. A form of aviator's helmet was devised with telephone receivers inserted to fit the ears of the pilot or observer. Cushions and pads were provided for adjusting the receivers to the ears and the helmet fitted close to the face so as to prevent as far as possible, the sound being heard either through the ear passages or through the bony structure



Men Who Did the Bulk of the Field Work on the Airplane Radio Telephone (from left to right), J. P. Minton, R. Guenther, E. B. Craft, L. M. Clement, R. A. Heising, A. A. Oswald



Helmet Equipped with Radio Telephone Apparatus

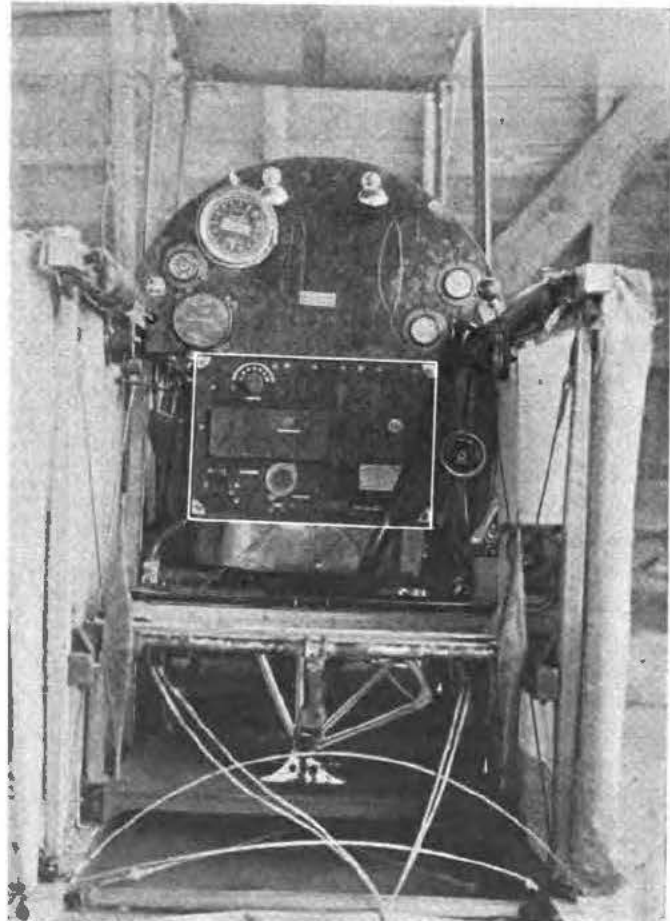
of the head, which acts as sort of a sounding board. A helmet, such as that illustrated, was finally developed and was found to solve this portion of the problem. You all know how sensitive the ordinary telephone transmitter is to extraneous noises, and it does not require a wide stretch of the imagination to picture how this would act alongside the exhaust of a 200 H.P. gas engine. A brilliant line of experimentation, largely at the hands of J. P. Minton of the Transmission Laboratory, resulted in a form of a telephone transmitter or microphone, which possessed the remarkable quality of being insensitive to engine and wind noises, and at the same time very responsive to the tones of the voice. With these two elements in hand, the problem was solved, so we thought. The fact remains, however, that three solid months of the hardest kind of work was necessary to iron out all the kinks and get the thing in shape so that it might be considered a practicable device for the everyday use of other than experts.

The question of weight was of the utmost importance, and a structure which would adequately house and protect the delicate parts from the vibration and jars of flying and landing presented a difficult mechanical problem. Day and night work in the laboratory and model shop was followed by trips to the field, and many of our men soon reached the point where flying had no charms for them. Finally, in October, we reached the point where we thought it was time to spring it on the A. E. F., and accordingly Colonel Culver was sent

abroad with several trunk loads of the apparatus, to show our people overseas that we had not been asleep on the job, and that we had a new tool for their use. Development was continued and in the early part of December the next historical event took place. The Aircraft Production Board and the joint Army and Navy Technical Boards in the course of a tour of the various airplane factories of the country, were favored by an exhibition of the apparatus at the Moraine Flying Field, Dayton, Ohio.

To those of us who were mixed up in this little affair there will be three days which we will never forget. Colonel Carty and Colonel Jewett were in the party which was made up of the leading lights of the game—Admirals, Generals, foreign representatives and experts galore, all willing to be shown, but decidedly skeptical.

Two days before the arrival of the notables, we packed up our gear at New York, and in company with Colonel Slaughter of the Radio Development Division of the Signal Corps, descended upon the unsuspecting village. Our party was made up of H. W. Nichols, R. A. Heising, L. M. Clement and the writer. It must be remembered that the idea had not yet been sold to any but the wild enthusiasts who had been living with the job for the past six months. Pilots are, to say the least, fussy as to what is loaded into the planes they are to fly, to say nothing of the trailing wires that serve as antennae. The designers and constructors hold much the same view, so it took a lot of manouevring and diplomatic jockey-



The Radio Telephone Apparatus as It Appears in Front of Pilot's Seat in Airplane (Marked by White Line)

WAR DEPARTMENT
OFFICE OF THE CHIEF SIGNAL OFFICER
WASHINGTON

December 16, 1918.

My dear Colonel Jewett:

I wish to call your attention to the letter of the 9th instant from The Honorable, The Secretary of War, to Mr. Vail, and in connection therewith I wish to add my deepest appreciation of the superb cooperative, the scientific knowledge, and the technical skill, all so freely and whole heartedly given by that part of the Bell System which is the Engineering Department of the Western Electric Company, in the development of the highly technical signaling apparatus required for our Expeditionary Forces.

Will you please see to it that the employees of your Department who have striven so hard during the past eighteen months to accomplish the phenomenal results attained, are informed that they and their efforts are known and appreciated in Washington. Also permit me to extend to each and every individual concerned my best wishes for the future.

Sincerely yours,

George O. Squier
Major General,
Chief Signal Officer of the Army.

Colonel F. S. Jewett,
Chief Engineer, Western Electric Company,
465 West Street,
New York, N. Y.

rigged up a loud-speaking receiver connected to the wireless apparatus, so that all could hear without the use of head sets.

The planes left the ground and after what seemed to be an interminable length of time, we got the first sounds in the receiver, which indicated that they were ready to perform. The spectators were only mildly interested, and some seemed to be a bit bored. Suddenly out of the horn of the loud speaker came the words, "Hello, ground station. This is plane No. 1 speaking. Do you get me all right?" The bored expression immediately faded, and looks of amazement came over their faces. Soon we got the same signal from No. 2, and the show was on. Under command from the ground the planes were manouvered all over that part of the country. They were sent on scouting expeditions and reported what they saw as they traveled through the air. Continuous conversation was carried on, even when the planes were out of sight, and finally upon command they came flying back out of space and landed as directed.

From that moment the radio telephone was sold. It was not a question after that as to

ing to get our stuff aboard and into the air. Finally, just about dark, on the evening before the fatal day, we did get one machine into the air and found that the apparatus worked.

The plan was to have two planes in the air at one time and for the official party to listen in at a ground station located on the top of a hill near the field. That night we all congregated in one of the rooms of the hotel, and worked out our scenario and held a rehearsal. Heising was one plane and Clement the other, and as they sailed over the chairs, bed, and other articles of hotel furniture, we gave them their orders and manouvered them about as we hoped we would do the next day. I must confess that I did not sleep very well that night, and I have a suspicion that some of the others had the same experience. The next day we were out to the field bright and early, fussing around trying to keep busy until it was time for the big show. Upon the arrival of the exalted ones, we showed them the apparatus in the planes and told them what it was expected to do. They then went up to our little station on the hill, where we had

F. S. JEWETT
CHIEF ENGINEER
J. L. BUELL
ASSISTANT CHIEF ENGINEER
E. S. CRAFT
ASSISTANT CHIEF ENGINEER
E. H. COLPITTS
ASSISTANT CHIEF ENGINEER
W. F. HENRY
ASSISTANT CHIEF ENGINEER

Western Electric Company.

INCORPORATED
ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT
465 WEST STREET
NEW YORK

December 19, 1918.

IN REPLY REFER TO

REPLYING TO

MAJOR GENERAL GEORGE O. SQUIER, Chief Signal Officer,
War Department,
Washington, D. C.

My dear General Squier:

In behalf of the employees of both the Engineering and Manufacturing Departments of the Western Electric Company, as well as for myself, I wish to thank you for your letter of December 16th in which is conveyed through you the appreciation of the Signal Corps for the work that has been done by the Western Electric Company and the Bell System in connection with communication developments. I can assure you, Sir, that the knowledge of this appreciation will be a source of great satisfaction to all of the employees of the Western Electric Company who have been in any way connected with the work that has been done for the Signal Corps.

In conformity with your desire to extend to each and every individual concerned your best wishes for the future, I feel that the best way to accomplish this will be through the medium of the Western Electric News. Coincident with the publication of your letter, it is my thought to give the employees of the Company a brief description of some of the work that has called forth the letter from the Secretary of War to Mr. Vail and your own letter to me.

With kindest personal regards, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

F. S. Jewett
Chief Engineer.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH BUILDING

195 BROADWAY

THEODORE N. VAIL
PRESIDENT

NEW YORK December 16, 1918.

Hon. Newton D. Baker,
Secretary of War,
Washington, D. C.

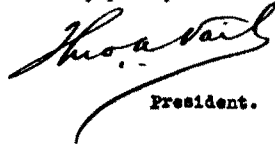
Dear Mr. Secretary:

For all connected with the Bell system, by which the American Telephone and Telegraph, its associated operating, and Western Electric companies are known, please accept our hearty appreciation of your commendatory words.

Each corporation and individual, when called upon to serve in this work, responded without question and without hesitation and put forth their best efforts to aid.

It will be great compensation to each and every one to feel that the efforts were not in vain, and it will gratify that personal element which each individual possesses to know that it was appreciated.

Sincerely yours,



President.

tests in the field and our force of "aviator engineers" was kept busy. Just to prove to you that all the chances are not taken on the battle line, it will interest our readers to know that the five engineers who did the bulk of the field testing made during this period a total of 690 airplane flights of a total duration of 484 hours. A. A. Oswald alone made 302 flights totalling 206 hours, and he is still alive. It is a truly remarkable and happy fact that during all this flying, not one serious accident was recorded. It is no use talking about the narrow escapes, for in this game also, a miss is as good as a mile.

This combination of engineering and manufacturing preparation continued well through the year, and early in 1918 we commenced turning out the apparatus, well ahead of the delivery of the planes in which they were to be used.

Mention has been made of the helmet and the transmitter which have proved so successful in operation. It may not be amiss to mention another detail which forms an essential part of the outfit and upon which work had not really been started until after the

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON.

December 9, 1918.

My dear Mr. Vail:

The Chief Signal Officer, General Equier, has called to my attention the splendid spirit of cooperation and helpfulness which has been evinced during the war by the wonderful engineering organization of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. The Airplane Radio Telephone Set, which has proven so satisfactory to the Air Service, and which has brought about entirely new methods of military use of airplanes, is a particular example of the result of this cooperation. The evolution and development of this and other important apparatus was made possible only because your engineering staff freely furnished the highly technical knowledge and skill necessary in the development, design and manufacture of the sets.

Please express to your engineers my appreciation of the splendid service rendered.

Very truly yours,



Secretary of War.

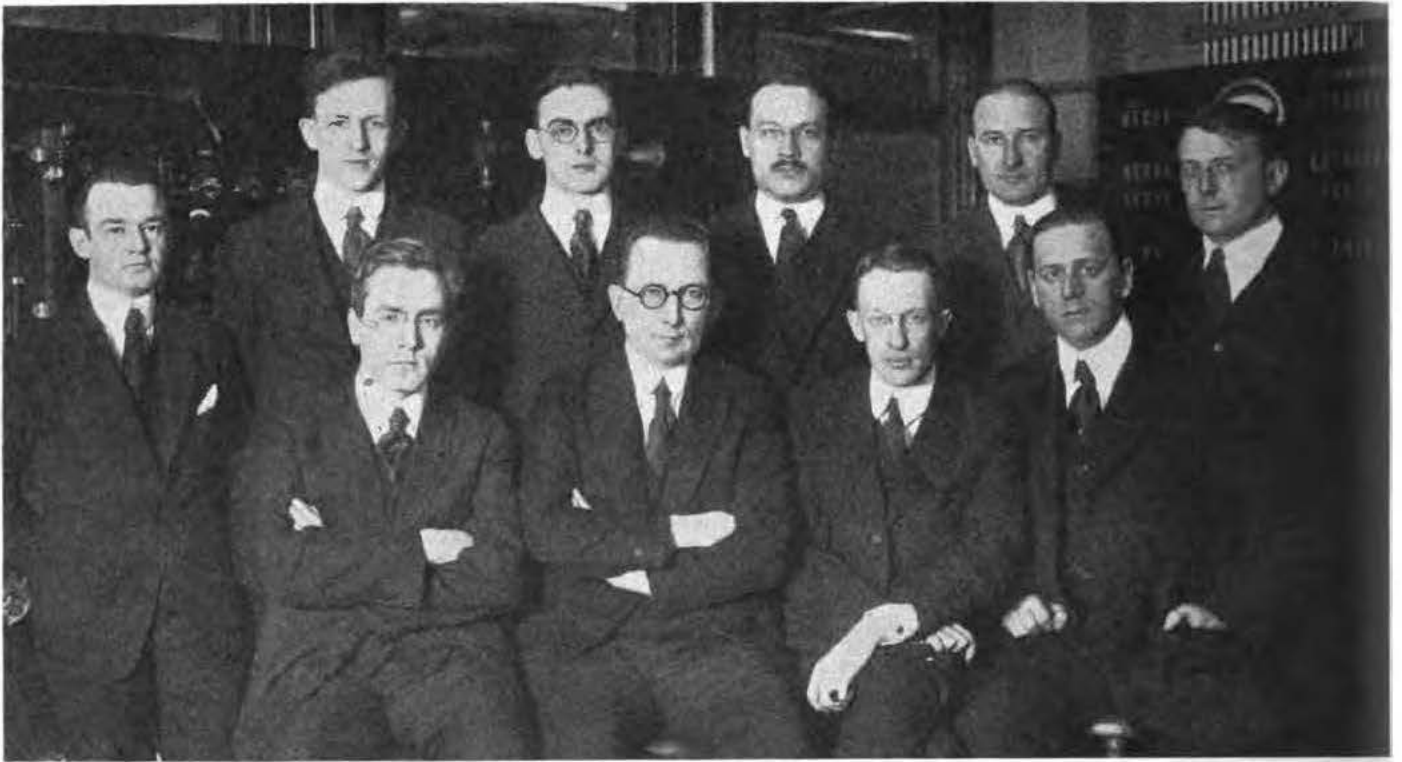
Mr. Theodore N. Vail, President,
American Telephone and Telegraph Company,
195 Broadway,
New York, N. Y.

whether it would work or was any good, but how soon could we start manufacture and in what quantity.

To the uninitiated it might seem that our troubles were over. As a matter of fact they were just beginning. It is one thing to construct a few experimental models by hand, and quite another proposition to start them on their way through the factory on a quantity production basis.

All sorts of mechanical details had to be worked out. The various appurtenances that go to make up a complete equipment had to be developed. The Signal Corps having placed their orders for large quantities, expected deliveries to be made within a space of time all too short even had our experimental work been completed at the time. So it was another case of day and night work for both the engineers and the Shop. As soon as a detail was decided upon, it was rushed out to Hawthorne and work on the tools started. The twenty-hour trains between New York and Chicago were well patronized during this period.

