

TECHNOLOGY DIVISION

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Western Electric News

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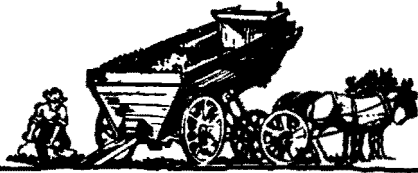
W. G. L. Co. 1920



Expansion
Number

Vol. 9. No. 1

March 1920



This is the second of our series of institutional advertisements appearing in the popular magazines during the first half of 1920. The first of these advertisements was reproduced in the January-February issue of the *News*.

In this the public is told something it ought to know about the central station.

Nobody can get *all* the energy out of coal, but the central station has set up a standard in coal burning that is an inspiration to all industry. If that weren't so, electricity would not be the household familiar it is today.

But, though the customer benefits in lower rates he is not likely to consider what economies the central station has effected to bring them about. That is the side of the story we are trying to present in this advertisement.

Making a ton of coal do the work of two

Engineers for years now have coaxed, petted and fought coal, to make it give up its valuable energy—heat power.

It is a tantalizing problem because there is enough energy in a pound of good coal to lift up a ton weight a little over a mile.

Fire your cellar furnace as carefully as you will. Sift ashes and wet the coal. Try every means you know to get the most heat out of it. Still your best record will be beaten two to one by the central station in your town.

One of our biggest of public servants, the central station, exists purely in its ability to sell coal to you—in the shape of electricity—at a few cents a horse-power.

They have been forced by necessity to burn coal economically, because their slim profit must come from the narrow margin between the cost of coal and the selling price of current which is regulated by public commission.

And the record of their success is inspiring.

When one also considers the millions they have had to spend to achieve this position as the world's most economical coal users, their frugality becomes commendable.

If fuel conservation was practiced in every business as it is in Electric Light and Power Companies, the layman's dollar would go further than it does today.

*Published in the
interest of Elec-
trical Develop-
ment by an In-
stitution that
will be helped by
whatever helps
the Industry.*

Western Electric Company

No. 2. In Florida as in Oregon, in Maine and in Texas, Western Electric serves in every branch of electrical achievement—from washing machines to telephones, from power and lighting outfits to electrical equipment for railroads.



Going Minerva Several Better

You've read that myth of ancient Rome
Which tells that from the brow
Of Jupiter, Minerva sprang
Full-grown to join Olympus' gang—
Though no one knows just how.

Minerva, so the tale goes on,
Was born a wise young dame;
Though she ne'er took a college course
Her godlike bean was wisdom's source—
At least that was the claim.

The Roman goddess stuff went big
In days of long ago,
But she, the product of one brow,
Would surely take a back seat now
For something we all know.

Nine years ago—the month was March—
In Modern days this time,
Another brain child came to be
Clothed, too, in wisdom's panoply—
A thing of prose and rhyme.

The NEWS burst forth upon this world
A healthy, strapping chap;
Some thousands this time had combined,
Each with a very human mind,
To put him on the map.

Nine years of growth—no backward steps—
Have marked a fine career,
And though we lack the proper brew
To drink a toast—NEWS, here's to you
For many a goodly year.

—W. A. Wolf.

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Western Electric News



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VOLUME IX

MARCH, 1920

NUMBER 3

Hawthorne Is About to Begin Growing Again

The Big Plant Not Yet Satisfied with Its Size—New Manufacturing Program Necessitates \$5,000,000 Expansion—Five New Buildings, Besides Additions to the Hospital, to Be Com-menced and Hurried to Completion as Soon as Conditions Will Allow



HAWTHORNE'S thyroid gland is at it again! But please understand we assume no legal responsibility for that statement. We are basing it on the modern theory of the medical fraternity that the thyroid gland is responsible for growth. Of course it is possible—even highly probable—that the versatile men of medicine have already changed their mercurial minds on this subject, but until we receive their very latest ultra-modern pronouncement, attributing growth to something else entirely, we intend to place the blame on the thyroid gland and let the doctors take the consequences.

Therefore we repeat, Little Thy is at it again. He doesn't even give the Works a chance to recover from one of his outbreaks before he starts another. Last year Hawthorne sprouted wings all over one end of the Telephone Apparatus Shops group and added two on the Black Wire group in a violent growing attack, and now, even before these wings are completely feathered, she is preparing to repeat the process.

The particular medicine that is again stimulating the activity of Hawthorne's gland of growth is the machine switching program. To make possible our 1920 output of this new type of apparatus the Company put up five new buildings, costing \$1,700,000, and invested an additional \$1,600,000 for new machinery, tools, patterns, furniture and fixtures, a total of \$3,300,000. The added capacity now decided upon will require \$3,500,000 worth

of additional buildings, besides an expenditure of another million and a half for tools, machinery, furniture, etc., or \$5,000,000 in all.

Three new six-story buildings will be added to the main Telephone Apparatus group. Two of these will run north and south, joining buildings 24 and 26 (now nearing completion) and the third will run east and west, connecting the south ends of the other two. The gross floor space of these three buildings will be 277,640 square feet, or nearly six and a half acres. This addition will bring the total gross floor area of the Telephone Apparatus group up to 2,300,600 square feet, or about 53 acres.

The warehousing facilities will be increased by a four-story addition south of the west end of the General Merchandise Building, on the present athletic field, which will of course be abandoned for athletic purposes with the opening of the new Memorial Field now being prepared on the Richmond tract, running from Forty-ninth to Fiftieth Avenue, between Twenty-second and Twenty-third Streets. The new warehouse addition will have a gross floor area of 150,000 square feet (or about three and a half acres, if you prefer to talk in large units).

Still Another Building Needed

Yet another new addition is made necessary by the shipping problem presented by the intricate new machine switching parts, with their careful adjustments that must not be disturbed during shipment. This is a new packing material factory, which will be situated south of Twenty-sixth street, just west of the Belt Line

railroad. It will have 80,000 square feet of floor space (roughly, three-fourths of an acre).

Present estimates indicate that Hawthorne will employ more than 25,000 people during the coming year. This will mean a large increase in the work of the hospital, which must give every prospective employee a thorough physical examination. To prepare for this anticipated increase, additions will be built to the present hospital group, adding 4,000 square feet of floor space.

When all these buildings are completed the gross floor space at Hawthorne (exclusive of sheds and yards) will be 3,476,000 square feet—eighty acres, lacking about a quarter of an acre.

And now, having heard something about the expansion due to the machine switching system, perhaps some of you outside the family would welcome a little information as to what machine switching is.

With the present telephone system, when you want to call friend wife to see if you can get away with that old one about being "detained down town by business," you first think out a story that you hope will pass muster and then you lift the telephone receiver from the switchhook. "Number please?" says "the voice with the smile." You shift your cigar into one corner of your mouth and answer: "H' Par' two-way-foo-wah," which, by some occult sense peculiar to smile-voiced

psychics, is translated by "Central" to mean "Hyde Park 2-8-4-1." It's a good guess, but unfortunately that final "wah" was not meant for a "one," but was a cough caused by some smoke getting into your throat, so you bawl the operator out, as she richly deserves, and wonder why in blazes those fool girls want to give a fellow 2-8-4-1 when he's calling 2-8-4.

Now under the machine switching system all that will be changed. You will do your calling by means of a perforated disc mounted above a dial marked with the figures "1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0" and with the letters of the alphabet. You insert your finger into a hole, pull the disc around until your finger hits the finger stop, let go (whereupon the disc is restored to its original position by a spring), place your finger through another, pull, etc., and do likewise until the proper combination has been registered. The movement of your dial closes various contact springs and sends a series of electrical impulses over the wire to the machine switching exchange, which, in obedience to this electrical direction, connects you to "Hyde Park 2-8-4" in spite of the cigar in your mouth and the fact that you are watching the janitor close the window instead of keeping your mouth in front of the transmitter. "Mrs. You speaking," says the wife's voice, and we won't embarrass you by reporting the rest of the conversation when she finds out that you want to stay down town after you half promised at

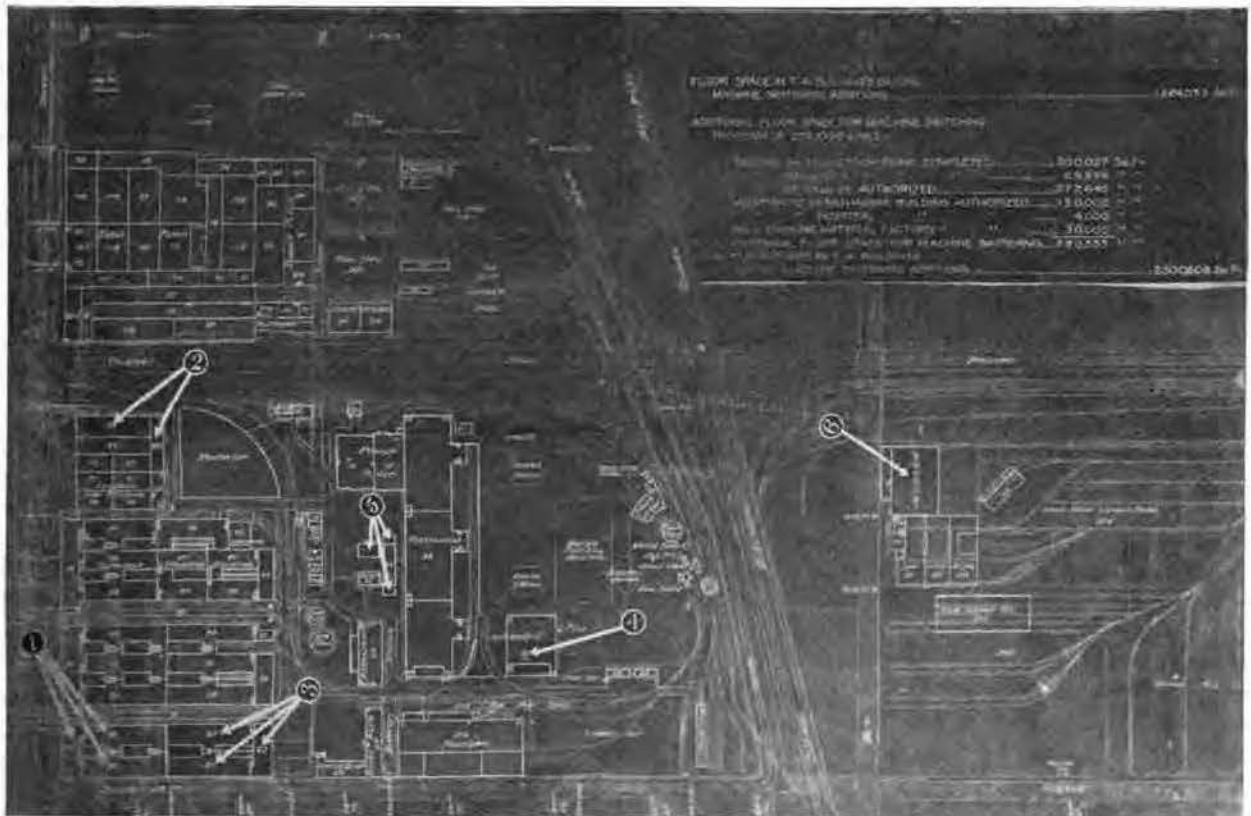


Fig. 1—Plan of the Hawthorne Works, showing the location of the new buildings. Groups 1 and 2 show buildings now practically completed. Groups 3, 4, 5, and 6 are the new buildings to be started next year. They will cost \$3,500,000

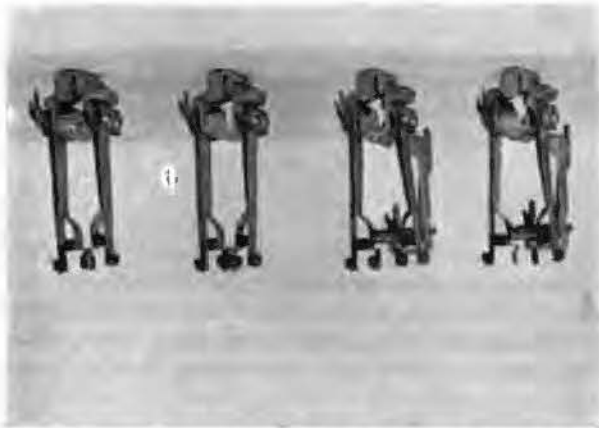


Fig. 2—Tools and Gauges Required for making Multiple Brushes (see Fig. 3)

breakfast that you would take her to the movies this evening.

"Which connects you to Hyde Park 284" may strike you as a somewhat sketchy explanation of what happens at the machine switching exchange, but if we should go into the matter in detail you would probably know as little about it as we do by the time you had waded through the maze of detail. Of course our engineers could easily write out a correct explanation of the whole operation, but it is doubtful if you would read it anyway. Things get too complicated for an ordinary mortal's comprehension. It took the best telephone engineers in the world many years to work out a system that would operate perfectly under all the million and one conditions that must be satisfied in modern first class telephone service, and unless you are already familiar with these conditions, it would probably take about as many years for you to understand what their explanation was trying to explain.

Now it is easy for anyone to appreciate the fact that the machine switching equipment must differ radically from the manual exchange equipment previously manufactured at Hawthorne. It has been a tremendous task to get the shops geared up to handle this new work. Three thousand new piece-parts, involving 36,000 manufacturing and inspection operations, had to be made. That means that working drawings had to be prepared, manufacturing methods had to be developed, special tools had to be designed and built, additional machinery had to be bought and installed, testing gauges had to be devised and thousands of other small but vitally important details had to be taken care of.

In the manufacture of manual exchange equipment the shops made small units that bore little or no relation to each other mechanically, while to produce machine switching equipment they must make large units so related that when assembled together in an exchange they



Fig. 3—Multiple Brushes, part of the Machine Switching Mechanism

will function together correctly. This necessitates the construction of superaccurate tools, as well as the training of operatives capable of very delicate work. For example, one of the parts requires a perforating punch and die of such extreme accuracy that the tool cost \$3,000 to build. The gauge used to check the work produced by this tool cost \$2,500. An equipment of such tools is not produced in a day, or in a week, or in a month, or in several months, for that matter. Consequently, in spite of the uncertainty of building operations nowadays, it is unlikely that the tools for the increased machine switching program will have to wait long for the new buildings.

Besides all the tools that will have to be built to meet the program, about 1,100 new machines must be purchased and installed. These include 76 milling machines, 155 drill presses, 308 coil and spool winding machines, 146 punch presses and 94 screw machines of various types. As was mentioned previously, the investment in new tools, machinery, furniture and fixtures will reach a million and a half dollars.

Now, considering the present high cost of building and the prevalent industrial tendency to put off contemplated expansion until "a more favorable time," it requires some daring to branch out with an added investment of five million dollars in buildings and equipment, right on the heels of a previous expansion costing \$3,300,000. Some might even be inclined to the opinion that it would pay the Company better to have Hawthorne's thyroid gland amputated, or at least drugged into inaction, pending the dissolution of the clouds obscuring the business horizon.

Well, that is good stand-pat doctrine and we don't quarrel with it for those that like it. However, our Company prefers to act on the principle that, when it comes to clarifying the business atmosphere, clarity begins at home.





An excellent view of the block which will be occupied by the new 395 Hudson Street building. The corner gable house in the foreground is more than 100 years old

Growing Pains Develop All Around the Circuit

Great Increase in Business and the Prospect for the Future Necessitate Increased Warehouse and Distributing Facilities

SINCE the Company has reached its fiftieth year there might be a general impression that its hair has become gray and its knees wobbly; that it uses a stick when it walks and is strong for Sloan's Liniment. This is all wrong, brother. Nothing that has growing pains is old. The future was never behind anyone who suffered from the aches attributable to gain in strength and usefulness.

Now the Western has had an attack this year of growing pains which an oceanful of liniment could not alleviate. There was only one answer: growth—expansion.

Suppose we start in at the city where real estate sells by the square inch and hot air is used by the cubic mile to give all of our distributing houses the merry once-over and come to rest in the Golden Gate.

For some time 151 Fifth Avenue has found its style cramped by lack of space. How can anyone expect a New Yorker to talk when he hasn't room to wave his hands, palms upward? It's all right not to let "thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth" but the Fifth Avenue fellows began to believe that they might be gesticulating in the Sales Department with their right fist, while the left one would be straying aimlessly in the shop.

Fifth Avenue to Have New Building

There was nothing to it but a new building. A block bounded by Hudson, Houston, Clarkson and Greenwich Streets has been purchased and a nine-story reinforced concrete building, 240 x 200 ft. will be erected. The remainder of the plot will have a garage built upon it which will be used by the New York Telephone Company. The new address will be 395 Hudson Street and the holding company, capitalized at \$600,000, will be called the 395 Hudson Street Corporation.

The ninth floor of the building will be used for exec-

utive offices, then will come the shop and below that the Stores Department and other offices. The cost will be approximately \$2,000,000. The architects are busy now drawing up plans and it is expected that ground will be broken in May. It is hoped to occupy the building by January, 1921.

At New Haven, the next stop on our trip, 2,500 feet of storage space has been leased from the Smedley Storage Plant, and in Philadelphia additional outside space has also been rented.

The constant increase in all classes of business makes it necessary for the Atlanta House to prepare for future growth and to this end a modern five-story concrete building is now being built.

The new building is located on Walton Street within three blocks of the City Hall, Postoffice and Federal Reserve Bank. It will have 50,000 square feet of floor space and will be ready for occupancy July 1st.

Atlanta's New Home

The first floor is to be used for receiving and standard package stocks; the second floor for broken packages and bin stocks; the third floor is to be used for batteries, lamp stocks, battery charging room, conference room and display room. The fourth floor is to be used for offices pertaining to A and B business. The fifth floor is for C and D business and general offices.

A new building is also being erected in Savannah, to replace the present one at 214 Bay Street, West, on which the lease expires April 1 of this year. The new building will be located on the corner of West Broad and River Streets, three blocks from our present warehouse.

It will contain 20,000 square feet of floor space or about twice the space of the present warehouse and will be two stories high. The first floor of this warehouse is

to be used for shipping, receiving and heavy stocks, the second floor for package, bin stocks and offices.

The Nashville warehouse was opened in 1912 for service to the Cumberland Telephone & Telegraph Company and it has recently been moved back to its original building, which was partly destroyed by fire in 1915. This gives Nashville the required floor space and facilities for fitting up practically a new warehouse and recovery house.

The New Orleans warehouse was opened on July 1, 1918, at 309 Magazine Street, and a recovery shop was also operated from 929 Howard Avenue, the latter building partly occupied by the Cumberland Telephone & Telegraph Company.

The New Orleans house was opened with five employees.

Business in New Orleans has increased so rapidly that it has been necessary to lease a new building, and in October, 1918, the warehouse and recovery shop were moved to 601 South Peters Street. This is an up-to-date, modern two-story building, and contains 20,000 square feet of floor space, which is double the floor space of the former building.

Jacksonville Blossoms Forth

On May 15, 1919, the new Jacksonville warehouse was opened. This was made necessary by the rapid development and continual increase in the supply trade in that territory. The new warehouse is situated in the wholesale district on East Bay Street, one of the principal streets in the city and is within one-half mile of the center of the retail district and in the immediate neighborhood of some of the largest distributors in the city.

Chicago has extended in all directions recently. On January 1, the Chicago house enlarged its office, 500 South Clinton Street, by extending it along the South Jefferson Street side, so that the offices now located there occupy the entire eighth floor of the building.

This is really an unusually interesting expansion, because the offices of the Chicago distributing department now occupy alone all of the space that was used by the factory, offices and engineering department back in 1900. This latest acquisition of Chicago's was the original South Jefferson Street office of the Company and dates back to the period prior to the existence of

the now famous sales room, mahogany row and oak alley.

In the old days these South Jefferson Street offices were supposed to exert an uncanny influence on the lives of the men who occupied them. The story goes that if

you had your office here you would very likely become a Western Electric celebrity. For example, E. P. Clifford, Commercial Manager at West Street; Vice-President H. A. Halligan, and F. A. Ketcham, General Sales Manager, all officiated at different times as chief clerk in this old building. E. J. Wallis, present Pacific Coast Manager, once occupied the bill clerk's desk, and E. C. Estep, Assistant Contract Sales Manager, was his assistant. Dan Richardson, now General Auditor, handled the "filthy lucre" there as cashier. Old timers tell, too, how the "bridge of

sighs" led from the old office on to the "carpet," in the offices of Charles G. DuBois, then branch house supervisor, and R. H. Gregory, then secretary of the Company.

As ramifications of Chicago and catching the growing fever from that staid old house, Detroit has built a new garage and added a third story to the old building there, which gives them an additional 18,500 square feet for warehousing. Grand Rapids is the proud possessor of a new branch store with 18,000 square feet of floor space.

Milwaukee Is Getting Famous Again

Not long ago Milwaukee took over an addition to their building which consisted of a basement and two stories. The frontage was 20 feet, and the depth 110 feet. Not content with this, however, they are contemplating building a warehouse with a frontage of 300 feet and a depth of 120 feet. Plans, however, for this building are still in the making.

R. A. Parkinson, the News correspondent in Cleveland, tells of the tremendous expansion of that house as follows:

"Cleveland is now located at 413-415 Huron Road in a four-story building, comprising about 17,500 square feet of floor space. Our organization has now grown to sixty-nine employees. Three trucks now handle our city deliveries.

"At the time we moved into our present home we anticipated enough space for at least ten years' expansion. Speaking about expansion,



Another view of the site of the new \$2,000,000 building which will be built for the present Fifth Avenue (New York) organization



An additional floor is now being built at Denver

Joe West, our big, little Stores Manager, should have his title changed to "Many Stores Manager." Here's why—suppose that some one brought an order from your best customer to your attention that had to be shipped the same day, and part of the material was in your own warehouse, part stored in telephone warehouse (owned by Chicago) about two miles east, part in a rented warehouse across the street, and the balance in a local storage company's warehouse about three miles west,

what would you do? Especially since the country's gone dry, let's be honest, what would you do? If you ever happen to be in our office and see Joe cleaning his glasses, there's a reason. A few more cars of material have just arrived, and Joe's going out to look for more space.

Cleveland Hates Itself

"Orders amounting to \$8,000 are almost a daily occurrence now. It took an order received about a week ago amounting to \$105,000 to create any noticeable amount of interest. That's how big we are going in Cleveland. Today we proudly boast fifth in rank among the houses of the United States by volume of C. & D. business. A word to the "wise ones" was sufficient and now we are going to have a nice big new home.

"We have already broken ground for our new 'made-to-order' home located near the heart of the city not far from our present site. It will be a four-story brick and concrete building with a frontage of 100 feet and a depth of 140 feet first floor; the three remaining floors having a depth of 90 feet, and will give us approximately 41,000 square feet of floor space. We are hoping to move in our new home about July 1. While it would seem to be large enough for plenty of expansion for some time to come. It is being constructed so that additional stories may be added in the future."

Cincinnati made its initial bid for increased business for 1920 by the establishment of a new supply warehouse



This photograph, though somewhat blurred by the falling eucalyptus tree, is most interesting in that it shows how these evergreens at Emeryville had to be felled to make room for building

at Nashville, January 1. It is the intention to serve all the territory in Tennessee assigned to Cincinnati from Nashville. Representative stocks of standard lines were accumulated before the warehouse was opened, and these stocks are being added to continually. Billing, claims and service on special orders are being handled at Cincinnati.

The warehouse is located at First and Madison Streets, in a building already occupied by Atlanta's telephone sub-warehouse, which serves the Cumberland Telephone Company. The Stores Manager of the new warehouse is Karl B. Mayer, formerly with Dallas house and but recently discharged from the army. B. F. Hawkins is storekeeper of the telephone warehouse.

In the city ruled over by the well known collector of gold knives, Marcus Aurelius Curran, a new warehouse shop, garage and cable docks with more than 60,000 square feet capacity, is being constructed at Forty-third Avenue and Cummings Street. This will double the capacity of the Omaha house.

Something Doing In Minneapolis

Plans are being laid for a new building in Minneapolis even though that house already occupies two floors in the building next to their home on North Third Street, as well as three floors and a basement on Second Avenue, together with 18,000 square feet in a storage warehouse. They also have a yard next to their present building and yard space in Southeast Minneapolis. At present, if you go through all branches of the Minneapolis house you find yourself growing dizzy from running around in circles. It is rumored that this is the main reason, with due consideration of the high cost of shoe leather, for building something new.

Down in Memphis they report that they had not expected any expansion in business for at least five years after the Memphis warehouse was opened in 1918, but after the signing of the armistice they discovered that their business from January to June had increased more



An excellent view of the Emeryville construction under way



The Emeryville plant as it is today



Emeryville Shop—Another view showing in the background a eucalyptus tree. These trees are very hardy and it was necessary to poison those in the line of building

than 400 per cent. They are contemplating doubling their office space and are now seeking additional warehousing facilities.

Out in Denver a third floor is being added to the warehouse at 1155 Osage Street. The work is now under way and the floor will probably be occupied early in the summer.

Charlie Huyck, the well known Chinese expert and fiction writer, tells of the expansion of the San Francisco shops in the following glowing words:

"About seven years ago the San Francisco shop, which was located on the second floor of the 680 Folsom Street building, became so congested that it resembled a highly magnified view of the works of a watch. Therefore, it was moved to new quarters on the east side of San Francisco Bay, where, among the eucalyptus trees and broad savannas of Emeryville, it has flourished artistically and scientifically.

"In 1919, because of the decision to assemble and distribute automatic exchanges along the Pacific Coast, it became necessary to lease a building in Berkeley, a mile or so from Emeryville, to house temporarily these new activities.

But the natural desire to centralize this work in one plant, coupled with the regular expansion of the Emeryville plant, has made it imperative to build a new wing at Emeryville.

"The new section will be 145 x 126 feet in size, of brick, with a tar and gravel roof. The prime feature will be the 'saw-tooth' construction, with skylights running the full width of the building along the face of these teeth, which admit the north light. High along the front of the building will be a line of windows with fenestra sashes. Many of these distinctive features of construction have been adopted from Hawthorne practice, for Emeryville has long been known as a little Hawthorne on the Pacific Coast.



This picture shows how the new building will fit in with the present Emeryville plant

"The present Emeryville building was originally designed for warehousing only, and is neither so well lighted nor arranged for the requirements of the new class of work. The new building is to have a 14-foot ceiling construction in the shop proper, to provide for the handling of automatic machine panels.

"W. E. Rowland, the Shop Superintendent at Emeryville, is in charge of the work.

(Continued on page 27)

Plant Expansion of Our Foreign Associated Companies

By G. E. Pingree, Vice-President and General Manager, International Western Electric Company

PRACTICALLY the only telephone development in Europe during the war in the countries at war had to do with purely military affairs. In the neutral countries there was considerable development on account of the increased business activities in those countries during the years 1915 to 1919. The former countries are now putting forth strenuous efforts to make up for lost time, and the neutral countries are still going ahead with extensive development programs.

In Japan, for instance, there is a waiting list of thousands who desire to have telephones installed and the Ministry of Communications is spending large sums annually in order that the inhabitants of the Flowery Kingdom may have a satisfactory and comprehensive telephone service.

The war, too, brought home to many the importance of telephone service in the daily life of the people so that we find today a growing demand for efficient and comprehensive telephone service in all countries.

Studies which have been made by our Associated Companies indicate that additions to our present plant will be required if we are to continue to secure the same share of the world business we have enjoyed in the past.

Le Materiel Telephonique has found it necessary to increase its plant capacity. Its present offices and factory are located on one of the finest residential streets in Paris, but unfortunately there is no spare ground on which to build. A search was instituted, therefore, some months ago for a desirable location, and after a long hunt a satisfactory site in the Boulogne district of Paris was found and the purchase was concluded last December. The new site is in a good manufacturing district, not so far removed from our present location as to make it necessary for our employees to find other homes. The new site consists of two plots, on the

larger of which is an old house, which many years ago must have been a very handsome mansion with gardens extending to the boulevard which runs along by the Seine. Our plans provide for the erection of a cable plant on this new site at an early date and, if our present property on the Avenue de Breteuil can be sold to advantage, the ultimate transfer of our telephone apparatus manufacture as well. There are about five acres in the new site, so we have sufficient space to build a plant large enough to take care of a considerable increase in our business for many years.



The Paris Plant which will extend its facilities this year

In England, also, our Associated Company is sadly in need of additional plant capacity. There is sufficient ground, however, at Woolwich, on which additional buildings can be erected, but Woolwich is becoming more and more an undesirable place for our manufacturers, particularly telephone apparatus. The Woolwich neighborhood is changing into a big dock area and it becomes increas-

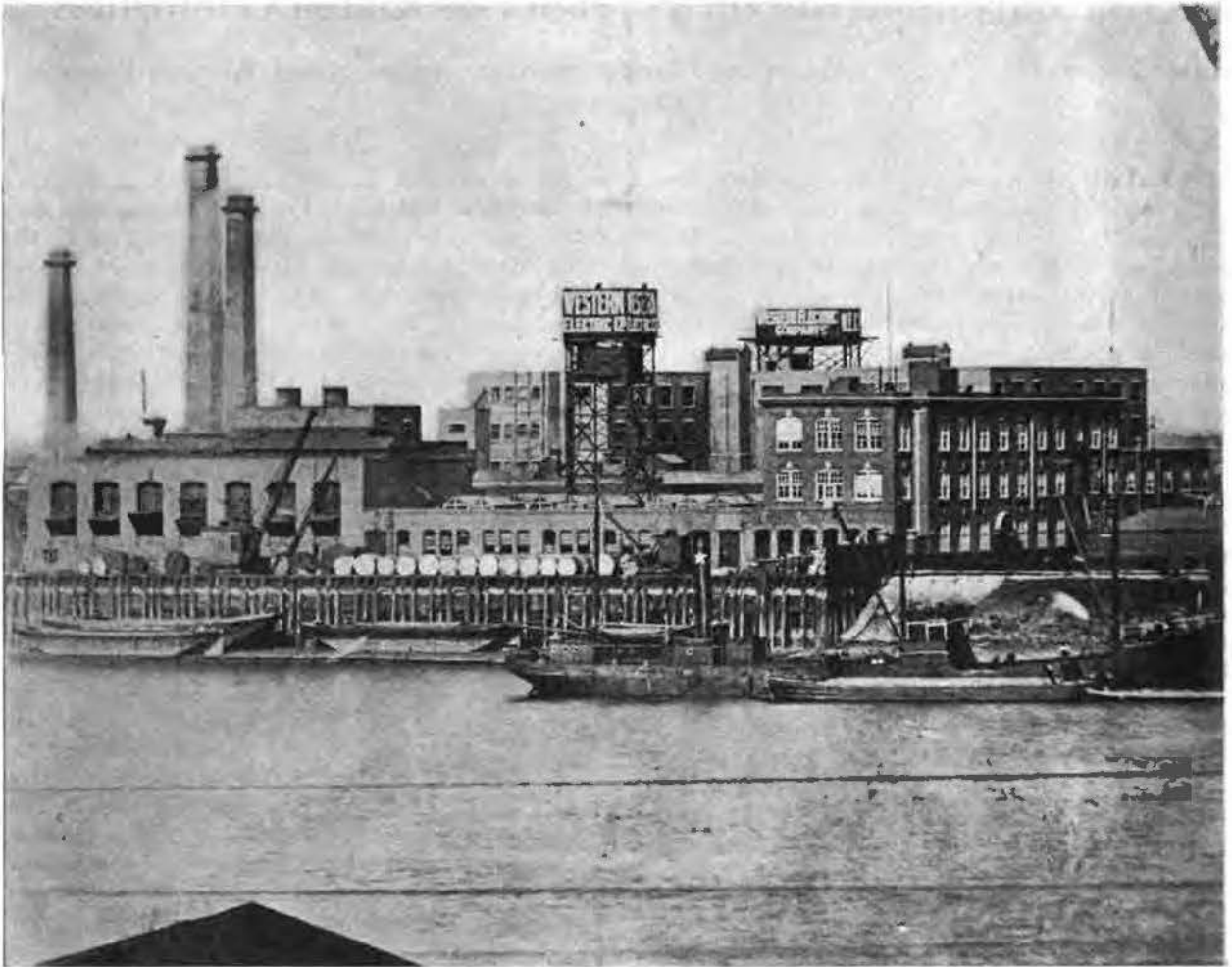
ingly difficult year by year to find satisfactory labor for telephone apparatus manufacture. Our plans as regards the extension of the London Plant, however, are not quite formulated, but it is evident that in the very near future we shall have to add to our present plant capacity either at Woolwich or elsewhere.