Each modification had to be checked by



Some of the men Engaged in the Research and Design Problems of Radio Telephony. Standing (left to right): W. A. Boyd, W. Wilson, W. E. Booth, H. M. Stoller, C. S. Winston, G. H. Stevenson; Seated (left to right), H. J. Van Der Bijl, J. J. Lyng, H. W. Nichols, W. T. Booth

Dayton demonstration. You know, of course, that electric current must be supplied to operate the set, this current being used to heat the filaments of the vacuum tubes and to operate the transmitter. Now the planes were already loaded down with all the gear they could carry, and the use of heavy storage batteries was out of the question. The constructors would allow nothing to be connected to their engines, so there was nothing left but to supply our own dynamo, and drive it by a wind propeller, taking its power from the rushing air.

Airplanes are in the habit of flying at various speeds, and the specifications stated this to be from forty to one hundred and sixty miles per hour, the latter figure representing the speed when the machine was diving. Our little dynamo, therefore, had to deliver a constant voltage with a speed varying from 4,000 to 14,000 R.P.M. So far as we could find out, this had not been done before on the ground, to say nothing of in the air. Fortunately, another of our West Street genii, Hugh M. Stoller, turned the trick, and by means of our new friend, the vacuum tube, our little dynamo was made to perform in the most steady-going and dependable manner.

So it went. If it wasn't one kind of trouble it was another, until everyone began to look a little haggard and worn, and would jump when a door slammed. We consoled ourselves, however, with the fact that the people at Hawthorne were having their troubles, too, and anyway it was war and it was a sort of comfort to know that even though we were not permitted a part in the excitement and glory on the other side, we were doing something to help.

Space will not permit going into the details of how a radio telephone works, even if the writer of this story knew himself. They do say, however, that it is all done with the little vacuum tubes that have been keeping Hawthorne so busy until very recently. The wind-driven generator supplies electric current to a couple of vacuum tubes mounted in a box filled with coils, condensers and what-not. The tubes transform the dynamo current into a high frequency alternating current that is fed out into space through the antenna. This antenna consists of a copper wire about 200 feet long, which with a lead weight on the end, trails out behind the airplane when it is in flight. Normally this wire is wound up on a reel, and is let out and wound in as occasion demands. With the special form of telephone transmitter previously described, talk is impressed on this wire and the electrical waves that are set up, radiate out into space, where they are picked up by similar antennæ either on other planes or on masts on the ground.

For receiving, other vacuum tubes are used, which take the high frequency current from the antenna and transform it so it can be heard in the form of speech in the telephone receivers fitted in the aviator's helmet. That is about as near as we can come to it without writing a book.

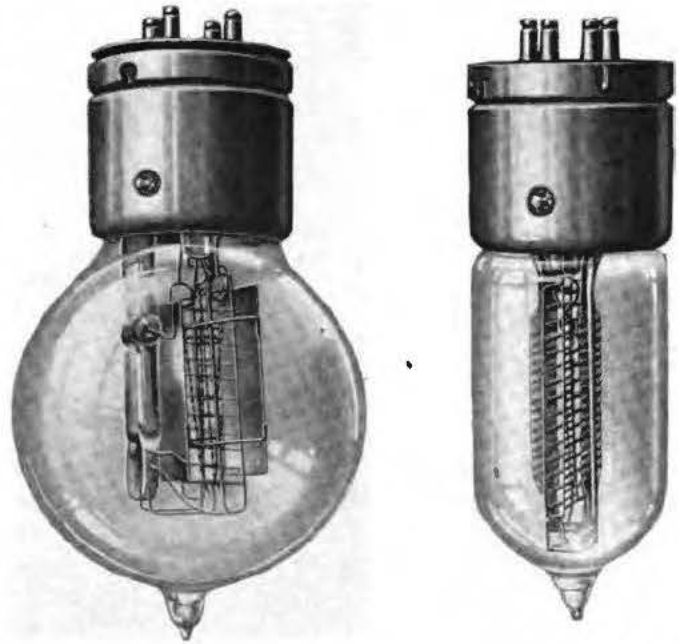
Incidentally one of the very useful and valuable applications of the special transmitter and helmet, is its employment as a means of communication between the pilot and the observer in a two-seated machine. In this case, wireless is not used, and the instruments are connected by wires, so that notwithstanding the fact that one can-

not hear himself talk because of the noise, the pilot and observer can converse over the telephone with ease, and by throwing a switch can connect themselves with the radio apparatus and talk with the men in another plane three or four miles away, or to the ground. This intercommunicating equipment was extensively used for training purposes and undoubtedly speeded up the training work as well as making it safer.

The primary object was to make it possible for the commander of an air squadron to control the movement of his men in the air, the same as a squad leader of infantry does on the ground. For this purpose extra long range is not required, and the distance over which they can talk is purposely limited to two or three miles so that the enemy cannot overhear, except when actually engaged in combat, and then nobody cares.

The Navy also makes use of these sets in their sea-planes, and here the range is somewhat greater, up to twenty miles in some cases. The Navy has also made use of a modified form of this set in their 110-foot submarine chasers. The chasers hunt submarines in packs, and by means of the radio telephone, their commanders keep in constant touch with each other, thereby greatly increasing the effectiveness of their operations.

Many hundreds of these chaser sets have been delivered, and it is gratifying to know that every chaser that went overseas was equipped with our radio apparatus.



The Vacuum Tubes Which Are an Essential Part of the Airplane Telephone. Transmitting Tube at the Left, Receiving Tube at the Right

tus. We not only manufactured but installed them as well, and at one time over a hundred men were employed under the direction of the Engineering Department in wiring the boats and installing the sets at several different

Navy yards. At times the pressure was so great that apparatus was brought East from the factory by messengers carrying it as baggage. We have been told that not in one single instance was the sailing of a ship for overseas duty delayed by our failure to have the equipment installed and in operation on time.

Altogether thousands of radio telephone sets of different types have been manufactured and delivered to the Army and Navy, since the early part of 1918. In spite of the fact that prior to July, 1917, no commercial types of this apparatus were in existence, and some of the fundamental problems had not yet been solved, the resources of the Western Electric organization were sufficient to establish on a commercial basis within this short space of time, practically speaking, an entire new art.

That our efforts were appreciated by the military authorities is evidenced by letters from Secretary of War Baker and General Squier, which are published on pages 4 and 5 as a part of this article.

Our Cover

—The illustration on the cover shows E. B. Craft and Lieut.-Col. N. H. Slaughter, both Western Electric men in the foreground. Lieut.-Col. Slaughter is speaking through the transmitter. Mr. Craft is the lone civilian.



The Wind-Driven Generator Which Supplies the Radio Apparatus. Mr. Craft is Pointing Out Its Position on the Plane, and in the Lower Left-Hand Corner, a "Close Up" of the Generator is Shown



Pilot and Observer Using Western Electric Intercommunicating Set to Talk With Each Other While in the Air



President Wilson on the White House Lawn Talks to Airplanes Flying Over City



Gerard Swope Resigns



Gerard Swope

A NNOUNCEMENT was made on December 30th of the resignation of Gerard Swope, Vice-President in Charge of Export and Foreign Business. Mr. Swope joined the Western Electric Company in 1895, following his graduation from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. His first work was in the shop at Clinton Street, Chicago, following which he became Power Apparatus Engineer. In 1898 he went into the Sales Department as a traveling salesman and in 1901 organized and became the first manager of our St. Louis distributing house. In 1906 he returned to Chicago as Power Apparatus Manager and in 1908 became General Sales Manager, with headquarters at New York, assuming the additional title of Vice-President in January, 1913.

During the last few years Mr. Swope has spent much of his time in connection with the problems incident to the company's business outside of America, and in 1917 he went to China, where he carried on the negotiations, resulting in the organization of the China Electric Company, Ltd., our allied house in China. Following close upon his return from the Orient, Mr. Swope's services were requisitioned by the Government and he went to Washington, where he was assistant to Major General Goethals, Director of Purchase, Storage and Traffic. In this capacity he did notable work. Mr. Swope was directly responsible for the present form of organization of our Sales Department and for ten years was its resourceful and vigorous administrator. It was under his administration that the News was conceived and published and he was a frequent contributor to its columns.

It is announced by the General Electric Company that Mr. Swope is to become president of a new cor-

poration, probably bearing the title of International General Electric Company, to be formed as a subsidiary to develop its foreign trade.

In announcing Mr. Swope's resignation, President Thayer said:

"I am very sorry to have to announce, and I am sure that all who know him will be sorry to learn, that Mr. Gerard Swope has decided to devote his talents to other fields than ours.

"His business life has been with us and his contributions to the success of the Company have been many and valuable.

"It has been our plan and his that he devote his talents, which are exceptional, to the reconstruction of our European organization for a period exclusively and with that in view we had provided for a temporary loss of his services and experience in the domestic business, so that his going makes no change necessary now in the organization of the domestic business."

G. E. Pingree Assumes New Duties

Becomes Vice-President of International Western Electric Company

A NNOUNCEMENT is made of the appointment of G. E. Pingree as Vice-President and General Manager of the International Western Electric Company, Inc., and Vice-President and Managing Director of the Western Electric Company, Ltd., Canada, succeeding Mr. Gerard Swope, resigned.

Mr. Pingree joined the Western Electric Company in 1903, after graduation from Dartmouth College, and his early work was in the Clerical and Financial Department of the Clinton Street office in Chicago, then the



G. E. Pingree

Executive Headquarters of the Company. He occupied successively positions in the Cincinnati and Chicago offices, was Assistant Treasurer at New York and General Telephone Sales Manager, with headquarters at New York.

In 1908 Mr. Pingree went to China as the Company's special representative in the Far East and upon his return was appointed to the position of Managing Direc-

tor of the Company's London House. This position Mr. Pingree has since occupied in charge of the Company's extensive engineering, manufacturing and sales activities at that point. During the past six months he has been in New York, which will be his headquarters after May 1st. Mr. Pingree is spending the intervening time on a short trip to England, France, Belgium and Italy.



Changes in Organization

D. J. BUTTS, who has been Manager of the Los Angeles house since March, 1917, has been appointed District Sales Specialist at San Francisco. Mr. Butts began his career with the Company at Chicago in 1903, his first work being armature winding. He went to Hawthorne in 1905 and did engineering work there for a year.

In 1906 he was sent to New York and in December of that year was transferred to the Sales Department. He remained in New York until 1910, when he went to Boston, and in 1916 he was transferred to Salt Lake City as Manager. He remained there until he became Manager at Los Angeles.



H. L. Harper

H. L. Harper has been appointed Manager of the Los Angeles house, going there from Kansas City, where he has been throughout most of his career with the Company, extending over a period of 15 years. Mr. Harper was first employed in the Shipping Department in 1903, and after working in the Stock and Credit Departments was made a telephone salesman,

in December, 1907. Three years later he was put in charge of the telephone sales and retained that position for more than two years.

He joined the Dallas house as a Telephone Salesman in January, 1913, and stayed there four years, during most of which time he was Telephone Specialist. He returned to Kansas City in February, 1917, as Sales Manager, the position which he has just relinquished in order to go to Los Angeles.

W. B. DeForest, who has been a Farm Light Specialist for the Kansas City house, stationed at Oklahoma City, has returned to Kansas City to take Mr. Harper's place as Sales Manager.



W. B. DeForest

Mr. DeForest has been employed by the Company for a little less than 10 years, coming to the Kansas City House as a salesman in April, 1909.

Three years later he was transferred to the St. Louis house, but remained there only three months, going back to Kansas City as Telephone Sales Manager. He continued in this work until April of last year, when he was made Farm Light Specialist.

L. A. Davies has been appointed Stores Manager at Dallas succeeding L. N. Rider, who has been transferred to the Chief Stores Manager's staff. Mr. Davies has been at the St. Louis house since November, 1917.



New Yorkers Enjoy a Movie Party

ALL of the Company's employees in New York had a chance to see four Western Electric moving pictures on January 20 and 21 at the Lexington Theatre, one of the largest auditoriums in the city.

Two nights were necessary in order to accommodate everyone, the theatre being given over on January 20 to the employees of the General Departments at 195 Broadway, the Patent Department and the New York House. On the following evening it was West Street's

turn and the engineers filled the big theatre. On both evenings President Thayer spoke before the films were shown, being introduced the first night by Vice-President Du Bois, and the second by Chief Engineer Jewett.

The four pictures shown—they included more than 7,500 feet of film—were Telephone Inventors of To-day, Forging the Links of Fellowship, Inside the Big Fence, and A Square Deal for His Wife.

Back From Brazil

By P. E. Erikson



E. D. Johnson

EVER since E. D. Johnson and I returned from Brazil, some two or three months ago, the News has been trying to persuade us to tell the story of our travels for the benefit of its readers. An inspection of the habits and customs of an Internationalist, as set forth by A. E. Reinke in the December issue, failed to reveal any mandate to write a story for the News upon returning from foreign climes, and we would undoubtedly have persisted in evading the task had it not been for a question that our fellow workers are continually asking.

"How did you get along with Spanish while you were in Brazil?" is the question that everyone pops at us, and we hope that some of the readers of the News know the answer. It happens to be this: "We didn't, they speak Portuguese down there."

And now that the News has so kindly given us an opportunity to put that question to sleep, it really would be ungracious to refuse to tell what we saw, heard and did while we were in South America. So here goes.

First comes the job that took us down there. As those who have studied their geographies know—or ought to know—the capital of Brazil is Rio de Janeiro, a city of some 1,250,000 inhabitants, and about 300 miles away from Rio is the flourishing city of Sao Paulo, with a population of about 500,000. The geographies tell you that much, but what they forget to say is that until the Rio de Janeiro & Paulo Telephone Company sent for Johnson and me to go down there and tie the two cities together with some good old Western Electric cable wire and telephone repeaters, they were as far apart as the poles, speaking telephonically. It was our job to supervise the necessary transmission arrangements, so as to enable Rio and Sao Paulo to talk to each other when the spirit moved them so to do, and before we came home we accomplished it.

When we were making our tests, after the installation of the line had been completed, we found that the Brazilians are not yet in the frame of mind where they accept the marvels of the telephone as something to be taken for granted, as is done in the United States. Time and time again, while

we were listening to conversations between the two cities, in order to see that everything was going well, we would hear things like this. Someone in Sao Paulo would call up a friend in Rio, and the Rio man's first words almost invariably would be "Glad to hear that you are in Rio. When are you coming around to see me?"

"But I am not in Rio," would be the reply, "I am in Sao Paulo." An argument generally followed, which usually was settled by a call from the Rio subscriber after the conversation was finished.

"Was the man who just talked to me really in Sao Paulo?" he would inquire of the operator or manager at the central office, and upon being assured that such was the fact, would exclaim anew over the wonders wrought by the telephone. And to us, testing the line, such inquiries were welcome music. They were unsought compliments which proved that the work had been well done.

But this narrative is progressing too swiftly. We are finishing the line before we begin it, and that is hardly good telephone practice. So let's make another start.

We left New York in January of 1918, on a day so cold that only the assurance that it was summer in Brazil made life seem worth living. To our great satisfaction it took us only about two days to run into warm weather and melt off the ice that was encasing all the exposed parts of the vessel, and from there on the voyage was delightful. There were the usual sports and games while crossing the Equator, and a little more than two weeks after leaving New York we stopped at Bahia. We stayed there just long enough to learn that the city's real name isn't Bahia at all, but is Sao Salvador, and while we were still wondering how everyone came to

call it Bahia, we sailed away for Rio.* We did learn one other thing at Bahia, and that is that it once was the capital of Brazil.

But whatever Bahia may have been, Rio is the capital now, and if the Brazilians picked it on account of its natural beauty, they

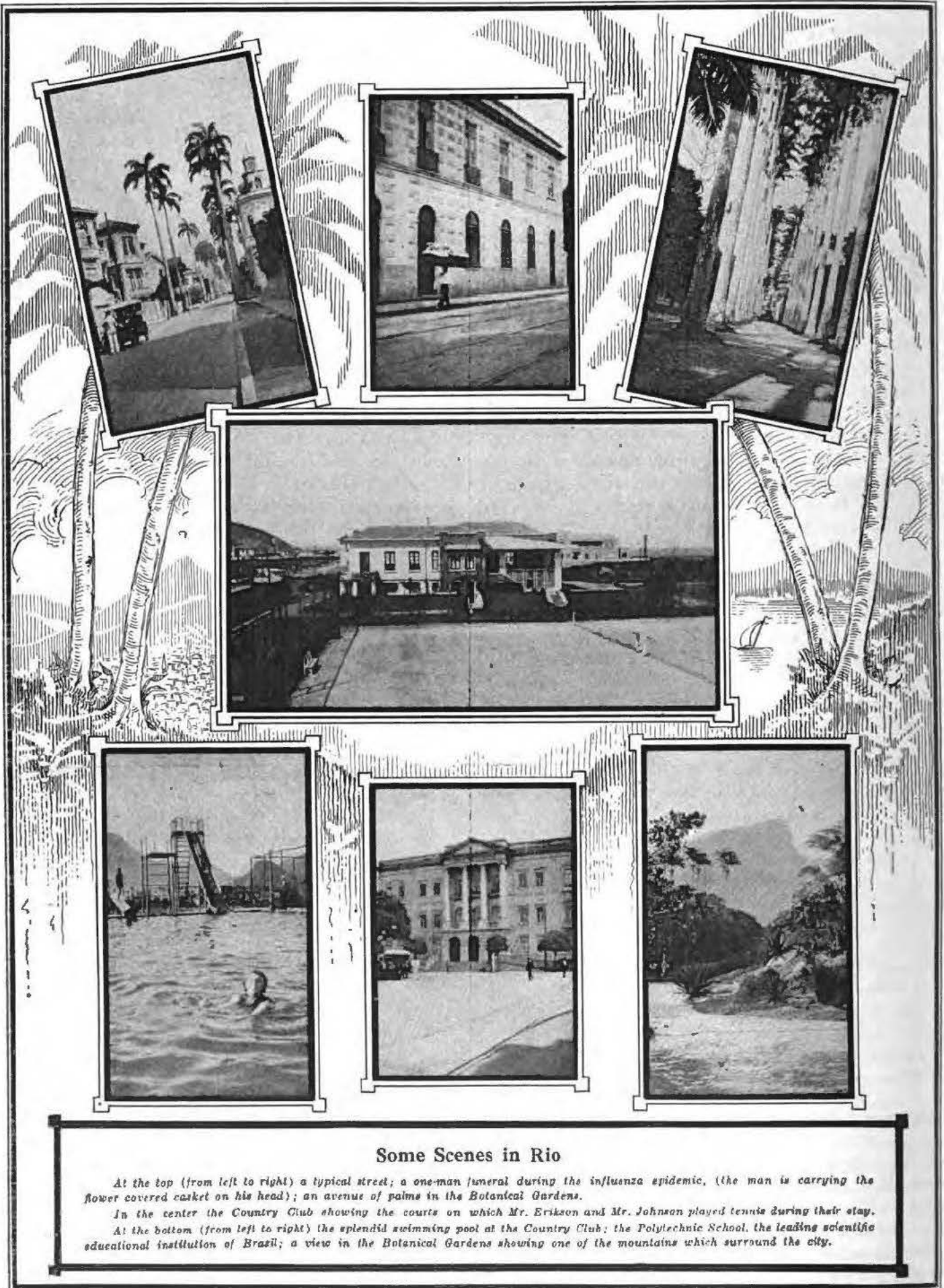
* The experts of the International Western Electric Company inform us that the city's full name is Sao Salvador de Bahia de todos dos Santos. No wonder Messrs. Erikson and Johnson sailed without knowing it.—Ed.



P. E. Erikson



Crossing the Line



Some Scenes in Rio

At the top (from left to right) a typical street; a one-man funeral during the influenza epidemic, (the man is carrying the flower covered casket on his head); an avenue of palms in the Botanical Gardens.

In the center the Country Club showing the courts on which Mr. Erikson and Mr. Johnson played tennis during their stay.

At the bottom (from left to right) the splendid swimming pool at the Country Club; the Polytechnic School, the leading scientific educational institution of Brazil; a view in the Botanical Gardens showing one of the mountains which surround the city.

deserve all the credit in the world for the good taste which they exercised in making their choice. For sheer natural beauty, Rio is far ahead of any city which I have had the good fortune to see, either in America or Europe.

When we first set foot on shore in Rio, we felt greatly flattered, for the whole city seemed to be celebrating our arrival. Everyone was in festive garb. We were speedily disillusioned, however, by learning that we had arrived during the annual carnival, so we joined in the merrymaking, and did our best to conceal our disappointment at finding that the reception was not planned for us. The carnival was much like the Election and New Year's night outpourings of people in New York. The confetti and ticklers were there in abundance. In addition, the merrymakers nearly all carried little guns, with which they squirted ether upon those whom they passed in the crowd. These little ether guns were extremely popular, except when the ether got in your eyes, or too much of it landed upon the same portion of your face or neck. We failed to find out the reason for the popularity of the ether guns, but they were all the rage.

Another feature of the carnival was the seemingly endless parades of decorated automobiles. At least they seemed endless to us until we discovered that they were circling around in such a fashion that we saw the whole parade all over again every half hour or so. It was like the army in a play that marches out through the wings on the right and then hotfoots it over to the left just in time to march in again as the second regiment in line. All very simple when you know how it is done.

Our first few months in Rio were spent in watchful waiting for supplies of various kinds which failed to arrive. The restrictions upon exports enforced by the United States Government during the period of the war made it extremely difficult to get the material which had long before left Hawthorne.

And having little work to do we naturally had to keep ourselves occupied in some way, so we often went out to the Country Club, where we used to play tennis, and Johnson took his first swimming lessons in the big open air pool. The country club idea is just taking hold

in Brazil, and the Brazilians are joining the Englishmen and Americans who hitherto have been the main support of such organizations.

I tried to play golf at Rio, too, but the links were laid out on the beach and the going was pretty heavy. Nine holes of that course required as much walking as thirty-six holes at home. They used red balls, and were allowed to tee up through the green—or sand. An American visitor who was playing one day nearly broke up the golf club with the following proposal: "I'm sick of dragging my feet around in this sand," he said. "Let's settle our matches by all driving floating golf balls as far as we can straight out to sea. The man whose ball comes in last will be the winner."

Over in Sao Paulo there was a beautiful course out among the hills. It had sixteen holes and we played the last two over again as the seventeenth and eighteenth.

Golf and tennis, however, seemed to be confined mostly to the foreigners, although the Brazilians are playing both games in ever increasing numbers. Soccer football is the great game in Brazil now-a-days. They have professional leagues and one of the biggest events of the year

is the game between Rio and Sao Paulo. It is played in July, which is the winter in Brazil, and attracts huge crowds to the big stadium in which it is held. We were unlucky in being in Sao Paulo on the day that big game was being played in Rio, but we saw a number of other league games during the season.

Baseball also is played, and one of the telephone men who worked with us was the manager of the leading team. His name is John Monahan, and his team plays the nines from the various American war and merchant ships which come into the harbor. No Navy team had to look far for an opponent when the ship puts into Rio.

Another sport that is popular in Brazil is riding in taxicabs at breakneck speed. There is some sort of speed limit in Rio, but the taxicab drivers seem to have forgotten that it exists, and every time you ride in one you feel satisfied if you escape with your life. I used to think that the Parisian taxi drivers were the most reckless in the world, but they will have to take a second place to those in Rio.

Last, but not least, were the movies. The films were



Landing in a Lighter at Bahia



*Church at Sao Paulo with a Western Electric Cable Reel
Monopolizing Part of the View*

good ones, but unfortunately we had seen most of them before we left New York.

Finally our supplies came and we were able to get to work. The job does not seem like a very big one according to our modern standards, but the pioneer nature of the work gave it much interest which it otherwise would

not have had. Most of the line consisted of open wire, but there were toll entrance cables in Rio and Sao Paulo. When we arrived most of the wire had been put up, and we had to splice on the cables and get the line in good working order.

It was not a difficult job when we once got started, although at times it dragged along because of the war-time delays which made our equipment and supplies late in reaching us. Neither of us knew Portuguese, so we tried getting along with an interpreter, but it didn't work well. He discovered too many untranslatable terms, so we finally left him out of our calculations and directed our men by the good old fashioned method of showing them what they had to do and seeing that they did it.

The Rio-Sao Paulo line consists of about three and one-half miles of quadded 24-pair cable from the exchange in Rio to the outskirts of the city, and three circuits of open wire to Sao Paulo, 300 miles away, where we put up about two miles of 38-pair quadded cable. The toll entrance cable in Sao Paulo is bigger than at Rio, because of the fact that it also carries the lines to Santos, which had been connected with Sao Paulo for some time before the Rio connection was established. There was another stretch of cable through the little town of Gauratingueta, where Johnson put in telephone repeaters in a newly built modern exchange.

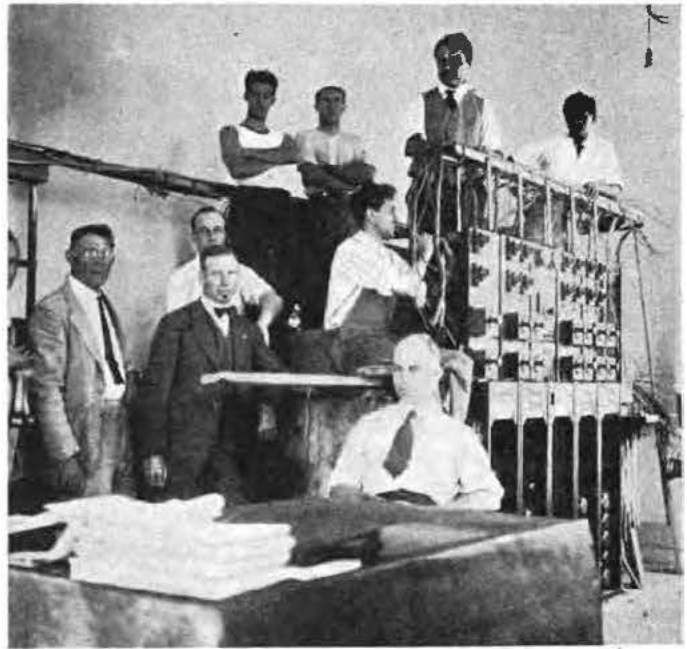


Rio by Moonlight—View Taken from the Corcovado, a Lofty Peak Behind the City

In all three of the big cities, Rio, Sao Paulo and Santos, the exchanges were of modern types, and most of their equipment is Western Electric, including cord circuit repeater equipment installed while we were down there. All of our relations with the telephone officials in Brazil were most cordial and friendly. Many of them are from the United States and the manager at Rio is a Bell System man from the Northwest. They all did everything that they could to make our work pleasant and agreeable, and our only regret when the time came to sail for home was that we would have to leave our good friends and companions behind.

Our line was officially opened on May 27, 1918, but there were many tests which still had to be made and additional equipment had to be added here and there. We did much of our testing at night, when the wires were not in use, and that sort of work took time.

There was one line which was in use at night, however, and the extent to which it was used makes an interesting addition to Mr. Jewett's multiple telephone article which the News published last month. The line in question was leased for night service to a couple of newspapers, one in Rio and the other in Sao Paulo. They had been using it for some time when C. M. Mauseau, the Manager of the Telephone Company at Rio dropped in on his newspaper friend one day to see how things were going.



Mr. Johnson and the Repeaters He Installed at Guaratingueta

"Great!" was the reply. "We surely are getting our money's worth out of that line, because you know we carry on three conversations at once over it." Mr. Mauseau didn't know, and expressed a little polite surprise at the news, whereupon the newspaper man ex-



Canal in Rio by Moonlight. Taken at the Moment of the Conjunction of the Planet Venus and the Moon



A Typical Brazilian Railway Station at a Small Town

plained how it was done. "It is this way," he replied. "You know that we have three telephone instruments at each end of our line. Well, we station a man at each telephone, one who speaks Portuguese, another who speaks French, and a third who speaks English. They do the same thing over in Sao Paulo, and then they all start talking. It may sound like a small edition of the Tower of Babel, but it really is quite easy to get along. You have conducted a conversation at an afternoon tea, haven't you, with people chatting all about you? Well, this is the same principle, and in our case it is all the easier to concentrate on one conversation and ignore the

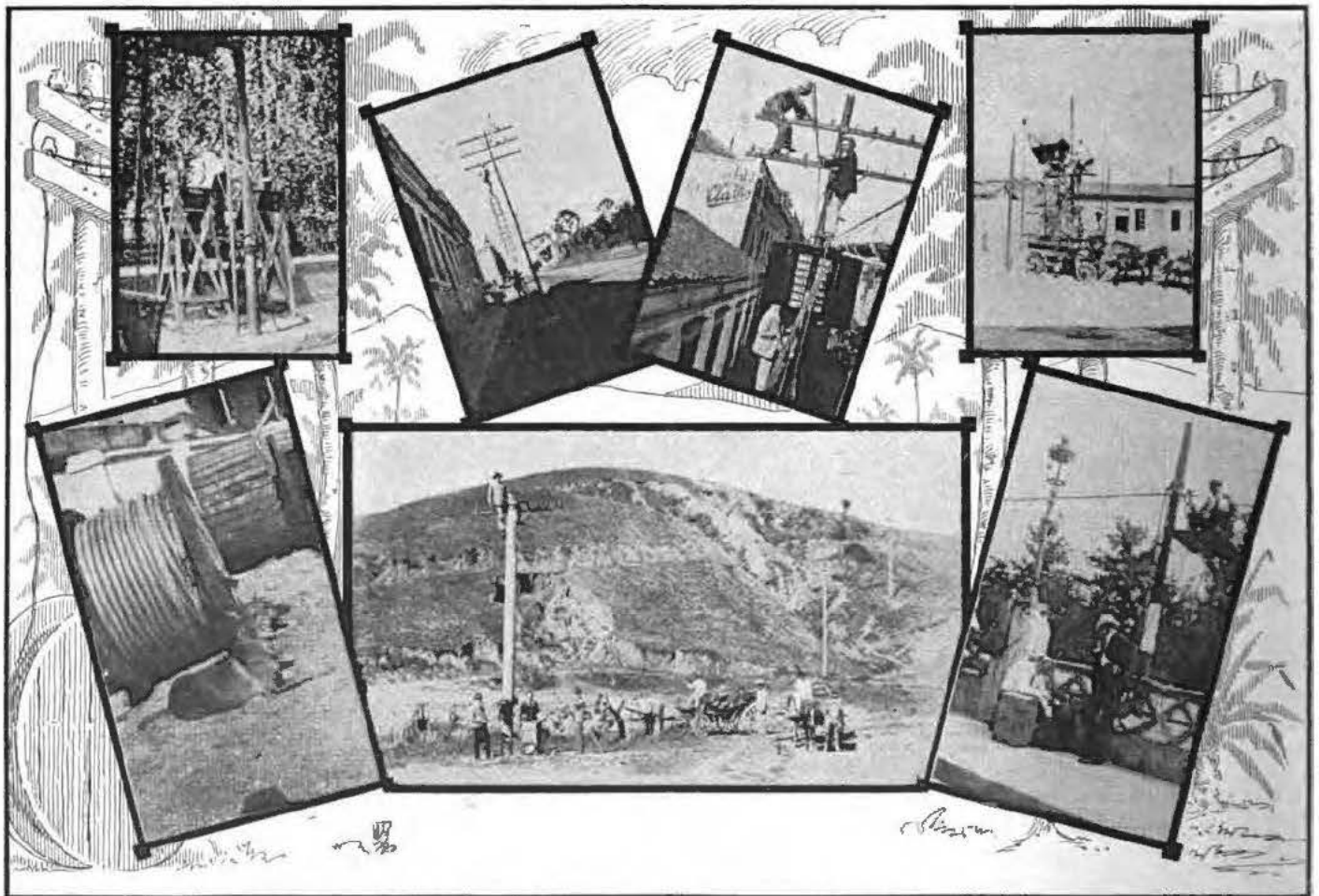
other two because they are in different languages. Yes, we certainly are getting our money's worth out of our line."