In Switzerland we have felt the necessity for local manufacture for a number of years, so last December we purchased a share interest in the firm of Hasler & Company of Berne. This firm has a most excellent reputation for manufacturing apparatus of the highest quality, and will prove a most useful adjunct in connection with our Swiss business. Mr. Christoffel, sales director of the Bell Telephone Manufacturing Company, has been appointed to the Hasler Board to represent our interests.

The Bell Telephone Manufacturing Company finished, just prior to the



This is the Tokyo Plant which is to be expanded



A view of the London factory. Plans are being formulated for increasing its capacity in the near future

war, a considerable addition to their plant, so no further extension is required at Antwerp at the present time.

Early in 1919 the Nippon Electric Company completed a three-story addition to their manufacturing plant, containing about 50,000 square feet of floor space, gross. It is proposed to build an additional section three stories in height during the next few months, containing about the same amount of floor space. It is interesting to note that the Nippon Company was the first in Japan to use reinforced concrete for factory buildings. The manufacturing departments were rearranged during the past year with the assistance of an expert from Hawthorne, so that they may be readily enlarged or transferred to new buildings as they are erected, with a minimum of interruption to manufacture.

About a year ago we rented an old silk mill at Shanghai for a term of six years, and this has been remodelled for a factory for the China Electric Company. The build-

ing is brick mill construction, two stories in height, divided by a court into two sections which are connected on the second story by a frame structure in which are located the offices. There are about 30,000 square feet gross floor space in the buildings, including the boiler house. In addition, there is ample yard space and some small buildings which can be used for storage. A power plant is on order in this country for the factory; pending its arrival, current is being bought locally. Machine equipment is installed.

I think this concludes our story of plant extension, as far as our Associated Companies are concerned. Every effort will be made to have the additional plants in operation as soon as possible in order that we may share in the considerable telephone development ahead of us and take care of the requirements of our customers in a satisfactory manner. The telephone is rapidly developing into the necessity abroad that it is here.





Hawthorne Works Produces Great Play

Big Local Talent Show Packs Enthusiastic Crowds Into Ayran Grotto Theatre All Week, February 2nd to 7th

All Photographs by Messrs. Kjeldsen and Weis, of the Hawthorne Club Camera Section



WHAT hurt us was that "Gee, thanks, boss." It was just like a dog gratefully wagging his tail at you when you've just slipped him a piece of poisoned meat. Of course, after all, it isn't such a terrible thing to ask a cub reporter to report an amateur show, but when you do it mostly from a guilty desire to get out of the job yourself and when he thanks you for doing it, even what's left of an editorial conscience still has life enough to give a repentant twinge or two.

To make matters worse the cub didn't get down to work next day. "Gee," we thought guiltily, "could the show have been that bad?" So we called up the house to see if anything had happened to the kid. "What's become of Eddie?" we inquired. "Flew with one of the pretty chorus girls?"

"No," answered his mother. "Flu with no complications. He'll be back to work as soon as I let him, for he certainly is enthusiastic about that show."

"Gosh, that's serious," said we. "Has he been out of his head long?"

"Out of his head?" inquired his mother. "Why, he isn't out of his head. He's perfectly all right."

"Well, be awful good to the kid," we admonished. "He's a darned good kid, even if we did teach him most of what he doesn't know about the writing game."

So we hung up, but things odored like an over-ripe mice, just the same. Didn't sound reasonable. The kid's got taste in shows—very good taste in shows, and yet here's his mother saying he's enthusiastic over an amateur show, and then she swears he isn't out of his head.

Well, we worried over the thing considerably and were just thinking of calling up the kid's doctor when in burst Jack Kasley. "Say, did you see the Follies last night?" he demanded. "No," we answered, "was it——"

"Good!" he answered, without letting us finish. "Say, that was the best show I ever saw. Why, say——" and for the next half-hour nobody could have eased a word into that conversation with a shoe-horn.

Jack was only the first of a string of them. Apparently the Hawthorne Follies wasn't just an amateur show after all. The performers were amateurs, of course—all of them Hawthorne people—but it seemed that the only way you could tell them from professionals was that they were better. It began to look as if that doggone cub had had an advance tip on the show—him and his pious "Thank you, boss."

A couple of days later he staggered in, a bit weak in

the legs, but happy as a man with his income tax schedule filled out. Under his arm was his write-up of the show.

Now the kid's a good kid and he's an expert on shows, but his style is a little hard on a citizenry trained and accustomed to "May-I-Not" messages. Just as soon as he gets a piece of paper in front of him he gets formal and has a severe attack of the passive voice. (No hen ever crosses the road in our cub's copy. The road always "is crossed by the hen.") So, after wading through a couple of passive pages without really finding out what the youngster thought of the show, we gently fed the mess to the editorial waste basket. "Well, Eddie," we asked, "aside from what you don't say here, what did you think of the show? Was it worth an attack of the flu?"

"Was it?" he ejaculated, enthusiastically. "Is a bottle of good old-fashioned Johnny Walker worth the willies? Say, that show's an eighty-six horsepower sport model humdinger. It's the best in the shop and damn the H. C. of L. It's the high C of seeing. Gosh, boss, words fail me. Lemme get my breath; lemme get my breath."

"You know, the thing opens up with an empty scene showing the stage entrance of a theatre. Of course, nobody is much surprised when the Hawthorne Club's smiling Vice-President, Happy Hallet, steps out and mars the calm beauty of the scene. Gaston B. is all dressed up in evenings, and he looks as neat as a bald-headed man with his eyebrows trimmed. Without going



"Tacking Them Down" Chorus. There is one too many for an even half dozen. Which one do you want?

through the formality of explaining why he is hanging around stage doors, he starts right in getting telegrams. The first says the troupe has been slow getting away from Milwaukee and might get to the show a little late. The next says they've arrived in Chicago and are about to take taxis down to the theatre. The third is a wireless honk-honk from the lobby, and then the whole bunch comes piling down the aisles and on to the stage, considerably forgetting to pay the taxi drivers. (The Company will probably get the bill later.) Then up goes the stage entrance drop on one of the best minstrel shows ever put on in Chicago.

"Say, I'm not going to strain my vocabulary trying to describe that minstrel to you. I want to have a few words left to argue with my wife, when I get one, and, believe me, I've got my eye on several dozen since that show. If they don't repeal the polygamy laws I'll die a bachelor, trying to make up my mind.

"But here, where was I? Oh, yes, just laughing my head off at those minstrels. You know, they were worth money to me. Every time one of those doggoned flu bugs would get a good grip at the base of my spine, through the formality of explaining why he is hanging where the chills come from, some of those minstrel fellows would pull something funny and I'd shake so with laughter that the blamed germ couldn't ride me bare-back.

"Of course, I thought the mikes would get me sure pop, though, as soon as the minstrel was over. Didn't seem



Ray Corris as a "Hopper" full of "Coke"



Miss Sylvia Kase, of the Chorus Girls, gives a visual reason why there are so many men in China



Miss E. A. Rentzmann proved that music soothes the savage war whoop into a very beautiful Contralto Solo



Miss Freda Grubbe ("Sahara") in a Mystic Mood



1. Miss Barbara Prazac and her "Freckles" Chorus, not content with being sweet to look at, pelted the audience with candy. 2. End men, Mistah Interlocutah, and Miss Kacinski, in "Tell Me Why" Chorus. 3. Miss Ruth Talbot, "Chorus Lady," looked mighty good in a "Still," but you ought to see her in action. 4. These are real tough "Bowery Goils" and "Guys." The cigarettes indicate the "Guys" extreme toughness. The girls refused to smoke for fear you might accuse them of being "high-toned." 5. Babe Menkes thpells Mithithippi. 6. Wouldn't you like to be the birdie Miss Anna Hayes looks at when she gets her picture taken? 7. Naming them trippingly from left to right: Corris, Sheridan, Miss Kinsley, Sterling, Miss Walsh, Jones, Miss Budner, and Doyle—the stars that shone during "A Day in a Doctor's Office." 8. The "Chong Girls" give you a peek in China. 9. Seven "High-brown Babies" of the "High-brown Babies' Ball Chorus." No wonder seven and Heaven rhyme.

possible anything else could be as good as that part of the show. So when the curtain went up on "A Day in the Doctor's Office (Materia Medica à la Hawthorne)" I settled back in my seat, prepared to let the flu germs eat themselves full of me and die of writer's cramps. But I didn't. That laugh-trust up on the stage wouldn't let me. That's where they got in their big bunch of local jokes, and they sure panned everyone from the Sups to the nuts. I laughed until my insides were mixed up worse than a scrambled egg prepared by a man with St. Vitus' dance. It was a blamed mean trick to play on a lot of industrious flu microbes, anxious to work at their trade, but don't blame me. That sketch would get a laugh out of a man who'd just got word his mother-in-law was coming to visit him.

"And that ain't all, as the song says. After all that came the Hawthorne Garden Follies, showing our own vaudeville performers engaged in making the professionals look like a season ticket to last year's world series. There were pretty girls, pretty songs, funny men, funny songs, graceful feet, graceful dancing—and, say, do you like silk hose? Naw, not on you. How do you get that way? On something to look at, I mean. Take it from me, the Hawthorne girls don't need to worry how high the styles in skirts go. You won't see prettier chorus girls anywhere than we had in our very own Hawthorne Follies, take it from the welter-weight eyesight champion. I've seen every girl show that's hit Chi in seven years and I know.

"But say, for gosh sakes, boss, go down and take in that show. This is the last night of it, and you don't want to miss it if it takes a leg. I shouldn't have come out today, with these flu bugs still boarding with me, but I wanted to tell you about it and make sure you went before it was too late."

"Really, kid," we told him regretfully, "it can't be done tonight."

His jaw dropped with disappointment. "Aw, boss, you're making a mistake—a big mistake. Would you mind telling me just why you don't want to go?"

"Well, no," we answered. "You see, it's this way, Eddie. Night before last the wife didn't object, and last night again she didn't say much, but another trip down there tonight and you're going to hold down the editorial chair after dropping tears and flowers on our 2¾ per cent. bier."

"Boss," remarked Eddie, candidly, "you damned old fraud, you."

Well, maybe we are. Look over the menu of good things below and see what you think about it:

PART I

Hawthorne Minstrels

Cast

L. E. Theriault, Herman Saravalli, Theodore Andrzejewski, Elmer Grissens, Pete Sweers, D. M. Smith, T. E. Riley, J. P. Ruz, Josephine Shea, Rose Rezabek, Josephine Rimkus, Ella Smetana, Freda Grubbe, Anna Doblas, J. A. Hullihan, Ethel Sutherland, Adline Honith, Bessie Hayes, J. K. Beers, D. E. Arnold, B. A. Leff, J. E.

Peterson, Shirley Ballingall, Sylvia Kase, Helen Wotjkiewicz, Mary McCarthy, Anna Havel, Madaline Summers, Eleanor Kacinski, Ruth Talbot, Elizabeth Keller, Valesta Sosnovec, Barbara Prozac, Otto Fuka, Pauline Huebner, B. A. Conlon, Helen O'Connell, Lillie Gerling, Marie Proteau, Loretta Smith, Mary Godic, H. D. Lennon, E. A. Deitz, John Colby, D. G. Camis, James Stastny, Ruth Wilson, George Caspar, Chas. Vavrock, Raymond Zinder, Walter Ostring, Hazel Dorsey, Bess Doleja, Elizabeth Hull, Anna Hayes, Leonard Fraser, B. J. Doyle, Wm. Boettesha, Angiline Zellibor, Florence Kalteich, Katherine Nolan, Emily Witte, Ellis Fernstrom, Lill Luritsen.

F. J. Sheridan, Interlocutor

BONES: J. E. Ennis, V. T. Jones, R. C. Snyder, G. B. Sterling.
TAMBOS: J. E. Sears, C. Mehle, S. J. Hofreiter, Harold Childs.

Entrance Song (Entire Company) . . "Chicago Town"
Overture

(a) Mason Dixie Minstrels; (b) Allah's Garden;
(c) Baby; (d) Jazz Land.

1. Circle—Assisted by B. Doyle. "Carolina Sunshine"
 2. Harold Childs—Solo "Hawthorne Follies"
 3. Circle—Assisted by B. J. Conlon
"Alexander's Band is Back in Dixieland"
 4. E. A. Deitz—Bass Solo "Do You Remember"
 5. G. B. Sterling "Si-Si-Senior"
 6. Circle—Assisted by Miss Lillie Gerling and dancers
(a) "Chong"
(b) "Fast Asleep in Poppy Land"
 7. R. C. Snyder . . "Oh, Death, Where Is Thy Sting?"
 8. Circle—Assisted by Miss Eleanor Kacinski
"Tell Me Why"
 9. J. A. Hullihan in a Soft-shoe Dancing Specialty
 10. C. Mehle "Good Night, Angeline"
 11. Circle—Assisted by Miss Elizabeth Keller
"When You're Alone"
 12. S. J. Hofreiter, Assisted by Dancers
"High Brown Babies' Ball"
- Closing Chorus—Entire Company, assisted by J. E. Petersen "Dear Motherland"
Miss Laura Walsh "Liberty"

PART II

"A Day in the Doctor's Office"

Materia Medica à la Hawthorne

Time—Any Time Place—Use your own judgment
Characters in the order in which they annoy

CAST

MR. DICK TATE—A bright young clerk Vincent Jones
MISS TYPUM—A stenographer Laura Walsh
MISS HONEY—Some nurse Eileen Kinaley
DR. SOAKUM—A saw bones Frank Sheridan
BLONDY—A girl with talent Lillian Budner
JOE BLOW—A dope fiend Raymond Corris
WATCH-EM—A policeman Edward Doyle
SPEEDY—Now an old man George Sterling

PART III

Hawthorne Garden Follies

Garden Guests

1. J. E. Peterson sings "Come to the Land of Bohemia."
2. Capt. O'Toole as Harry Lauder.
3. J. E. Sears entreats you to Tell Him.
4. Miss Barbara Prazac appears as Freckles.

5. Wm. Brewsters as Caruso.
6. Babe Menkes AS IS.
7. Miss Emily Wittee will oblige with "Babies' Arms."
8. Hop Corris by HIMSELF.
9. Miss Quinlan in Rainbows.
10. R. C. Snyder, "You Can't Make Your Shimmy Shake on Tea."
11. D. E. Arnold, assisted by eight beautiful girls, will proceed with "Tacking Them Down."
12. H. D. Lennon in "Tulip Time."
Herman Saravalli, Theodore Andrzejewski, Elmer Grissens, Pete Sweers, Shirley Ballingall, D. M. Smith, Helen Wojtkiewicz, E. T. Riley, Anna Havel, J. P. Rux, Mary McCarthy, Eleanor Kacinski, Josephine Shea, Ruth Talbot, Rose Rezabek, Elizabeth Keller, Josephine Rimkus, Valesta Sosnowec, Ella Smetane, Elizabeth Hull, Anna Hayes, Otta Fuka, Anna Dobias, Leonard Fraser, B. J. Doyle, Pauline P. Huebner, B. S. Conlon, J. A. Hullihan, Barbara Prezac, John Colby, D. G. Camis, James Stastny, Sylvia Gase, George Caspar, Charles Vavrock, Hazel Dorsey, Raymond Zinder, Ethel Sutherland, Helen O'Connell, Walter Ostring, Bess Dolejs, Adline Honith, Wm. Boettches, Lillie Gerling, Angiline Zelliber, Marie Proteau, Florence Kalteich, Bess Hayes, Katherine Nolan, J. K. Beers, Loretta Smith, D. E. Arnold, Mary Godic, B. A. Leff, Elisa Fernstrom, H. D. Lennon, Lil Lauritzen, E. A. Deitz.
Edythe McCormick, Shirley Ballingall, Helen O'Connell, Myrtle Volrath, Hazel Dorsey, Helen Walters, Eleanor Egan, Marie Proteau, Bessie Doley, Ruth Wilson.
13. The Hawthorne Serenaders.
14. Miss Freda Grubbe will irrigate "Sahara."
15. N. E. Therault or B. A. Leff will inform us of their Dear Old Pal.
16. Oriental Bowery Gleanings by the Nine Sweeties.
Edythe McCormick, Shirley Ballingall, Helen O'Connell, Myrtle Volrath, Hazel Dorsey, Helen Walters, Eleanor Egan, Marie Proteau, Bessie Doley, Ruth Wilson
Dance by Edith McCormick
Oriental Specialty by Ruth Wilson

17. Ennis and Co. in a "Rush-In" Ballet.

Those Who Put It Over

Gaston B. Hallett, General Manager
Frank J. Sheridan, Managing Director
H. Fleetwood Albright, Jr., Business Manager
James E. Ennis, House Manager
Vincent T. Jones, Publicity Manager

Music Committee

Eileen A. Kinsley, Chairman
G. B. Hallett
C. Mehle

Stage and Properties

R. A. Corris, Chairman
E. M. Doyle
F. J. Dolan

Box Committee

A. T. Wood, Chairman
Rose Rezabek
F. W. Willard

Tickets Committee

H. R. Woolway, Chairman
H. W. Rabe
J. D. Berman

Press Committee

V. T. Jones, Chairman
Laura Walsh
Lillie Budner

Program and Printing

H. F. Albright, Jr., Chairman
V. T. Jones
W. O. Collins



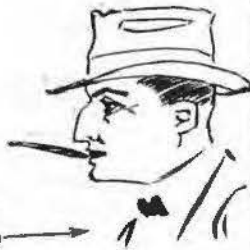
The Famous "Rush-In" Ballet (Whers Angels Fear to Tread?)

'ON WITH THE SHOW'

The Two
to Blame.



Geo. F.
Bainbridge



Frank J.
Sheridan

R.A. (Hop) Corris - sings
"Im de
Guy."



Give him
another
whiff
of the lillie pipe-boys.

Miss Freda Grubbe
sings &
wiggles
out
'Sahara'
in a
wonderful
manner -



but
yet keeps -
"Within the law."

"Tacking Them Down" - D.E. Arnold &
Chorus.



Sit down Arnold and give
the ladies a chance.

R.C. Snyder in
"Oh Death Where
isthy sting"



"you
said it
Snyder."

Capt. O'toole puts on
a little Harry Lauder
stuff.



Jack Ennis - cute little
bellet
star.

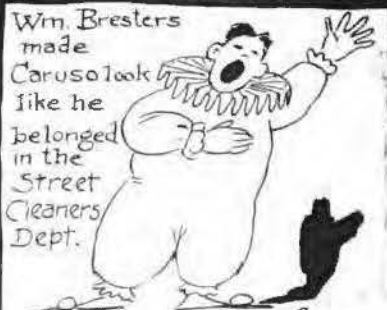


The Hawthorne Srenaders



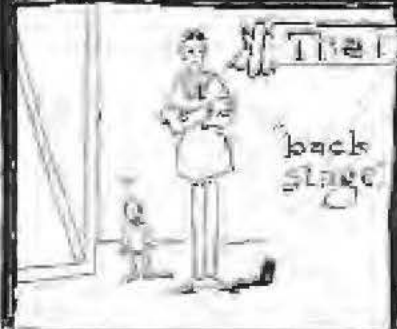
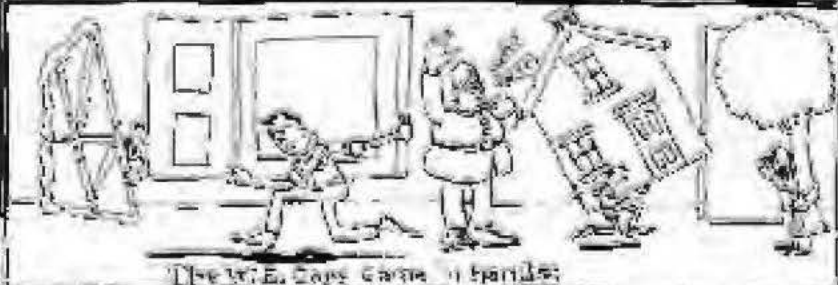
How do they get that way on Bevo.

Win. Bresters
made
Caruso look
like he
belonged
in the
Street
Cleaners
Dept.



Pratt - 22
FROM STAFF

BACK STAGE



The Making of a Catalog

By R. J. Ambler, Head of the Catalog Department

1920 Year Book Statistics

Edition: 87,500 copies.
Pages: 1,412.
Manufacturers Represented: 236.
Number of Items Listed: Approximately 60,000.
Number of Illustrations: 6,450.
Numerical List Numbers: Approximately 10,000.
Weight of the Edition: 212,031 lbs.
Different Sizes and Types of Wire Listed: 1,462.
Different Sizes and Types of Insulators Listed: 760.
Books of edition placed end to end in a straight line would cover a distance of nine miles.

WHEN one realizes that in the making of our Year Book the name Western Electric is printed 8,129,200 times; that 9,390 separate pieces of metal are used on the average page; and that 13,268,680 separate pieces are needed to make up the entire book—it is easy to understand how one or two of those metal bits might be placed upside down, transposed, lost, strayed, or stolen.

To avoid such examples of the fallibility of human beings, one would have to possess the virtues of that visiting negro divine, who was introduced to the congregation by the pastor as follows:

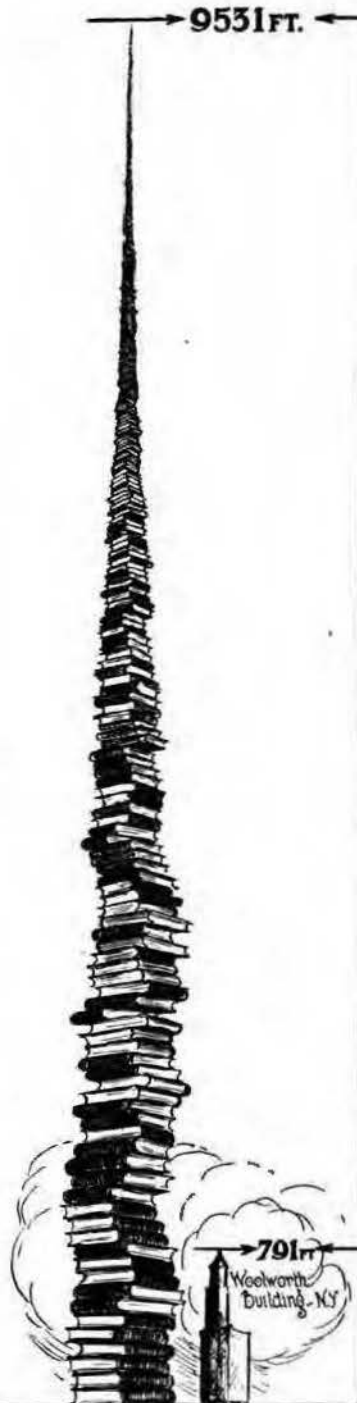
"Brethren and sistren. You-all is gwine lissen today to de interpolations of de Scripcher by a man of de mos' unusuales' containments.

"Our visitin' brother knows de onknowable; he thinks de onthinkable; and he kin onscrew de onscrutable!"

Let me trace some of the steps for you, so that you appreciate how intricate a process it is to produce a



Monotype Operator



All our 1920 Year Books piled one upon the other would reach a height of 9,531 feet, or 12 times as high as the Woolworth Building

book. After authority has been secured for listing a certain article or line, catalog copy is produced and

1920 Year Book Statistics (Continued)

Leaves of each book placed end to end in same manner would make a paper ribbon 6½ inches wide and 6,354 miles in length.

Books piled one on top of another would reach a height of 9,531 feet. Four and one-half tons of metal were required in casting type used.

The average page is composed of approximately 9,390 separate pieces of metal, making a total of 13,268,680 pieces for the book.

The name Western Electric is printed 8,129,200 times.

sent to the printer. His first operation is to set up the lettering and spacing on a monotype machine, which punches out on a roll of paper certain holes similar in appearance to a piano player roll. This roll is then placed in a casting machine, which reproduces the characters and spaces which go to make up the type page. A hand-made imprint, or proof, is then made and a series of checking and re-checking commences.

At this stage a general lay-out of page arrangement is made for the resulting Year Book. This is necessary, as it is impossible to start at page 1 and compile each page in sequence. Hence, page 1829 and 1116 may be all in process at once, while pages 8, 760, etc., are tentatively held open for future assignment. As the catalog is printed in "forms" or groups of thirty-two or sixty-four pages at a time, it is necessary to get a group of thirty-two consecutive pages all ready before that section can be printed. It so happens that pages 65-96 and 353-384 were the first sections of the book printed and



Pages Locked Up for Plating



R. J. Ambler, Head of Catalog Department



J. E. Legg, Compiler



R. D. Horton, Price Clerk



Miss A. M. Walters, Copy Layout Clerk

the first thirty-two pages containing the alphabetical index and the next to last thirty-two pages were the last set of pages.

The press used this year printed two groups of thirty-two consecutive pages, or sixty-four pages in all, at one time and delivered each thirty-two pages printed on both sides and completely folded, ready to be collated with other forms into its ultimate position in the book. The two forms were delivered simultaneously one on each side of the press at a rate of approximately three thousand per hour.

The next step is to squeeze these forms to press out the air between the sheets and to enable more compact storing of these printed sections. Such squeezing is repeated on several occasions in the bindery to this same end.

Up to this point a great percentage of the printer's work has been mechanical, but now when the folded forms reach the bindery, handwork is almost entirely depended upon until the book is complete and ready for shipment. In the bindery, forms are laid out in piles and in sequence around a table. The first and last forms, however, have end sheets and a reinforcing muslin strip applied to strengthen them ready for attachment to the covers as they, of course, have to bear the strain of holding the book together. The forms are now collected and sewed

at 11 points along the backbone simultaneously; all books being fastened together in one continuous row. The sewing machines used must necessarily be unusually sturdy to enable the needles to pierce and thread through 32 thicknesses of paper.

Books are now cut apart and trimmed on all but the binding edge. Glue is applied and allowed to dry. Glycerine keeps the glue more flexible. Next the books are put in a compressing vise and the backs rounded. Another coating of glue and a muslin strip are now applied. They are then covered and pressed for at least twelve hours in a warm, dry room. This allows the moisture of the glue to dry. Otherwise this dampness would cause the covers to warp and buckle.

The covers are made by hand and the sides printed with ink. The backbone is a white leaf ink printed in with a hot press. The unused part of the white leaf has then to be rubbed off and the cover is ready.

Even after a book is complete in itself, there are still several more operations. Each book is inspected to see that no defects are present, such as a reversed cover, a mutilated page, etc. Now the books passed are ready for the shippers. First, each one has proper inserts enclosed, then it is paper wrapped and enclosed in carton. They are then boxed and shipped to our various branch



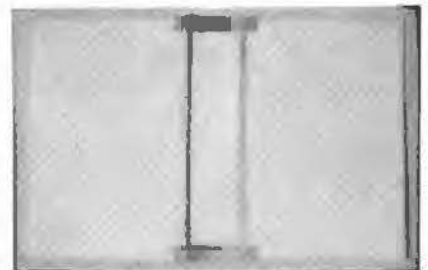
Catalog Complete



Steps in Binding



Outside of Cover



Inside of Cover



Casting Machine



Locking Up Pages for Plating



Drawing Proof



Reading Proof



Stamping Covers



Rounding Backs

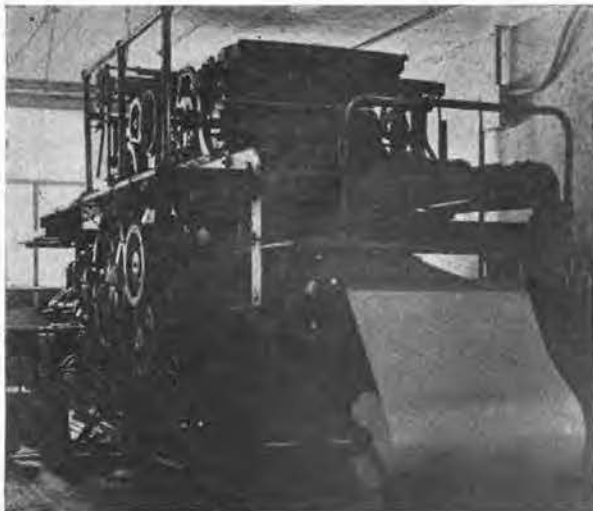
houses. Upon arriving they are mailed to our customers everywhere.

The greatest railroads and industrial plants have adopted the Year Book as their standard. Many technical colleges distribute copies to their electrical engineering classes to be used as text books. The Year Book is a veritable encyclopedia of the electrical supply industry. Its 60,000 listings cover an extensive field. Hence as a buyer's guide it is most valuable.

The *Lusitania* went down with a consignment of Year Books aboard. The 79th Division Chief Signal Officers' Headquarters carried a Year Book through the Argonne

drive of September 26. Copies reach practically every remote part of the United States where electricity is known and find their way into practically every corner of the globe.