Mr. Mauseau agreed with the final statement and passed the story along to Johnson and me. We will close by passing it along to the readers of the News,

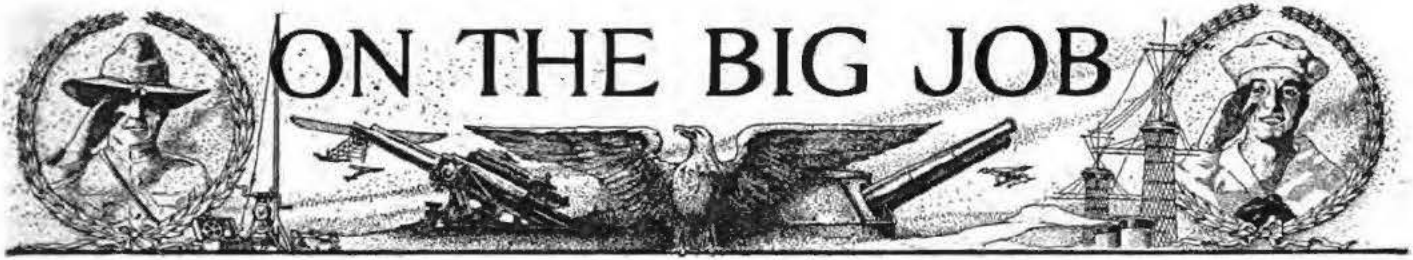


No Matter How Small a Load a Brazilian Has He Always Hitches Up All of His Oxen. In This Picture He Probably Is Taking a Pound of Butter to Town

with the suggestion that those who are mathematically inclined devote a few hours to the task of figuring out how many conversations could be carried on over one line if the Brazilian tri-lingual system were combined with the newly devised multiplex telephone.



Just to Prove That Messrs. Erikson and Johnson Really Worked While in Brazil



Three More Gold Stars



Ross R. Cline



Cheslyn Rinehart



James E. Murray, Jr.

Corporal Ross R. Cline

ROSS R. CLINE, formerly of the Installation Branch, was killed in action on the 27th of September.

Corporal Cline left the Company July 14, 1917, and joined the Headquarters Company of the 148th Infantry. He trained at Georgetown, Ohio, and at Camp Sheridan before leaving for France on the second of last July.

Mr. Cline had been with our Company in Detroit, Michigan, for about a year before he entered the army. His parents live in Fostoria, Ohio.

Cheslyn Rinehart

ANOTHER gold star was added to the Western Electric service flag on October 31, 1918, when Cheslyn Rinehart died from spinal meningitis on the hospital ship *Mercy*.

Cheslyn Rinehart, who was employed in the Factory Cabling Department at Hawthorne, left the Company to enlist in the Navy on June 28, 1918.

James E. Murray, Jr.

JAMES E. MURRAY, JR., who some time ago was reported as missing in action, is now reported as having died. His name appeared on the list of deaths issued by the Government on January 15th.

He worked for the Company at West Street in New

York, from March, 1917, until July 14, 1917, when he went to Spartanburg as a member of Co. C, 22nd Regiment N. G., N. Y. Before working for the Company he served with the same regiment on the Mexican Border and came to West Street immediately after his return from that period of service. He was first employed as a messenger and was working in the physical laboratory at the time of his enlistment.

After reaching Spartanburg the designation of the 22nd N. Y. was changed to the 102nd U. S. Engineers, with which regiment James Murray was still serving at the time of his death.

A Correction

THROUGH an error, the list of men in the service, published last month included the following men from the Patent Department on the roll of the Engineering Department. As the Patent Department is a branch of the Legal Department and its only connection with the Engineering Department is that they once dwelt under the same roof at West Street, the News now lists the Patent Department's military roll in proper form.

Fenton, Walter J. (A)
 Helland, E. W. (N)
 Heydt, George H. (A)
 Helm, C. W. (N)
 Jessich, John (A)
 Jones, D. C. (A)
 Jackson, B. H. (A)

Key, Richard G. (N)
 Kiesel, W. C. (A)
 MacDonald, Irving (A)
 McKenney, Maurice R. (A)
 Wagner, Jessie O. (A)
 Webster, A. G., Jr. (N)
 Whitfield, H. B. (A)

Sets Naval Recruiting Record

Hawthorne Man Does Exceptional Work in the Chicago District



Lieut. Childs as a Recruiting Officer and as He Looked When He Was Graduated from Annapolis

DURING the last naval recruiting campaign, from April, 1918, to August, 1918, the Chicago district led the entire country and set a week's record of 1,065 men enlisted. That is almost equivalent to telling you that there was a Western Electric man in charge of it, so we may as well go on and inform you that

it was Lieut. H. D. Childs, an Annapolis graduate.

Before the United States declared a state of war on April 6, 1917, Mr. Childs had charge of service and stock maintenance on lead-covered cable at Hawthorne. As he was a reserve ensign of the United States Navy, the Government at once telegraphed him to report for duty at the Navy Recruiting Office, Chicago. He acted as assistant to the recruiting officer until June, 1917, and then was put in charge of the office. At the close of recruiting, September 30, 1918, he was placed in charge of mobilization in the district of Chicago covering the States of Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa, Michigan, and Nebraska, the biggest district in the United States. While recruiting he enlisted and enrolled more than 10,000 men, leading all recruiting stations in the United States, except that in the New York district.

During June, July, August, and September of 1918, in addition to his recruiting duties, he planned and equipped a recruiting and publicity train of models of ships mounted on flat cars with a crew of fifty men. With this outfit he covered over 3,000 miles of inter-urban railways in the central West, arousing great enthusiasm everywhere.

On September 24th he was promoted two grades to the senior grade lieutenantancy.

Lieut. Childs was graduated from Annapolis in 1902. In his senior year he was battalion chief petty officer and editor of the academy annual publication, "The Lucky Bag." After graduation he spent four years in the service, cruising to the West Indies, South America, the Mediterranean and then through the Suez Canal and the Red Sea to China and Japan. While in Asiatic waters he was taken ill at Yokohama and sent home via

the Pacific to Mare Island. He was then transferred to the Army and Navy General Hospital, Fort Bayard, N. M. When discharged from the hospital he was ordered for examination and after several physical examinations was retired as ensign in 1906. He came to Chicago in March of that year and went to work with the Western Electric Company at that time.

Hawthorne Man Loses a Foot and Lands in the Hospital, But He Has Two Left

IN the case of Private Charles Shota, department 6805, Hawthorne, the familiar elevated railroad safety-first slogan should be changed to "Watch your foot." At least here is what a war correspondent of one of the Chicago papers tells of him:—

"Private Charles Shota, 2242 South St. Louis Ave., Chicago, feels he is the original hoodoo victim and he insists it's all because some unmentionable person stole the rabbit's foot that had protected him from danger on five sectors of the front

"The day after that rabbit's foot was stolen Shota, who had been over the top half a dozen times without getting a wound, fell into a shell hole and was injured so badly he had to go on the casualty list."

A Good Job

THESE two pictures of Lieutenant Walter J. Blum, of the 18th Infantry, formerly of the Chicago Sales Department, might be entitled "What the Doctors Did to Him."

Lieutenant Blum first went into the Flanders' trenches early in the spring of 1918. When he came out a few days later, it was on a stretcher, because a German sniper's bullet had cut through the left side of his face, entering at the corner of his eye and passing out through his ear. It was a narrow escape. The first picture shows Lieutenant Blum as he appeared when he first stepped out of the hospital, with a deep and ugly scar across the side of his face. The other picture, taken a few days ago in France, shows how he looked when the doctors had completely restored his former physiognomy.



Lieutenant W. J. Blum

Richmond Boy Gains Cross



H. St. Clair Dalton

H. ST. CLAIR DALTON, who entered military service from the Richmond house, has been cited for the Distinguished Service Cross, for sticking to his ambulance after being caught in a heavy shell fire, and after having been severely wounded, on November 4th. A fragment of shell was buried deep in his

leg, and in spite of it, he stayed with his car and drove it a distance of five miles through furious cannonading. The car was filled with wounded soldiers, when Dalton and his orderly were caught in the road jam and subjected to the shelling. Horses, wagons, and men were blown over the road in scraps, and the ambulance looked like a sieve after it was over, but the boys stayed with it, although other truck drivers all along the road abandoned their cars. Mr. Dalton wrote his father that the fragment was cut from the bone, from the opposite side from the one it entered, but that he had hopes that the leg would be saved.

It is Major Dashiell Now

R. M. DASHIELL, of the Richmond house, who has been mentioned in the News from time to time, is now a Major in the Tank Corps. He saw plenty of service with the infantry before he was transferred to the tanks, and the following paragraphs from a letter received from him recently show that his promotion was earned:

"I went through the whole course of training up to the trenches in the British sector on first arriving with my regiment, and just before I took my company into action was detailed on Special Duty at Corps Headquarters, and while there the division moved out of the British and into the American sector. I was unable to get back with them, but managed to get detailed to an Australian (Aussie) outfit, and served awhile in the trenches with them where I had numerous experiences (among them blowing one Hun to pieces with a Mills grenade) went over the top, etc.

"Later I served on several details on the front line and had command of P. O. W. (Prisoner of War) companies to bring to the rear.

"Early in the Fall I was assigned to the New York Division (27th), and there I saw real service. I had command of a company when the Hindenburg line was smashed, and then a battalion in the drive that followed, and could tell you all sorts of tales of the things I saw, etc. I was not scratched and only slightly gassed (not to amount to anything), and although about fifty years older I am still the same man who left Richmond last May."

Louis Berwig Wounded

L. OUIS C. BERWIG, of the installation branch, was wounded in the right arm during the last of the fighting in France, according to a letter written by an attendant at the hospital to which he had been taken.

Corp. Berwig belongs to Company L, 56th Infantry. He was an instructor in the St. Louis school of the installation branch for almost the entire time the school was maintained.

Right on the Job

E. R. MURRAY, of the San Francisco house, has written a letter to F. H. Leggett, manager of the New York house which shows that even the exigencies of war cannot quench the typical Western Electric sales spirit. The letter tells its own story better than any explanation could. It is dated from the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg:

"No doubt you will be a little surprised to hear from one of your former San Francisco employees 'way over here in this part of the woods; but on the other hand, the war has made so many revolutionary changes that one cannot be surprised at much these days.

"My detachment is attached to the Chief Engineer's Office, and we are at Luxembourg for about a ten-day stay before proceeding to the Rhine. The trip has been of unusual interest ever since we left the front just northeast of Verdun, and I feel very fortunate in being connected with the "Third Army" in its historic march.

"Now to my chief purpose of this letter: During my stay here I made the acquaintance of a Mr. Henry Burgraf, a hardware merchant of Luxembourg. He (as are many others) is looking for a new "buying field"; to buy both hardware and electrical goods. On account of a discriminating tariff in favor of Germany, he was forced in the past to make his purchases in that country. Now, of course, he wants to throw his business to a more favorable channel and is especially desirous of establishing some connection with some American source of supply.

"This case is perhaps one of many in this country, and I believe that if the Western Electric representatives in Paris get in touch with Mr. Burgraf, a very excellent business connection may be established. Mr. Burgraf also informed me that he is shortly to open up a house in Antwerp.

"Incidentally, I want to say that I shall drop in to have a talk with you on my return to the States, if there should be some opportunity to come over here for the "Western" next year, I should be glad to embrace it. I speak, read and write French—and feel that great opportunities for American business lies over here."

"One Foot On The Gang Plank"

The Cincinnati house sends in a letter from Ed. Costello dated from Camp Disappointment. The reason for the unusual date line is disclosed by the following sentences from the letter:

"I've been so full of fire and brimstone for the last few weeks that I'm just beginning to simmer down enough to be able to write without using all the cuss words I know. About three weeks ago we were all set to go aboard ship and be on our merry way—our baggage was down at the pier and we were all packed up ready to go out at 4 A. M. We had a midnight lunch and then sat around patiently waiting until six bells when an order came through to stick round until 2 A. M. the following night. After another night of watchful waiting they knocked the props out from under our hopes by postponing our trip indefinitely. Then along came the armistice and here we stick without even getting a whiff of the ocean. Of course I'm glad the fight is over, because of the joy it brings to everybody, but it sure gets my goat to spend a long year fooling around trying to get over and then have them stop just when I've almost got one foot on the gangplank."



James F. Kande

Hawthorne Boy Severely Wounded

P. RIVATE JAMES F. KANDE, of the shop clerical department No. 6031 at Hawthorne, was reported by the Government to his mother as severely wounded in action on Nov. 2, 1918. The last heard of him was that he was recovering after an operation and to be expected home soon.

Up From the Ranks

WINS COMMISSION IN FRANCE

William J. McArdle Gets Second Lieutenantancy in Signal Corps

Word has just been received by Mrs. H. K. Shoenberger, 2133 N. Park av.,



Lt. Wm. J. McArdle

that her son, William J. McArdle, has been commissioned a second lieutenant with the signal corps in France.

The announcement came in an official letter from the War Department. Lieutenant McArdle was connected with the Western Electric Company at its Chicago plant when the United States entered the war. He enlisted there in the signal corps and was sent to Camp Fun-

ston, where he became a sergeant in January of this year.

Last June Lieutenant McArdle sailed for overseas and shortly after his arrival in France was appointed to an officers' training school. He graduated from there and his commission followed. He attended the public schools of Atlantic City and afterward Villanova College.

As the newspaper clipping at the left shows, William J. McArdle, of Hawthorne, has distinguished himself by earning a commission in the Signal Corps after he had reached France. His many friends at Hawthorne are proud of his achievement. Lieut. McArdle is only one of a number of Western Electric boys who have risen from the ranks.

In a letter received from Sergeant Tom Brown, of Company A, 819th F. S. B. (the New York Radio Company), he speaks as follows of the training which the Company received while the men were still working at West Street. The letter was written only a few days before the signing of the armistice:

"Referring to our company, or the New York Radio men in Company A of the 819th, you all can well be proud of Mr. Wold's efforts, as he certainly did put his heart and soul in it. After one of his little lectures or talks, it brought me back to school days. Well, we sure did need it, and it certainly has done us a great deal of good. Out of all these organizations over here, we happen to be the choice Radio Co. for Headquarters. First Army, operating the most important net in the American sector, from Verdun to Nancy, and our Captain, George C. Pratt, who is a "Western" man, is now Chief Radio Officer of the First Army.