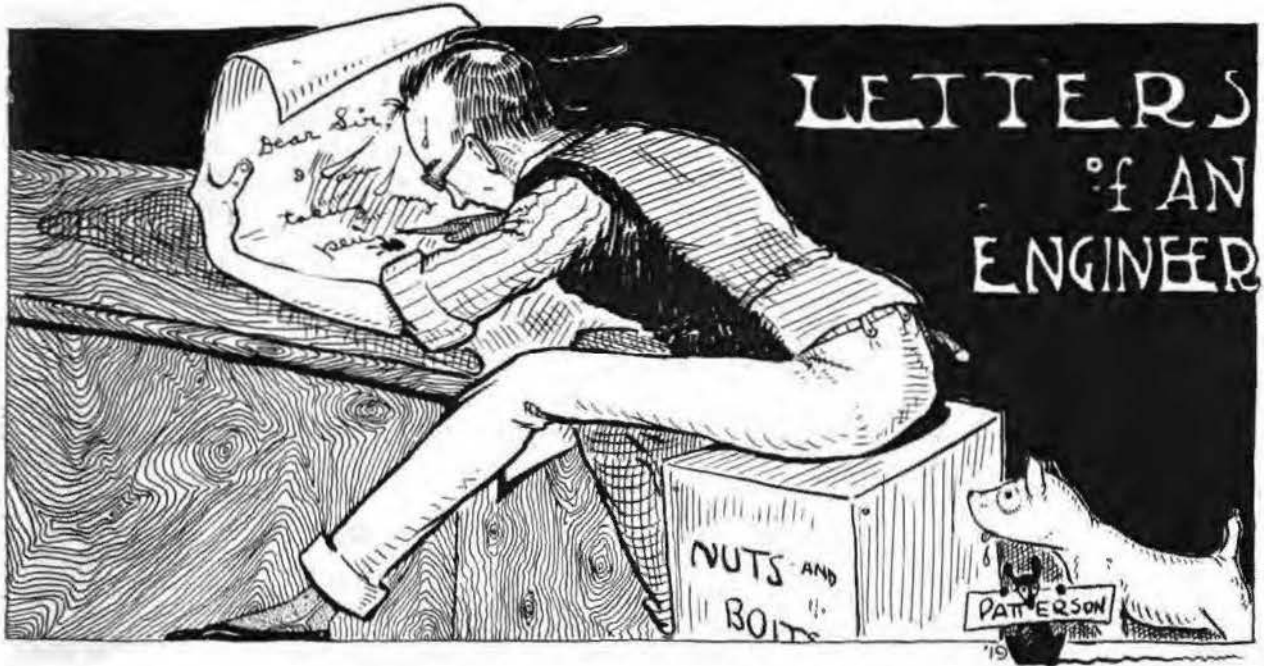
So much for the Year Book: but the poor compiler—well, most are fired and the remainder they say go crazy. In spite of world wars and printers' strikes, the Year Book has appeared regularly (apologies for this year's delay) for six consecutive issues, with practically the same staff behind each issue. Unless down the path of Fate we are led or shoved awry, another better issue will come with the dawn of another new year.



Printing Press



Final Inspection



DEAR EDITTER:

I take my "Eversharp" by the hand to scribble you some big news fer yer paper. The Company, after strugglin' along fer some fifty years, has decided to have its own schule and make its own engineers out of the raw material instead of makin' 'em out o' Rah! Rah! material only. Schule is held onct a week at night and sum married men is givin' as an excuse to their wives fer bein' out every night their terrible cravins fer gittin wizzardum.

The first night a big bunch of overgrown schule-boys got together in the schuleroom with their tongues a hangin' out fer knowlege. They was whisperin' back and forth and the air was full of expectashun. Suddenly silence fell down on the assemblidge and the Perfesser entered. He come with the heavy tread of practical experience instead of the tip-toe mince of cloister theory as is mostly the usual gate fer Perfessers, so I've heerd. Then Captain Kidd, actin' custodian of all deezine wizzardum, rose up and explained with sootable gusto and dignity jest what the objects of this here deezine corse is. (The notty boy in the back seat said, "He's only kiddin", and Hashimura Togo who was a settin' close by let out a heathenish yell which busted up the department of the class fer a minit. But order was dooly restored after sundry table rappin's, not by the spirits, though, as they has not been heered from since the middle o' January, so Mr. Rinn says.) Then the Perfesser

rose up and after makin' a apology fer having sech a bizzy time while he was thinkin' up his leckshure and congratulatin' the gang on the easy time they have to git wize now, as books and schules wasn't so plentyfull a few years ago, he waded in. He held up a chart like a steamship map which showed by arrows which is the easiest paths to git werk through the Company like greazed lightnin'. It certainly werked good on the map. Then he explained why metal boxes was deezined fer subsets and how the condensers was condensed in size and many things which makes fer wize engineers and saves 'houzands and thousands and thousands of dollars. Then the Perfesser waxed confidenshul and told the fellers to study letter ritin so's they kin explane to any kind of man what is werkin in their "beans." He even

went so fer as to say that they oughta tell the truth all the time even if it reflected on the Engineerin' Department. This here seemed to the riter to be a mity reckless sayin'. Finally he said that engineers oughta bring their imagina-shuns to their werk as they aint jest fer dreamin' in a hammock under a shade tree in the good old summer time, but is also fer practical use. This brought joy to lots of the schuleboys hearts 'cause suntimes they feels that imagina-shuns is dangerus things and only gits em in trouble. Then the Perfesser said goodnight and the schuleboys went frolickin' home.

The next time another Perfesser come and explained about telephone cerkits. He told what is a "A"



"Suddenly silence fell on the assem'ly and the Perfesser entered"

operator and what is a "B" operator. He also sed why the click comes bang in the subscriber's ear. Then he explained why the lamps go bright (like on a Chrismus Tree) then git dim and sometimes bern out (which is also sadly like on a Chrismus tree.) This Perfesser made hisself popular by dismissin' schule early which is the secret of success fer many a Perfesser.

Then come another Perfesser with a long, long story. He throwed on the screen a assembly drawin' and many detale drawins which was a horrible example of long toil and much sweatin' fer the draftsman. Then he throwed on the screen a assembly drawin' with all the detale dimenshuns on it which showed fer little toil and no sweatin' fer the draftsman. This is a good drawin' when the Shop dont make no mistakes, but when she does it's got too many alibays.

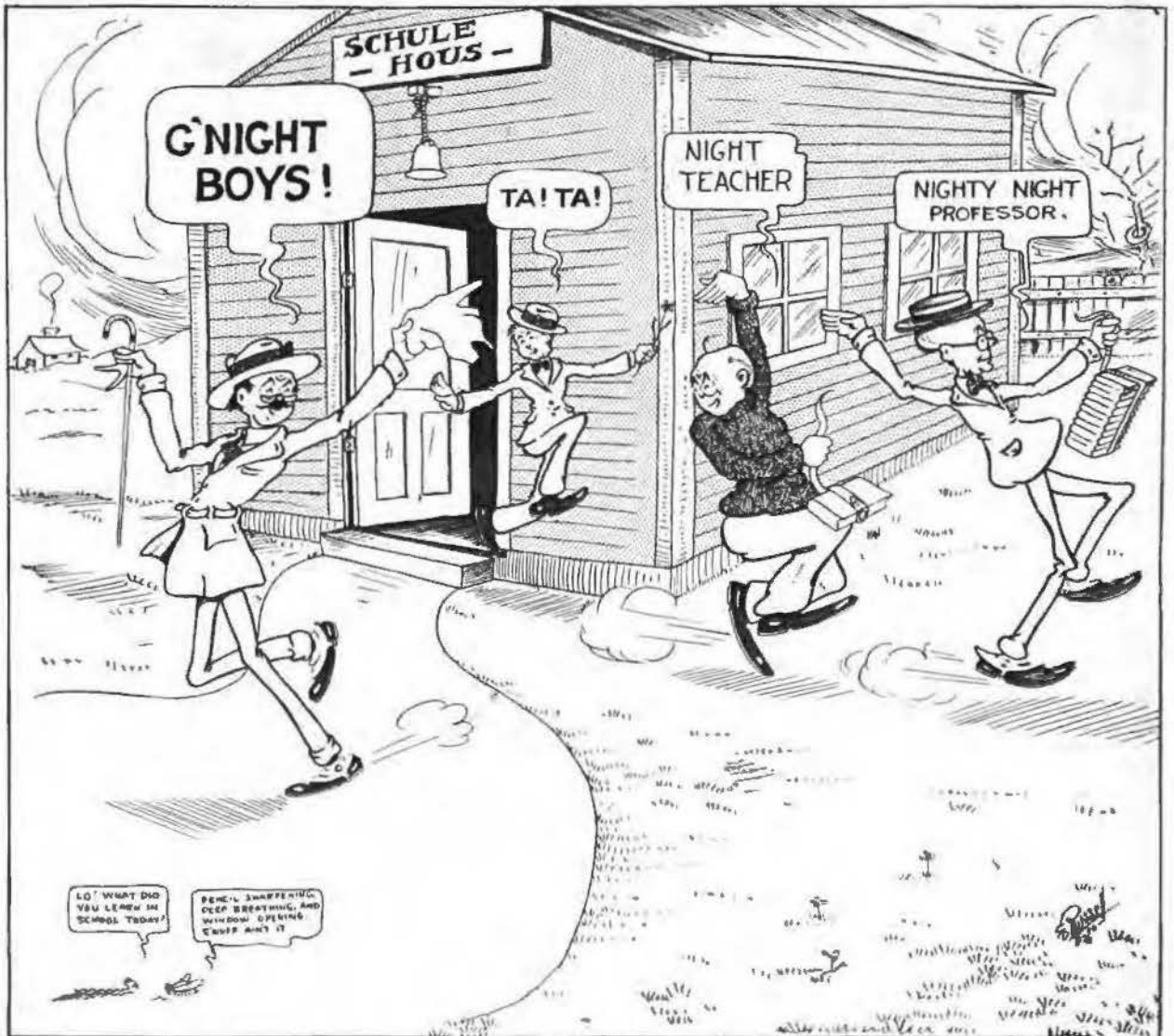
Next time we had a long Perfesser who come with a big stick fer pintin' on the screen. He said he lived with the transmitter and receiver for ate long years. But

as he didn't say whether he was married to his job or not there was some gossipin' and whispers of scandal at the Western. Then he told when magnets has legs and when they has limbs and it was a good Massachusetts joke. He gave lots of good information fer the schule-boys and showed how miles and miles and miles was saved. (They must have a long store-house fer to keep 'em in.)

And now, Mr. Editter, this line of talk has come to a close. Its a good idea fer the old engineers to tell the young uns what has been done fer the art. To show em how things has been accomplished and how mistakes has been made and overcome so's to give 'em a good foundashun fer to werk on. Then its a good thing fer the Perfessers to dig around in their Ainshunt Histries as it mite give em sum new insperashuns. In fact, Mr. Editter, its good fer all that is concerned.

Yours fer gittin' wizdum,

Perry Derham Quinsby.



Then the Perfesser said Good Night and the boys went frolickin home

AROUND THE CIRCUIT

GOSSIP GATHERED BY THE DISTRIBUTING HOUSE CORRESPONDENTS

Seattle

Herb Comes Through Again

Seen what you printed what I wrote last month; guess I didn't show up the regular correspondent—I guess!



Mr. Michener which is my boss (I don't call him Harry no more I forgot that he might read the News) says I should educate myself get lots of pep and when I am his age I can get myself a Stores Manager's job. He says to take a correspondence school course. They

got college yells and everything. One is like this:

Pool! pool! Harvard
Pool! pool! Yale
We get our lessons in the mall.
We're no rummies
We're no fools
Night's the time to go to schools.

When I get through with that I should take a course like he took How to talk convincing. You seen those pictures in the magazines where the guy tells the boss where to head in at? But I'm off of it now. I don't want his job. I just found out what they pay the fellow that drives the truck. Me for his job if I got to work in a garage a couple of weeks to learn the business.

Mr. Cooley what is sales manager for the outfit here took himself a course in memory training so he could remember what he forgot. He also studies Japanese talk so when a Jap comes in he can put it over on him. Sometimes it don't work so good. I was talking to the peach what the boss hired when Mr. Michener was out that holds down the switch and information board when a Jap comes in Mr. Cooley spots this bird. Ikagadesuka! says Mr. Cooley which is Japanese for How are you today come in and set down, Watashi wa ananat wo nozome nasu ka which I don't know what it means. Then in more Japanese he says I remember you well I met you at the Chamber of Commerce didn't I your name is, then the Jap comes back in English, Pardon me I do remember your face but I must have met you at Harvard. Here, Mr. Cooley does a fade out. He's forgot where he put

his memory course. I betcha that Jap school will be out four dollars a week from now on too.

This month's poem of Pash.

There was a young chemist named Huff
While mixing some confounded stuff
Touched a match to vial
And after a while
They found his front teeth and a cuff.

We had our fiftieth anniversary dinner dance at the Army and Navy Clubhouse. Don't get this mixed. We have one every fifty years. That is the worst part of it I hate to think of waiting another fifty years for the next one.

Mr. Colwell read a fine speech. Then they sung. This singing was led by Mr. Baes cause he is always so good natured an jolly but the singing wasnt nothing to brag about. Next some movies one showed how a young fellow worked hisself up to where he had a office and a steno of his own. All bunk, this was faked. When a fellow gets that far they hand him a dictaphone. After he dictates the records some one drops em on him an he has to do em over. But if that wasnt faked I'd quit trying to be a truck driver because she was some peach. Then they had supper and some more fun then dancing. Peggy Hughes nearly missed a dance on account she came apart some place. Fifty years from now I'll write you about the next one which should be some party if as good as the last.

There aint no news to speak about nearly all the girls in the Stores Department got married except Peggy Hughes and Miss Blum and maybe one or two others. Miss Shorno over at Portland did the same. Mr. McKegnie assistant power apparatus specialist which is a Scotchman and ought to know better got himself a wife outside of that there aint no news.

Ed Descamp power apparatus which owns a car for his convenience runs out of gas half way down to Tacoma. He walks four miles and comes to a gas station.

Give me a couple gallons gas in a can says Ed. Sure says Mr. Rockefeller being careful that the handle he is turning dont go to far. Ed sees a fliwer parked against the station say lend me that fliwer to run this gas to my car. Sure says the bandit but leave a deposit on the can. When Ed drives up with his car old Ali Baba says where dya get that junk heap? insulting like. O this says Ed why a guy writes me he wants to sell me a enclosed fliwer but he forgets to put it in with his letter so I buys this.

—Herb.

New York—Fifth Avenue

Gather in Honey, Bring Home Bacon

THE annual sales conference was drawing to a close. Jack Portley, who for three days had been elaborating upon the fortunes to be earned in the exploitation of his household devices was summing up in his usual eloquent manner. "Gentlemen," he exclaimed, "the office personnel is always at your service. It is up to yourselves entirely. If in your search for fertile fields you come across a prospect rich with pollen, but do not feel quite sure of yourself, call upon me, so that like the bees we may go out together, and gathering in the honey, bring home the bacon."

Prohibition Fails to Stop Draughts

Volume of business is not the only thing which has increased at Fifth Avenue. Even the draughts up the elevator shafts have joined old H. C. of L. and are going stronger. Result: Wind shields now protect our temperamental employees. For specifications consult R. Gordon.

Girlie? Oh, No—He's on the Job

"Just a minute, girlie!"

There was an instant lifting of heads among the feminine members of the Statistical Division, every eye staring expectantly at the specialist guilty of the above remark. All thought of office and job departed in the twinkling of an eye. Could it be true? Was it not a few days prior to St. Valentine's Day? And Leap Year, too!

Alas for their hopes! It was only a summons to Royal Curley, the latest addition to the sales force to attend to another little period of his training.

Teats to the Rescue

Punctuation will always be a valued qualification of an editor. Can you imagine what might have happened if Teats had not been busy with his faithful old red pencil when he received the following order:

PLEASE FORWARD 1 elastic coil for suspending Mrs. C. E. Doe 827 Atlantic Avenue Lynbrook, N. Y.

Buffalo

What's in a Name?

L. L. Millar, who is now operating in the Niagara Falls district, is guilty of the following notation on his Daily Visit Report of January 19:

"Common Sense Manufacturing Co. (Not worth assigning)."

Newark

Inquiries Recently Received

- 1—1½ tons white sand for scrubbing decks.
- 2—Rat guards, standard size. (New law, all rats must be muzzled.)

New Haven

The New Haven installers are going strong this season. A twelve-club inter-department duckpin bowling league has been formed among telephone people and the Western is represented by a branch house team and an installation department team. Thirty-three games have been played so far. The installers are next to the top, with the branch house going strong in fifth place. The Western Electric teams in the basketball league have not lost a single game.

—W. R. Hurtian.

New York—195 Broadway

"Do You Think at Your Age It Is Right?"

EVERY now and then you hear something about the Western Electric getting younger every day. Of course, that means that the good old Company gets more vigorous as time goes on, and not that if we exist long enough the vice-presidents will take to shooting marbles at directors' meetings.

Not marbles, surely; but squash—well, that's something else again. We have a good many squash fans in the Western. Not the least of these is Vice-President H. A. Halligan and G. E. Pingree, Vice-President and General Manager of the International Western Electric Company.

A few weeks ago the University Club of New York, of which both of these gentlemen are members, staged a handicap squash tournament. Right through the field ploughed the two representatives of the Western. The finals were Halligan vs. Pingree. And the International went down to defeat with colors flying.

Long live the champion!

Plans for New Norfolk Plant Now Being Laid

PLANS for the new Submarine Cable Plant at Norfolk are now being worked out at Hawthorne, and will probably be announced within the next few months. Ground on the 55-acre site at Norfolk will not be broken, in all probability, until spring.

The establishment of this factory will be in accordance with the established policy of the Company—that is, always to be prepared to supply the wants of the public whenever those wants materialize. The events of the past few years have brought the world into closer union. These circumstances unquestionably have created a need for increased facilities in inter-continental communication; and the Company will be ready to supply these facilities in the form of submarine cable produced on a quantity basis.

Atlanta

Telephone Society Stages a Show

THE Atlanta Telephone Society, composed of the officials and employees of the Southern Bell Telephone & Telegraph Company, the American Telephone & Telegraph Company and the Western Electric Company, gave a get-together party not long ago at the Elks' Club.

Dancing and vaudeville acts featured the evening's



These six beauties are some of Atlanta's members of the fair and warmer sex. The photographer has just been telling the sad story of his life. Hence the pleased expressions. The hats are the latest things in hilarity headgear; they wear them at all Atlanta parties

entertainment. Refreshments were served and souvenirs of the occasion were distributed.

The officials of the Telephone Company and Western Electric Company were present, and an interesting talk was made by J. Epps Brown, President of the Southern Bell and Cumberland Telephone Companies. Among those present were: J. M. B. Hoxey, First Vice-President; Geo. J. Yundt, Second Vice-President; and Hunt Chipley, General Consul; F. L. Woodruff, General Manager; O. J. Huie, Acting Chief Engineer; T. N. Lacy, Superintendent of Plant of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company; H. W. Hall, Southern District Manager, Western Electric Company; and W. E. Gathright, Stores Manager.

St. Louis

In Case You Have Forgotten That December 25th Was Christmas St. Louis Just Reminds You

ON Wednesday afternoon, December 24, the employees of the St. Louis House were entertained by a most novel and amusing Christmas celebration. Arrangements were made with Santa Claus to attend the festivities. He must have anticipated what a pleasurable event it would be as he came accompanied by his dear wife. Perhaps there are reasons why Mrs. Santa Claus insisted on coming as the "Old Boy" no

sooner spied the fair ones and he forgot his regular duties. Mrs. Santa Claus quickly called him back to earth.

After numerous preliminaries, Santa got down to business and proceeded to empty his sack. Some of us have wondered why Santa considered it appropriate to give our Credit Manager, Mr. Williford, a bottle of "Skec." (Everybody knows Mr. Williford don't drink; oh! no?) Or just why he gave our Stores Manager, Mr. Spolander, a large check. (He doesn't need the money.) And giving Mr. Wheeler a chicken—what could that mean?

To those of us who were not remembered with a beautiful gift Santa gave advice that can't be measured in dollars and cents or by the metric system. He presented three youthful Theda Baras from the Mailing Department and told them in a stern voice that they could no longer enjoy the feminine art of vamping the poor irresponsibles from sixteen to sixty. It is hard to say who sighed the hardest, the vampers or the vamped.

Everything went along smoothly until we gave three cheers for our Sales Manager, Mr. Corrao, whereon Mrs. Santa lifted her wig and acknowledged the compliment in a voice like a boiler-maker. Santa did not keep us long in suspense as we easily recognized his physical contour and architectural plan as that of our Line Materials Manager, Mr. Waddington.

Mr. Goodell, Grand Master of Ceremonies, experienced considerable difficulty making Santa tend strictly to business and in keeping the employees from bubbling over with enjoyment.

As far as we know, this was the first public appearance of Mrs. Santa Claus, but very likely it will not be her last. The Claus family enjoyed themselves so much they agreed to sneak an extra Christmas into the calendar for us if possible.

"Backward, Turn Backward, Oh Time, in Thy Flight"

Our city business has developed to such proportions that we've had to put our delivery system on a mile-a-minute basis. At least that's what the blue-coated person said to Curley Gerhart, one of our chauffeurs, when presenting a pressing invitation to call upon the judge in the morning.

Mr. Goodell, our Manager, being very anxious to get Curley off with as short a sentence as possible, immediately entered into a conference with influential friends and unfortunately failed to notice that the clock had ticked off sixty-one minutes. Completing the arrangements, Mr. Goodell was astonished to find an officer of the law waiting by his car and who very politely "pinched" him for overstaying the one-hour parking time limit.

MORAL:

Efficiency Bulletin No. 41144 advises that the general speed characteristics of the mule as well as the legal restrictions against parking him unattended are such as to recommend his very serious consideration in large cities.

Chicago

Hot Time in the Old Town

One, two and a two-step.
 One, two and a one-two-three.
 A two-step in
 And a two-step out,
 A two-step around
 And a two-step about.

That's the way the employees of the Chicago house who enjoy the terpsichorean art have been stepping it off lately.

The new addition to the office on the eighth floor along South Jefferson Street is not all occupied and employees are making the most of the vacant floor space.

The piano has been moved down from the girls' restaurant and employees go out and take a whirl or two each Wednesday and Friday noon.

Chicago Makes a Noise Like a Squirrel

The 1919 inventory will go down in history at Chicago as the hardest nut of the kind ever cracked by the Stores Department there.

The "flu" hit Chicago its worst blow about January 10, just as the clerical work on the inventory was in full swing.

A half-dozen or more important division heads were knocked out for several days. The Pay Roll Division checked up one day and found that fifteen per cent. of the Chicago employees were away from work on account of illness. To complicate matters more, John Burgess, representative of the General Department, was called back to New York for a few days on account of the illness in his family.

It got to the point where the Stores Manager's jaw would drop every time anyone sneezed or coughed around the office. There was a prospect of closing the books with a big inventory difference.

By the end of January the "flu" had abated. Those who had been on the sick roll were either convalescing or back to work, and before Mr. Burgess had returned we had our inventory difference reduced to the closing point.

Speaking of inventories, here is an accounting problem:



J. F. Brenkman new stores manager Cleveland warehouse, reporting to Chicago. He is here seen holding a ferocious group of cabbages at bay

What should the depreciation be on a pair of new rubber boots not mates?

Richmond Some Service!

ONE Saturday night a transformer in a town near Richmond burned out, leaving an important part of that city in darkness. The superintendent communicated with A. B. Bibb, who volunteered to get

another transformer if they would supply a motor truck. This was done and Bibb drove the truck to Charlotte, nearly one hundred miles, getting there early Sunday morning. He got back with the transformer Sunday afternoon, and Sunday night the lights were burning and everybody was happy. The result was a transformer contract.



Straw hats may look cold in New York these days but this is certainly a warm bunch. The fact is they are ahead of the times—in six months we will all be dressed as they are. Reading from left to right they are George Marchmont, sales manager; R. J. Williamson, telephone service; J. H. Pearson, sales manager, Norfolk; J. B. Odell, manager; R. S. Montgomery, stores manager, and J. C. DeWitt. These fellows have all seen ten years or more service with the Western.

Growing Pains Develop All Around the Circuit

(Concluded from page 8)

"Construction, which began during the latter part of January, within three days after the signing of the contract, will be completed in from sixty to seventy-five days. The Pacific Coast winter offers no hindrance to such work. The national shortage of certain building material has been provided for by some minor changes.

"Several eucalyptus stumps have worried the excavators, since they are fast-growing and evergreen. Were these stumps left to their own devices they would eventually grow up and raise the building with them (possibly) in a manner reminiscent of Robinson Crusoe's tree-top dwelling. Therefore, each stump has been given an injection of arsenic and nitric acid to stunt this growth, thus furnishing another sad commentary on the drug habit."

Los Angeles has acquired a cable yard directly east of their building at Eighth Street. This gives them 4,000 square feet, which they use in storing cable cross-arms and similar material. During the past year they have remodelled their offices and brought the Sales Department from the first floor to the second, so that the Sales and Stores Departments are on the same floor. This has made for greater efficiency. Work on a storage battery room was started on February 14, and Los Angeles will start a battery campaign with a carload of batteries.

High Voltage Stuff from West Street

Bright Idea!

THINGS do move. Here a while ago the Engineering Department helped a couple get married by wireless. Now comes a bright inventive genius with an idea for increasing Christmas joy (rather, he came). The Manufacturing Department turns out a nifty contraption of gears, shafts and electric motor designed to operate a rotating switch. The b. i. g. mentioned above conceived the idea that this power driven mechanism might be used to turn his Christmas tree so that none of the spangles would languish in darkness. So along he comes and tries to borrow one of the drives for over the holidays (cost of drive is \$40). It has occurred to the designers of the outfit that, when Christmas trees are thrown on the ash heap the drive might be hitched to the dining room table and thus provide an indoor merry-go-round. How about it?

Incompatibility

A lazy coon named Big Bill Brown
Was never known to work,
All he'd do was to lie around,
His duties he would shirk.
His wife she'd take in washing
And she furnished everything,
Bill asked her for some money
She refused and he did sing.

"'Incompatibility' means

"'We cannot agree'

"'Yo' sho don't lov' me anymo'

"'An' strangers we will be."

She hit him with an iron,

Knocked him out an' let him be

All Bill could say when he woke up

Was "'Incompatibility."

Bill went to see his lawyer

And he said he'd been abused.

The lawyer said: "All right, Bill Brown—

But who is the accused?"

"'This coon lammed me with an iron'

On the mark his finger lay

"'And the cause of all this family row—

Is what I'se 'bout to say."

"'Incompatibility' means

'We can't get along.'

"'A divorce,' the lawyer shouted,

"'Twould be a fitter song.

"'Twill cost one thousand dollars,

That's the cheapest out, I see,"

Bill grabbed his wife and to him said

"'That's 'Incompatibility.'"

—Tod Brown.

While There's Life, There's Hope

First Engineer (very recently imported from Hawthorne) after a couple of rounds with New York routines: "A few more like that and we will know how to run this place."

Second Engineer (not quite as recent on importation): "No, we won't live long enough to accomplish that."

Even Statues Were Useful

This picture, taken by one of our soldiers in France, shows a beautiful monument standing at the intersection of two streets in the ruined city of Rheims. Although badly nicked by bursting shrapnel, it was not otherwise damaged by the Boche artillery. It will be noticed that the lady in the foreground is wearing nothing but a necklace of telephone wires around her neck, and by so doing has released a pole for service somewhere else along the line. (W. E. material, of course.) —F. M. React.



A Draughtsman's Lament

I am a draftsman, of all beings the most miserable.

I am a clairvoyant, a mind-reader, an interpreter of dreams.

To me is given to bring the concrete from the abstract—a task most thankless.

I make the unknowable known, the unworkable to work.

I assist at the birth of ideas, travail is ever present.

I bear the new-born to its cot, there to give it shape and form.

I prepare it for contact with a cold and cruel world.

I am an oracle, a seer, a necromancer.

I foresee every obstacle in its path, every pending misfortune.

I am of all foster parents the most provident,

And yet to me abuse is no stranger. A single miscalculation and lo! I am set upon.

My short-comings are sung to the four corners of the earth:

I am doomed to everlasting torment.

My body is bent and misshapen, the letter "S" I personify.

Once a draftsman always a draftsman, the same yesterday, today and forever. Selah.

—Anonymous.

SERVICE AWARDS



William Miller, 40 Years



Just look at this picture of William Miller taken a few days ago and then guess how many stars he will have on his new service button this month. No you are away off. The answer is eight which means 40 years of continuous Western Electric service. Nothing like working for a good company to keep a man young.

Mr. Miller started as a youth in the receiving department of the Kinzie Street shops, three years before the Clinton Street factory was completed. He has worked continuously in the receiving organization ever since with the exception of about a year in the platinum store-room. He is now in charge of the clerical work of the receiving department at Hawthorne.

Mr. Miller has never worked for any other firm than the Western Electric Company. He says that even in the early days it was a fine place to work, with lots of baseball and other outdoor sports to amuse the boys outside of working hours. (Some years ago, by the way, the News published a picture of one of the old-time Western baseball teams, taken in 1886, in which Mr. Miller shows prominently.) Mr. Miller remembers well when Harry Thayer (now president of the A. T. & T. Company and chairman of our Board of Directors) came to work as a clerk in the shipping department.

Only three men in the Company have the distinction of longer Western Electric service than Mr. Miller. They are G. E. Perlewitz and F. W. Lochr, of Hawthorne, and J. B. Barshfield, of the engineering department.

H. Busch, 25 Years



Goensch says it serves Henry right for being such a darned good scout, and Goensch ought to know, for he is the one who first thought of equipping a fliwer with Henry. You see, in the wintertime Lizzy occasionally stiffens up with the cold, and when Goensch grabs her by the hand and says: "Come on, kid; let's go," she just says nothing and keeps right on saying it. Not a peep out of her. When things get to such a pass Goensch goes to the Busch back door and asks Henry if he won't please come out. So then Henry goes out and seizes Lizzy by her cranky hand or handy crank or whatever you want to call it and he says: "Come on, kid; let's go!" And she goes.

Mr. Busch first proved himself a good starter when he started to work in the old New York shops in March 1895, in the receiver assembly department. Now it is a nice thing to show you are a good starter, but it is a much better thing to prove that you are a good continuer, as well, and right there is where Mr. Busch shines, for he is now at Hawthorne in the receiver and transmitter assembly department, which is the modern descendant of the department that gave him his first job. Incidentally, just to prove his ability to climb "in high," he has gone steadily up through various jobs to his present position of assistant foreman.

Get your wife to subtract 1895 from 1920 for you and you will find that Henry is entitled to a quarter-century service button this month.

Blazaj Cwiok, 20 Years

Most young ladies are rather accommodating when they are asked to change their names but men are not likely to prove so compliant. However when Blazaj Cwiok applied for a job at Clinton Street in March 1900, and was told that thereafter he would be plain Frank Smith because his real name was too hard to spell, he merely remarked, "All right," and let it go at that.

Mr. Cwiok began in the foundry as a laborer and has worked in the foundry ever since, but has now risen to the position of carpenter, in charge of making and repairing molders' flasks. (Molders' flasks are not what they carry their private stock

around in. They are the frames which hold the molding sand when the molds are being prepared.)

When the war-time registration went into effect a couple of years ago and everyone had to give his real name, "Frank Smith" died a natural death and Blazaj Cwiok came back to life again. He will reap the fruits of Frank Smith's service this month when he receives a new two-star service button.

John Koukol, 25 Years



Old timers usually greet John Koukol with a grin and a bantering, "Right at 'em, boys!" "Right at 'em," answers John, calling their grin and raising it to the limit (which in this game is from ear to ear). Meanwhile you have been innocent—bystanding and wondering what it was all about, so as to give you a chance to close your wonder-drooping jaw, we'll let you in on the game, which

is called "Kidding Koukol." You see, John worked on one of the first gang piece-work jobs ever run at the Western and his cheerleader methods became so celebrated that lots of people haven't forgotten them yet. "Right at 'em, boys," was one of his favorite battle cries, and it certainly did bring home the bacon for his gang, too.