"I, myself, have done my best with the 'chow.' Certainly at first it was rather hard. I really think the boys should have a chance with 'canned willie' before they leave the States, particularly over there where they have fine barracks, kitchens, and all kinds of food-stuffs to choose from, such as turkey, chicken, pork, lamb, mutton, beef of all descriptions. I think it is a mistake. They should get some of the 'field rations' before they leave for France, 'canned willie' in all its phases. We have been very fortunate with our field range, and are termed the best fed organization in the Verdun sector. Camouflages of corned willie in all styles, no matter what weather conditions may be, pelting rain or mud up to our knees, on our range we make anything from 'slum gullion' to 'lady's fingers,' and the boys seem well pleased."

Last month a letter from a Hawthorne boy told of finding a copy of the News in No Man's Land, and here is another similar incident, the finder this time being Ed. O'Donnell, a Chicago soldier. He says:

"I would like to get the W. E. News if possible. I ran across one two months ago out on a field, 75 kilometers from here. One that some Signal Corps man, who was undoubtedly a W. E. employee had dropped. Of course I passed the rest of that afternoon studying it.

"At present I am located in a city captured from the Germans after four years' occupation. Conditions are far from comfortable. There are five or six houses here that are intact as far as the walls are concerned. Otherwise they are O. K."

The work of the student aviators never grows uninteresting. Here is part of a letter from G. A. Powers, Jr., of the Boston house, written from Carruthers Field, where he was in training at the time the war came to an end:

"We find a great deal of real sport and pleasure in our work; to cite an instance, yesterday morning the clouds were very low, from 1,500 to 2,500, and in our acrobatic stage we fly at 4,000, so you see, once above the clouds we were completely obscured from the vision of any instructor who might be checking our stunts. So, having that wonderful sea of white clouds stretching so far as the eye could see, another fellow and I decided to play in the clouds. We would cut our gun and dive into them and then open her up and zoom up out of them, a sensation similar to a roller coaster, but of course infinitely faster. Then we would fly along the top of the cloud, our wheels skimming it. Tiring of this, one of the boys signalled for a race, which I readily accepted, for I had a fast American Curtiss, and we started off. We would dive through the cloud and lose 1,500 feet and start up again.

"I enjoyed myself more than ever in my life, but when we came down near the earth, it was not familiar, and I landed and found that I was 75 miles from the airdrome, and on the way back, not having a compass or map, I got lost for a few minutes, but picked up a railroad track and followed it until I began to recognize some land-marks.

"But I have said nothing about the beauties of the cloud formation. I really cannot describe it. It was worthy of a poet's description. It looked, as I might imagine the Arctic seas appear. Pure white, and it looked solid and the sun which was shining in all its glory above the cloud reflected the ship on the surface of the cloud and enclosed it in a rainbow, appearing very much as a target ship in the ring sights.

"One could write all day of the innumerable happenings which occur daily in the life of a flying cadet, but I shall hold them for some future occasion, and will say no more save this is the greatest branch of the service, and a pilot's job is the sportiest proposition the Army can offer, and although I will not be so selfish as to wish the war prolonged, still I will be frank to admit that if it must last, I will not be disturbed, inasmuch as I most ardently desire to be in at the finish and that is the sentiment of every flying officer and cadet in this country."

A recent letter from Private D. E. Sullivan, 108th Engineers formerly of department 6080, Hawthorne, gives an interesting description of some of the fighting on the Verdun front.

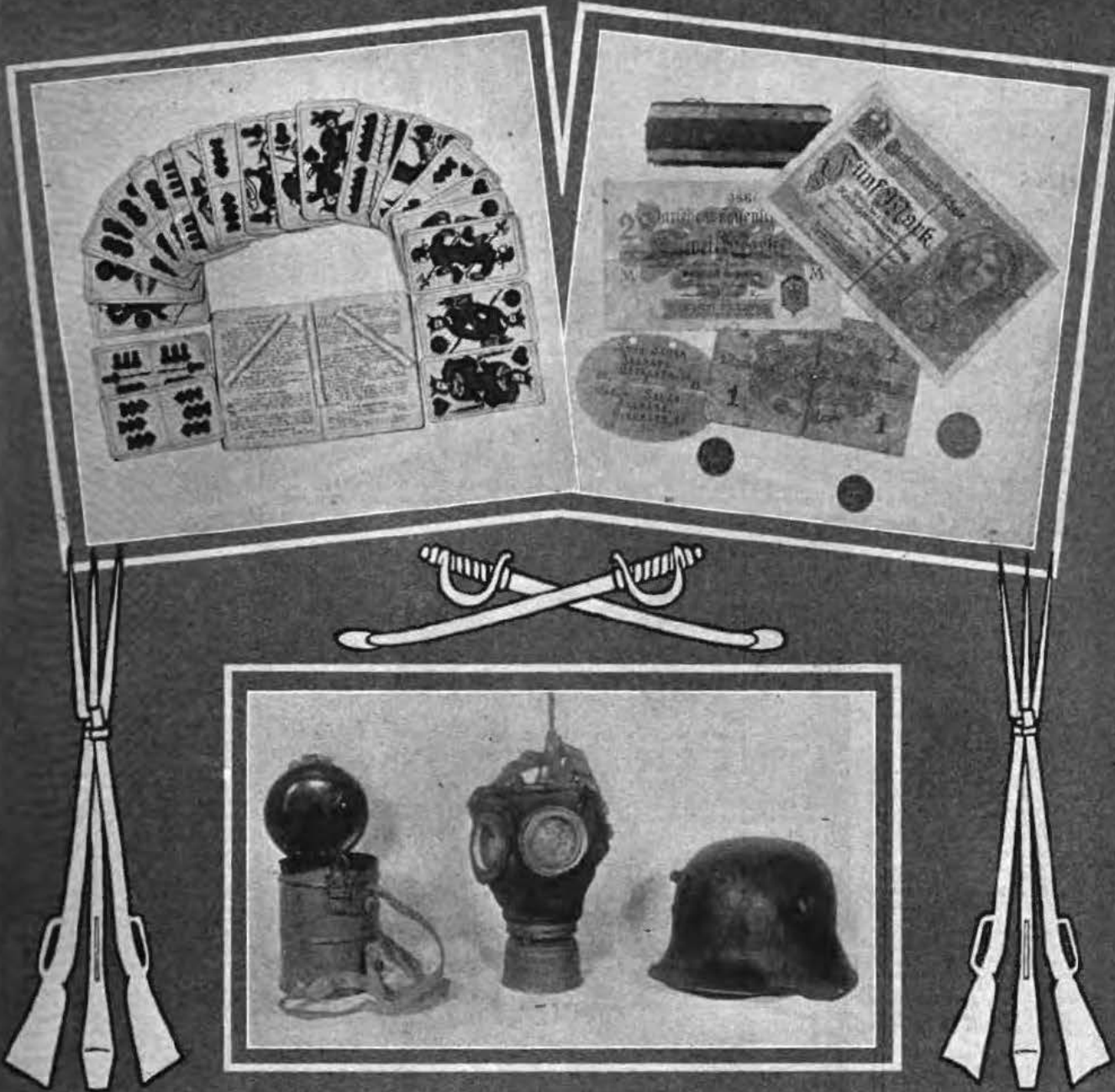
"On the night of September 24th," writes Private Sullivan, "our regiment landed in a large communication trench on the side of 'No Man's Hill.' Our officers told us the enemy was at the base of the opposite side of the hill. There was no artillery action. Everything was quiet, except that every half hour 'Jerry' would send a six-inch shell screeching over our heads; and it would burst on the hill back of us.

"That night, after unslinging our packs and making our beds in the trench, we busied ourselves with carrying bridge material, duck boards, etc., over the hill into 'No-Man's Land.' This finished, we returned to our bunks to knock off a few hours' sleep, for we knew a great drive would start the following night.

"We slept nearly all the following day. Everything was so quiet we could scarcely believe the enemy was so close.

"Night came and we were assembled, and notified to have bridges and pathways built across a large swamp in 'No-Man's-Land' for there would be a hop over at 5 o'clock the following morning. Everyone was willing and our work started. We laid the duck boards like a sidewalk, across the swamp as far as the Forges Creek. Then the dirty work started. 'Jerry' opened up a regular machine gun barrage. The noise in making the bridge had aroused his suspicions, for with the rain of cold lead came the overhead shrapnel, the high explosive and, worst of all, he sent over gas, and plenty of it. Our artillery started in then, especially the heavy guns. They were returning his medicine. The number of guns increased and at eleven o'clock one could scarcely think for the noise. The famous French 75's joined in with the heavy guns, and the barrage was on. This continued until about 4:50 the following morning.

"In 'No-Man's-Land' a dense fog had settled. Above that could be seen the black and white smoke from the bursting shells. The zero hour was at 4:50 and our boys started over. The barrage lifted and gradually crept toward 'Jerry's' lines, and our boys were right behind it. The objective was 4 kilometers, and as the infantry passed over the pathways and bridges we had built, we knew the drive on the Verdun Front was started.

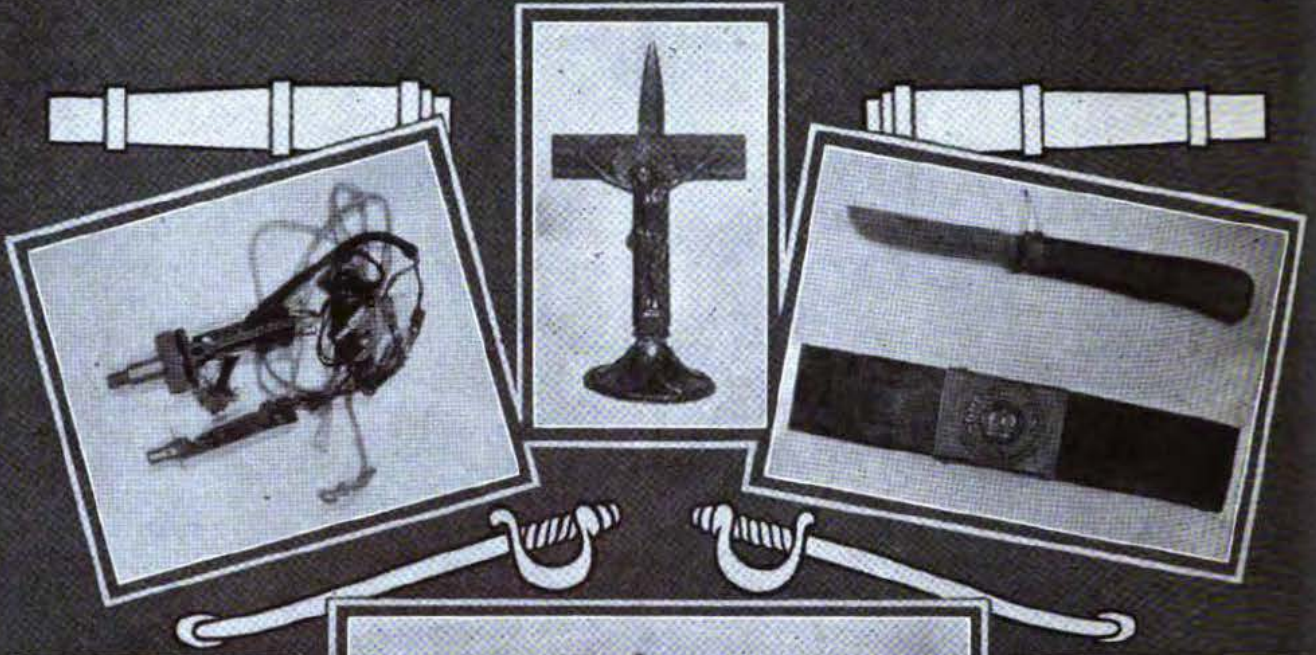


From Hunland to Hawthorne

At the top and to the left a collection taken in a German officer's dugout by Pvt. Edward Portner, Co. O, 23rd Engineers (department 6113, Hawthorne). Apparently they made use of the playing cards and cigarettes while the Yanks were at a distance and had the prayer-and-song-book for use when our boys started over to get them.

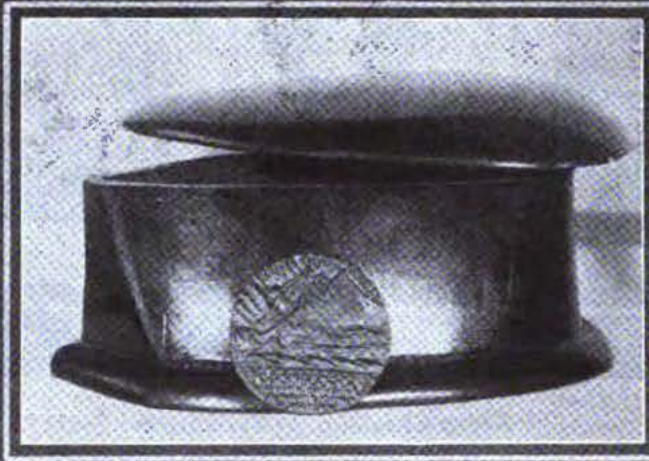
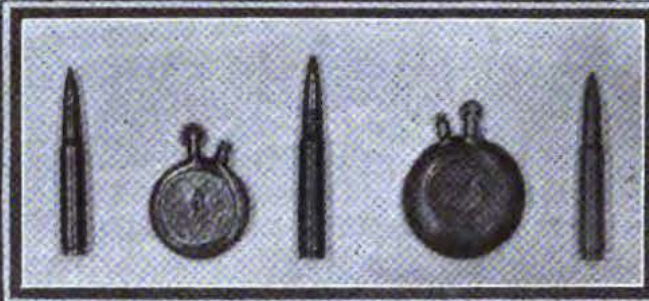
The cigarette coupons in the picture at the right are real German money. A German mark was worth about 24 cents before the war, but German marks and remarks have dropped decidedly in value since that time. The metal coins never would have been worth much. The largest, a 10 pfennig piece, used to be worth about 2½ cents. The large oval piece is not a coin. It is the identification tag of one Jacob Sauer, erstwhile spreader of Kultur, who has lately accepted a position as spreader of crushed road-gravel and doer of general roustabout work for Uncle Sam's army. The ribbon came from Jake's coat and indicates that he was entitled to wear the iron cross. The one he is wearing now consists of a cross piece of iron on a wooden handle. It is generally known as a pickax. The articles were sent in by Charles Psutka, formerly of the output department, now with Co. A, 105th Field Signal Battalion. He enlisted with the Hawthorne company but was later transferred.

You'll recognize these objects at the bottom as a German gas mask and helmet. They were sent home by Captain Alfred Thomas, Jr., son of A. Thomas of the equipment drafting department, Hawthorne. Captain Thomas is in command of Co. A, 319th Field Signal Battalion, the New York Radio company of the Western Electric. Notice the camouflage on the helmet. The two projecting pegs are used to fasten a hanging armor to protect the German soldier's back against shrapnel when he is lying down or crawling forward from shell hole to shell hole. It also undoubtedly came in very handy later when our boys were chasing them back home again. The can at the left is the container for the gas mask. It is a little in front of the other objects and looks relatively large in the photograph. Actually, it is only about four inches in diameter, a close fit around the metal base of the gas mask.