Mr. Koukol started at Clinton Street in '95, in the jack and ringer department. In those days a man picked out his own stock and performed about all the operations on a piece of apparatus himself, so John has had experience with almost every breed of machinery from a "monitor lathe" to a solid-gold vest-pocket toothpick. Later things became more systematized and of later years John has specialized quite consistently on generators, jacks and coin-collectors. His present position is group head in charge of coin-collector and generator assembly at Hawthorne.

John is a baseball enthusiast—an ex-player himself—and he even went so far as to umpire for the Hawthorne teams one season. However, no man with a family to support has any business to take such risks, so Mr. Koukol has abandoned umpiring in favor of the peaceful sport of collecting service stars. He gets his third this month.

O. E. Hermann, 20 Years



You have doubtless heard about the man who was training his horse to go without food. Just when he had him about trained, you remember, the ungrateful beast up and died. Well, we're very much afraid the same thing is going to happen with Otto Hermann's fliwer. A short time ago Otto overhauled the engine. When he got it reassembled he found he had two

bolts left over, but he started her up anyway and she ran even better than before, so now he has an idea that he can put her together the next time with one of the pistons left out and continue the elimination process gradually until he can dispense with the engine altogether.

Wait though, that's all a profound secret. Otto doesn't like to have anyone find out about those two surplus bolts. Let's change the subject.

Mr. Hermann is due for decoration this month as one of the Western's young veterans. He started in the milling department of the old Clinton Street Shops two decades ago as a hand milling machine operator. By 1904 he had worked up to the position of assistant foreman which he occupied until he was transferred to his present situation in the manufacturing lay-outs department where he is employed as an expert on milling work.

Otto's new service button will bear two stars one for each of those surplus engine bolts you never heard mentioned.

Edgar Teeters, 20 Years

Edgar Teeters hereby serves notice that he won't bet with you on the next presidential election. No, sir. He is through. The reason for his firm and final refusal is this: Last election

he was strong for Hughes, so strong that he made an agreement with one of his Wilson friends to climb into the Wilsonite's pig sty and remain all afternoon if Hughes were defeated. In the other case (which Ed expected to be *the* case) the friend was to entertain the porkers. Well, you know what happened to Hughes. Luckily, however Ed's friend moved away before the returns came in and prevented a very pleasant time being had by all. But Ed is taking no more chances, just the same.

Mr. Teeters lost another bet back in 1900, but he doesn't regret the loss of that one. He got a job with the Western as a machinist in March of that year, and when he saw our particular standards of work he bet himself that he wouldn't last a day. However, he was a good machinist and he made good in spite of his fears, for he is still with us in the C. R. & I. tool room, where he has the responsibility of keeping the big cable stranding machines in working condition.

Mr. Teeters gets a new solid gold button with two stars on it this month for losing that bet 20 years ago.

D. E. Sullivan, 20 Years



Around home, if a man wants to smash his finger there is nothing to hinder, but at Hawthorne some machine guard or other is always getting in the way of a fellow bent on making the ends of his digits look like 12 cents worth of uncooked Hamburger. That is where Daniel E. Sullivan's job begins. Dan makes the fan-shaped guards that swing down in front of the feed

openings of our punch presses, sweeping away any stray fingers that may have forgot what a punch press can do toward spoiling a manicure's job.

Mr. Sullivan's first Western Electric work was making fan parts on a turret lathe. He began at Clinton Street in March, 1900. For nine years he continued at similar work and was then transferred to the switchboard iron-work department. After about a year on the switchboard job he was transferred to the tool-making department, where he has remained ever since.

Even a poor figurer can arithmetic 1900 from 1920 and discover that Dan has a two-star service button coming to him this month.

John Greenwood, 20 Years



It is easy enough to put one-thousandth of an inch limits on drawings of piece-parts, but how are you going to know whether you get them or not? A thousandth of an inch, more or less, doesn't show up very big to the naked eye. The answer is, John Greenwood's gauges. John is head of the gauge section of the Hawthorne tool room. A properly constructed gauge with a system of multiplying levers will make a thousandth of an inch stand out like a two-ounce wart on a snub nose. But there has to be some very nice and persnickity work on that gauge to make its indications worth anything.

Mr. Greenwood started with the Company at Clinton Street in March, 1900. He began as a tool maker and has remained in the tool room ever since, most of the time on gauge work.

John used to commute all the way in from Great Lakes, Ill., but he sold his property to Uncle Sam when the naval station was built there. Up to date Uncle hasn't got around to paying him for it yet, but then John has the satisfaction of knowing that he'll get his money some time, if he only waits long enough.

Meanwhile he is collecting new stars for his service button, the one he gets this month making his second.

C. A. Nelson, 20 Years



"Give Carl Nelson an idea of what you want and a day or two," say the boys in the mechanical methods division, "and he can make anything." That sounds like a pretty big order, but Carl is about equal to it. He hasn't those "C. A. N." initials for nothing.

Mr. Nelson is head of the mechanical methods division laboratory shop, where they make and try out all sorts of time and labor-saving devices. He started with the Company at Clinton Street back in March, 1900 making special jacks. Two years later he was transferred to the engineering laboratories on model shop work, where he remained until 1907, when he went into what is now jobbing department No. 1, as a section head. His next move was to his present position in April, 1916.

Carl used to be a bicycle rider of considerable local note in the days of the old bicycle craze. He used to eat up the "century run" around through Elgin about every Sunday, besides annexing an occasional lamp or sweater by pedaling it on holiday races. Of late years, however, he has given up such frivolities and taken up the popular indoor sport of collecting service stars. His new button will bear two.

Employees Eligible to Service Badges During the Month of March, 1920



O. Goensch, Hawthorne



A. Myklobost, Hawthorne



Henry J. Wolf, Hawthorne



R. A. Parkinson, Cleveland



Lillian F. Mohns, Hawthorne



A. D. Barber, Kansas City

Other 15 Year Awards

Weisel, A., Hawthorne, 6323.....	March
Kelly, M. J., Hawthorne, 6344.....	"
Trestenjok, L., Hawthorne, 6325.....	"
Funk, J., Hawthorne, 6460.....	"
Fetter, M. R., Hawthorne, 5485-C.....	Feb.
Joergen, G., Hawthorne, 6339.....	July
Hilgendorf, Lillian, Hawthorne, 7087.....	March
Hahn, H., Hawthorne, 6107.....	"
Templin, W. W., New York, 195 Broadway.....	"
Miller, J. W., Omaha.....	"

Ten Years

Beard, W. I., Atlanta.....	March
Castleberry, T. J., Atlanta.....	"
Denise, E. S., Atlanta.....	"
Dennard, W. F., Jr., Atlanta.....	"
Fleury, K., Atlanta.....	"
Gibbs, W. H., Atlanta.....	"
Hall, J. O., Atlanta.....	"
Hilsman, A. H., Atlanta.....	"
Hunter, W. P., Atlanta.....	"
Murray, C. H., Atlanta.....	"
Smith, E. H., Atlanta.....	"
Smith, H. A., Atlanta.....	"
Stephens, J. A., Atlanta.....	"
Twilley, A., Atlanta.....	"
Means, W. A., Atlanta.....	"
Mehrforth, V., Chicago.....	"
Elliott, E. B., Chicago.....	"
Turner, H. F., Chicago.....	"
Hurley, J. L., Hawthorne, 6615.....	"
Hartman, W. J., Hawthorne, 6432.....	"
Jove, G. P., Hawthorne, 6312.....	"
Lundahl, N. B., Hawthorne, 6460.....	"
Spielman, C., Hawthorne, 6333.....	"
Tiets, Gussie, Hawthorne, 6332.....	"
Konarski, J. F., Hawthorne, 6339.....	"
Clarleglio, A., Hawthorne, 6338.....	"
Jansky, J. J., Hawthorne, 6303.....	"
Kruczynski, J., Hawthorne, 6339.....	"

Ten Years—Continued

Pullin, Mamie, Hawthorne, 7153.....	"	8
Wojtowich, Julia, Hawthorne, 6936.....	"	8
Zmrhal, Anna E., Hawthorne, 6385.....	"	8
Doyle, E. M., Hawthorne, 6460.....	"	4
Kuhnle, R. W., Hawthorne, 6157.....	"	4
Flynn, A., Hawthorne, 6387.....	"	7
Franke, C., Hawthorne, 6315.....	"	7
Hensel, Emma Hawthorne, 6418.....	"	7
Machtemes, Anna, Hawthorne, 6327.....	"	7
Martinek, J. J., Hawthorne, 6385.....	"	7
McDougall, Theresa C., Hawthorne, 6188.....	"	7
Swain, W. J., Hawthorne, 9515.....	"	7
Zimmerman, F. L., Hawthorne, 6119.....	"	7
Janous, A. J., Hawthorne, 7486.....	"	8
Kuchenbach, P., Hawthorne, 6388.....	"	9
Nelson, J. H., Hawthorne, 5051.....	"	9
Voss, Martha, Hawthorne, 6640.....	"	10
Marousek, F. J., Hawthorne, 6470.....	"	10
Stober, J. L., Hawthorne, 6377.....	"	14
Seidel, A., Hawthorne, 6388.....	"	14
Olson, C. A., Hawthorne, 6416.....	"	14
Hale, C. R., Hawthorne, 9515.....	"	14
Baumann, A. L., Hawthorne 6186.....	"	14
Tobiason, C. J., Hawthorne, 6503.....	"	15
Theriault, L. E., Hawthorne, 6460.....	"	15
DeLauries, E., Hawthorne, 6389.....	"	15
Augustyn, P., Hawthorne, 6315.....	"	16
Sipolt, M., Hawthorne, 6305.....	"	18
Rosycki, D., Hawthorne, 6162.....	"	18
Adam, F. A., Hawthorne, 6157.....	"	21
Peterson, C. J. E., Hawthorne, 7881.....	"	21
Schlerhorn, H. F., Hawthorne, 6322.....	"	21
Levinger, D., Hawthorne, 6420.....	"	21
Minard, F., Hawthorne, 9517.....	"	21
Bowles, A., Hawthorne, 6460.....	"	22
Fisher, J., Hawthorne, 6615.....	"	22
Bonnamy, R. D., Hawthorne, 6619.....	"	23
Matzel, E., Hawthorne, 6368.....	"	23
Lotter, W., Hawthorne, 6615.....	"	23
Engliert, G. L., Hawthorne, 6344.....	"	23
Brodsky, M., Hawthorne, 6327.....	"	23
Wilde, J., Hawthorne, 5912.....	"	24
Kunstman, W., Hawthorne, 6312.....	"	24
Good, Sadie, Hawthorne, 6335.....	"	24
Mionski, F., Hawthorne, 7382.....	"	25
Brown, G. F., Hawthorne, 6358.....	"	28
Moriarty, M. J., Hawthorne, 6142.....	"	28
McGowan, Flora, Hawthorne, 6395.....	"	28
Hoferichter, W., Hawthorne, 6303.....	"	29
Volman, J. F., Hawthorne, 6460.....	"	29
Havens, C., Hawthorne, 6640.....	"	30
Sullivan, May, Hawthorne, 6080.....	"	30
Vancura, T. F., Hawthorne, 6460.....	"	30
Baginski, J. F., Hawthorne, 6129.....	"	31
Hoffman, J., Hawthorne, 6352.....	"	31
James, R., Hawthorne, 5041.....	"	31
Wauszyniak, S., Hawthorne, 6389.....	"	31
Schott, W. J., Kansas City.....	"	1
Holland, D., Kansas City.....	"	17
Weatherbogg, Marie, Kansas City.....	"	30
St. John, L. T., Minneapolis.....	"	1
Harlow, J. B., New York, Engineering.....	"	1
Wilbur, R. S., New York, Engineering.....	"	7
Haines, E. M., New York, Engineering.....	"	14
Bender C. J., New York, Engineering.....	"	14
Hearn, J. F., New York, Engineering.....	"	16
Smith, E. H., New York, Engineering.....	"	21
Green, E., New York, Engineering.....	"	25
Baumann, Minnie C., New York, Engineering.....	"	28
Hill, G. F., New York, Engineering.....	"	29

Ten Years—Continued

Gibbons, W. J., New York, 195 Broadway.....	"	14
Griest, H. R., New York, 195 Broadway.....	"	15
Mackey, G. T., New York, Distributing.....	"	21
Mercer, A. C., Philadelphia.....	"	18
Dunn, L. M., Philadelphia.....	"	14
Guinan, H. J., Philadelphia.....	"	16
Knott, J., Pittsburgh.....	"	14
King, Y. P., Richmond.....	"	10
Spicer, A. B., St. Louis.....	"	1

On Friday, March 26, 1920, at 8 p. m. sharp, at the Seventy-first Regiment Armory, Thirty-fourth Street and Park Avenue, New York, the Telephone Society will hold an athletic meet.

The following events are open to male employees:

Individual Events

- 1—65-yard handicap.
- 2—600-yard run handicap.
- 3—One-mile walk handicap.
- 4—352-yard run—novice—2 laps.
- 5—Hand line contest.

Novelty Events

- 1—Obstacle race—1 lap.
- 2—Steeplechase race—1 lap.
- 3—Sack race—1 lap.

Team Events

- 1—One-mile interdepartmental relay (teams of 5 men, each man to run 2 laps—352 yards), handicap.
- 2—Centipede Race, 100 yards (teams of 8 men), interdepartmental—scratch.
- 3—Tug-of-war (teams of 5 men), interdepartmental (8-minute pulls). Regulation indoor tug-of-war equipment will be used.

Feature Event

440-YARD RUN—SCRATCH—INVITATION.

Prizes

Individual Events—Solid gold stick pins to first; ebony military brushes to second; Auto Strop Razor to third.
Novelty Events and Two-lap Novice—Solid gold, sterling silver and bronze medals to first, second and third.
Relay and Tug-of-War—Solid gold stick pins to each member of winning team; ebony military brushes to each member of team finishing second; sterling silver cuff links to members of team finishing third.
Centipede Race—Sterling silver and bronze medals to members of teams finishing first and second.
 Entries, close March 10.

Western Ho!
 By Miss Gertrude Kitchell, Recently Reemployed
 at Hawthorne

I've wandered 'mong the highways
 And the by-ways here and there,
 Filing, typing, visiting—
 Free from office care.

But when I ceased to wander
 And lost my lust to roam
 My footsteps Western journeyed,
 And it's great to be back home!

We hear of higher salaries
 And shorter hours, too
 But that Western spirit's lacking
 The vim to up and do.
 So after all my journeying
 From place to place was done,
 At last I hit the trail again
 Then Western-ward did come.

And let me say, dear workers,
 If a "good job" comes to view,
 Just tell them that the Western ways,
 Are good enough for you.

WE HAVE WITH US MARCH



THE WILD MARCH WINDS



THESE MARCH WINDS ARE HARD ON SPOTS AND EYESIGHT - TREACHEROUS STEIN WINDS. HIDE AWAY!



A MARCH WIND ALL AFFECTIONATE I'VE LAY OUT



THE STAFF WIND MARCH IN THE DEED



THESE TYPE OF WINDS BRING ME HAVE HAD TO GO AWAY - BEING FROM THE WINDS - THESE WINDS ARE SOMETHING I CAN'T HANDLE - WE WONDER?



THE MARCH WINDS GO TO OVER - THAT MARCH IS MARCH'S LEADER!



WHY NOT GET THE WINDS WINDS? THEY SEEM TO BE WINDS - THE ONLY WINDS WITH A WIND IN THEM LEFT IN THE WINDS.



THE WINDS OF WINDS WINDS - THE WINDS OF WINDS WINDS - THE WINDS OF WINDS WINDS - THE WINDS OF WINDS WINDS - THE WINDS OF WINDS WINDS.

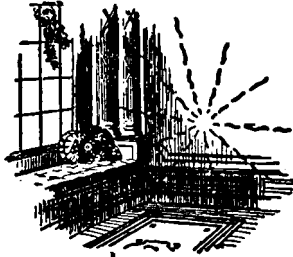


A WIND TO THE WINDS - THE WINDS WHY NOT ALL THE WINDS?



THE WINDS OF WINDS WINDS - THE WINDS OF WINDS WINDS - THE WINDS OF WINDS WINDS - THE WINDS OF WINDS WINDS.

Walled up Alive!



The purpose of the third of our institutional advertisements is, in effect, to bring to the householder a better realization of the relation that should exist between him and the architect and electrical contractor.

It is when he builds that the householder should prepare to domesticate electricity thoroughly, and the first step is to provide adequate outlets.

In urging this necessity upon the home-builder both architect and contractor render a real service—to their client every bit as much as to the industry.

This is a truth not always realized, and to give it wider acceptance is the aim of "Walled Up Alive!"

A startling truth develops when the new home is all built and folks start living in it.

All the bigger problems of plan and architecture grow daily less vital. The small conveniences, insignificant when planned, become the very means to family comfort.

Indeed, the incidentals in building actually become the requisites to living—and this is never more true than electrically.

That head of stairs switch to insure your footsteps against darkness means more in your daily life than the design of the roof, whether mansard or pitched.

The reading light alongside your bed offers more real human satisfaction than the style of your windows, be they dormer or bay.

And whether you planned the library for the first or second floor doesn't hold half the importance of an arrangement of lights kindest to your eyes.

There's a Niagara of energy running through the walls of your house. But how to tap it? Walled up alive in lath and plaster, this powerful servant is restive, eager to shine and cook and sew for you.

Arrange the necessary outlets and it will emerge to take up the work. Base-board outlets, placed plentifully in every room and hall. In the laundry for washing machine and iron. In dining room for toaster and grill, in bedroom and living room for vacuum cleaner.

Comforts you value but don't always provide. Trouble is, you don't call your electrical contractor in until the building is well along. Then first estimates of cost begin to prove inadequate and common sense seems to say save, do without, cut.

Don't do it.

Remember that you are building a home to live in. That additional electrical equipment costs relatively little, and that a few extra fittings will yield endless convenience and satisfaction.

Talk it over with your architect and your electrical contractor.

Published in the interest of Electrical Development by an Institution that will be helped by whatever helps the Industry.

Western Electric Company

No. 3 *Don't think only of Western Electric as a name on your vacuum cleaner or iron, but also as an organization which serves in street lighting, in safe and rapid travel, in communication by wire or wireless—and in every other field of electrical achievement.*



ELECTRICAL HOUSEKEEPING

A department for homemakers
Edited by Mrs. Jane Strickland
 Published and copyrighted by Western Electric Company



But she made the same Dress for \$14.87*

Extraordinary Sale

Was \$42.25
 Now \$28.50



Navy Blue, Copenhagen B
 As the assortment is sold at so slight a price C. O. D. or on

"I bought all the material for this dress for \$42.25. As a result, I think, for that time, I took me just as long as it pleased me to sew. Since the sewing should be done in a room of most comfort and general rather than in one room or two, sewing with the old non-portable machine."

This woman is not a sewing expert—just average. She admits she is cross with the children once in a while, and that she hates to pedal a sewing machine; in fact she would rather shop, and, woman-like, bargains tempt her. She is in comfortable circumstances, but clothing at three times normal price started her thinking—and finally sewing—in a new way. Read her short but interesting story.

*This price includes the three most useful of garments made by the Western Electric Sewing Machine.

I have checked this table for the Western Electric Company and the cost of each item is correct.
 The Editor.

Quantity	Material	Cost
2 1/2 yds.	Serge for Body of Dress @ \$2.50	\$6.25
2 1/2 yds.	308 for Skirt, Collar, Neck and Wristbands @ \$2.75	6.94
2 1/2	Woolens Covered	.48
1 yd.	Nil for Lining @ 75c	.75
	Fashions, Thread, Buttons	.51
2	Trucks for Neck	.60
1 1/2 lb.	Electric Current @ 10c KW	.03
Total Cost		\$14.87

"It was months since I had done any sewing. Like many other women, I had my sewing machine set up in a corner, covered up. It was never to show there to me, and I always did have to pedal sewing machines—it was no fun. Not had, in a corner, sewing that I had never run a portable electric machine before."



"In making a waist for my little girl I found a note for the button from my old machine. When a button is used in its old form, it is not so good as a new one. I'd rather buy my buttons in a bag than buy them in a box. I'm sure you'll find it along in your sewing, and have in any in the middle of things to find a button. My new Western Electric has just come."

I ALWAYS liked planning clothes, but when I started to make a garment, my work was beset with annoyances.

"Just as I would get started, I'd find the sewing machine belt was too loose and in tightening it, I invariably jabbed my finger and got a drop of blood on the material. Then after pedaling until my back ached and my muscles were tired, I'd come near the end of a seam only to find that I must stop and wind the bobbin to finish eight inches—and this often when the next bit of stitching was to be done in another color.

"It was just before the baby was born that I sent for the little Western Electric Booklet 'The Eight-Hour Day in the Home,' and lucky for her that I did or she would never have had all the pretty, dainty clothes I make her.

"You see, the Doctor had forbidden me to sew on the old fashioned machine. He said there was danger to both the baby and myself for me to pedal; and at that time we were paying for our house, just getting a start in life, and every dollar counted and I needed to sew.

"But the doctor was delighted with the Western Electric portable machine. He said I might sew all day long if I wanted to for there is no strain on back, internal organs or muscles.

"And I don't have to wind a bobbin at the last moment, for there is no bobbin to wind. I simply place a spool of thread on the spool case in the place where the bobbin used to go.

"This Western Electric machine is the only machine which substitutes a spool of thread for a bobbin.

"And I never have the fuss and bother of tightening a belt, for there is no old leather belt to tighten on the Western Electric sewing machine.

"You will marvel more and more at the conveniences. All that is necessary to do in sewing slowly is to place one's foot on the little foot control and press lightly, with a little more pressure to sew fast and still more pressure to sew at almost lightning speed.

"It is so easy that I never realize I am running it, and incidentally, I find that the clothes I make last three times as long as those I buy at the same cost.

"And what a pleasure it is to sew when you have a motor to do all the hard work, and when your machine is so light you can easily carry it about. Just imagine sewing in warm weather out on the porch, and in winter in the sunniest room, morning and afternoon; at night, wherever the family gathers; and all the while to sew without that relentless treadmilling, that tiresome bobbin winding.

"Have you noticed how sewing is regaining its old popularity? How a laborless machine like the Western Electric helps the cause along?

"For example, take my self. I am in fairly good circumstances now, but I wouldn't be if I wanted to keep on dressing as well as I do. Store clothes are simply awing

skyward—in price, I mean, and doesn't it seem to you that materials are going down in quality just as rapidly?

"Many women think that to make simple garments is difficult. But it isn't half so hard as embroidery—and what sport to see the things grow right before your eyes, to know it is you who are fashioning them. Best of all, I am actually saving 80% on my family's clothing by making much of it. (You who have boys, please note.) I could save still more, but I buy better material than that in ready-made apparel, and I get more wear out of it, too.

"And last, but not least, that fairy machine of mine didn't cost any more than a good non-electrical machine that I would have to work both hands and feet, as well as all my muscles, to operate."

Editor's Note:—The Western Electric Company also makes the little Jack Rabbit motor for those who do not want to purchase a new machine. It can be used in connection with any old-fashioned machine and takes all the strain out of sewing, not to mention cleaning your silvers, sharpening your knives and whipping your cream.



"My mother gave me my new machine with a few—8 was asked about the Western Electric. It would save her money & save time for she could do it all with the old one but now—she has the new book. She wants a Western Electric now."

The light weight of the Western Electric Vacuum Cleaner makes it easy to lift.



The Western Electric is really a portable vacuum cleaner. It is made in such a light weight design as to be easily lifted.



Most vacuums are too heavy to be lifted. The Western Electric is the only one that is not.



The Western Electric is really a portable vacuum cleaner. It is made in such a light weight design as to be easily lifted.



You Will Want this Book
 The Western Electric Co. has just published an interesting book on the electrical appliances in the home. Every housekeeper will find our helpful suggestions on how to do the same work better, in less time and

with less drudgery. It may help you to solve your servant problem. A request for a postal sent to Western Electric Co., Electrical Housekeeping Department, 193 Broadway, New York, will bring the book promptly with our compliments.

This advertisement is the first of a new series on Western Electric household appliances. It appears in current issues of woman's magazines having an aggregate circulation of 5,000,000.

Western Electric News

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
AP 1 1920

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS





"Mr. Stephenson— meet Dr. Franklin!"

It is a curious fact that steam railway travel as we know it to-day is made possible only by the use of electrical apparatus. Not for safety alone is this true, but for the successful operation and very life of the road. Signal devices, the telegraph, the telephone—all are necessary to maintain regular schedules.

It is this interesting relation between two mighty forces that suggested our theme.

(This is the fourth in our series of institutional advertisements.)

Chug, chugging along in his first rude steam locomotive, Stephenson did not look to "chained lightning" to render the invention safe and most widely useful.

Nor did Benjamin Franklin, as he flew his kite into the storm clouds, foresee how electricity would in a later day spur the "iron horse" on to greater achievements.

Yet today safety and speed in steam railroad operation are reconcilable only in proportion as electric signal devices are employed. Your protector is, ultimately, the electrical apparatus upon which every steam railway relies.

A railroad without telegraph or telephone would hurl itself into the scrap heap.

How else to reach out and warn a train rushing into unseen danger? How else quickly to spread the news of damage done by storm? How else to clear the tracks for the express which carries you onward to your journey's end?

All along the way, night and day, men are alert to shield you from harm. Train dispatchers, telegraph keymen, signal tower-men at every city and way station, have no other concern except to see you safely through.

So that your trip to New York, Chicago or the coast is safer, quicker, pleasanter than ever Napoleon traveled in state from Paris to Marseilles.

Snugly quartered in a Pullman sleeper you command a thousand watchful hands and eyes for body-guards.

But their vigilance would accomplish nothing without equipment in perfect order. On such factors as the proper adjustment of a telegraph receiver and the responsiveness of an electric switch rests your "Safe Home!"

That travel has been made secure today is a tribute to the excellence of electrical equipment no less than the skill of operation and the care of supervision that our steam railroads have consistently maintained.

*Published in the
interest of Elec-
trical Develop-
ment by an In-
stitution that
will be helped by
whatever helps
the Industry.*

Western Electric Company

No. 4 So completely does this organi-
zation serve the electrical field
that every time you call up your grocer,
switch on a light, or take a street car down-
town, the chances are you are making use of
Western Electric equipment.

Western Electric News



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Associate Editors: W. F. Hendry, W. E. Leigh, S. W. Murkland, E. C. Estep, H. D. Agnew, S. S. Holmes, F. W. Willard, P. H. Leggett

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 10th of the preceding month.

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VOLUME IX

APRIL, 1920

NUMBER 2

Annual Report Predicts Good Year in 1920

President Du Bois' Statement to Stockholders Reviews Developments of Past Twelve Months

To the Stockholders:

HEREIN is respectfully submitted a statement of the business of the Western Electric Company, Incorporated, for the year 1919.

Sales

The total sales of your Company during 1919 were \$135,722,000, which compares with 1918 as follows:

	1918	1919
To Associated Bell Tel. Cos.....	\$67,860,000	\$69,982,000
To U. S. Government.....	21,825,000	5,991,000
To Other Customers.....	55,541,000	59,749,000
	\$145,226,000	\$135,722,000

As shown above, the decreased total is entirely attributable to the lessened Government requirements following the cessation of the war. Excluding Government business, there was an increase of \$6,330,000 in total sales.

The sales for the past several years have been as follows:

1912.....	\$66,649,000	1916.....	\$106,987,000
1913.....	77,533,000	1917.....	150,340,000
1914.....	66,409,000	1918.....	145,226,000
1915.....	68,852,000	1919.....	135,722,000

Earnings

The net earnings, after providing for depreciation of plant and merchandise on the conservative basis which your Company has always followed, and after providing for all taxes, amounted to \$5,652,089

Out of which were paid:

Interest on Bonds, including amortization of discount.....	\$789,664
Interest on Bills Payable.....	473,516
6% dividends on Preferred Stock.....	1,800,000
\$10.00 per share dividends on Common Stock.....	1,500,000
	4,563,180

Balance carried to Common Stock... \$1,088,909

The net earnings as stated above, \$5,652,089, were 6.9% on the average investment for the year, which was \$81,400,000.

Contrary to general expectations the cost of labor and of most materials, after a slight decrease at the beginning of the year, resumed in succeeding months the upward trend which had been characteristic of the three preceding years.

It was, of course, necessary for your Company to meet advancing wage scales fully and fairly and this was done,

This in turn necessitated some advances in selling prices of our products.

Although the demand for telephone apparatus increased so rapidly in the latter part of the year as to exceed the possible immediate supply from all sources, it seemed wise not to increase our prices beyond the amounts necessary to produce a fair earning on the investment. The telephone is a public utility and for its greatest development and usefulness the most intimate relations are necessary between the departments and companies that have to do with operation, engineering, manufacturing and supply. Your Company has been built up and has prospered on a policy of doing its part toward such relations. To maintain them its prices must continue in all circumstances to be based on a uniform and justifiable return on the investment; not on the varying conditions of supply and demand.

Besides telephone apparatus the other principal manufactures of your Company are lead covered cables on which the prices have for many years been determined by the "cost plus" method.

The large and growing business of your Company as jobbers of electrical supplies and materials continues to show a satisfactory profit.

No earnings from the foreign business are included this year in the above figures of your Company's earnings.

Foreign

The export and foreign business of your Company is conducted through the International Western Electric Company, Incorporated, all of whose issued capital stock—55,000 shares of preferred having a par value of \$100 per share and 100,000 shares of common without par value—is owned or controlled by your Company.

The International Company owns interests in numerous affiliated companies established in England, France, Belgium, Norway, Switzerland, Austria, Hungary, Russia, Italy, Australia, South Africa, Canada, Argentine, China and Japan and operating in those and other foreign countries. Its proportion of ownership in such companies varies from 100% in some cases down to 10%.

The sales of the International Company and its principal foreign affiliated companies, excluding inter-company sales,

were in 1919 approximately \$32,500,000, an increase of about 33% over the previous year.

The largest foreign factories are at London, Antwerp, Paris, Montreal and Tokyo. All of these factories except that at Antwerp were actively and successfully operated throughout the war. The task of rehabilitating the Antwerp factory, taken again into our possession when the Germans evacuated the city in November, 1918, has progressed satisfactorily throughout the year in spite of many difficulties and at the end of the year it was operating at about 60% of its normal capacity. It has a large volume of business on its books and prospects of rapidly increasing productivity.

This condition is generally true of the affiliated foreign factories. Practically all of them are running at full capacity and their outlook is for continuing heavy orders for a long time to come.

The cost of restoring the Antwerp factory and of its partial operation through the year while being rehabilitated, the losses realized on certain contracts taken before the war and carried out at the higher costs of labor and material since prevailing, together with the heavy reserves provided at all the European factories to meet possible eventual losses due to the falling rate of exchange, have largely offset the 1919 profits of the International Company in other fields and on its export business.