At the top, the picture at the left shows a telephone jack and key "made in Germany" and captured in a Boche dugout. The handle is apparently missing from the key, which operates by turning. A V-slot in the sleeve engages a pin on the plunger member. When turned to the left the key can be locked in the operating position by engaging the pin in a recess at the end of the left hand slot. The jack has heavy phosphor-bronze springs. Both key and jack are supplied with very heavy platinum contacts.

The photograph in the center is of a crucifix made by Walter Boehne (Department 6480, Hawthorne). The upright part of the cross is an American cartridge and the horizontal piece is a German cartridge clip picked up on the battlefield. German clips are of steel, owing to the shortage of brass in Besschland. The "Gott mit uns" belt and German kit-knife at the right are souvenirs picked up by Edward Fortner just after one of the big American advances. The knife locks in the open position, as shown, until the catch at the top is pushed forward, when the blade can be folded into the handle as in an ordinary jack-knife. The German soldiers wear the "God with us" belts to keep up their courage. Our boys wear their belts to keep up their pants.



Presents for friend and foe. The two cigarette lighters in the upper of the two center photographs are samples of articles made by the Poilus in the trenches. They operate by turning the gnarled wheel against a piece of flint. The resulting sparks ignite a wick projecting down into the alcohol contained in the body of the apparatus. You can probably guess how the cartridges are used. The lighter decorated with the rooster bears in French the words, "Defense of Verdun. They shall not pass." The other shows soldiers going over the top and is labeled, "Enavant" ("Forward"). The souvenirs were also sent in by Pvt. Edward Fortner.

Walter A. Schultz, of the 93rd Aero Squadron (Department 6336, Hawthorne) made this jewel box from the propeller of a United States aeroplane. He also sent in the Lusstania medal, struck off in honor of kulturized murder. The medal was taken from a Hun air raider shot down in England—certainly a fit person to carry such a pocketpiece. The German words above the sinking vessel mean, "No Contraband." Those at the bottom of the medal, "The great steamer, Lusstania, sunk by a German submarine May 5, 1915." The reverse side of the medal shows Death at a ticket window of the Cunard Line, selling tickets to a group of prospective passengers. It is labeled, "Business before Everything."

Another Page of Trophies
from the Fighting Line.

Captain Monk of Cincinnati He Hobnobs With Royalty After Fighting in France

8

TO-DAY'S ROYAL TOUR.

SCHOOL CHILDREN'S WELCOME IN NORTH-WEST LONDON.

CHAT WITH AMERICANS.

OFFICERS THINK THE KING A "DEMOCRATIC MAN."

Continuing their tours amongst their people, the King and Queen drove through north-west London this afternoon. Thousands of people thronged the route, which lay along the narrow Notting Hill High-street to Ledbrooke-grove, and thence by way of Carlton Bridge, Kilburn-lane, and Willesden-lane into the Kilburn High-road, returning to Buckingham Palace by way of Maida-vale, Elgin-avenue, Harrow-road, and Paddington Green.

All the working-class population of the district seemed to have left their work in order to give their Majesties an enthusiastic reception, whilst thousands of school children joined in the greeting at various points. The scholars of the St. George's, Campden-hill, School, were assembled outside the Coronet Theatre, and as the Royal party passed the carriages were slowed down whilst the children cheered as they had never cheered before.

Children's Welcome.

At the entrance of Kensington Palace Gardens, where their Majesties changed from the motor car to their carriage, a large crowd assembled, among them being a large number of children, who were accorded a front position. Before entering their carriage the King and Queen noticed several wounded officers standing near, and with them the King and Queen engaged in conversation for some moments.

On turning into Bayswater-road another tremendous reception was given them. There was a splendid display of flags along the road.

At Paddington Town-Hall their Majesties were received by the Mayor, Lieut.-Colonel Handover, and the Mayoress presented a bouquet to the Queen.

King's Chat with Americans.

The three American officers with whom the King and Queen chatted are delighted at the prompt honour which their Majesties accorded them. The officers are Major W. A. Fair, Captain Charles E. Monk, and Lieutenant James A. Ridley, all of the 30th American Division, who were with the 4th Army Division on the Western Front. Major Fair stated that the King and Queen pleased he was that America had co-operated with the other Allies in the great war. "Not for one moment," said the King, "had I any doubt about the issue." "The King," added Major Fair, "is quite a democratic man, and he's sure to be popular with everyone, I guess."

FUR STEALERS TRAPPED.
BRIXTON SHOP-ASSISTANT AS AMATEUR DETECTIVE.

MYSTERY WOMAN

Mr. Van

At the

Result

ENTIRE TO

GO LATTER

tured, our using them in the opposite direction left us with no wire protection. They ran in an irregular line from north to south clear across our front.

"One of our regiments held our front until the night of September 28, when two regiments took over and a third came up into reserve, the first retiring about two miles. During the night a tape line was placed about 100 yards in front of our line, extending from side to side across our front and that of the 27th division on our left. Thus, for a distance of 5,000 yards opposite to the strongest part of the "line" we had our line ready for the jump-off.

"Between 8 and 5.30 A. M. our men formed in platoon column from right to left on the line, ready. At 5.30 A. M. the 'zero' hour, all of our several hundred guns started, and the first burst of the barrage fell 100 yards beyond the tape. Our men stepped off on the big adventure. The speed was a brisk walk, the Boche advance posts were only about 800 yards from our line, and these we soon met and ran over. The morning was misty and the shell smoke and gas laid very low and did not drift away. On the right flank and in front of his high point we laid a smoke barrage. Our guns were about every 15 to 20 yards apart on our front. The shells fell in a constantly advancing line, and our men held close up to them. To use an army expression, we 'leaned up against the barrage.' The crashes of many guns could not be counted, at times it was like a drum beat. The German reply came promptly, our line was hammered for the first hour quite heavily. One telephone line less than a mile long was cut 14 times in this hour.

"But by the end of the first hour our men had gone so far that the Boche artillery very soon began to retire. Our tanks came over promptly, and there were some three dozen of them; the little whippets came on at the end.

"As the men advanced the first line was followed by a battalion in the rear of each regiment to 'mop up,' and these captured a lot of prisoners in dugouts and various gun pits and trenches. The machine guns were very active. Our men advanced, clearing out the various trenches and machine gun nests. The dead Germans were not very thick, but quite a number were visible and the wounded were very much in evidence. The prisoners were used as litter-bearers, and there was a steady stream of them.

"On our right the Sixth British division was advancing, and the Twenty-seventh American on our left. The line was a canal about sixty feet below the line of hills and about forty feet wide, with some six feet of water. This canal ran up to the town of Hiqueval, then went into a tunnel for six thousand yards. Our right, in advancing, just reached the open canal so that our men covered the entrance. The tunnel had stairways to the surface every one hundred feet, and the canal held house boats that were used as billets, the entire tunnel roof was honey-combed with dugouts and between his line on the tunnel and our tape line, or 'jumping-off' point, there was from five to seven lines of trenches covering every possible approach. These were protected by the heaviest belts of barbed wire we have encountered. The German is a master of the defense of a fixed position, and he had been two to three years building this final line that was to be his future boundary between the new Germany and France.

"The town of Bellicourt was about two thousand yards in front of our division center, and the town of Nauray lies southeast of Bellicourt another one thousand yards. The hedge fences, demolished buildings, and every rubbish heap gave shelter to the enemy. By 10 A. M., or four hours after zero hour, we had overcome nearly all the resistance except the machine guns on our left flank. As the two attacking regiments passed over the trenches we were compelled to refuse our left flank and to throw in two companies of machine guns to protect us from German attacks from that quarter. Our right passed on through Bellicourt to, and around Nauray, and then, with the aid of tanks, mopped up the town.

"On our right the fourth regiment came on behind the attacking line, and as soon as over the canal, turned and filed in on the Estrees-Belle Eglise road until relieved by the Sixth British, whose tanks crossed in our rear. The Boche fought hard and the machine guns were not silenced until late in the day. Our tanks met with heavy loss, and we saw a number that were 'dead' in different places.

"Our artillery was accurate to a fault, the guns are our best bet, on them we can always depend. As soon as a group of the enemy prepared to move our guns stopped them. As soon as the enemy were out of Bellicourt the German guns opened on the town, and it was very heavily shelled. I do not think one of our men was wounded by it.

"The country was bare of trees except around the houses in towns, and like all French towns, it is only a cluster of farm houses, large barns and a few stores, all built of brick. Here the fields were gently rolling and machine guns were effective for a couple of miles. On every side was evidence of a hasty departure.

LEST any reader of the News may think that Captain Monk's sole part in the war consisted in shaking hands with the King of England, the News hastens to print some extracts from a letter written by him from France:

"Our division reached the front between St. Quentin and Cambrai on September 26, 1918. Here we were placed in the trenches that had been the German last line before he retired into the famous Hindenburg line. He had a very elaborate set of trenches and very fine dugouts. They covered the last ridge before some passes into the valley that was in front of the main line, in what had been his front line during the winter 1917-1918. The Australian troops had captured the line before we took it over.

"All the land in the section had been shelled so much that it was one complete wreck, and one could not walk in any direction 50 feet without coming to a big shell hole. The country had been blasted to pieces. As these trenches had faced west when cap-

Ammunition everywhere and machine guns and broken transports could be seen on all sides.

"Our signal work was in two phases. First, we had our original position wired and then each regiment carried forward its own line from the 'jumpoff' point. On the left the line carried forward by Lieutenant Hanan advanced at 6.30 A. M. under machine gun fire and succeeded in going to a point northwest of Bellicourt and about one hundred yards from town in the last German trench. Here a station was established, and the line kept working by frequent patrol parties all day, and this line was all the communication that the left regiment had. The battalion commanders were visited and messages secured for transmission. The pigeons were carried to this point and were used by Lieutenant Hanan personally. The line was marked by his dead and wounded, but on they went, and their record made us proud of them.

"On the right the line was carried forward in the rear of the right flank and it went forward about 7.30 A. M. In rear of the second wave of tanks. The fire here was very heavy, and at times the line was held up. The country was open to German view, has guns fired on every party of two or three as soon as they appeared. By 11 A. M. the line was laid to the canal tunnel and here along the side of the road was established the advance message center. Several men were wounded, but none killed.

"The support regiment came forward at 6, after the second wave of tanks and marched to the canal tunnel and deployed along the roads and fields covering the flank of the right regiment. Their wire party was caught at the jump-off point by the first German artillery reply, and lost one killed and seven wounded, including the regimental signal officer. Sergeant First Class Harold Hudson assumed command and attended to the wounded and carried the line forward to the canal tunnel.

"The division cable head was near the division observation post and there were three lines to the advance brigade, but these were immediately shot out and torn up by tanks and artillery preparation. The lines were cut many times and really did not last long enough to be of any real use. Forward, a detail under my personal command, consisting of two operators and twelve privates of the 118th Infantry, carried a line to the advance message center. This line advanced at 6.30, or forty minutes after zero, and the loss started almost with that time. In the first quarter mile, three men fell, two killed and one wounded, and the line was cut in three



Capt. C. E. Monk

places by the time the first mile was reached, and only five men were left. Here a pause was made and two men went back to patrol the line. On returning over the line an hour later both were found severely wounded, lying along the side of the line. Continuing forward, we came over a hill and started down, and as we reached the end of the seventh coil, or one and three-quarter miles of line, our last operator, Sergeant Jennings, was carrying one side of the reel and a soldier the other when he was hit by a bursting shell, splitting his steel helmet and fracturing his skull. As only two men remained and they were not operators the advance ceased on this line, and gathering our wounded we returned to shelter.

"By night we were in our objective except on our left flank, where the failure of our flank division to 'mop up' left us either unprotected or in such shape that we had to retire our left flank. The latter was done. That afternoon the Australians passed through our lines and we settled down to a rest and to reform our scattered units. The day will be one long remembered in our history, it was an honor to

have the strongest point on the famous Hindenburg line entrusted to our division and the trust was not misplaced. To-day, and for evermore, it will be deemed an honor to have belonged to the famous Thirtieth division. This day cost dear in the signal corps, with five of our best men killed and over thirty wounded. It taught us not to go forward with lines until the way was cleared. It is not possible to run lines and maintain them under heavy fire without a loss that is prohibitive.

"The signalmen can keep up with the Infantry, but should not try to precede the mopping-up party. At Bellicourt, as we call this battle, we laid in four hours, fourteen miles of wire in advance of our jump-off points, and we had over fifty cases of lines being broken by shell fire. The shell fire did not destroy the barbed wire belts except in a very few places. The tanks left broad trails, but we could not put wires there because all the other traffic followed them.

"Our three regiments that attacked were cut up some, but if we realize that this was the German's boasted stronghold, where he felt he would be safe for all time, then it was not so bad.

"On the 80th we were ordered to come out for a rest and to be relieved by the Australians, and a happy crowd they were. I'll never forget those thin platoons that assembled at the battalion headquarters preparatory to marching out."

With the W. E. Forces in Germany

THE photographs below are reproductions of two postcards sent by two Western Electric boys who are with the American Army of Occupation. That on the left is from Lieut. A. J. Calloway, of the San Francisco house, and shows the bridge across the Moselle at the boundary. The other view was sent by Sergeant

James F. Malone, of West Street, and is a picture of the city of Treves.

A third postcard, received from Dr. R. V. Grace, of West Street, also sent from Treves, contains the following significant sentence: "People here touched only moderately by war—well dressed—smug."





To Be Awarded in February

THIRTY YEARS

Gaver, F. P., Hawthorne, 6805.....February 1

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

Greene, H., Hawthorne, 6886.....February ..

Kopetz, A., New York.....February 1

TWENTY YEARS

Strickland, W. P., Hawthorne, 6963.....February 1

Cogan, J. J., Hawthorne, 8781.....February 4

Dickson, J. B., Hawthorne, 5376.....February 10

Tan Eyck, L. J., Hawthorne, 6460.....February 14

Arboe, T., Hawthorne, 6460.....February 20

Anderson, A., Hawthorne, 6352.....February 21

Clark, Mary, Hawthorne, 7168.....February 28

Fischer, P., New York.....February 16

King, H. R., New York.....February 20

Schnedler, W. A., New York.....February 23

Waight, A. E., New York.....February 12

Wolf, A., New York.....February 2

Sargeant, E. C., New York.....February 6

FIFTEEN YEARS

Baker, J. H., Hawthorne, 6515.....February 1

Powers, Mary A., Hawthorne, 5931.....February 23

Mason, S. R., Hawthorne, 6848.....February 27

Brandt, E., Hawthorne, 6805.....February 23

Battle, Cornelia V., New York.....February 23

Green, A. W., New York.....February 16

TEN YEARS

Smith, J. W., Atlanta.....February 1

Martner, E. T., Chicago.....February 1

Markese, G., Chicago.....February 2

Holton, W. E., Chicago.....February 17

Kallal, Ella, Hawthorne, 6142.....February 1

Shearer, T. M., Hawthorne, 6058.....February 1

Roch, D. J., Hawthorne, 6460.....February 2

Schalla, R., Hawthorne, 6837.....February 2

Drinane, M. E., Hawthorne, 6410.....February 8

Gernon, K., Hawthorne, 6411.....February 8

Galambos, L., Hawthorne, 6821.....February 5

Saak, H., Hawthorne, 6886.....February 5

Brueckner, H., Hawthorne, 7486.....February 9

Healy, F., Hawthorne, 6110.....February 9

Ryan, T. B., Hawthorne, 6488.....February 10

Geiger, Mary, Hawthorne, 6878.....February 10

Schafer, J. M., Hawthorne, 7898.....February 10

Vancura, J., Hawthorne, 6886.....February 10

Nelson, O., Hawthorne, 6886.....February 11

Pinkall, C., Hawthorne, 7898.....February 11

Wright, J. F., Hawthorne, 8796.....February 11

Leverone, Louise, Hawthorne, 7032.....February 11

Wittum, A., Hawthorne, 6886.....February 11

Peterson, E. G., Hawthorne, 5791.....February 12

Cobb, H. L., Hawthorne, 6968.....February 18

Harslow, F., Hawthorne, 6889.....February 18

Duska, W., Hawthorne, 5786.....February 16

Gurscha, A., Hawthorne, 6161.....February 16

Perelson, D., Hawthorne, 9505.....February 16

Gorman, Anna, Hawthorne, 7032.....February 16

Hoppie, E., Hawthorne, 7588.....February 17

Von Hine, H., Hawthorne, 6460.....February 17

Donaldson, M. D., Hawthorne, 5935.....February 18

Muth, Annie, Hawthorne, 6826.....February 22

Barry, Kittie V., Hawthorne, 6112.....February 22

McCormick, Ella, Hawthorne, 6880.....February 23

Rickert, C. F., Hawthorne, 6142.....February 24

Liska, V., Hawthorne, 6801.....February 24

Leonhart, O., Hawthorne, 7898.....February 25

Jemm, A. P., Hawthorne, 6821.....February 25

Keller, Al., Hawthorne, 6460.....February 26

Gerdling, C. H., Hawthorne, 5540.....February 26

Bohaty, J., Hawthorne, 6801.....February 26

Miller, R. L., Kansas City.....February 23

Gallard, R. J., New York.....February 18

Allar, W. J., New York.....February 26

Everett, H. W., New York.....February 10

White, M., New York.....February 4

McCall, A. J. (In military service), Omaha.....February 1

Hanser, Matilda E., St. Louis.....February 1

Who They Are

F. P. Gaver

Did you ever hear any finer music than a circus band? If you did, it's a sign you're getting old. Remember how they used to sound, turning from Fourth into Main Street back in the old home town? If your memory extends back some 40 years you may have seen F. P. Gaver as the leader of one of those real bands. Anyway, you'll probably never be able to understand how he broke away from such a fascinating occupation. Surely, playing must be the easiest kind of work.

But Frank did break away. When he took a job in the wood-working department of our old Clinton Street shops 30 years ago he put behind him such things as leading and instructing bands and devoted his attention to making good on the job. The result was that he was

made foreman of the night force in the carpenter shop in 1898 and was again promoted to day foreman the next year. During the business depression of 1907 he was laid off for three and a half months and when he returned to work he was put in charge of the tool room of the woodwork mill department, his present position.

Mr. Gaver's four-star button is due this month.

H. C. Greene

If the spread of the prohibition movement ever does away with delirium tremens entirely, the automatic screw machine will be the most complicated mix-up there is. We've known men to make extensive experiments in delirium tremens without ever really understanding anything about them, and to our uninitiated eye an "auto-

matic" looks just about as scrambled. Not that we've ever had the D. T.'s, you understand, but—

Well, never mind, anyway. What we started out to do was introduce you to H. C. Greene as a man who really knows all about automatic screw machines, in spite of their complexities. Mr. Greene began work in the automatic screw machine department at Clinton Street in 1894 and has been connected with that department ever since, first as operator, later as machine setter, and now as chief tool keeper. He not only knows what the "automatics" do and how they do it, but even what tools to feed them to make them work.

Aside from automatic screw machines, Harry's chief recreation is taking trips across Lake Michigan. Every summer he sends his family over to South Haven and thus furnishes himself with a perfectly good excuse to take a lake trip every week end. If Harry could connect all his numerous trips end on end he would land a long, long way from home—maybe even farther than that. However, as he gets a new 25-year service button this month, he won't start the experiment until the button arrives.

W. P. Strickland



When W. P. Strickland began his engineering career he concluded that he wanted some practical experience to round out his text book knowledge, so he got himself a job in the switchboard wiring department

of our old New York shops in 1899. He did such good work while there that he was made assistant foreman three years later. In 1905 he went to the material order department for about a year, leaving to go to the London house, which needed an expert to get it started on switchboard manufacture, then a new departure. In 1909 Mr. Strickland was transferred to Hawthorne as a member of the equipment engineers, a position he still holds.

A few years ago "Strick" used to take his trusty tennis racquet in hand every season and annex a few Hawthorne medals, watch fobs and other rewards of prowess, but last summer rush Government work was the only game indulged in at Hawthorne. Perhaps next summer he may go out after some more jewelry to match the new two-star service button coming to him this month.

A. Kopetz



A. Kopetz celebrates his twentieth anniversary with the Company this month, but his fellow workers at West Street hope that the celebration will be a quiet one as Mr. Kopetz is famed far and wide as a strong man

and if he once got under way he might succeed in breaking everything in the shop.

He began work in 1899 as a machine hand and for a number of years was engaged in the development of the semi-automatic switchboards, working for a while in the branch which the Company maintained at that time at 72nd Street and East River. He also has worked at Hawthorne and Newark and at present is gang boss in the model shop.

Mr. Kopetz cheats the high cost of living in one respect by getting along without an overcoat. He never has worn one. He is an accomplished ice skater, oarsman and wrestler, and likes to amuse himself by juggling heavy machinery in the model shop. It is necessary to give him a new vise every so often because he has a bad habit of twisting the handles right off. Mr. Kopetz also blushing admits that in his younger days he was a "hoochie-coochie" dancer on the Bowery. He probably has numerous other accomplishments, but space does not permit the News to tell of them all.

J. J. Cogan



On February 4, 1899, the factory service department in New York acquired a tall, lanky Irishman who could lick to a frazzle any job he was put up against. J. J. Cogan was his name, one "J" for Jim and the

other for good measure. Inside of a year his ability to punish work began to bear fruit and he was made assistant foreman of the department. Some eight and a half years later he was promoted to the foreman's position. September 15, 1913, brought another promotion to the position of assistant general foreman of the general service division at Hawthorne. One year later he became general foreman, his present position.

Mr. Cogan is noted for his open mindedness and so far as we know only once turned down a feasible suggestion. That was while he was at New York. He had been having considerable trouble due to frozen water in the fire pails hung in the unheated warehouse "annex" and had tried different chemicals in the water without obviating the trouble. Finally an old Irishman employed as a trucker spoke up: "Misther Co-og'n," said he, "Oi kin till yez how to shtop that frazin'. If yez'll only fill thim buckets oop wid kerrysane ile, now, hell kin freeze over befur they will." But for all the undoubted efficiency of the old fellow's anti-freeze solution, Cogan refused to fill his fire pails with it.

However, he has queer ideas about pails anyway. One of his stunts as "waiter" at the annual outing of the plant service division is passing around French fried potatoes in a horse bucket. If anyone doesn't get enough to eat and doesn't have the time of his life at one of those picnics it certainly isn't Jim's fault. So if you want to see the new two-star button he gets this month, don't put it off until the picnic, for he'll have his coat off and both sleeves rolled up then, and he wears his service button on his coat.

J. B. Dickson



J. B. Dickson is great at cutting up when he is on his metal. No, it shouldn't be spelled "m-e-t-t-l-e." Barney operates a power shear, working on sheet steel, sheet brass and other m-e-t-a-l. Having had that

much explained to you, probably you can figure out for yourself where the cutting up comes in.

Mr. Dickson is a New York Shops man. He started at the Bethune Street factory in the transmitter department. Later he was transferred to the metal finishing department and put on the buffing machines, at which work he continued after he was transferred to Hawthorne in 1913. Last August he was transferred to his present position in department 6229.

The man who knocked the "L" out of Kelly must have put it into Barney between the "B" and the "A," for he certainly has a ready Irish tongue in his head, notwithstanding the fact that his parents came to this country before he arrived.

Mr. Dickson has a 20-year service button coming to him this month.

L. J. Tan Eyck



Some people talk about things being exact to within a hair's breadth as if that amounted to something. If L. J. Tan Eyck could only come that close to accuracy he would be ashamed to face himself in the mirror.

The average hair is about three-thousandths of an inch in diameter, and as Mr. Tan Eyck operates a vertical milling machine, or work where three-thousandths of an inch variation from print dimensions classes with murder or treason, you can easily imagine that he has little respect for gray hairs or any other kind as standards of extreme accuracy. When he is working to five ten-thousandths of an inch he feels that he's getting down to brass tacks.

Mr. Tan Eyck began work in the Bethune Street Shops, New York, in 1899. He was a milling machine operator at that time, but he learned the fine points of the tool making trade after coming to the Western. About five years ago he was transferred to the tool room at Hawthorne, where he is now employed.

Mr. Tan Eyck is very fond of music and was a choir leader until his voice failed him a few years ago. If he insisted on as close accuracy in his choir as he does in his work, his choir must have been a delight to hear. Too many choirs seem to feel that they have done their duty as long as the congregation can guess what the tune is supposed to be.

You don't have to be able to figure as closely as Mr. Tan Eyck to discover that 1899 from 1919 entitles him to a 20-year service button this month.

T. Arboe



Twenty years ago there were only four milling machine operators in the tool making department of our New York shops. Three of these are still with the Company. The fourth left to go into the drygoods business,

where he doubtless discovered that, when it comes to exacting requirements, toolmaking is miles behind "the female of the species" seeking wherewithal she shall be clothed.

T. Arboe, one of the three who were not led astray by the rustle of dress goods, is now in the toolmaking department at Hawthorne, and if you want to see a milling machine perform its prettiest just take a trip down there and watch Mr. Arboe put one through its paces. They'll do things for Tom that they wouldn't do for their own mothers.

By the way, did you ever hear the old New York shops men tell about salt water fishing? Well, that's all right, then. We needn't repeat any of Mr. Arboe's fish stories. You see, a person who considers a four-pound black bass something of a fish can't decide just how much he ought to repeat when he hears stories about what they pull out of the Atlantic. Well, anyway, Mr. Arboe considers middle western fish such pygmies that he refuses to waste good angle worms on them, so he doesn't go fishing any more. But back in New York—

Hold on, though. We're going to quit right now or we might get Cass Laline started on ocean fishing, and Mr. Arboe would be due for a three-star instead of a two-star button before Cass could be stopped.

A. Anderson



There used to be a lot of joking about Englewood in the early days, and occasionally some actor drags it in yet, but A. Anderson knows there was no joke about a residence in that part of Chicago 20 years ago

when the old cable cars were running—or were not running, as was more often the case. He lived there a number of years after he went to work for the Company at Clinton Street and he certainly got a lot of fine exercise walking about half way to work every day. With a nice excuse like that for letting the clock beat him to it, how many times do you suppose he has been late in the 20 years he has worked for the Western? Think over your guesses while we tell you a little about his work.

Mr. Anderson has always worked in the hardening and annealing department, where careful reliable work is absolutely essential. His ability to do just that sort of work landed him the job of gang boss about 12 years ago and later on he was made assistant foreman of the department, the position he now holds.

And now for that question you have been thinking

over. The answer is: "None." If anybody can show a better record than that Mr. Anderson will trade service buttons with him this month.

Philip Fischer



The Inspection Department at West Street was the scene of Philip Fischer's first labors as a member of the Western Electric family. He began work on February 16, 1899 and in October of the same year he was put in

charge of transmitters and receivers in the New York shop. When the shop was moved to Hawthorne he became head of the transmitter and receiving department of the New York house.

Mr. Fischer still is hard at work caring for the transmitters and receivers and gets his twenty-year button this month.

Harry R. King



Harry R. King, semi-officially known as "Charley," has been a Western Electric man since February 20, 1899, when he began his career with the power apparatus department in Chicago. Five years later he became

power apparatus chief engineer, and after a four-year term in that job went over to Hawthorne as assistant power apparatus sales manager. This time a two-year term was sufficient and he became power apparatus sales manager with his office in New York in January, 1910.

Mr. King is said to be the possessor of the most elaborately equipped "Home Electrical" in existence. It falls to his lot to try out all sorts of electrical devices which the Company is considering for its list of Quality Products, and he takes them all to his home in New Jersey to put them through their paces.

William A. Schnedler



The general departments at 195 Broadway are well represented in the service badge list this month. Take W. A. Schnedler, for instance, who receives his twenty-year button. He seems so much a part of the

establishment in New York that it is something of a shock to discover that his first work as a Western Electric man was done in Chicago. He stayed there in the clerical department for two years, going to St. Louis in 1901, where he remained until 1907, becoming assistant manager before he left.

Since leaving St. Louis Mr. Schnedler has made his headquarters in New York and since 1912 has been a

specialist in sales and clerical methods. Mr. Schnedler never forgets a face, especially if that face belongs to someone who has attended a General Sales Committee luncheon and has neglected to pay as he ate.

Albert E. Waight



One of the first rhymes that suggests itself in connection with Mr. Waight's name is the word "late," but if any one should make such a suggestion to Mr. Waight he would be both indignant and wrathful—and justly so.

It so happens that he has been an employee of the Company for 20 years and in all that time he never once has been late to work. As a result no one ever has to wait for Mr. Waight.

As befits a man so precise where time is concerned; Mr. Waight, who has spent most of his Western Electric career in the New York shop, is engaged in the delicate and exact employment of gauge making. He is one of those men who feel shocked if anything is a ten-thousandth of an inch out of the way. Although most of his work has been done in New York, Mr. Waight spent four years at Hawthorne. One of the most important jobs which he did during his long period of service was the changing of the standard measuring machine used by the tool inspection division from the Pratt & Whitney standard to the A. S. M. E. standard. Any one who knows about this branch of the business will realize what a difficult task it was. Needless to say, Mr. Waight did it well.

A. Wolff

A. Wolff of West Street gets a twenty-year button this month, but when interviewed on the subject intimated that he preferred to let deeds take the place of words. Even a photograph seemed unnecessary in his estimation.

Mr. Wolff has been working as a millwright at West Street ever since he first came to the company in 1899. He is a big fellow, which means that many of the heavy jobs get steered his way.



J. H. Baker

Two Fifteen-Year Men



E. Brandt

Omitted Last Month

The name of Miss M. Dollard of the General Accounting Department at 195 Broadway was omitted from the list of employees who received ten-year badges in January.

Around the Circuit

Chicago

OUR offering this month is a bunch of strawberries which we consider a pretty good feast at this season of the year. They were grown by E. T. Martner of the credit department, known locally as



Luther Burbank 2nd, and he claims that he can grow them about nine months in the year. Here are a few words which show how skilful an expert he is:

"I have developed my berries in ordinary soil to the extent of producing the phenomenal crop of an average of about 1 quart every 8 days since May 16 to November 9 on a space 5 feet wide by 14 feet long. The only fertilizer used was a small quantity of hardwood ashes which contains all the fertilizer necessary except nitrogen. I used a small quantity of nitrogen in the form of Nitrate of Soda which is as cheap as dirt. There is no such thing as raising a maximum crop without furnishing the proper amount of Nitrogen in raising fruits or berries.

"I have also produced seedless watermelons and odorless onions and several years ago raised two lemons that matured within 24 months after the seed was planted. One of these lemons was 13 1/4 inches in circumference and weighed 23 ounces and the other weighed 18 ounces. Very juicy and fine. This was accomplished without the use of soil. I made a white powder preparation with all the elements necessary inserted at the time of planting. After that watering as needed was all that was done. The mixture wore out and when I transplanted the little tree, which stood about 2 feet high, in ordinary dirt, it died apparently too aristocratic to live in common soil."