A careful study has been made of the book value under present conditions of the International Company's investments in its foreign associated and allied companies as compared with the valuations at which they are carried on the books of the International Company. This study indicates that even if all accounts and investments in Germany, Austria, Hungary and Russia (having together a pre-war value of about \$3,000,000) were taken as of no value whatsoever and if the prevailing exchange rates were applied to all current and temporary accounts receivable from other foreign countries, there would be remaining a valuation for all foreign investments of approximately \$15,500,000, as compared with the total of only \$15,000,000 shown on the International Company's books.

On the latter valuation the International Company has a surplus at December 31, 1919, of \$1,133,439. It has not, however, paid to your Company the dividends accrued on its preferred stock, which total to December 31, 1919, \$613,860, and it is proposed to defer the payment of these accrued dividends until the situation is clearer as to pre-war accounts and exchange. The current earnings of the International Company justify its paying current dividends at the rate of 7% per annum on its preferred stock, which will begin with the quarter ending March 31, 1920.

Prospect

Turning again to the domestic business, the unfilled orders of your Company at December 31, 1919, aggregated \$47,442,000, which is the largest amount of business ever on the

EARNINGS FOR TWELVE MONTHS ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1919

Sales		\$135,722,489	
Other Income		854,578	
			\$136,577,067
Cost of Merchandise.....	\$118,420,440		
Expenses	10,986,139		
Taxes	1,518,399	180,924,978	
Available for Interest and Divid's			\$5,652,089
Interest Paid	\$1,263,180		
Dividends:			
Preferred Stock, 6%.....	1,800,000		
Common Stock, \$10.00 per Share	1,500,000	4,563,180	
Balance Carried to Common Stock			\$1,088,909

R. H. GREGORY,
Comptroller.

books previous to that date and compares with \$26,265,000 at the end of the year 1918. It has still further increased since January 1, 1920. A careful survey of the prospects for 1920 indicates a much larger volume of sales than in any previous year of the Company's history.

This increasing business is in all departments and classes. It is due only in part to the activity of our customers in making up for enforced restrictions on them during the war. It is due in even greater degree to the increasing recognition of electrical devices as agencies for saving labor in the home, the office, the workshop, the mine and on the farm.

Variations in demand from year to year must be expected, but it is the judgment of those who have given it the most careful study that the demand for apparatus of every kind employing electric currents will continue to increase indefinitely.

Plant

The additions to plant during 1919 aggregated \$2,572,514, while the increase in reserve for depreciation on plant was \$1,840,321. We have followed our usual conservative practice with respect to depreciation with the result that while the face value or original cost of plant stands at \$30,544,106, the offsetting reserve for depreciation stands at \$20,264,379 and the net book value at only \$10,279,727.

With the exception of minor amounts invested chiefly in distributing warehouses, this plant investment is in the manufacturing plant at Hawthorne, Illinois, on the western edge of Chicago. The property there comprises some 207 acres of ground acquired from 1902 to 1907 and on which since that time modern fireproof factory buildings have been constructed according to a comprehensive plan and designed and equipped for the most efficient operation. All parts of the plant are connected by our own railway with the Belt Line and with two main trunk lines. The floor space of the buildings now aggregates 2,750,000 square feet and all extensions now in process or contemplated form part of a component plan.

The additions at Hawthorne now practically completed comprise five new six-story buildings. The additions authorized in November, 1919, and now under way comprise three new six-story buildings, a four-story warehouse, a packing material factory and a small addition to the hospital. All of these additions are made necessary by the definite requirements of our customers for machine-switching equipment during the next several years.

The additions to plant include also some expenditures on our project for the manufacture of submarine cables at Norfolk, Virginia.

Merchandise

The merchandise on hand December 31, 1919, was inventoried at the amount shown on the balance sheet, \$45,097,945. This is about the same amount as the year previous, but it is very much smaller when compared, as it should be, with the current and prospective volume of sales. The usual conservative practice was followed in inventory as to basic materials and apparent overstocks.

Unusual difficulties have been and continue to be experienced in keeping up stocks, both of raw materials and of merchandise for resale. In spite of the great industrial activity prevailing, there has been in nearly all lines a shortage of supply to meet the abnormally high demand. Transportation, too, has been inadequate, particularly during the winter. As the situation improves, it is expected that the merchandise carried will be sufficiently increased to facilitate our manufacturing operations and provide more rapid deliveries to our customers.

Employees

The total number of employees of your Company at December 31, 1919, was 27,584 as compared with 26,126 at December 31, 1918. 72% of the total are men and 28%

are women—this proportion being about the same in the manufacturing department as in the other departments.

Our Hawthorne shop force numbered 18,138 at the end of the year and is being increased as rapidly as possible. The unprecedented shortage of labor in Chicago, as in other cities, particularly in unskilled beginners, together with absences because of the influenza epidemic, have prevented building up the Hawthorne shop forces to the number desired. Wages have been steadily increased and for hourly rated employees now average twice the 1915 rates. The 8-hour day has been our standard for a long time, with overtime pay on the "time and a half" basis.

No expense is spared to make the working conditions safe and sanitary and facilities are provided for such co-operative, social and recreative undertakings as the employees care to organize.

The Company has for many years recognized that it is a part of its duty to help employees in those unavoidable exigencies of life, such as sickness, injury, death and superannuation. The Employees' Benefit Fund payments during 1919 amounted to \$860,950 and were made to 3,999 beneficiaries, including pensioners who numbered 102 at the end of the year.

The total number of employees who entered the military service of the United States was 6,477. Those who have been mustered out and have applied for reinstatement number 3,638. Of these, 3,533, or 97%, have already been reinstated.

The Company is constructing at Hawthorne an athletic field comprising ten acres and equipped with baseball grounds, tennis courts, running track, grandstand and shower and locker rooms. This will be not only a suitable memorial to the 41 employees of the Company who gave their lives in the great war, but it will give facilities for recreation to the Hawthorne employees which could be provided in no other way. The estimated cost of the improvements exclusive of the land is \$82,000.

Finance

At the close of 1919 the Company's capital stock was as shown on the balance sheet:

Common Stock, 150,000 shares, no par value.....	\$27,054,594
6% Preferred Stock, 300,000 shares, par value \$100.....	30,000,000
5% First Mortgage Bonds.....	15,000,000
Total	\$72,054,594

Since the first of the year the stockholders have voted to amend the charter of the corporation so as to provide for increasing the common stock outstanding and after retiring the 6% preferred stock to authorize a 7% cumulative preferred stock.

This has accordingly been done and the capitalization

including the new common stock subscribed and paid for to be issued under date of April 1, 1920, is as follows:

Common Stock—no par value. Authorized, 500,000 shares. Issued, 350,000 shares; book value.....	\$57,054,594
7% Cumulative Preferred Stock, par value \$100 per share. Authorized, 500,000 shares. Issued, None..	0
5% First Mortgage Bonds.....	15,000,000
Total	\$72,054,594

The bills payable of your Company aggregated	
At December 31, 1919.....	\$15,530,000
An increase during the year of.....	2,747,750

This obligation is made up of short time notes to the Company's regular bankers and matures at various dates. It has always been your Company's practice to finance its temporary requirements for working capital in this way. As the business expands these borrowings are larger; as it contracts they are automatically reduced or paid. During the summer of 1919 they were as low as \$7,000,000. With the present large volume of business they are increasing and are now approximately \$21,000,000.

Whenever it has become apparent that the expansion of the business was more than a temporary condition, additional and permanent capitalization has been provided. It seems to the directors that such a time has now arrived and that at the first favorable opportunity permanent financing should be arranged. For this purpose the above described changes in authorized capitalization can now be utilized.

General

The business conducted by your Company was established in 1869, so that the year just passed marks its fiftieth anniversary. It antedates by several years the oldest electrical manufacturing companies now engaged in business. By steady, continuous progress it has become the largest telephone manufacturing concern in the world and the largest electrical jobbing house. Its principal sales are in the United States, where it distributes from 47 stores located in all the larger cities, but its reputation is established and its products are sold in all countries where the telephone is used.

It has always been conservatively capitalized and has paid regular and substantial dividends continuously since its early days,—not less than \$8.00 per share on the common stock per annum since 1886.

It is the policy of the present directors and officers of the Company to adhere closely to the principles and traditions on which the business has prospered and to develop and expand it wherever this may be done on a basis that promises to be profitable and permanent.

For the Directors,
CHARLES G. DU BOIS,
President.

BALANCE SHEET, DECEMBER 31, 1919

Assets

Real Estate and Buildings.....	\$14,704,810	
Machinery and Equipment.....	15,889,796	
Total Plant		\$30,544,106
Merchandise	\$43,097,345	
Cash	4,914,288	
Bills Receivable	1,385,015	
Accounts Receivable	29,526,549	
Total Current Assets		80,878,147
Liberty Bonds (Market Value)....	2,808,891	
Sundry Investments (Market Value)	1,896,639	
International Western Electric Company, Incorporated		18,872,642
Grand Total		\$128,489,925

Liabilities

Preferred Stock, 300,000 Shares....	\$30,000,000	
Common Stock, 150,000 Shares, no par value	27,054,594	
First Mortgage Bonds, 5%, 1922....	15,000,000	
Total Capital Liabilities		72,054,594
General Bills Payable.....	18,500,000	
Bills Payable Secured by Liberty Bonds	2,020,000	
Accounts Payable	14,217,480	
Total Current Liabilities		29,737,480
Reserve for Depreciation on Plant..	20,264,879	
Reserve for Employees' Benefit Fund	1,600,000	
Reserve for Contingencies.....	4,883,472	
Total Reserves		26,697,851
Grand Total		\$128,489,925

R. H. GREGORY,
Comptroller.

Machine Switching—An Authentic Story of the Company's Part in the Latest Development of Automatic Telephony

E. B. Craft, Assistant Chief Engineer, Tells How This Epoch-Making System Works

IN the March issue of the News, we are told of the program of expansion that is under way to care for the production of machine switching equipment.

In an announcement appearing in the current issue of the monthly publications of the various Associated Bell Companies, Mr. Bancroft Gherardi, Vice-President and Chief Engineer, and Mr. Harry P. Charlesworth, Equipment and Transmission Engineer, of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, describe the machine switching exchange system, which is to be introduced in the larger centers of the Bell Telephone System.

It is the purpose of this article to give our readers a little more intimate picture of this new development, which bids fair to keep us all busy for some time to come.

We can do no better than to quote from Messrs. Gherardi and Charlesworth's announcement, the following, regarding the proposition as a whole:

"From the invention of the telephone, the Bell System has continuously developed the telephone art, of which switchboards are but a part. New improvements in telephones, switchboards, lines and cables have followed one another with remarkable rapidity. While each successive type of apparatus to the superficial observer sometimes suggested similarity, nevertheless each step in the evolution marked a decided improvement.

"In general, these improvements have been of such a nature that they have not necessitated a change in the methods used by subscribers in making calls. One of the factors of the machine switching problem which added to its complexity was that from its very nature this system necessitated a change in the manner in which a subscriber made his telephone calls. This phase of the problem had to be most carefully considered, so that the arrangements adopted for all classes of calls would be simple and could be employed by all subscribers without the chance of complications, difficulties or misunderstandings.

"From the time of the earliest switchboards there has been a constant effort to perform various operations automatically so far as consistent with the service requirements, and many new features have been introduced from time to time for reducing the work required on the part of the operator. In line with these developments, telephone engineers early applied themselves to the problem of completing calls entirely without the aid of an operator. Many forms of automatic systems have been developed and tried out from time to time, but none of these satisfactorily fulfilled the complicated service requirements of large cities.

"An indication of the magnitude of this problem may be secured when we consider that in New York City, for example, there are at present a total of nearly one million telephone stations served from about ninety central offices, and the predictions are that within the next twenty years the stations and central offices will have more than doubled. Each subscriber in this great network must be able to reach promptly every other subscriber. Due to the large area involved a great number of calls within the city involve extra charges, which means that they must be specially supervised and ticketed. There are many different classes of service furnished the public, such as measured rate, flat rate, official, coin box pay station, attended pay station, and other special services, such as information, etc. Not only individual lines, but party lines and private branch exchanges must be cared for. Furthermore, demands for service to the extensive suburban area surrounding this great city, as well as to the vast number of cities, towns and rural communities throughout the entire country require that provision

be made for thousands of toll messages daily which must be recorded, supervised and timed. It will be clear that the problem of producing machine switching equipment which will satisfactorily perform a sufficient amount of the labor involved in handling the above service, so as to replace enough operators to warrant its existence, is not one that could be solved except after years of development work. It will also be evident that systems which might operate satisfactorily in cities of small or medium size, where service requirements are comparatively simple, would not meet conditions in these large metropolitan areas."

One would gather from some of the remarks in our recent Expansion Number that there was no use of us ordinary mortals trying to comprehend this new system, and if any one tried to describe it, no one would read it anyway. However, in view of the fact that a very large proportion of us are going to earn our daily bread for the next few years by fussing around with this maze of detail, it behooves us, in order that we may have a little sugar on our bread, to know something about it.

In its elements a mechanical switchboard is nothing more or less than a combination of apparatus in which a mechanically propelled cord associates itself with the terminals of your line when you remove the receiver from the hook, and then under the control of the electrical impulses sent out by your calling dial, automatically associates the other end of this connecting cord with the terminals of the line with which you wish to connect. In other words, we substitute a machine for the operator, who now picks up a cord and inserts one plug in the jack of your telephone line, and upon learning the number required plugs the other end of the cord into the jack of the line you are calling.

The above is a fair picture of what takes place in the small town where there is one exchange. When we come to the larger places, however, where there are a number of central offices, the chances are that the majority of your calls will be for subscribers connected to exchanges other than your own. It then becomes necessary for this mechanical switchboard, and the manual as well, to perform an intermediate operation which consists of selecting a trunk line leading to the exchange in which your wanted subscriber is located. The difference here is that your mechanical operator, instead of connecting you direct with your subscriber, picks out an idle trunk to the exchange wanted, and another mechanical operator at that point picks up your connection and through its mechanical connecting cord associates it with the line you want. It is evident that this same process could be continued on through other exchanges



FIG. 1. Subscriber's calling dial

Argent Co, 1400 Bway.....	GRE	eley	5513
Argentina Brazil & Chile Shipping Co 70 Wall.....	HAN	over	0307
Argentine Genl Consulate, 17 Batry pl.....	REC	tor	6946
Argentine Impt & Expt Corp, Prod Ex.....	BRO	ad	1768
Argentine Mercantile Corp, 42 Bway.....	BRO	ad	5066
Argentine Naval Commission, 2 W 67.....	COL	mbus	5623
Argentine Quebracho Co, 80 Maiden la.....	JOH	n	1652
Argentine Railway Co, 25 Broad.....	BRO	ad	1383
Argentine Trading Co, 1164 Bway.....	MAD	Sq	1871
Argeres Bros, Restrnt, 86 6th av.....	SPR	ing	5337
Argero A, Grocer, 119 9th av.....	CHE	lsea	6255
Arghis A, Tobacco, 74 Wall.....	HAN	over	6311
Argirople Theodore, Jwlr, 406 8th av.....	FAR	ragut	9772
Argo Packing Corpn, 705 Greenwich.....	FAR	ragut	4505
Argon Dress Co, 24 E 12.....	STU	vsnt	2011
Argonaut Supply Corp, 50 Union sq.....	STU	vsnt	7476
Argonne Steamship Co, 17 Battery pl.....	REC	tor	2493
Argos Ad-Art Co, 1133 Bway.....	FAR	ragut	5986
Argosy The (A Pub), 280 Bway.....	WOR	th	8800

FIG. 2. New directory listing

or in the first step of the operation by selecting the proper group of trunks, connect you with any one in a given area, no matter how many switching centers there were.

Fundamentally this is all there is to it, but, of course, we have left out of consideration all the various auxiliary operations, such as the test for busy trunks, testing for busy line, ringing the subscriber's bell, operating the central office message register, and many other functions that are performed in the ordinary course of establishing a complete connection. In order, however, to avoid a brainstorm, we must take all these things for granted, as having been accomplished in the mechanical system with substantially the same result as in the old manual system.

The items of new apparatus that go to make up the system will now be briefly described.

/ Sub-Station Dial

This dial, which is illustrated in Figure 1, is located at the subscriber's station. In the case of a deskstand, it is mounted on the base, and in the case of a wall set, on the face of the set itself. It is so designed that by manipulating a finger wheel electrical impulses are sent out over your line, corresponding with the numerals or letters appearing in the holes. When used in the larger cities, the dial will bear certain letters of the alphabet in addition to the numerals, and in the smaller centers numerals only may be employed. In making a call the subscriber will, of course, refer to the telephone directory, and he will find in the new directory that the central office name is printed somewhat differently from heretofore. Typical examples of the new form of listing telephone numbers are shown in the illustration, Figure 2. These conform to the present manual listings, except that the first three letters of the office name are set out prominently. Simple as this change in the form of listing appears, until it was developed by the Bell System experts, no satisfactory system of designating telephone numbers for machine switching systems for large cities, such as New York, Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia, was known.

One advantage of this plan is that it does not neces-

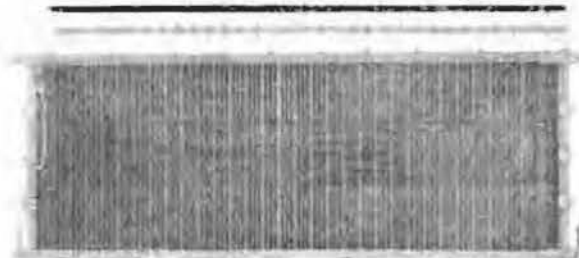


FIG. 3. Multiple bank showing individual insulating and terminal strips

sitate the abandonment of all the existing manual designations. For manual operation it leaves them substantially as at present. For machine switching operation, the same form of listing is used in the directory, a clear indication being given as to the portion of the listing which should be dialed in making an automatic call.

Under this plan machine switching calls are passed to the central office mechanism by dialing the first three letters of the office name and the four numerals followed by the party line designation, if any.

In medium size multi-office cities where six-digit calling is practicable, only the first two letters of the office name will be given prominence in the directory. In very small multi-office cities where only five digits are required, the telephone number may consist of five numerals and no letters may appear on the dial.

Selector Frame

This mechanism, which is used to perform the various automatic switching functions within the office, consists of a so-called "bank," made up of a large number of horizontal brass strips, insulated from each other and piled up so that there may be as many as 300 in one panel, which will comprise the terminals for 100 lines or trunks. These strips have projecting lugs on each side to provide contact members, over which vertically operated brushes or elevators ride. A close view of one of these panels is shown in Figure 3.

Arranged in front of this panel or as in practise, a group of five panels serving 500 lines, or trunks, are vertical lift rods having triple contact brushes, which ride over the projecting lugs of the panel. These lift rods can be moved up or down at will and are under definite control by means of the continually moving friction rolls at the base of the frame. Each lift rod has associated with it a system of electromagnets which, when operated to force the flat metallic strip which forms the end of the lift rod against the rolls, will move the rod at slow speed or high speed or will return it to its normal position, depending upon the magnet that is energized. Figure 4 shows a section of a frame with the brushes in

various positions. It also shows some of the electromagnetic clutches removed, exposing the friction drive rolls. Figure 5 shows a completely assembled selector frame arranged for 500 lines, or trunks, with 30 elevators or brush rods on each side. At the top of the frame is a commutator or impulse making device which has associated with it a brush permanently attached to the lift rod. This is for the purpose of sending out electrical impulses as the brushes pass over the terminals of the bank, and in connection with the "sender," which will be described later, controls the movement of the selecting mechanisms. Figure 6 shows the commutator and its brush more in detail.

At the right-hand side of the selector frame will be noted a row of mechanisms which are known as sequence switches, and one of these is shown in Figure 7. This is a power driven contact making device somewhat on the order of an electric sign flasher, and is used to perform certain circuit switching functions incidental to the operation of the selecting mechanisms. One of these switches takes the place of a large number of ordinary relays, and performs the work very much more cheaply and accurately. By simply changing the shape of the metal segments on the cams, one of which is shown at the right of Figure 7, any desired combination of opening and closing of circuits may be set up as the shaft revolves.

Sender

It will be noted that the dial is arranged with ten noles, and a complete revolution of the finger wheel will send out ten impulses, and successive operations of the dial will send out successive groups of impulses ranging from one to ten. In other words, these impulses are sent out on a decimal basis. You will recall that the panels of the selector frames are arranged in banks of 500. These large groups are desirable because it makes possible a more economical use of trunks between offices and also reduces the cost of the apparatus because of the larger number of trunks a single lifting mechanism may serve.

In order, therefore, that the decimal impulses sent out by the calling dial may properly select a terminal in the non-decimal group making up the panel, we employ a so-called "sender," which is a contrivance arranged to receive and store the impulses as they are sent in from the calling device. It then

controls the elevators or selectors in their upward motion toward the terminals of the trunk group or line wanted, in such a way as to cause them to arrive at the proper point no matter where the terminals may be located in the selector banks.

When the elevators are started upward, the "senders" permit them to go to the desired point and stop them by removing their driving power. This is accomplished through the commutators located at the top of the selector frames, which, as the elevators move, transmit back to the "sender" the number of impulses which the "sender" has been set to receive, by the manipulation of the calling device at the subscriber's station. This method of operation is known as the "reverse impulse control" and is an outstanding feature of this machine switching system, and is distinguished from systems wherein the selecting mechanisms are operated directly by impulses of current, the duration,

character and speed of which are controlled solely by the calling device at the subscriber's station. The use of the "sender" is also a new feature in the mechanical switching system, and with the "reverse impulse system of control" possesses many advantages, some of which have been touched upon and others will be described later.

Figure 8 shows a sender frame, which is nothing more than an aggregation of sequence switches, relays and small twenty-two-point selecting switches all wired together in a manner which our editors would say no human being should be called upon to understand.

Figure 9 shows a circuit diagram of one of these senders, of which there are about 200 in an average office, and when we consider that each one of these wires and terminals serves a definite purpose and must be just that way and no other, we may feel there is some justification for characterizing the "sender" as the "brain" of the mechanical system. In fact, that is just exactly what it is. Later on we will learn of a few of the marvelous things it does.

Now that we have a picture of what the apparatus looks like, let us see how it functions in its business of connecting one telephone subscriber with another. Figure 10 shows a schematic drawing of three central offices with the apparatus units so arranged as to show a connection set up from one to another. The terms "line finder," "district," "office," "incoming" and "final"

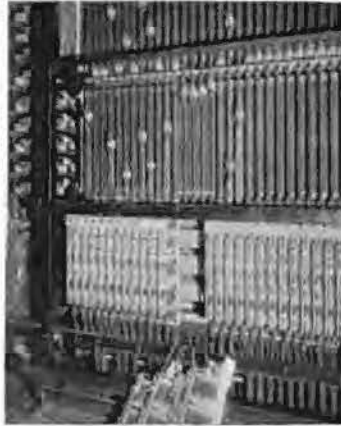


FIG. 4. Typical selector frame showing constantly revolving friction rolls, magnetic clutches and brush lift rods

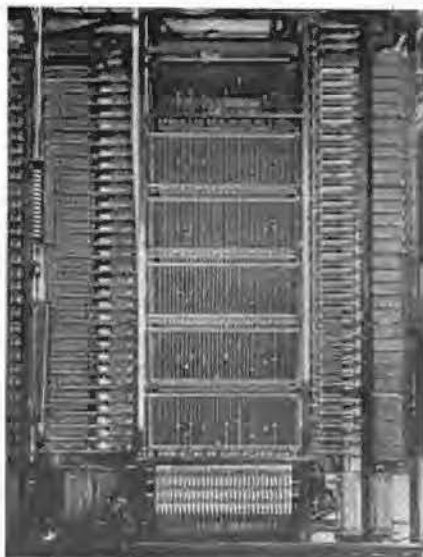


FIG. 5. Typical selector frame showing complete assembly with auxiliary apparatus



Fig. 6. Commutator for controlling vertical movement of selecting mechanism

applied to the frames are simply designations of the uses of the selector frames previously described in detail. Mechanically they are similar and serve to associate connecting brushes with any one of a group of line or trunk terminals. The subscriber's line terminates in a set of multiple bank contacts in the line finder frame, which contacts correspond to the answering terminals of the receiver. When the receiver is lifted from the switchhook preparatory to dialing, the terminals of the line are selected by a brush of one of the vertically moving lift rods in the line finder frame, and connected automatically to an idle "sender" by means of a small selecting mechanism. Upon completion of these operations, which take but a fraction of a second, a tone is sent out to the calling subscriber indicating that the connection is established to the point where he may commence dialing the number. When the subscriber operates his dial, the electrical impulses (on a decimal basis) are transmitted to the "sender," which receives and registers them, and in turn translates them to the proper basis for the control of the apparatus which is not operated on the decimal system, and then controls this selection through the apparatus, as referred to below.

As shown in the diagram the calling subscriber is in the GARfield office. When this subscriber starts to dial, the "sender" automatically causes the particular district selector, which is permanently associated with the line finder originally used, to start and select a trunk leading to the office desired, namely, PENnsylvania. This may be done either directly or through an office selector, in case the number of trunk groups is too large to be placed on the district selector. Assuming that the PENnsylvania office is on an automatic basis, the trunk chosen will terminate at an "incoming selector" frame and the "sender" above referred to will cause the call to be routed through the "incoming selector" to a "final selector" and thence to the particular line desired. When the connection is thus completed, audible signals will be sent back to the calling subscriber to indicate that the station is being rung or that the line is busy.

If the call had been for another subscriber in the same office, GARfield, instead of in the PENnsylvania office, it

will be noted that the call would be routed from the "district selector" to an "incoming selector" in the same office and thence to the particular "final selector" in which the desired subscriber's line is located.

As soon as the subscribers have completed conversation and hung up their receivers, the connection through the automatic machinery is immediately disconnected and the apparatus returns to normal.

Previous mention has been made of the fundamental similarity between the processes in the mechanical and manual systems and to those familiar with the operation of manual systems, the progress of a call as just described, very strikingly brings out this point.

(If the call from GARfield had been for a subscriber connected with a manual office, NORTH, the "sender" would have so guided the district and office selectors as to have caused them to select a path or trunk leading to the manual office desired, where the trunk would have terminated in a cord before the operator at what is called a "call indicator position." A lamp would have been lighted and the operator upon depressing a key associated with that trunk would have allowed

the distant "sender," that is at GARfield office, to cause the numerals of the line desired to be displayed before her on a "call indicator," whereupon she would, by means of a cord, connect the trunk with the multiple jack of the line desired, and ringing would be started automatically. It will be observed, therefore, that so far as the GARfield subscriber is concerned, he is not aware of the fact that in the case of the PENnsylvania office call, his subscriber is in a machine switching office, and in the case of the NORTH office, in a manual office.

If a call is originated by a subscriber connected to a manual switchboard for a subscriber connected to a mechanical office, it may be handled in a number of ways, depending upon the type of equipment installed. The simplest plan is to place a "B" switchboard in each full mechanical office and let all incoming calls from manual offices be ordered up by the manual "A" operators over a call wire through this "B" operator. The operator at the mechanical office is known as a "cordless B operator" and establishes all connections to the



Fig. 7. Sequence switch with a typical cam exposed



Fig. 8. Sender equipment in process of assembly at factory

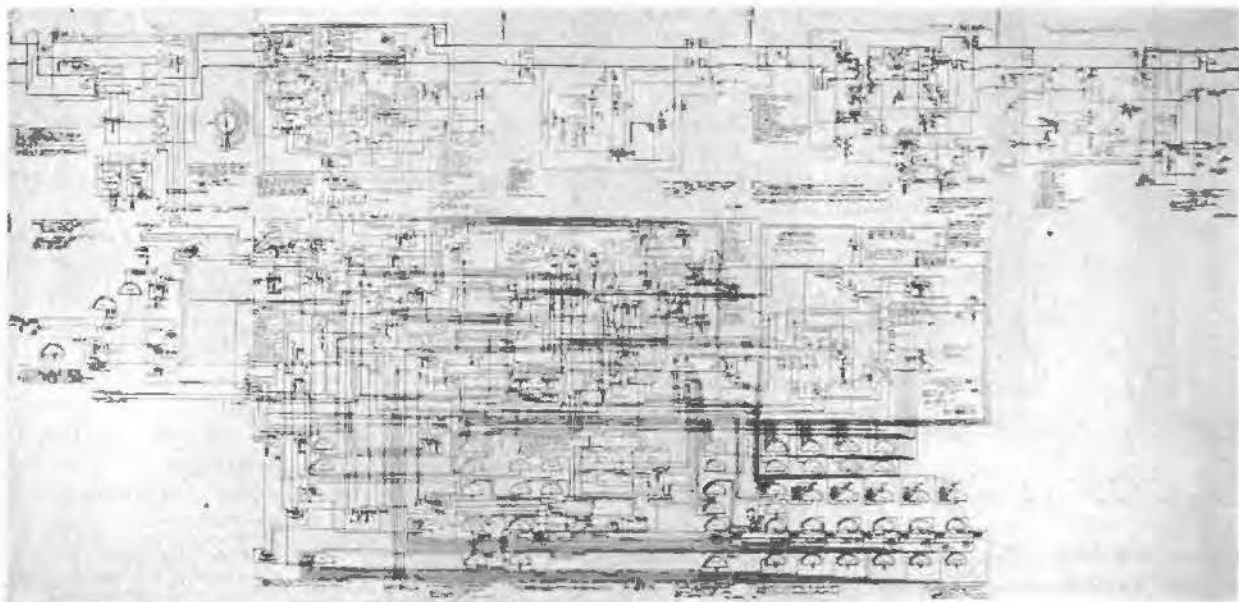


FIG. 9. Schematic circuit diagram of a typical sender

mechanical subscribers in her office through the medium of an adding machine like key set which controls the automatic switches. Another is called the "key-indicator" plan, wherein the manual "A" operators may complete their own connections in the distant full mechanical offices by the use of a key set.)

Figure 11 is a general view of a mechanical switching office, showing the various classes of selector frames arranged in bays.

Figure 12 shows a typical installation of cordless "B" positions in a machine switching office, which are used to complete the calls originating in a manual office.

Figure 13 shows an operator's position in a manual office arranged for "call indicator" operation, that is, for completing in the manual exchange calls originating in a mechanical office.

Figure 14 shows in detail one of the call indicators

where the number is displayed with letters and digits illuminated by small electric lamps.

From this brief description of the machine switching system, it is evident that the introduction of this form of telephone equipment has involved and will continue to involve a vast amount of work on the part of all the Departments of the Western Electric Company.

This system is the result of the combined efforts extending over a long period of a large technical staff, in co-operation with the General Engineering Staff of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and although we have embarked upon a manufacturing program which is already making necessary extensive additions to our manufacturing plant, there still remains a tremendous amount of engineering and development work, to adapt the system to the particular service conditions as they are encountered in various localities. At the present time the Engineering Department at West

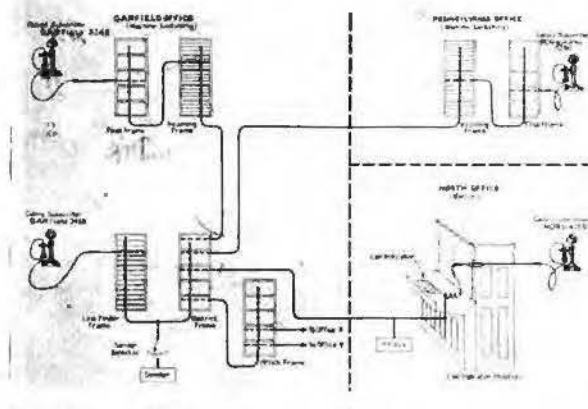


FIG. 10. Diagram showing progress of a call from an automatic subscriber to another automatic subscriber or to a manual subscriber

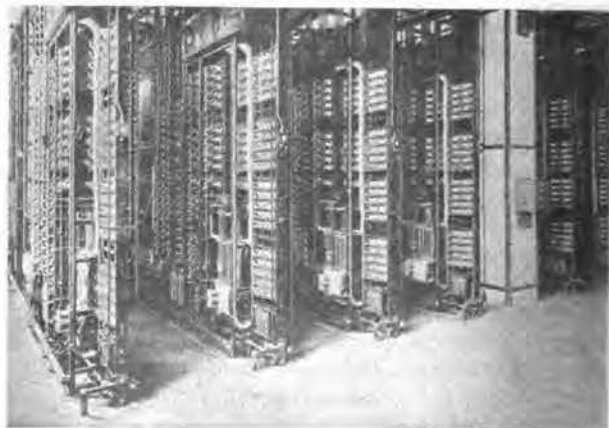


FIG. 11. General view of machine switching installation

Street is devoting a very substantial part of its effort to machine switching work. Because of the newness of the system and the comparative inexperience of the manual switchboard editing personnel, the Engineering Department at New York is doing all of the equipment engineering in connection with the first offices in any given territory, the plan being that as rapidly as possible this equipment work will be transferred to the switchboard editing engineering group at the Hawthorne works. As a matter of fact, a very heavy schedule on this class of work is now being carried by the latter organization.

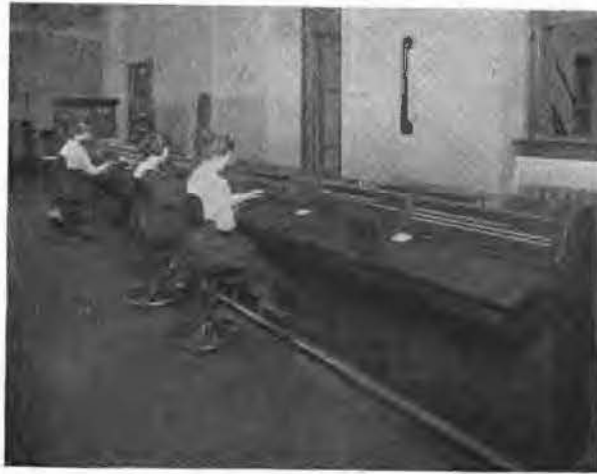


FIG. 12. Typical installation of Cordless "B" positions in a machine switching office

To convey an idea of the magnitude of the work involved in getting out the detailed plans for a machine switching central office, we should first start out with the picture that a machine switching office for a given number of lines contains about twice as much apparatus as a similar size manual office. Not only must there be provided machinery for performing the purely mechanical functions that have heretofore been supplied by the operator, but there is an additional element which has been previously touched upon, which serves as a substitute for the intelligence of the operator, namely, the "sender," and while in number of parts and size of equipment, it does not loom very large from a manufacturing standpoint, the intricacy of the circuit arrangement and the precision with which the various elements must function, provide a very complicated engineering problem, which must be worked out in detail to meet the service conditions as they appear in any particular locality.

To give you an idea of what this "sender" really does, it may be of interest to enumerate some of its stunts.

1. It receives a succession of electrical impulses on a decimal basis and translates them to a non-decimal basis corresponding to the particular group of lines and trunks that may be involved in the particular connection.

2. It receives impulses transmitted by the subscriber's dial as rapidly as they can be sent, but it controls selecting mechanisms which build up the

connection to the desired party in such a manner that each mechanism is given the exact time required to perform its function without any waste of time.

3. It allows the subscriber in any office to be called by dialing the first two or three letters of the office name, together with the subscriber's number in that office.

4. It translates the office code dialed, so that the trunks to that office can be found by the switching mechanism, in any arbitrary position that the Telephone Company might find it desirable to place them.

5. The "sender" is capable of distinguishing at what class of office the connection will terminate. That is, if the call is to terminate at a mechanical office, the "sender" will arrange to govern the selection accordingly. If the call is to terminate at a manual office, the "sender" will recognize this and arrange to send out impulses to the call indicator equipment.

6. For the completion of certain calls, traffic conditions require the introduction of tandem points. The "sender" will recognize calls going via tandem points and will arrange to handle these correctly. The tandem

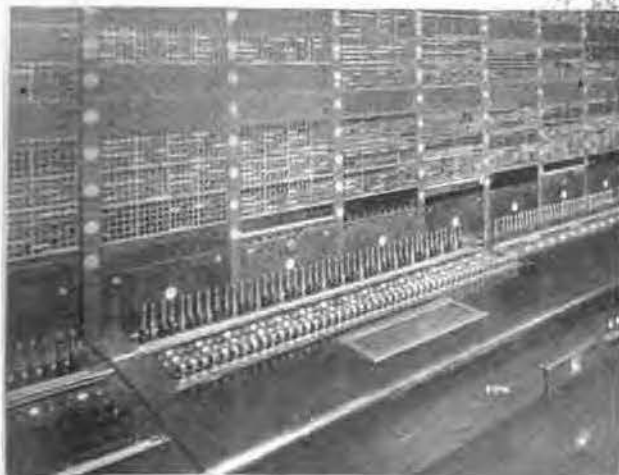


FIG. 13. Operator's position in a manual office arranged for "call indicator" operation

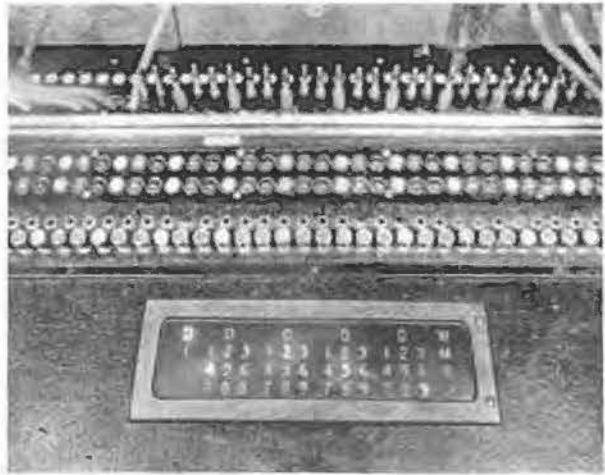


FIG. 14. Call indicator showing the number 4259 displayed

point may be a manual one or it may be a mechanical one, and the impulses must be governed accordingly.

7. The "sender" after recognizing the call's terminating office will know the class of trunk that leads to that office and arrange to adjust its electrical resistances so that all operations are made over practically uniform line resistances.

8. A switch, after selecting a group of trunks may find all of them busy. The "sender" will recognize this and immediately arrange to disconnect the train of switches and cause a busy tone to be given to the subscriber.

9. Certain "senders" are arranged to serve lines supplied with coin boxes.

These "senders" permit the subscriber to dial the number of the desired line before the coin is deposited, but will not allow the connection to be cut through so that conversation can take place until the coin is deposited. If the subscriber does not deposit the coin, after a reasonable time has elapsed, the "sender" will cause a monitoring operator to get in on the connection, and this operator will notify the subscriber of this omission. After the coin has been deposited, the "sender" will allow the called subscriber to be rung and will permit the conversation. In case the called subscriber does not answer, the "sender" will return the coin to the calling party. Similarly, had the called party answered, the "sender" would have caused the coin to be collected.

The "sender," in making a test of the calling line after the subscriber has completed dialing, to insure the deposit of the coin, is capable of recognizing whether a coin has actually been deposited or whether the subscriber is trying to "beat" the instrument, in which case the abnormal condition is



FIG. 15. One of the Machine Switching System's Laboratories

which at times seems almost to possess human intelligence.

Figure 15 shows a section of the Machine Switching Laboratory where all the new circuits and apparatus are set up, wired in accordance with the proposed plan, to make sure that their operation is satisfactory before actual manufacture of the equipment is started. Figure 16 shows a corner of the laboratory devoted to the study of the design of machine switching apparatus, and here all new devices are subjected to extensive tests to determine their operating characteristics, length of life and all other factors that may have a bearing on its successful use in service. At the present time there are employed at West Street 350 engineers and draftsmen

whose entire time is devoted to the further development of machine switching apparatus and circuits, and the engineering of specific machine switching equipments. In one month alone, something over 50,000 blueprints were made up and issued, and over 3,000 equipment and manufacturing specifications prepared and issued. In one machine switching office the engineering for which has been recently completed, the equipment and circuit drawings covered an

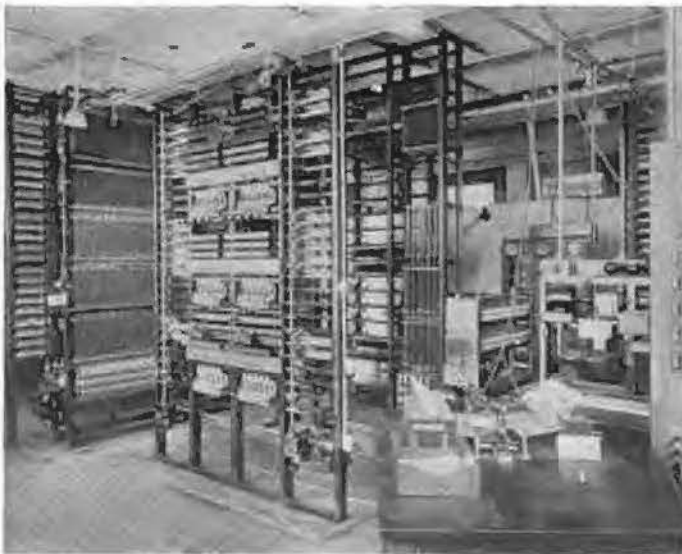


FIG. 16. One of the Machine Switching Apparatus Laboratories

(Continued on page 35)

Changes in Organization

M. A. Buehler Now Minneapolis Sales Manager



M. A. Buehler

Back in 1915, M. A. Buehler obscured the horizon long enough to get a job with the Company as a salesman at Omaha. Then you could not see him for the dust. He started putting on weight and bringing in orders to such an extent that in October of 1917 they made him sales manager.

Much to the regret of the Omaha bunch, who thought him the best advertisement for the Nebraska climate they had, he was transferred a few weeks ago with the same title to Minneapolis.

E. Lum Jumps into Buehler's Shoes



E. Lum

If one felt waggishly inclined, one might say something facetious about there being plenty of room in the sales managerial shoes left vacant by M. A. Buehler when he left Omaha for Minneapolis. But our friend E. Lum is something of a lad himself, and he can fill them,—we'll asservate to the universe.

Lum started on the right road in 1905, when he became a student in New York. In 1907, we find him connected with Telephone Engineering in Chicago. Two years later he was on the selling force, travelling from Minneapolis. In December, 1912, he became a salesman in Omaha, and there he has remained until his present promotion.

Twichell Supervisor of Distributing House Shops



E. Twichell

Back in April, 1899, Mr. Twichell became a Western Electric fan—which is another way of saying he went to work for the Company in the Factory Cabling Department, Chicago. Between that date and April, 1901, he was successively in the Switchboard Assembly, Factory Cabling, and again Switchboard Assembly departments.

His next move was to Hawthorne, where he worked on piece-work rates and estimating. In 1909, Twichell was seized with *Wanderlust* and worked elsewhere. He was back again in 1911 in the Packing Section at Hawthorne, and the following year was diving into the problems of

wholesale methods. 1913 finds him in the Methods section, Shop Division. Later, in the same year, he became engineer of methods in the General Merchandising Department.

Some time afterwards he was promoted to Chief of Shop Inspection, General Sales Department. Not long ago he began to affix his John Hancock over the title of Supervisor of Distributing House Shops.

J. L. Ray Comes to New York



J. L. Ray

In 1905 J. L. Ray started with the Company in the Drafting Department. His stay was short there, for the next year found him in Power Apparatus Sales Department in New York.

Two days before Christmas of 1912, Ray began to write Assistant Sales Manager, Pittsburgh, beneath his name.

The next year the title was changed to Sales Manager, at the same house, and 1918 found it once more altered to Manager. He is now Power Apparatus Sales Manager, located in the General Sales Department, New York.

W. H. MacCrellish New Pittsburgh Manager



W. H. MacCrellish

Since July, 1905, when W. H. MacCrellish began his Western career as a shop clerk in Philadelphia, he has done considerable travelling. He has at various times lived in Chicago, Kansas City, St. Louis, Boston, New York, Buffalo, and Minneapolis. He has had varied experience—clerical, service, supply stock, accounting, stores.

In 1911 he was Chief Clerk in Boston. The next year he went to Buffalo as Stores Manager, and bearing the same title went first to Minneapolis and then to Boston.

In 1916 he went to Buenos Aires as Assistant Manager. But he is now back again, filling the job made vacant by the promotion of J. L. Ray—Manager at Pittsburgh.

To Holders of 4 1/4% Second Liberty Loan Bonds

THE last interest coupon on the present issue of 4 1/4% bonds of the Second Liberty Loan is dated May 15, 1920.

In accordance with the terms thereof these bonds may be exchanged on or after May 15, 1920, for ones having attached interest coupons to the date of maturity of the bonds.

Bonds may be exchanged at Federal Reserve Banks or if employees wish they may present them to the local cashier who will arrange to have the bonds exchanged.

How H. B. Thayer Became the Leader of 210,000 People

The Story of a Young Man Who Started at \$10 a Week and Is Now President of a Great Corporation

By B. C. Forbes

[B. C. Forbes is the Editor of "Forbes Magazine," and a well-known writer on business subjects. This excellent story on H. B. Thayer, who was for thirty-eight years a Western Electric Man, appeared in "Forbes Magazine" of March 20. It is Reprinted by Special Permission.]

A YOUNG man, a very young man, was made manager of a branch plant in New York. The president went off to Europe, and delays and hitches began to be experienced in receiving supplies from headquarters, in Chicago. Without any authority whatsoever the young branch manager jumped on a train, hurried to the factory, investigated conditions, and immediately got busy straightening out various tangles. In a comparatively short time he had the whole plant working more efficiently than ever before.

When the veteran president returned he was impressed by the improvements that had been effected in the operation of the plant, by the better team work in evidence, and by the unprecedented smoothness with which the goods flowed from the factory.

He did the only thing that any sensible chief executive would do under such circumstances: at the first opportunity he took the young man to headquarters and made him his chief lieutenant.

That young man was Harry B. Thayer, then of the Western Electric Company, who recently was made president of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, probably the second largest industrial corporation in America, with its billion of assets, its 210,000 employees and its 120,000 stockholders, a company that does more telephone business than all the other telephone companies in the world combined.

Reputation for Cracking Hard Nuts

When I asked Theodore N. Vail why he selected Mr. Thayer to succeed him in the presidency he replied: "When I returned to the telephone company thirteen years ago and began to try to unravel some of the complications which had arisen I found everyone suggesting, whenever a particularly hard nut came up to crack, that Harry Thayer should be given a whack at it. I soon discovered that this confidence in Thayer had been earned by his record. No matter what problem was put up to him he found some way of solving it. Naturally, my interest was aroused in such a man and I have watched him and worked with him ever since. He can get things done better than anyone I have ever

associated with. And, after all, isn't this the highest tribute that any man in any organization can win?"

"It would be interesting to cite one concrete example of how Mr. Thayer grappled with and overcame some particularly notable difficulty," I suggested.

"He has never done anything but difficult things," replied Mr. Vail with a smile, "so that I couldn't mention any one special thing."

My next move was, logically, to ask Mr. Thayer himself how he goes about evolving solutions for baffling problems.

"I never do any of the solving myself," he modestly replied. "My policy simply has been to find the right man to tackle each difficulty or problem as it came along and set him to working out a solution. Sometimes when a man has told me a thing couldn't be done I just told him it *had* to be done."

"For example, in making a Pupin coil they used to take an iron core and then wind insulated wire all round it, taking a bobbin and winding it by hand. Foreseeing the enormous growth that would develop in the demand for these coils, I told off a skilful fellow to devise a means of doing the winding by machinery. He at once replied that the suggestion was fine, only it was impossible. I kept him at it, however."

"What happened?" I asked, as Mr. Thayer signified that that ended the story.

"Oh, he found a way to do it by machine, of course."

This president of one of America's very few billion-dollar corporations

has some ideas about attaining "success" which do not follow platitudinous lines. He doesn't advise young men or any other men to be constantly on the alert for opportunity to improve their position or secure an increase in salary. He hasn't even a word to say about the tremendous importance of saving every penny possible. What he says is this:

"Don't think of yourself at all. Don't waste an hour of your time scheming or planning to get promotion. Don't worry about how big an increase in your salary you can contrive to get—don't let your mind dwell on money at all if you can help it. Throw yourself, body,



H. B. THAYER

For thirty-eight years a Western Electric man, now president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

soul and spirit, into whatever you are doing. Become so interested and so engrossed in your tasks that you have neither time nor inclination to think about yourself or your prospects or the possibility of a 'raise.'

"Don't imagine for one moment that your superiors don't know what you are doing or how valuable an employee you are. Some fellows have the impression that if they are in a very large organization their work is buried and that none of the bosses has a chance to know just what they are accomplishing. The truth is that in every organization, no matter how large or how small, some one is taking notice of any employee who shows special ability.

"Take the Western Electric Company, of which I formerly was president. Every year we engaged a number of college graduates. They were put through a general course of training. Long before their period of training was up the head of the engineering department or the sales manager or some other department head would come and say, 'I want So-and-So into my department.' Whether an employee is a college graduate or not he can make his work count so much that some one higher up will want to get hold of him to take on responsibilities and shoulder some of the burdens. That is just the type of worker that every executive, every superintendent, every department head is constantly on the lookout for.

"Therefore, I would say to every person anxious to get on in the world, 'Forget yourself in your work. Lay yourself out to do everything possible for your employer, and your employer in time will find that it will pay him to do everything possible for you. If he sees, however, that you are more concerned about your own interests than about his, that you are fussy about getting credit for every little or big thing you do, then you are apt to be passed by when a responsible job has to be filled.'"

Never Worried About Salary

Recently Samuel M. Vauclain, president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, confessed that he could rarely tell what his salary was; there were so many things that he was interested in doing that he had no time to bother about his personal bank account. Mr. Thayer is like that. He was always like that. At the end of his first week with the Western Electric Company, when he was asked if he knew what his salary was to be, he had to reply that he did not; that he hadn't inquired. His experience was somewhat similar to that of Harvey D. Gibson when he became assistant to Seward Prosser when the latter took the presidency of the Liberty National Bank of New York. Mr. Gibson had formerly earned large salaries and later had a very profitable business of his own. The matter of salary was never mentioned to him, and when he received his first month's check he laughed out loud—it was so infinitesimally small. What young Thayer found in his weekly envelope was one lone \$10 bill. He had to keep himself, and he felt obligated to repay as promptly as possible the money lent him by his father to pay his fare to Chicago.

He carried his lunch to the office every day, and did not once go to the theatre in his first year with the Western Electric Company. "I recall," says Mr. Thayer, "that the only way I could get a summer suit was by selling my winter one and adding a few dollars."

And at that he was a banker's son and a college graduate accustomed to living in considerably better style than he could afford on his \$10 a week.

What qualities have enabled Mr. Thayer to rise from office boy to the presidency of an army of workers larger than the total army maintained by the United States before the war? First let Mr. Vail describe the personality and ability of Mr. Thayer:

"Mr. Thayer is very quiet, persistent and aggressive—but not disagreeably aggressive. Once he starts a thing he never gives up. He is one of the best organizers I have ever known in my whole life. He is one of the very biggest executives in the industrial or utility world. He is cool, clear-headed, very direct, not effusive. He has an extraordinary faculty for concentrating on whatever he has on hand. He concentrates on his work and concentrates equally on his play. His week is devoted to the hardest kind of work, and then on Friday night he usually goes to his place in the country and relaxes until Monday morning. This country place is, by the way, one of the most charming to be found anywhere; it is the only place around New York that I would give a snap of my fingers for.

"Mr. Thayer is one of the best illustrations of doing everything the best way it is possible to do it, whether the thing be large or small. He is thorough and thoroughgoing in everything he undertakes. Whenever you want a new or novel or difficult thing done your mind instantly turns to him. He has never been a stickler as to whether the job came under his bailiwick or not. He has always been sensible enough and big enough to realize that, although he might be doing extra work that didn't yield him any additional pay, he was fitting himself for duties and responsibilities that would ultimately bring both greater compensation and greater reputation.

"He is very reserved, very bashful and shrinks from publicity; yet is most companionable, a very good friend and a very enjoyable associate."

Harry Bates Thayer got his bit of sound advice from his father on leaving his home at Northfield, Vermont, to attend Dartmouth College: "I don't care about your becoming a class leader, but I do want you to have a respectable standing."

Coming of Mayflower ancestors, hardy people who had settled on the borders of Massachusetts Bay, and having parents (James Carey Barrel Thayer and Martha Jane Pratt), both of Vermont stock, the lad attended school in his native place, and although he went to college and graduated he had no ambition to enter any of the professions; he wanted to get into business. His father was a savings bank treasurer and sought to keep him at home in the bank. The youth, however, craved a broader sphere, and a friend of the family, a railroad manager, got him a place on the railroad at Bellows Falls, Ver-

mont—the parental idea again being to keep him from migrating into the wider world.

But office work in a small Vermont place offered little opportunity for development or advancement, and young Thayer got into touch with a Vermonter who had made his mark in Chicago, with the result that he was offered, and gladly accepted, a beginner's job in the office of the Western Electric Company, manufacturers of apparatus for the Bell Telephone people. The fact that he was a college graduate was regarded as a handicap rather than as an advantage, the popular notion in those days being that any fellow who went to college and did not come out a professional man had something lacking.

His first work was making out shipping tickets and indexing copy books. A little later he was promoted to making out bills. Even thus early Thayer demonstrated that he was using his head as well as his hands.

"We were always getting questions," he recalls reminiscently, "whether we had this or that in stock. This often necessitated journeys of discovery in the stock room, involving climbing over and tumbling over barrels and boxes, climbing up to find out the contents of shelves, etc. It struck me that it would be a good plan to have a book showing at a glance exactly how many articles of all different kinds we had in stock. As soon as I mentioned the idea I was told that I could go ahead and get up such a book."

Branch Manager at Twenty-five

This little stroke of initiative did not go unnoticed by the boss, Enos M. Barton, the founder and the president of the Company. The manager in Chicago having been sent to New York, the president took young Thayer into his office and began to unload some of his duties upon the willing, alert youth. His duties, as called for in the bond, were purely clerical; but Thayer did not confine himself to the office, did not restrict his activities to conducting the correspondence and other collar-and-cuff work. He sought frequent occasions to get into the factory and learn all about the making of the goods he was writing about. He applied himself so diligently and developed such an aptitude that by and by he knew as much about the running of the Works as he did about the running of the office.

Much to his surprise, Mr. Barton told him one day to get ready to go to New York as manager of the branch there. This at the age of twenty-five. Among the 200 employees in New York were many twice his age.

Asked to account for so rapid and so important promotion, Mr. Thayer merely replied: "I always had had a feeling that if I did everything I could to learn about all the ramifications of the business, whether or not they had to do with my particular job, sooner or later the management might find me useful. It so happened that when changes had to be made I knew something about the work of those ahead of me, and I was thus regarded as being on the eligible list."

Accustomed though he was to looking ahead, Mr. Thayer did not at once realize the magnitude of the

opportunity opened up by his transfer to New York. At that time there were not 50,000 telephone stations in the United States. The Western Electric was manufacturing the apparatus of the Bell companies, with which it became affiliated, and, of course, the East was the principal field for the telephone industry. In a comparatively short time Mr. Thayer's branch was selling more than the Chicago house. His managerial duties included selling, corresponding and oversight of the manufacturing operations. The manufacturing end, with its many knotty and novel problems constantly arising as the telephonic art progressed, fascinated him, and whenever a change occurred in the running of this end of the business the wide-awake young manager assured the president that he could take on the additional duties. He was soon spending half his day seeing customers and prospects and the other half in the shop.

This clear-cut picture of how Mr. Thayer handled his job once he had built the business up to very large proportions is presented by Rear-Admiral Bradley A. Fiske in his book, "From Midshipman to Rear-Admiral":

"The manager of the Western Electric Company's branch in New York at this time was H. B. Thayer, a man somewhat younger than I, for whose character and ability I had come gradually to have a deep respect. One day when I was talking with him he enunciated a principle that I have always remembered, and that has guided me ever since. I had said:

"Mr. Thayer, you're quite a young man, and you're the manager of a great organization in New York, which is getting larger every day, and yet you never seem to have anything to do. I have often wondered how you manage it."

"Mr. Thayer flushed a little, for he was a modest man, and said:

"Why, Mr. Fiske, I don't have very much to do, really. It's the other men who do the work."

"That's all right, Mr. Thayer," I answered, "and I appreciate your modesty and all that; but would your mind telling me how you do it? I'm talking seriously, because this work is like navy work in some ways, and I think you could tell me something that could help me in my profession."

"Mr. Thayer hesitated for a few minutes, and then said:

"Well, I'll tell you. I try to keep away from the details of the work and from other men's jobs, and to keep my attention on the main points, on my own particular job. I have the whole establishment divided into departments, and each head of department is expected to run his own department himself, and not come to me unless he gets into trouble. I've tried to arrange everything so that the establishment will run itself whether I am here or not. Then I am free to do what I think is my work, which is to look ahead and see what's going to happen, and prepare to do the proper thing in time. *I think the worst thing in the world for a man to do is to get into a hurry. My observation shows me that if a*

man does a thing in a hurry the chances are a hundred to one that he won't do it well.'

"In thinking this over, I compared it with what Captain Taylor had said about foresight and what Mr. Morgenthau said about one good idea being better than a year of hard work, and I said to myself:

"Now the first thing to do is to look ahead; the second is to try to get good ideas; and the third thing is to arrange your work in such a way that when you have to do anything you will not have to do it in a hurry."

"These three remarks have been the ones that seem to me the wisest in point of mere worldly wisdom of any that have ever been made to me."

Remarkable Growth

The Western Electric Company, which Mr. Thayer was thus building up so soundly and rapidly, was founded before the telephone was invented. Indeed, it was the country's largest manufacturer of things electrical before Bell exhibited his "talking toy" at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876. Not only had it furnished supplies for the telegraph companies, but it had very early begun to open up a modest export business. When Mr. Thayer took hold in New York he found that his Company was bound by contract to sell telephone apparatus only to the Bell companies, but that the Bell companies were free to buy from anybody they chose. He accordingly directed his attention to cultivating intimate relations with the Bell people, and his ability not merely to furnish the things ordered but to make suggestions to them for improvements greatly strengthened the relations and increased the business. From 200, the New York force first reached the 1,000 mark and then more, passing the parent plant.

In 1902 Mr. Thayer was promoted to the position of vice-president, succeeding, it is interesting to remark in passing, the Vermonter who had given him his first start in Chicago. A few years later he assumed the duties of general manager and when, in 1908, President Barton retired there was only one man considered for the presidency.

Meanwhile Mr. Vail, who had left the Bell Telephone in 1897, after having been the main factor in setting it on its feet, was again commandeered by the directors on finding themselves beset with difficulties in the panic year of 1907. It did not take this clear-eyed veteran long to size up who was who; in 1909 Mr. Vail annexed Mr. Thayer as vice-president of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company. As already told, Mr. Vail found that he could turn to Thayer with perfect confidence every time any engineering, mechanical, manufacturing or commercial kink needed straightening out. But when the Clayton act was passed, in 1915, decreeing that no officer or any carrier could be an officer or interested in any supply company, it was decided that Mr. Thayer could render the most valuable services in the manufacturing end of the business; so he again took up the presidency of Western Electric.

Here Thayer again made history. To-day the Com-

pany has factories and branches in every important country throughout the world. Although very closely connected with the telephone, as it had always been, Western Electric has built up a gigantic business in all kinds of electric supplies both at home and abroad. Indeed, its sales to other companies and to the public now at least equal the business done with the Bell Telephone companies. Western Electric's apparatus has become standard all over the earth. Its sales last year exceeded \$185,000,000.

It was inevitable that a man of Thayer's calibre should be enlisted by the Government for important duties when the war spread to this country. As is now a matter of history, things did not go at all well in carrying out America's aircraft program. Therefore, Mr. Thayer, in 1918, was summoned to join the Aircraft Board, where his unmatched technical skill, his capacity for organization, and his faculty for overcoming difficulties proved of incalculable value.

The demands upon the country's telephone capacity having become unprecedentedly acute, Mr. Vail again turned to the dependable Thayer and asked him if he would not rejoin the force. Mr. Thayer's reply was: "Mr. Vail, I do not think there is anything you could ask me to do that I would not gladly do." As soon as he could make the necessary readjustments Mr. Vail (last summer) nominated Mr. Thayer as his successor in the presidency, Mr. Vail becoming chairman of the board.

A man who has been associated more closely with Mr. Thayer than has any other man in the telephone or electrical business, when asked, for the purpose of this article, "How do you account for Mr. Thayer's phenomenal success? Seen at close range and under all conditions, what sort of a man is he?" replied:

Why He Succeeded

"Harry Thayer is a thorough gentleman. He is a typical Yankee. His characteristics that strike you most are, first, a sense of justice that does not hesitate to do the disagreeable thing when convinced that it is necessary to do it. But he tempers everything with a very kindly, lovable attitude towards people and towards things. He never worries. He never thinks of himself. Of all the business men I know he is the most unselfish.

"He is always looking forward. He is ambitious—but in a way that is different from most business men. He is ambitious to advance the Company's, not his own, interests.

"He is an indefatigable worker. Though he works only eight hours a day he works all of the eight hours—rapidly, steadily, easily, like a smooth-running motor. When he started out he had rather better capabilities than the average, yet he was by no means brilliant. But he has always done a lot of thinking; he has always been working. He once remarked to me that the only way to do when your work becomes unusually heavy is to 'mow it away as fast as it comes.'

"He has a certain inflexible purpose, yet it is combined with perfect approachableness. There is nothing

distant or frosty about him. He has a great deal of Yankee ingenuity and resourcefulness in his way of working. He will take up a problem that seemed to have no answer, but after studying it he has a knack of thinking up some ingenious turn that works out the answer. He is a first-class engineer.

"His modesty is one of his most marked traits. He never says that he did so and so, but 'this group of men' or 'that group of men' did so and so. He feels justified in saying this because, literally, he hasn't done the thing—but he has made vital suggestions here and there. His method always is to suggest, inspire, and get other people to do things—and then give them credit. Whenever a picture of a group is taken he is always in the background.

Unique Country Home

"Mr. Thayer is not a rich man. He has never cared for money. He has never *tried* to be rich.

"His principal hobby for the past fifteen years has been his place at New Canaan, Conn. Starting in a very simple way, he acquired a piece of property and built a home for week-ends and summers. He has always kept it very simple, but he has steadily added to it.