"I was sitting at my desk the other day, when a customer, from Oak Park, came into the office with this problem," said O. C. Danielson, telephone engineer at the Chicago house:

"He wanted to know if some kind of an arrangement could be fixed up to notify him when his six-months-old baby cried at night. It seems that the baby slept in one end of the house, and the man and his wife in the other end, too far away to be awakened by any infant commotions.

"I suggested that he could rig up a 1-C Howler Set, which would not only reproduce noises, but would also intensify them."

Americans are said to be the greatest souvenir collectors on the earth. When it comes to preserving mementos of the great war, the doughboys over in France have nothing on civilians right back home. The following letter is being preserved by a service man at the Chicago house:

Western Electric Co.,
500 S. Clinton St.,
Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen:

This order is ready for the galvanizer, but our blacksmith at work on same has not yet gotten over the effect of the peace news, and also he collected his previous week's wages the other day, which will probably keep him going a few days longer.

However, if he gets through celebrating within a day or two, we will be able to make shipment in about ten days, as stated above.

Very truly yours,

S. & S.



E. T. Martner, alias Luther Burbank 2nd

Atlanta

Richmond

HERE are two views of the adventure recently indulged in by Harold Warner, one of our bright young men. The first is an article which appeared in a local newspaper and the second is a cartoon which expresses the Western Electric view. Take your choice.

Prevents Big Blaze By Driving Flaming Auto Out of Garage

Serious fire loss was probably averted Thursday morning by the daring of Harold Warner, an employee of the Western Electric Company, who lives at 355 Central Avenue, when he drove a flaming automobile from a garage to which flames had spread from the Eining bakery, 229 Lee Street.

Fire was discovered at 8 o'clock Thursday morning in the bakery, and a brisk wind soon spread the flames to the garage in the rear of the place. A big touring car in the garage caught fire and was blazing merrily when Warner rushed from his work next door, climbed into the driver's seat and drove the car into a nearby vacant lot, where the flames were extinguished.

City firemen put out the fire in the bakery before it had done more than several hundred dollars' damage.

W. E. Lotspeich, formerly Lamp Specialist at Atlanta, has been transferred to New Orleans as the Company's sales representative in that territory. Mr. Lotspeich leaves us after having spent six years in Atlanta.

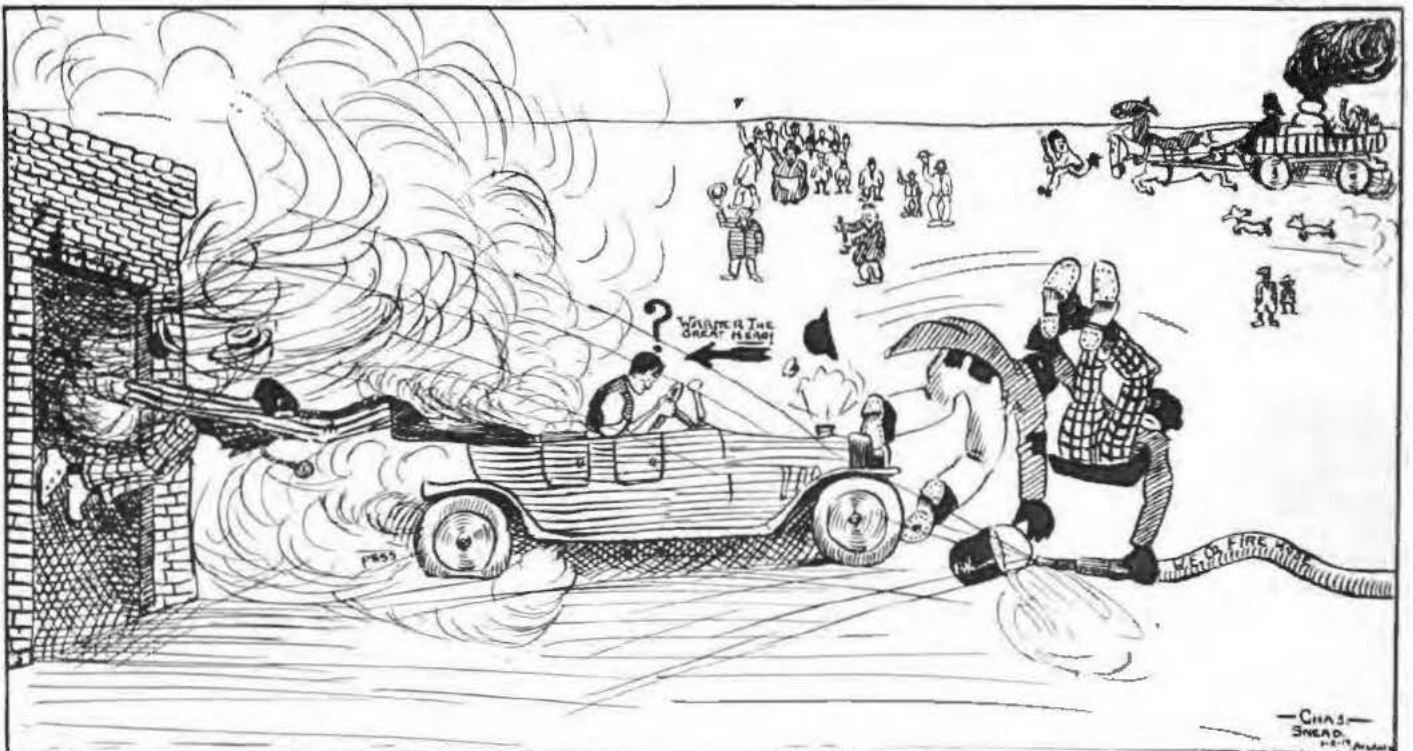
While we regret to lose Mr. Lotspeich from the Atlanta house we congratulate him on his new appointment. He assumed his duties in New Orleans on January 1, 1919.

AT Christmas, 1917, through a voluntary contribution on the part of all our employes, we were enabled to send a Christmas package to each of our boys in the Army and Navy. When Christmas, 1918, came along we collected a similar contribution and then decided that instead of sending packages to our own boys, most of whom were still in this country and in perfectly good health, would turn the entire amount into cigarettes, chewing gum and candy and give it to the wounded soldiers at the General Hospital here at Richmond.

Kansas City

A COMBINATION "Good-bye" and "Welcome" banquet was held at the Westgate Hotel recently in honor of Harry L. Harper and W. B. De Forest. Mr. Harper, who is going to Los Angeles as manager, was the object of the farewell end of the affair, and Mr. De Forest, who is coming back from Oklahoma City to take Mr. Harper's place as Sales Manager, gathered in the welcomes.

There were a score of diners and both of the guests of honor admitted when it was all over that they had enjoyed themselves every minute. Mr. Harper's enjoyment was heightened somewhat by a presentation ceremony which made him the possessor of an amber cigarette holder mounted with three gold bands. He lost no time in trying it out.



How His Fellow Employees Regard Harold Warner's Deed of Daring

Boston

“A WORD to the wise is sufficient.” This time-worn axiom was applied in a masterly fashion recently by Charlie Howes, “daddy” of Boston salesmen.

It was like this: Charlie and the Credit Manager were engaged in the hopeless task of collecting money from a customer by kind words and sunny smiles, but the gentleman to whom they were addressing their fervent petitions not being susceptible to such influence gave them nothing but a harsh rebuke for such undue effort and expectation. So saying, “Old Scrooge” was about to turn on his heel when Charlie, in his winning way, piped up, “It’s the squeaking wheel that gets the grease.” This amused “Old Scrooge” very much, and a check for our overdue account was mailed that night.

A Lament

(Stolen from the Diary of a Junior Clerk.)

Oh, my heart with joy is swelling
On this blessed day.
WEDNESDAY! Oh those thrilling jingles,
Quarters, halves, tens, fives and singles;
Cares within my soul once dwelling,
Melt like mists away.
Purse and pulse in tune are swelling,
Joy Bells ring to-day.

Fleeting Dreams! Now thoughts are thronging
Fruits of yesterday.
Last night’s happy hours beguiling
In the light of Sue’s sweet smiling
I left many a “green” belonging
In the Cabaret.
Sad on Thursday—sad and longing
For another pay.

Patiently my soul is sighing,
How can I be gay?
Friday sees my purse much thinner,
Farewell dreams of “Thompson’s” dinner
Hear me at the box-lunch crying
“Pork and Beans,” to-day;
While Division Heads are buying
Up the other way.

I am grown despondent, weary
Hopes have gone astray.
Saturday was born for gladness,
But for me—what wealth of sadness!
I had pledged to take my dearie
To the matinee.
But I’m broke and Hank O’Leary
Steals my girl to-day.

Monday’s fate with Tuesday’s twining,
Sets me sore distrait.
Forced these two days to subsist, sir,
On a quarter filched from sister;
On my nether lip reclining
See my lunch each day.
One lone “Mecca”—oh! I’m PINING,
PINING for my pay.

Thus five days I’m weary waiting
For the Ghost to stray.
Waiting for those glad some jingles,
Quarters, halves, tens, fives and singles;
Each its pleasure scintillating
O’er my shadowed way.
For TO-MORROW, at “The Follies”—
I’ve booked two in “A”.

St. Louis

THE departure of George E. Cullinan from St. Louis in order to take up his duties as Central District Manager and manager of the Chicago house was marked by a dinner held in his honor on January 4 at the St. Louis Club. That, in itself, sounds like a rather ordinary announcement, but the accompanying cut of a page of the menu card tells another story. Readers of the NEWS will note that the list of speakers begins with the Mayor of St. Louis and continues through a galaxy of prominent men in various industries, all of whom had come in contact with Mr. Cullinan and who welcomed the opportunity to pay him their tributes and bid him “Godspeed.”

It looks as though the committee in charge of the dinner investigated every phase of Mr. Cullinan’s activities before preparing the programme, and the result shows that everywhere they looked they found a Cullinan booster. As a matter of fact, the diners would be dining yet if the committee had put on the list of speakers all of the men who were willing to speak.

...PROGRAMME...

— ■ —

H. J. PETTENGILL, Toast Master
President Southwestern Bell Telephone System

1. Hon. Henry W. Kiel, Mayor of St. Louis
For the City
2. Mr. W. A. Layman, Pres. Wagner Electric Mfg. Co.
For the Manufacturers
3. Mr. F. O. Hale, Gen’l Mgr. Southwestern Bell Telephone Co.
Cullinan: For the Telephone Co.
4. Mr. C. E. Michel, Sales Manager Union Elect. Light & Power Co.
For the Central Stations
5. Mr. F. F. Skeel, Western Manager Crouse Hinds Co., Chicago
Cullinan: Customer
6. Mr. Fred B. Adam, Vice-Pres. and Gen’l Mgr. Frank Adam Elect. Co.
For the Contractors and Dealers
7. Mr. El C. Bennett, Mercury, Jovian Order
Cullinan: Co-operator
8. Mr. L. S. Hunt, Sales Manager Commercial Elect. Supply Co.
Cullinan: Competitor
9. Mr. E. Glion Curtis, Member of the firm of Nagel & Kirby Attorneys
Cullinan: Client
10. Mr. E. H. Waddington, Western Electric Co., Inc.
Cullinan: Boss
11. Mr. Carl D. Schlapp, Krenning-Schlapp Grocer Co.
Cullinan: Friend
12. Col. Isaac Hodges, Manager Cupples Station Property
“Auld Lang Syne”

Philadelphia

PHILADELPHIA threw her night work in her desk, carted the "Inventory" to the vault, put on her best "bib and tucker" and went to the "movies" the other night.

To the ordinary branch house, which is now ruled by the despot "King Inventory," this seems incredible, but when one considers that the "movies" were the "first and exclusive showing" of "Telephone Inventors of To-day," "Forging the Link of Fellowship," "Inside the Big Fence" and "A Square Deal for His Wife" and were honored by speeches from two most important "Four Minute Men," namely the editor of this illustrious magazine, and the poet laureate* of the company, Mr. Leggett, Philadelphia felt it could burst its bonds and sail forth.

Mr. Leggett's remarks regarding the strenuous year we had just passed through were most opportune, to a few of the old stagers who mopped their fevered brows when they looked back on it.

The evening was most enjoyable. It was a rare treat to many of the bred-in-the-bone W. E.'s to see President Thayer and Vice-President Salt "reminiscing" on their first days in the company they had made famous.

Then, too, we had the pleasure of seeing Editor Thomson on the screen, and we must say, Wallace Reid has nothing on him.

We sang ourselves hoarse, and our guests from the Philadelphia Electric Company and N. W. Ayer Advertising Agency were just as happy as we were and sang just as lustily as we did. We toddled home, tucked ourselves in our little beds, and were very grateful to our New York friends for the diversion they had come all the way from "little old New York" to give us.

*You have the wrong Leggett. It wasn't the poet even if he did look the part.—Ed.

Buffalo

ONE of our electrical contractor friends uses Western Electric socket devices in a manner that would make J. J. Portley turn green with envy.

When his wife goes to the movies and leaves him home to take care of the baby, he puts the baby in the carriage and blocks the rear axle so that the rear wheels are about two inches from the floor. Then he places a Jack Rabbit Sewing Machine Motor so that the friction pulley drives one of the rear wheels. The rotation of this wheel causes a hum, which he assures us is very soothing to the child, and as these wheels are never true, the buggy rocks up and down, which also tends to keep the child quiet.

We might add for Mr. Portley's benefit that our friend's name is Jim Riley, and he is not only ingenious, but Irish.

Salt Lake City

WE believe the attached letter which was sent to our City Salesman, L. D. Collins by one of his good customers proves conclusively the many advantages of our advertising:

My Dear Collins:

From recent events aroud our household, I am convinced things will move along much nicer if an electric sewing machine is added to the White Man's Burden of Liberty Bonds and War Saving Stamps.

As you know the color of my wife's hair, I am sure you will agree with me that the proper thing to do is to fall right in line with her suggestions and I must confess the idea is not a bad one, as she can take in sewing, make enough money to buy an electric washing machine, take in washing, make enough money to buy a Ford and thus support me in luxury in my old age. I should worry about the future if we can just make this start.

Can you do anything for me in securing a price on four models of Portable Sewing Machines made by the Western Electric Company and described in the leaflet put out by them, "The New Way to Sew," also possible deliveries.

Thanking you in advance, I am,

As ever,

(Signed) BOB

Detroit

THE Western Electric bowling team, Detroit house, just went over the top, winning first place for the first half of the bowling season in the Detroit Electrical Bowling League. Our nearest rival, the Detroit Edison team, formerly considered the best bowling team in the State of Michigan, followed a close second.

Seasons are divided up into halves of 42 games each and the winner of the first half bowls the winner of the second half for the championship of the year. Our team won 34 games and lost eight.

Pin Average
for First Half
of Season

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-----|
| Captain L. J. Dougherty..... | 168 |
| A. M. Collins, Sales Manager..... | 174 |
| Bert Lindzay | 176 |
| Jack Vigar | 171 |
| Chas. Lifka | 156 |

New York—Broadway

The Dividend Cheque

(Tune: "The Battle Hymn of the Republic")

For over three long years they've taken slices from our pay
To buy stocks of A T. & T.—a really painless way;
We have the stock and now a cheque has come along to-day.
Oh, joy, oh bliss, oh rapture!

CHORUS

Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
The dividends have come.

—W. A. W.

The Houses Which Are Not Otherwise Represented This Month

Inventory.