"His New Canaan home expresses his personality. He has built houses for his two married daughters on the place. When he can he goes out every night in summer, and in winter usually at the week-ends. It comprises some 200 or 300 acres with woods, pond and stream. It is all quaint, artistic and interesting, without being expensive. He has built his house over two or three times. Everything about the pond, stream, dam, garden, stables, flowers, etc., typifies his own ideas. It is really illustrative of the man that he went ahead and built up the place according to his own ideas.

"He is always in fine physical condition—although he smokes more cigars than any other man I ever knew. He is extremely hospitable. He always like to have his friends out at his place—and his friends, you may be sure, like to go there. He is very fond of people. No man in the Bell system has more intimate friends. He is generous, never self-assertive, never complains. He will fight for the Company at the drop of the hat, but not for his own interests. Where his own interests are concerned he leans backward to give the other fellow a chance. One of his characteristic sayings, which he is always emphasizing, is: 'Please the customer.'

"He is very widely read. His reading covers a broad range, with no particular preference that I know of.

"In a few words, Mr. Thayer's chief characteristics are his resourcefulness, his ingenuity, his industry, his modesty, his sociability."

I found it extremely difficult to worm out of Mr. Thayer very much in the way of pointers on winning success. In course of a recent evening spent with him, however, he did drop, incidentally, a few sage sentences. For example:

"A man can live decently on a small amount of money.

The trouble with most people, however, is that they are anxious to put up a bluff that they are richer than they are. There's nothing but foolishness, discontent and trouble in this way of living."

"It's ideas that count most. When a man reaches the executive stage he should not let himself become so cluttered up with details that he has no time to think out new plans or policies or improvements. Get subordinates to look after everything which doesn't need your own personal attention."

"One advantage, one satisfaction, of being in a big organization is that you can afford to surround yourself with men each one of whom can do his particular job better than you could do it."

"The secret of success in any large organization is simply *organization*. The chief duty of an executive is to see that all parts fit into one another, see that materials of all kinds come along as needed, and everything else functions without hitches. Management has as much to do with making profits, or losses, as labor."

"Most men when they enter a business, particularly a large business, feel discouraged over the slow rate of progress they make for a year or two or longer. They are inclined to get it into their heads that it doesn't matter very much whether they do their work better than the other fellow or not, that everybody is treated pretty much the same, the industrious fellow faring no better than the fellow who doesn't exert himself to do his best. Now, if there's one thing life has taught me it is that this way of thinking is all wrong. Sooner or later each man finds his level, just as water finds its level. The man of superior merit rises; the slacker slides backwards."

"Patience is not only a virtue, but in nearly every instance a necessity. Young men must learn and assimilate the truth that neither Rome nor a reputation worth having was ever built in one day or one year. The best antidote for impatience is to forget yourself in what you are devoting your life to accomplishing. Make the most of your job whatever it is, and your job in time will make the most of you, the most of which you are capable."

"Genuine satisfaction never comes from the monetary reward; it must come and does come from the effort you exert, from the achievement you accomplish."

Has Few Outside Interests

Because he believes in doing thoroughly whatever he undertakes, Mr. Thayer has fought shy of accepting directorships in a large number of companies. Some time ago he consented to join the board of the National Bank of Commerce of New York and he soon acquired such a grasp of affairs that he was elected a member of the finance committee and takes a keen interest in the running of the institution. In the same way, when he was honored by being elected a trustee of his *alma mater*, Dartmouth College, he took up his duties with zest, and

(Continued on page 35)

The Atlantic City Conference

Sales Executives and Company Officials Hold Important Meeting

THE week of March 8th will go down in the history of the distributing department as a high water mark in the development of the business.

To most people a week at Atlantic City sounds like a vacation, but not so when a Western Electric conference is being staged. In fact, it would be hard to find a busier place than the Conference Room at the Chalfonte, where two sessions, and in some cases, three sessions were held daily, with just enough time in between meetings for the conferees to get a breath of fresh air on the boardwalk.

In fact, from the time when the crowd from New York en route to Atlantic City had to leave their special Pullman car because it caught on fire, up to the finish of the special entertainment put on after the dinner on Friday night there was something doing every minute.

The general topic of the conference was "A larger and more profitable business" and from the list of subjects which follow, it is apparent that no aspect of the business was overlooked. The papers were of a high order and developed interesting and profitable discussions on the floor.

The keynote of the conference was the greatness of the electrical field and the possibilities of this Company's securing a larger share of the available business in it. Few lines of business these days are developing as rapidly as is the electrical, both because of the increase of present applications of electricity and because of the many new uses. For this reason our own organization, with its chain of 45 distributing houses, located, as they are, at the principal distributing centers of the United States, is in a particularly advantageous position to secure a continually increasing proportion of the business which is being placed.

When the meetings were not on, the big family of Western Electric managers and sales managers, together with representatives of the general department from New York, had an opportunity to extend and develop the warm personal friendships which count so much in our business.

The conference concluded with a shore dinner at the Traymore Hotel, the entertainment for which was supplied by some of the talent among the members. There were some original songs in the singing of which everybody took a lively part, and there were several "stunts" put on under the direction of the versatile Entertainment Committee, headed by the versatile Marcus



George Porter and Leo Dunn spot a cash customer in the distance

Aurelius Curran himself. One of these was a 10,000-word paper which George Carrao, of St. Louis, attempted to read, and another was a travesty on some of the statistical information developed in the meeting early in the week, the two leading actors in this event being Bill Quirk, of Cincinnati, and Ike Maynard, of Detroit, acting respectively the roles of "Statis" and "Tician."

In addition to the regular conferees who were present, President C. G. DuBois

opened the "associate" and "non-associate" sections of the conference and during the proceedings remarks were made by Vice-President H. A. Halligan, and Treasurer J. W. Johnston.

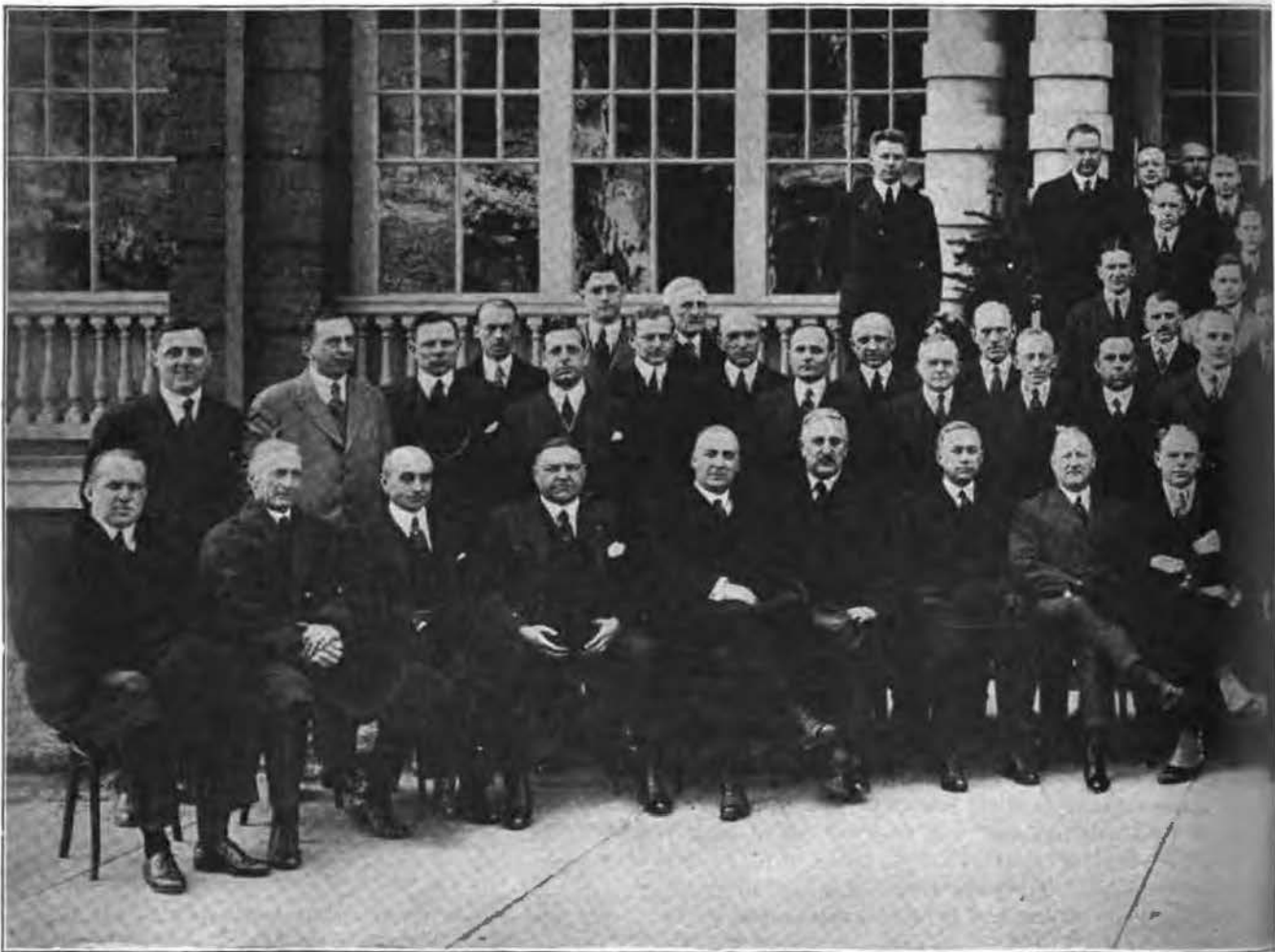
List of Subjects Discussed

Conference on Associate Business

1. Relation of the Western Electric Company to the Associated Telephone Companies. Mr. DuBois.
2. Machine switching equipment from an engineering standpoint. Mr. Jewett.
3. Machine switching equipment from a manufacturing standpoint. Mr. Stoll.
4. Making prices of Western Electric apparatus. Mr. Voorhees.
5. Revised remuneration rates. Mr. Estep.
6. Supply contract auditor's function. Mr. Cox.
7. Sales Budgets. Mr. Gleason.
8. Securing requirements of Western Electric apparatus. Mr. Kennedy.
9. Securing requirements of Not Western Electric apparatus. Mr. Estep.
10. The A and B job at the distributing house. Mr. Street.
11. Purchasing Not Western Electric material. Mr. Salt.

Conference on Non-associate Business

1. Introductory paper. Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Grant.
2. Some studies and conclusions. Mr. Street.
3. Selection and training of salesmen and specialists. Mr. Van Valkenburgh. Discussion opened by Mr. Harper.
4. Office sales organization. Mr. Cullinan. Discussion opened by Mr. Wallis.
5. Assignment and routing of salesmen. Mr. Schnedler. Discussion opened by Mr. Davis.
6. Assignment of outside salesmen by lines. Mr. Drury. Discussion opened by Mr. Hallstrom.
7. What considerations justify the opening of branch store? Mr. Hall. Discussion opened by Mr. Leggett.
8. Relation of the Sales Manager with Stores Department. Mr. Hoagland. Discussion opened by Mr. Quirk.
9. Relation of Sales Manager with Credit Department. Mr. Curran. Discussion opened by Mr. Gilmore.
10. Relation of Sales Manager with the customer. Mr. Goodell. Discussion opened by Mr. Cabaniss.
11. Selection and promotion of profitable business. Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Grant. Discussion opened by Mr. Dunn.
12. Selection and development of dealers and agents. Mr. Berry. Discussion opened by Mr. Collins.
13. Advertising. Mr. Thomson.
14. Ethics of the Business. Mr. Rockafellow.
15. Reciprocity and the Purchasing Agent's point of view. Mr. Salt.
16. The law in relation to modern business. Mr. Sidley.

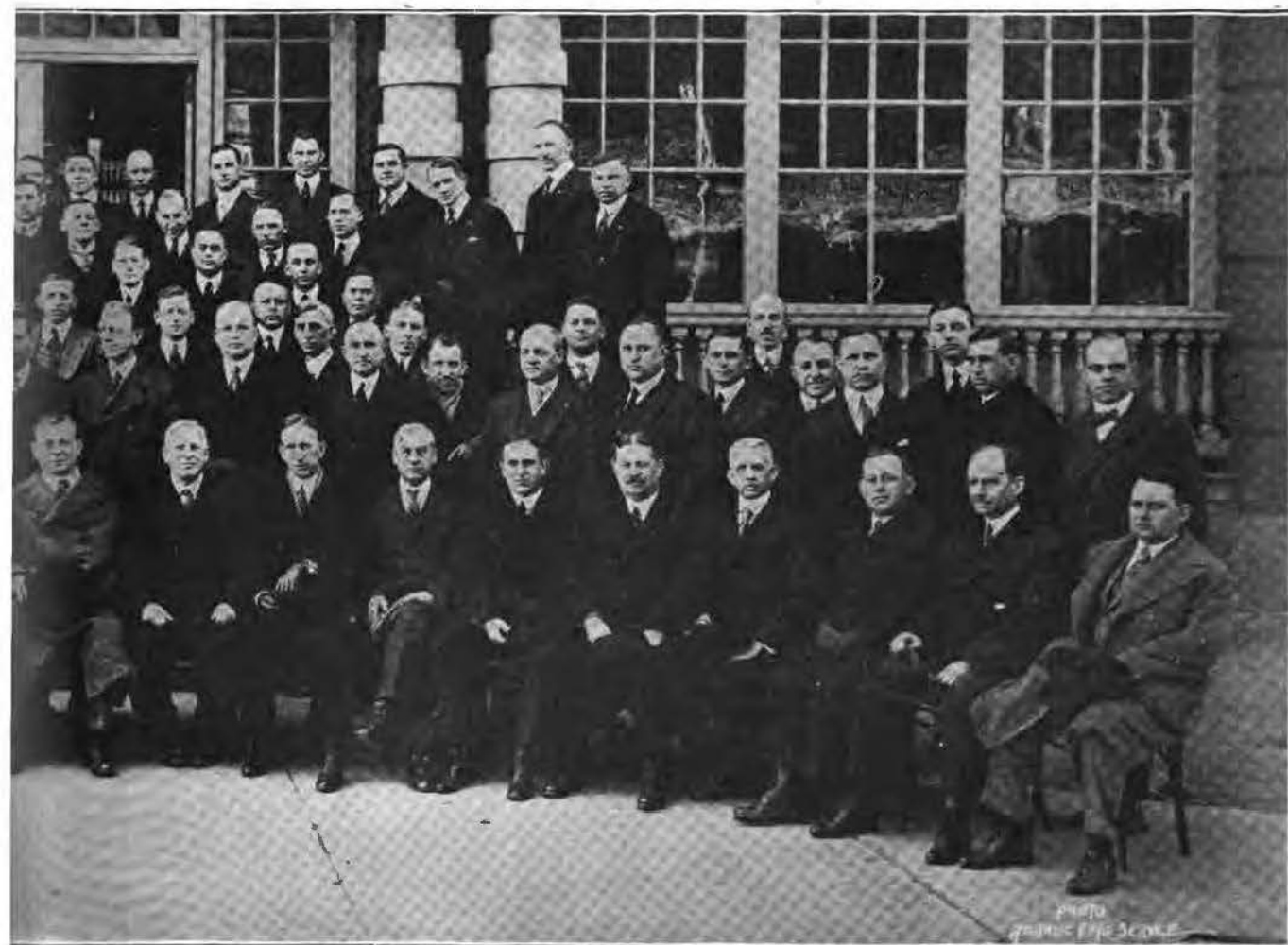


FIRST ROW, SEATED, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, WE HAVE:

W. E. Leigh, Manager Export Department, International Western Electric Company.
 W. S. Berry, Sales Manager, San Francisco.
 J. A. Pizini, Assistant Manager, New York House.
 George Hull Porter, Railroad Sales Manager, Chicago.
 G. E. Cullinan, Central District Manager, Chicago.
 R. W. Van Volkenburgh, Manager, Dallas.
 F. B. Gleason, Contract Sales Manager, New York.
 F. H. Leggett, Eastern District Manager, New York.
 G. E. Pingree, vice-president International Western Electric.
 H. A. Halligan, vice-president, New York.
 E. W. Rockafellow, General Supply Sales Manager, New York.
 F. A. Ketcham, General Sales Manager.
 O. D. Street, General Manager of Distribution.
 M. A. Oberlander, Supply Sales Manager.
 J. I. Colwell, Manager, Seattle.
 J. W. Johnston, Treasurer, New York.
 C. D. Wilkinson, Manager, Minneapolis.
 J. H. Pearson, Norfolk.
 R. H. Gregory, Comptroller, New York.
 E. Cantelo White, General Sales Department, New York.

SECOND ROW, STANDING, LEFT TO RIGHT:

C. E. Roberts, Indianapolis.
 A. L. Hallstrom, Sales Manager, Philadelphia.
 S. Greenfield, Manager, Baltimore.
 Jay W. Skenkle, New York.
 L. M. Dunn, Manager, Philadelphia.
 A. W. Schwenk, Grand Rapids.
 W. B. DeForrest, Sales Manager, Kansas City.
 W. F. Abely, Assistant Manager, Boston.
 J. L. Ray, Power Apparatus Sales Manager, New York.
 H. R. King, Power and Light Sales Manager, New York.
 H. B. Gilmore, Manager, Boston.
 W. P. Hoagland, Sales Manager, Chicago.
 W. H. MacCrellish, Manager, Pittsburgh.
 Ray Mason, New Haven.
 G. K. Heyer, Telephone Sales Manager, New York.
 H. C. Mitchell, International Western Electric.
 G. F. Hessler, Manager, Line Material Department, New York.
 J. W. Foard, International Western Electric, New York.
 H. P. Hess, Sales Manager, Dallas.
 C. D. McClary, Sales Manager, Pittsburgh.
 W. H. Quirk, Manager, Cincinnati.
 M. A. Curran, Manager, Omaha.
 T. K. Stevenson, General Sales Department, New York.



SECOND ROW, STANDING, LEFT TO RIGHT:

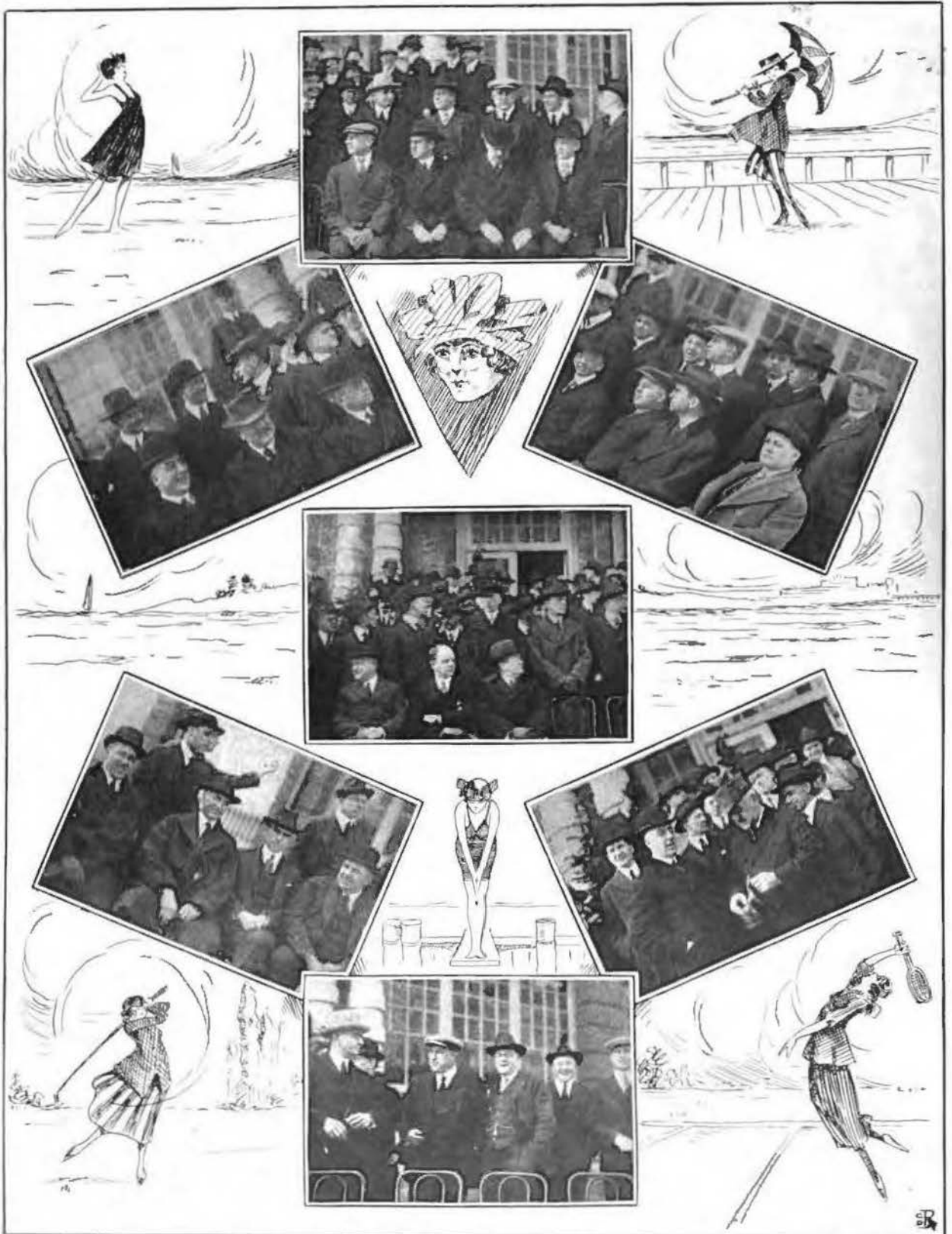
E. J. Wallis, Western District Manager, San Francisco.
F. B. Uhrig, Manager, Kansas City.
H. L. Harper, Manager, Los Angeles.
J. F. McKernan, General Sales Department, New York.
J. F. Davis, Sales Manager, Boston.
N. I. Allen, Boston.
W. R. Phillips, Jacksonville.
M. A. Buehler, Sales Manager, Minneapolis.
C. L. Wells, Oklahoma City.
P. L. Thomson, Advertising Manager, New York.
E. Lum, Sales Manager, Omaha.
H. N. Goodell, Manager, St. Louis.
J. W. Dietz, Educational Director, New York.
W. R. Phillips, Charlotte.
H. L. Grant, Manager, Government Department, New York.

THIRD ROW:

J. J. Rastery, New York House.
E. W. Shepard, General Credit Manager, New York.
C. D. Cabaniss, Sales Manager, Atlanta.
George Carrao, Sales Manager, St. Louis.
W. H. Graham, General Sales Department, New York.
W. T. Walker, Manager, Buffalo.
George Seiss, Cleveland.
G. T. Marchmont, Sales Manager, Richmond.

LAST ROW:

Arthur M. Collins, Manager, Cleveland.
T. L. Holmes, Manager, Denver.
H. B. Stanton, Savannah.
F. H. Van Gorder, Manager, Newark.
W. L. Ostrom, Toronto.
H. W. Hall, Southern District Manager, Atlanta.
C. H. McFee, New Orleans.
R. H. Atkinson, Birmingham.
J. H. Gleason, Chicago.
C. H. Talmage, Manager, Salt Lake City.
E. P. McGrath, Memphis.
A. C. Cornell, Sales Manager, Denver.
A. R. Maynard, Sales Manager, Detroit.
H. C. Goldrick, Syracuse.
J. B. Odell, Manager, Richmond.
F. N. Cooley, Sales Manager, Seattle.
W. H. Tompkins, Milwaukee.
W. A. Schnedler, New York.
W. J. Drury, Sales Manager, New York.
A. B. Sandiford, General Sales Department, New York.
A. R. Loughborough, Sales Manager, Cincinnati.
A. J. Soper, Montreal.
L. A. Johnson, Montreal, both of the Northern Electric Company.



Informal snapshots of the Conferees at Atlantic City. Look like regular fellows, don't they?

Hawthorne Club Holds Big Athletic Meet

Fans Out in Force March 11th to Witness the Last Wrestling Matches of the Season

SAM RASSELFAN carefully fitted his three hundred pounds of good nature between the arms of our very best chair. The chair groaned its protest, but it stood the strain, seeing which Sam indulged in a sigh of satisfaction. Sitting in an untried chair is always a great adventure to Sam. The ordeal over, he spoke. "Say," he inquired, "ain't it the limit?"

"Meaning the chair, Sam, or the H. C. of L., or the

him to paint the bathroom. You waste precious hours doing your housework when you should be reading "The Confessions of a Base Stealer," by Tyrus Cobb, so as to talk baseball intelligently with your husband.' And so on and so forth, tum-tiddy-um-tum-tum. You know the sad lays of these happy home hens who would know exactly how to manage a husband if they only had one?

"Well, of course you see what happened? That's it.



CONTESTANTS IN THE HAWTHORNE CLUB'S ATHLETIC MEET, MARCH 11

Back Row (left to right)—Jindrich, Maser, Coulon, Leon, Peara, Novacek, Proti, Eshelman, MacKenzie
Middle Row—D. J. O'Donnell (Chairman of Wrestling Committee), Stastney, Hallman, Kronemann, Rizzio, Santschi, Luckwaldt, Poeltel, Bulat, Odehmal, Vorrez (physical director)
Front Row—Johnson, W. Vosen, V. V. Vosen, Pinkowsky, Berkos, Schlentz, Stjeskal, Riha

style in ladies' clothes, or the prohibition amendment, or what?" we requested.

"Meaning trying to explain anything to a woman," Sam elucidated—"especially a rastling match. Don't try it. Listen to me, bo, and don't try it."

"Well?" we remarked, with a yes-yes-go-on! inflection.

"That big match the Hawthorne Club put on March 11th, you know," Sam explained. "As usual, I occupied two ringside seats and I'll tell the world it was some rastling meet. But I won't tell the wife! Never again!

"You see, she's been reading some of these women's magazines on 'Humanizing the Husband.' You know how they run: 'I am going to speak frankly in this article. If your husband loves you less than the sporting page, dear sister, the fault is yours. Time was when he hung upon your lightest word. Now you have to speak heavy and emphasize your remarks with the rolling pin. Why? Because you do not share his interests. Do you talk golf with him? No! Instead you pester

Friend Wife developed an interest in rastling and she coaxed me into telling her all about the meet. Of course it ain't never much trouble to get me to talk about rastling, but another session like that is sure going to wreck our happy home."

Sam shook his head in sad reminiscence.

"I began at the beginning," he continued. "'All right,' I said, 'here goes: The mill started at 7:30.' And that's as far as I got.

"'Sam Rasselfan,' says she, 'have you been gambling again?'

"'Gambling?' I asked. 'No. What put that notion into your head?'

"'Then what's this mill you're talking about?' she asked.

"'Why the show, the rastling bouts. What do you suppose it would be?' says I.

"'Oh,' she odled. 'I thought it was some kind of a gambling wheel that turns round and you bet on the numbers. Well, go on.'

"First," I began again, 'was an exhibition bout between R. E. Johnson, a 115-pound youngster, and a little rooster named Billy Vosen, 108 pounds of pep. There was plenty of action. Lots of spring, but no fall. Then came the 125-pounders. Bulat made Fred Luckwaldt like it with a body hold and bar lock in nine and a half minutes.'

"Made him like what?" asked Friend Wife.

"Threw him. Pinned him to the mat," I explained.

"Pinned him to the mat?" exclaimed the Wife. "How brutal! I don't see how he could ever like that. I'd think it would be awful. I suppose they at least sterilize the pins so he won't get blood poisoning. But go on. Tell me the rest of it."

"Ain't it the limit?" remarked Sam in reply to our sympathetic head-shake.

"Well," he continued, "I didn't try to explain. I just went on to see what she'd say next. 'After that,' I says, 'Val Vosen showed us how to pin Pinkowsky in two minutes and twelve seconds with a scissors on the body.'

"My gracious!" screamed the Missus, 'do they cut them open and pin the flap down? This is getting worse and worse. But go on.'

"The next was a cracking good match," said Sam, breaking his narrative. "It was between Frank Stjeskal and Dom Rizzio, 185-pound boys, and it sure was good milling for six and a half minutes before Martin Delaney slapped Stjeskal on the back and declared him the winner. Frank turned the trick with a body scissor and bar arm, and Johnny Berkos pulled the same stuff on Charley Cancilier in the next bout in five and a half minutes. The 158-pound championship went to Olaf Kronemann on aggressiveness. Olaf worked like a nailer, but Stastney was three-fourths angle worm and the rest eel and Kronemann couldn't pin his shoulders down for the fall. In the heavies, Johnny Poeltel made Charley Novacek say uncle in two minutes and 45 seconds of mighty pretty work, with a scissors and wrist lock. That gave Johnny the championship, as there was only one bout in the heavies.

"The 125-pound championship was conceded to Val Vosen, after a little exhibition milling with Bulat, after which there was some fast work when Frank Stjeskal and Walter Schlantz got together. Frank copped the bout and the 185-pound title with a reverse body lock in four minutes and 35 seconds.

"Then Johnny Berkos took on Billy Riha for the 145-pounds crown and it certainly was a clean and clever battle. Spearmint Billy wrigleyed out of one hold after another, but at last, after about ten minutes of it, Johnny clamped a jack-knife hold on him and walked off with the bacon.

"Rizzio grabbed second place in the 185-pound class from Walter Schlantz in five minutes and 25 seconds with a body hold, and Billy Riha battled Charley Cancilier out of second in the 145-pound class in five minutes and 28 seconds with a body hold and bar arm lock.

"Probably the neatest work of the evening was when Spirio Vorres flopped Billy Brown, of the North Side Athletic Club, in two straight falls, the first in three

minutes and 49 seconds with a body scissors and bar arm and the second in four forty-five with a cross body and arm lock. The Hawthorne Club's physical director was about 20 pounds lighter than his opponent, but he made easy work of both matches.

"Yes, but how about you and the wife?" we asked as Bill paused.

"Gee, say," he replied, "ain't that just like me? Here I get so blamed interested talking about the matches that I forget all about what I'm starting to tell you. Well, what happened was this: I thought as long as she'd got the notion that rastling was a rough game I might as well make it good and rough for her. So I told her about a fellow who refused to give up until he had both arms broken and an ear bitten off. I was going good at the time and I fed her a few other horrors of war that I can't think of just now.

"Sam Rassefan," she told me, 'you're a brute and a beast to attend such an exhibition. Yes, and a murderer, too, if any of those men should die, for you were a party to the crime.'

"Well," says I, 'I'm a murderer, then, for according to the latest reports every one of them is expected to die.'

"Oh, Sam," says she, 'and you may be arrested for murder?'

"Well, no, honey," says I. 'I hardly think so. They're all young men and probably most of them won't die until after I do.'

"Oh, you've been teasing me, you horrid thing, you!" says she. 'I'll never, never try to take an interest in your nasty old sports again as long as I live.'

"Which," added Sam with a sly wink, "is why you see me so downhearted."

SUMMARY OF THE WRESTLING BOUTS

Referee, Martin Delaney. Timekeeper, C. J. Malmros. Announcer, Dennis Egan.

115-Pound Class

R. E. Johnson (Dept. 6322), 115 pounds, vs. William Vosen, (6515), 108 pounds. Exhibition match. No decision.

125-Pound Class

(Preliminaries)

J. T. Bulat (6324) vs. F. Luckwaldt (6372). Winner, Bulat. Body hold and bar arm lock. Time, 9 minutes 30 seconds.

V. V. Vosen (6460) vs. L. Pinkowsky (5376). Winner, Vosen. Body scissors and bar arm. Time, 2 minutes 12 seconds.

(Finals)

V. V. Vosen (6460) vs. J. T. Bulat (6324). Bout conceded to Vosen without finishing.

155-Pound Class

(Preliminaries)

D. J. Rizzio (6129) vs. F. Stjeskal (6337). Winner, Stjeskal. Body scissors and bar arm. Time, 6 minutes 30 seconds.

(Finals)

W. Schlantz (5376) vs. F. Stjeskal (6337). Winner, Stjeskal. Reverse body lock. Time, 4 minutes 35 seconds.

D. J. Rizzio (6129) vs. W. Schlantz (5376). Winner of second place, Rizzio. Body hold. Time, 5 minutes 25 seconds

145-Pound Class

J. Berkos (5376) vs. C. Cancilier (6346). Winner, Berkos. Bar arm and body scissors. Time, 5 minutes 30 seconds.

J. Berkos (5376) vs. W. Riha (6618). Winner championship, Berkos. Jack-knife hold. Time, 10 minutes 5 seconds.

W. Riha (6618) vs. C. Cancilier (6346). Winner second place, Riha. Body hold and bar arm. Time, 5 minutes 28 seconds.

158-Pound Class

(Championship)

J. Stastney (6460) vs. O. Kronemann (6460). Winner, Kronemann. Decision. Time, 15 minutes.

(Continued on page 35)

AROUND THE CIRCUIT

GOSSIP GATHERED BY THE DISTRIBUTING HOUSE CORRESPONDENTS



Hold Tight! You're On a Busy Wire

"Fer goodness' sake, man, I'm answering you; give me a minute.

"Hello—Westerrrrnnnn—Mr. Loughborough ain't in yet. I really couldn't say. Yessir, I'll have him call ye.

"Kate, old kid, in the words of our friend Cæsar—'There was a party.' History is goin' to ring with the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary that we held here in Cincinnati.

"Good mornin', Mr. Burr. Can't come down? Sick? No! Oh, yes; all right, I'll tell him.

"Yep, Kate, Abe Lincoln was sure lucky to get himself born on the day we gave the party. We were there 130 strong, every man, woman and salesman from the company. Class? I'll say so, at the ballroom of the Sinton Hotel. We had a corkin' good meal and the thing went off like it was rehearsed for a month.

"Westerrrrnnnn—jussaminute—

"What you say, Kate, clothes? I wisht I had words to describe the clothes that was there. Ross D. had on the sweetest cordion-pleated, pinch-back suit. Mr. Wolfstyn looked like a blend of Hart-Schaffner-Marx and an Arrow collar ad. He's the only really good-looking man we got, you know; the rest of 'em only just get by, that's all.

"Yes. Hello! Oh, yes! Mr. McGann just went out a minit ago. Said he was tryin' to get you all mornin' and the line was busy, but he'd call you soon's he got in. Yessir, I'll tell him.

"Oh, Kate, that's the way you have to tell stories for these salesmen. I'll tell that bird when he get's in to give me some new alibies.

"We had it all fixed up for Mr. Cullinan to come and look us over, but he didn't show up; but Mr. McQuaide ate his share of ice-cream. And talkin' about Mr. McQuaide, he was called on by Mr. Quirk to make a speech. Well, he started out to tell us that 'when he come he had

no idea he would be called on to speak.' Kate, I personally saw the porter empty his waste basket three times Wednesday. I bet he spoiled a ream of paper tryin' to write something appropriate.

"Yes. Hello—Westerrrrnnnn—jussaminute—

"Mr. Loughborough left the office about 4:30 in order to absorb a lot of ideas and came to the party that evening just chuck full. He sure did put over a good speech, without notes, about cooperation plus—I don't know plus what, but I think he meant cooperation plus ideas.

"Ross D. said in his speech that if the United States wanted a business man for the next President, one that could really run the Government right, he had just the man for the job. He didn't mention any names, but he said that he had known this man for a great many years. I'll bet he had aspirations.

"Farm Lite Herrmann got up to make a presentation speech to Mr. McQuaide. Jim sure thought he was going to get a gold watch or a dozen eggs or something about as expensive. Herrmann said that what he was going to give him would bring him wisdom and strength. I haven't yet figured out how Jim could get any more wisdom than he has, but I feel sure the onions that Herrmann gave him will give him strength.

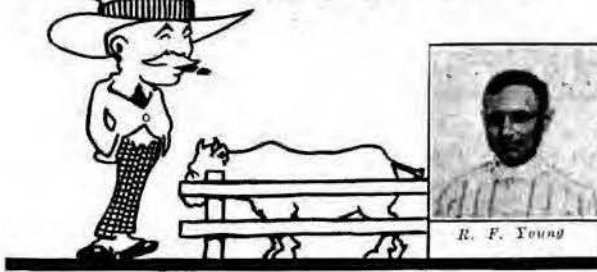
"As a fitting close Mr. Quirk got up. You know our boss; well, Kate, you can see how funny it was when he stands up and says he didn't want to make a speech. Can you beat that? Why, I'll bet every time he sees a soap box he starts to clear his throat, put his right hand into his coat like an orator and asks for a pitcher of ice water.

"Hello! Say, Larry, don't you get fresh with me. If you'd answer your bell half as fast as you want me to answer I'd be satisfied.

"After the supper was et, they brung on the dance, as the sayin' is. Kid, we sure did trip the light fantastic. Mr. Loughborough kept tryin' to dance with me all the time. He's a punk dancer and guess he was practisin' on me, so finally after he'd wore all the polish off my shoes, I says to him—do you know what I says to him?—well, I says—who'd you think you are?—you pay me for those shoes and I'll dance with you for a week—and you oughta heard him laff—but he took the hint, all right.

"Well, the bunch flat-footed around until twelve o'clock, when we was all invited by Mr. Quirk to go home, 'cause it was a week day and we had to get up the next mornin' to come to work. I never missed a dance or anything else, and, say, we're goin' to have another shindig some time before spring—ain't that grand?"

CHICAGO



The Ten Foot-Candle Club Formed

The Sunbeam lighting specialists with the Western Electric Company, stationed in the various houses throughout the country, have organized the Ten Foot-Candle Club to cooperate with associations such as the Illuminating Engineering Society, in the campaign to promote the use of higher intensities in the illumination of factories and mills. The club has adopted as its slogan "Devoted to the promotion of adequate illumination properly diffused and without glare." There are no dues and no officers except T. J. Rider, Jr., of the Chicago Sunbeam Office. Mr. Rider founded the club, and signs himself "Chief Lumen." The club has its own stationery, on which the foot-candle meter forms the most conspicuous part of the design and which contains a list of charter members."

Detroit

A. R. Maynard, Sales Manager at Detroit, Comes Across with Something Good

W. J. Moore, manager of the Moore Telephone Company of Caro, Mich., is one of Detroit's best customers. He is the possessor of a unique automobile. Mr. Maynard sent to the News the following description of the car which was printed in one of the local papers. It is, in effect, a house on wheels.



Mr. Moore in his trick limousine. The Anniversary Issue of the "Western Electric News" is reposing near the open box of cigars

It was designed from specifications made by Mr. Moore, and has many features that contribute to the comforts of long journeys.

The chassis was made to order by the Cadillac Motor Co. It has 144-inch wheel base, while the engine is patterned after the style of the Cadillac eight-cylinder engine. The limousine body was made by a Chicago firm. The seats are arranged similar to those of a Pullman coach, with a capacity for seven persons. Each individual seat can be turned to face in any direction or can be moved forward or backward, or taken out entirely. There

are also two folding couches, or beds. Back of the rear seat is a refrigerator and kitchenette.

Under the seat is kept a folding table which, when placed in position, will carry glasses or cups filled with liquids, and the contents are undisturbed even when the car is moving at a speed of 25 miles an hour. This is due in part to the heavy pneumatic springs, a part of the unusual equipment.

There are also two electric fans, and the car has a telephone system which permits an easy telephone connection with telephone lines anywhere, with communication direct from the auto.

The car also has a receptacle containing field glasses, telescope, camera, and vacuum bottles, mirror, comb case set and other toilet articles. It also has an electrically induced heating plant. A periscope is placed in convenient position for the driver who can command a view of what is transpiring in the rear of the machine.

The car is equipped further with sixteen electric lights, inside and out, which, with the electric fans, are ever at the immediate command of the driver. The windows can be let down or wide open in a brief effort, and the occupants can be completely housed against the elements, if it is so desired. A light on the steps of the car operates automatically as the car doors are opened at night. The auto is a cozy living room on wheels, and excites the admiration of all who have seen it. It is a novelty, to say the least.



April Fool!

There was a man in our town
And he was wondrous wise,
He filled his cellar full of booze
And voted with the Drys.

He went on Sunday to his church
And fervently did pray,
"Alas," said he, "the curse of drink
Is leading men astray."

When prohibition really came
He sought his cellar store,
And found his "licker" had been swiped,
Then loudly did he roar.

He hied himself forthwith to those
Who bootlegg'd in the town,
And bought a pint for twenty bucks
To wash his sorrows down.

There was a man in our town,
Alas, that he should die:
He drank denatured alcohol
Though he had voted dry.

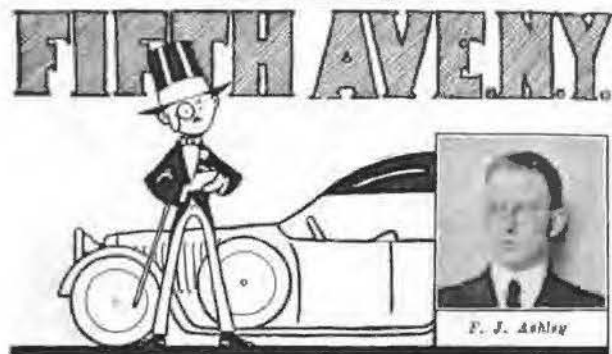
—S. L. Rodgers.

Omaha is Banting

The Omaha House lost weight in February. Figuratively speaking, we lost about 200 lbs. when Mr. Buehler's sylph-like figure was transferred to Minneapolis. He had been Sales Manager at Omaha for the past two and one-half years, and had been power apparatus specialist during the two years previous to that.

A farewell banquet (can they still be so termed) was given in his honor at the Fontenelle Hotel, and in the course of the evening Mr. Buehler learned more about himself from the various speakers than he had ever known before. By the time the last speaker had run out of breath, our former Sales Manager decided he had been underestimating himself and that he was a pretty good, all-around sort of guy after all.

Manager Curran, toastmaster of the evening, bespoke Buehler's worth with so much feeling that he well nigh moved his audience to tears. As a reminder of the many friends he was leaving in Omaha, Mr. Buehler was presented with a handsome gold knife and chain.



How Was the Water—Van?

Childhood memories often influence later actions. We wonder if that theory had anything to do with the fact that Fred Van Gorder ran off and left his shoes in the office when the Sales Conference opened at Atlantic City.

Burke Interested in Spiritualism

One of the Jersey salesmen decided recently that an evening at the poker table would not do him much harm but just how he was to explain his night out seemed the big question. After a little conference with Al Ackerman, however, he found himself in possession of a letter from one of his customers stating that it was absolutely necessary that he visit his office that night. When wifie did exert her privilege the devoted benedict reached into his coat, explained how necessary it was that he help out a customer in distress and passed her the envelope—unopened. Some family insight?

The Lighter Side of College Life

The papers had been filled for weeks with articles describing the light shed by collegiate education. A teachers' convention had just closed after telling the world what a dark dismal place it would be but for the radiance of its institutions of education. The universities had to instruct their information departments that they were not in the central station business. At that

moment a great industrial plant found itself without light—its supply of lamps had dwindled, a freight and express embargo prevented any chance of a special shipment. It seemed that the service department must fail in the crisis when Olds bethought himself of the colleges and their relation to light. Incidentally Brown University was only a short distance from one of the Sunbeam lamp works. What was more natural than that several of the Brunonians should get a sudden desire to investigate factory conditions in New York at the urgent request of the local service expert? Suffice it to say that their advent brought plenty of illumination to the plant for when they departed to their Fair Alma Mater, after having inadvertently forgotten their baggage, there seemed to be few empty sockets in the factory work-rooms.

Another One on the Weather Man

Norman White had spent considerable time and effort in preparing for an irate customer an explanation of just why that shipment was delayed this time. He described that Uncle Sam had seen fit to place an embargo upon his pet carrier, preventing a much needed delivery. The stenographic department decided to go him one better, however, for when he was about to send his letter in the mail he noted that he was regretting the fact that "A fog has been placed upon Long Island."

Syracuse

Road Work Popular With Syracuse Salesmen

Syracuse held its first monthly meeting "For the Good of the Service" about a month ago and after the regular procedure had been followed, the entire organization was entertained at the Chamber of Commerce where a chicken and fish dinner was served. Harry Goldrick then introduced Madame de Palma, a Hindoo sooth-sayer of the First Magnitude whose particular job is to give family skeletons the vacuum sweeper treatment. Two of the salesmen have stuck to the road ever since.

Rays Raise Ruland's Friend

Frank Ruland, our genial stores manager, was rather amazed recently to get a call from one of his friends who lives close to one of the city parks, which by the way has an installation of thirty-two 1,000-Watt W. E. floodlights. His friend stated that he had risen at 3 A. M. and had rushed through his morning ablutions under the impression that it was high noon. Someone had gone home and forgotten to wind the time-switch on one of the towers situated next to his domicile.

New Haven

The Telephone and Western Electric Company's employees of New Haven have organized a dancing club, meeting every Friday evening at Newman's Hall. All the new steps are being taught by an instructor. The club was opened on January 9 by a masquerade ball.

The W. E. Installers have drawn down second prize in the Tel. Co's "Liberty" Bowling League, which came to a close recently. A new league is already in the making.

—W. R. Huxton

Buffalo

The Ten-Hour Day and a Moan

By A. BRANSTOR, *Damager*

8-10 A. M.:

Absorb morning mail.
 Conference with stores manager.
 Trucks running.
 Interviewed by dear lady collecting for relief of the women of the Far East.
 Energize salesman reporting.
 Talk with suppliers man on wood alcohol epidemic.

10-12 A. M.:

Nerve myself for the New York mail and speculate on my W. K. three score and ten.
 Receive report as to probable latitude and longitude of missing salesman.
 Conference with stores manager.
 She's running not.
 Interview by dear lady collecting for relief of the women of the Far West.
 Talk with suppliers man on question of getting it over from Canada.

12-2 P. M.:

"Jipped" last one for a lunch.
 Salesmen reported en route.
 Conference with stores manager, over anæmic credit good customer.
 Interviewed by dear lady collecting for relief of the women of the Far North.
 Talk with suppliers man on Montreal as a "week-ender."

2-4 P. M.:

Answer New York mail and speculate on W. K. 8 and 10.
 Salesmen report heavy with W. P. wire orders two points low.
 Conference with stores manager over anæmic credit other good customer.
 Interviewed by dear lady collecting for relief of the women of the Far South.
 Talk with suppliers man on risk of manufacture and transportation.

4-6 P. M.:

New York talks with me—by for another day.
 Energize other salesman.
 Conference with stores manager—both curse automobile industry.
 Depart hurriedly by rear door as dear lady appears at front.



Introducing Our New Correspondent

Mr. Parkinson has been in the Western Electric Company's employ since March 8, 1905, when he became associated with our Pittsburgh house organization. He took a minor position in the Receiving Department, from which he worked up to the position of head of the Service Department in the Pittsburgh house. He was transferred to Philadelphia in January, 1911, where he filled the position of Buyer until February, 1913, when he was transferred to Cleveland, taking up work here as Assistant Stores Manager. Some two years later he was transferred to the local Sales Department, and has since been one of our leading men in the City selling organization.



Atlanta Celebrates Additions to the "Brass Button" Family

IF any bunch of fellows ever had a better time than those who attended the dinner on last Monday evening, March 1, which was held at the Piedmont Hotel, you will have to show us.

This dinner was given by the Company, celebrating the presentation of ten-year service buttons to the fourteen Atlanta shop employees, who were taken over by the Western Electric Company with the Atlanta shop on March 1, 1910.

It will be noted from the photograph that there is only one female employee in this shop group. Miss Katie (Winder) Flury, but she is the best fellow in the bunch.

All of the employees of the Atlanta organization holding ten-year and over ten-year service buttons were present, a total of forty, with the exception of Mr. C. D. Jamison, of Savannah; Mr. Albert Twilley, Atlanta, and

Mr. C. D. Cabaniss, Sales Manager. Owing to the indisposition of Mr. Cabaniss from the effects of a recent trip to Birmingham, the following resolution was adopted:

"WHEREAS, the members of the Brass Button Club deeply deplore the absence of Mr. C. D. Cabaniss, on account of sickness, at this our first "Get Together" dinner, therefore,

"BE IT RESOLVED, that hereafter, whenever a family gathering is scheduled, arrangements must be made to keep Mr. Cabaniss away from the influence of fellow business men, who lure him into calling meetings for would-be business purposes, so that they may not have an opportunity of wandering away far from the straight and narrow path; especially when the spirits imbued at such gatherings are not near so productive of that good and wholesome fellowship as is found in our own dear family."

Place cards were arranged for each member, his name being changed to suit the occasion. These names, read out by members of the committee, created much amusement for the crowd. Among those present were:

Mr. "Heavy Weight" Hall, Mr. "Work Easy" Gathright, Mr. William "Beware" Wallace, Mr. "Just Sell 'Em" Shaw, Mr. "Early Runt" DeNise, Miss "Ma" Harris, Miss "Aunt Alice" Webb, Miss "Bill" Williamson, Miss "Edna 'Ello" Edwards, Miss Katie "Stem-winder" Flury, Mr. "Fuse D. & W." Killion, Mr. "Willie Hurry" Gibbs, Mr. "Big Fat" Duncan, Mr. "Watch Me" Dickenson, Mr. Harry "Always" Smith, Mr. "Ever Here" Smith, and others.

While dinner was being served Mr. Hall read the names of all those who were to receive ten-year service buttons, and he also announced their "Bell System" service. As the names were called, each one stood and was presented with a button.

One of the most interesting features of the evening was the presentation of a thirty-year service button to Mr. W. B. Wallace, Credit Manager, by Mr. F. D. Killion, of the General Sales Department, who was a guest at the dinner, and was asked to make the presentation address.

Mr. Wallace began his career with the Western Electric Company at New York in 1890, in the Credit and Collection Department. On October 16, 1911, he was transferred to Atlanta as Assistant Treasurer, and on November 18, 1915, he was



W. B. Wallace, Credit Manager, Atlanta

made Credit Manager and Cashier, which position he now holds.

We are all very proud of Mr. Wallace's service record, as his years of service are almost double those of any one else in the Atlanta organization.

Upon presentation of his button Mr. Wallace remarked that he hoped to remain with the Company long enough to receive another thirty-year button, and from present indications we have no doubt that his wishes will be gratified, and we sincerely hope that it will be to his and the Company's interest for him to remain in the Atlanta house during this service.



T. W. Wilmer

Irrefutable!

WITHIN the last three years there has been a very large, spacious and beautiful Union Station built in Richmond, located on the outskirts of the city.

One of our New York office visitors came to Richmond recently and descended from the train at the new station. "Bag, suh! Yes, suh; nice morning, suh," cried a porter; and, of course, got the bag. Upon arriving at the entrance the visitor turned to his dusky guide and said: "George, what on earth did they put this station way out in the country for? Why, I used to be able to walk from the old station to my hotel. Why on earth did they put it here?"

"Lord, boss," said George, "'deed I don' know why dey done it, lessen dey jus' want to put it longside de railroad track."

And our New York visitor was satisfied.

Statistical

"These lines and systems operated 28,827,188 miles of wire in the United States—enough to girdle the earth at the equator 1,153 times."—From J. W. Dietz's "Growth of the Telephone Industry."

Sales in 1919, our biggest year, were \$1,586,498. Converted into dollar bills and placed end to end they would reach from Richmond to Petersburg, thence to Suffolk and Norfolk, across Hampton Roads in a fruitless visit to the Chamberlin bar, and back to Richmond again.

Using the same dollar bills as soap wrappers, they would accommodate enough soap to provide 1,586,498 Russian Bolsheviki with their accustomed requirements, and at the end of the year each would still have one cake left.



Atlanta shop employees who received 10-year buttons on March 1, 1920

There would be enough of them to cover Fifth Avenue from Union Square to the Flatiron Building, but not very long.

Changed into pennies and dropped one at a time on a 2½-inch brass gong, at a rate of ten per second, they would supply enough dings to equip 4,347 alarm clocks for one year's service. The average alarm clock isn't guaranteed for even that long.

These same pennies would pay the war tax on enough moving picture tickets to allow a man thirty years old to take his family to the movies every night except Sunday. If he started with his wife and four children, and every twenty years each child married and started to raise a family of four children, and this procedure kept up every twenty years, the tickets wouldn't give out until the original parents were 161 years, 10 months and 22 days old, and their descendants numbered 27,304.

Assuming that the average movie holds slightly less than two thousand people, a new theatre would be required every six months after the hundredth year, 27,806 seats being required to accommodate the last party.

To show a different picture each night would necessitate the use of 338,040,000 feet of film, enough to exhaust the celluloid groves of Afghanistan, Baluchistan, Siam and Borneo.

To show one Charlie Chaplin film each week, with its regular quota of custard pie shots, would mean 56,340 pies (cut into four slices), requiring 9,390 dozen eggs, 14,085 gallons of milk, 113 barrels of sugar and 30,424 kilowatts of electricity to bake them, one at a time, in a Western Electric-Hughes range.



Manager J. B. Odell
the Richmond
Nimrod

One of the arduous parts of the Richmond manager's job. He doesn't claim he shot it himself, and maybe that's because he knows we wouldn't believe him anyway.

PITTSBURGH



I. H. Stafford

The Orchestra Will Now Play "Hearts and Flowers"

Found attached to old switchboard returned to Tele-

phone stock by a Pittsburgh manufacturer. The best of friends must part.

By the L. & S. Operator, 1412 River Ave.

"IN MEMORY"

Farewell good old switch-board
For 15 years did'st serve me well
Even though quite often was bored
By customers who tried to give me hell
Although I tried to take it with good grace
And answering with smiling voice
Would soothe the aggrieved one
But alas all thy sparkling wires are cut
And no more troubling voice to pierce
Through thy good old trusty frame
With really truly salty tears
I once more bid thee farewell
Good old trusty Switch-board farewell.

This Pittsburgh Customer Wrote the Right Man,
Apparently

Attention, Mr. Swift.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Gentlemen:

"The seven motors shipped February 10 from Windsor, Connecticut, routed New Haven, B. & O. Railroad," have not yet reached Morgantown.

The writer paid for and received the deed for a lot in the cemetery this week. We sincerely hope and pray that the good Lord will be kind enough to us to permit us to stay on this terrestrial ball long enough to at least get a glimpse of these motors before being planted on that lot.

If there is anything under the heavens or earth or among men that you can do to get a prompt delivery of these motors, for God's sake do it, and oblige,

Yours very truly,

BLANK CO.



"Attention! Mr. Street"

WE claim to be the Champion Small Order getters, and in support of our contention reproduce a letter received from a customer recently.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY,

Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen:

We are sending you a Blue Bell Battery taken from one of your 1317-P Wall sets you furnished us for the State of Maine.

Will you kindly repair this and return to us.

SAN FRANCISCO



No More Blondes for Sam

WITH a fistful of red-tagged shipping tickets marked "urgent," the Office Pest paused beside my desk.

"Sam is sore at his blonde dame," he volunteered. "Why so?"

"Well, last Thursday night Sam took her into an ice cream joint and ordered two sodas. The waiter brought two sodas and two straws.

"What are the straws for?" says the dame. (I guess Sam had never taken her out on pay day before.)

"To suck your soda with," says Sam.

"So they vacuumed a while, and then the dame calls the waiter.

"My sucker is broke," she says.

"Thanks, Madam," says the waiter. And then he grabs Sam and bounces him out.

"I guess that's why Sam is sore. He says he can't see that blonde dame with a spy-glass."

Perhaps He's Right!

Speaking of vacuums, we heard Howard Gift tell a customer the other day that our No. 12 Vacuum cleaner was so called because it was twelve times as good as previous types.

"The Adventure of the Anonymous Postcard"

We deplore Chicago's ignorance of contemporary literature, as evidenced by their mailing an unsigned postcard to us. We thought that everyone knew that Mr. Sherlock Holmes lives in London, at 22½ Baker Street. Let him solve the mystery.

Philadelphia Must Look to Her Laurels

In dire need of certain Christmas heating material we wire the factory to speed it. "Will ship December twenty-third," came the answer. "That'll take twenty days and we must have it here by Christmas morning," professed our specialist, "So wire them to hand the stuff to Santa Claus!"

He Is Used to Making Things Hot

To Lieutenant-General Hunter Liggett, one of the conductors of that 1918 personally conducted tour to St. Mihiel, the Argonne, Sedan, and other Berlin way stations, we have just sold a No. 60 Hughes range. Should he ever start again, we can replace the legs by a caterpillar tread.

Rupert W. Mackie Dies

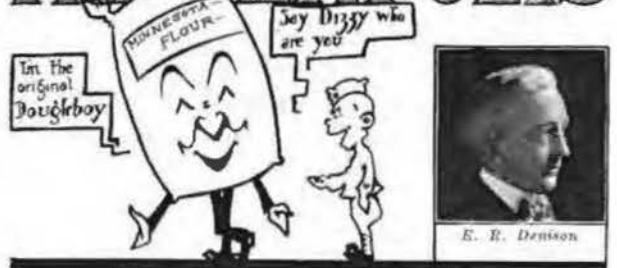
The untimely death of Rupert W. Mackie from typhoid fever was a great shock and grief to us. He had been a member of the San Francisco organization since soon after its acquisition by the Company and had been identified with many phases of its work. Not only by us, but throughout all his territory, as wide as many Eastern States, "Bob" was known and loved everywhere as a cheery, loyal, great-hearted fellow.

To Mrs. Mackie and to his little son we extend our sincere sympathy. We shall miss him.



R. W. Mackie

MINNEAPOLIS



E. R. Denison

Minneapolis House Has Winning Bowling Team

The Minneapolis House has a winning bowling team in the "Pioneer Bowling League," one of the oldest and fastest leagues in this city.



Back Row, left to right: W. O. Hille, W. C. Johnson, L. C. Olson.
Front Row, left to right: C. M. Johnson, L. E. Luckman, C. O. Sweeney

The picture shows the six men who are "making Minneapolis famous." Our team is leading and the following score will be of interest to all followers of the bowling game:

TEAM	WON	LOST	AVERAGE
Western Electric Co.....	24	12	911-31
Snyders	23	18	908-12
Marquettes	22	14	904- 0
Independent Meats	21	15	908-15
Santrios	20	16	911- 9
Camels	19	17	925- 3
Orphans	19	17	902-21
Philbrooks	16	20	894-24
Cammack Piano	15	21	899- 6
Northeast Feed Mill	13	23	903- 8
Powers Mercantile	13	23	898-17
Western Crucible Steel.....	11	25	837-28

Mr. C. M. Johnson (lower left-hand corner) claims this is some team and that the above is some score, but then he is Chief Claim Clerk in Stores Department.



The Days of Real Sport

Here is a photograph taken in 1903 at 228 West Fifth Street, Kansas City, Missouri, which was the original location of the Kansas City house which was opened in April of that year.

There are four boys in this picture who are still with the Company.

The boy in the short pants on the front row on the extreme left is Walter Smith, still in Kansas City.

The boy in the front row in the center with the white collar and light cap on is Frank Barber, at present Power Apparatus Specialist at the Dallas house.

The boy on the left in the back row is Mitchell Hilt, who is still in Kansas City.



And to the right of him, if we mistake not, is Harry Harper, Los Angeles manager.

Emeryville



Emeryville is an athletic sort of place. Here is a volley ball game between Emeryville and Berkeley in progress



The great American pastime is played in Emeryville all winter. Here is the team that plays Berkeley regularly



Baltimore

DID you have some of the select Bermudas? Yea, bo! We did on the evening of January 24.

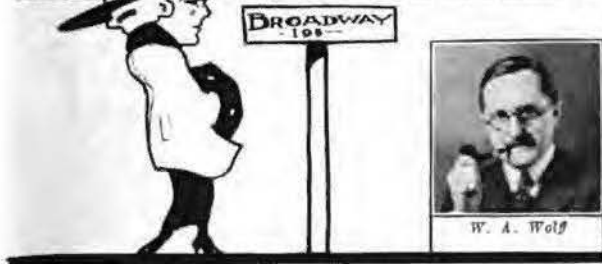
For no reason whatever the gang at 5 Light Street Toll Job held a stag. And, furthermore, if you have any idea that a certain crew is superstitious, glance around the table. So far no wax pots have topped over or cables cut short.

The insert looks as if it might have been taken afterwards, but really it wasn't—the bottles were still full. Bless the dear things!

Those present are, from left to right, Winnie, Fant, Burrell, Morlan, Shock, Moore, Martin, Lee, Beveridge, Schultz, Kirwan, Wicklin and Bear.



NEW YORK



"Smile, Damn You, Smile"

Frank C. Bulta and J. F. Greenawalt, publicity managers of the Northwestern and Southwestern Telephone Groups, respectively, used to think, before their recent trip to New York, that the man you could put your trust in was the bird that greeted you with a smile. Well, that was a natural belief since Bulta hailed from Omaha and Greenawalt from Denver.

But, hark to their tale of woe! They both got mixed up in the subway system and, paging the Pennsylvania Hotel, came up for air in Penn Station.

They halted a suburbanite sprinting for the Long Island trains.

"How do you get to the Pennsylvania Hotel?" inquired Bulta, with a grin.

The man addressed, jerked a thumb over his shoulder and hurried on.

Again, they hailed a passerby. This time, they were told, in the gruffest possible manner, to go across the street.

"What I wouldn't give to see some stranger grin," groaned Greenawalt.

The next day—it happened to be Sunday—the pair strolled to the Hippodrome. A large sign announced the fact that a "Concert" was in progress.

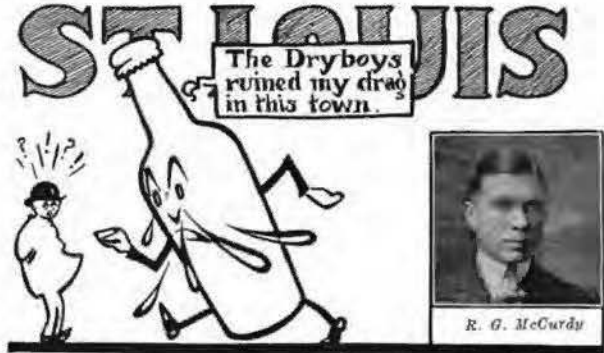
Neither one felt inclined toward the highbrow, so they

inquired of the imposing looking doorman whether this "concert" did not include a few snappy vaudeville acts.

"Sure," said the doorman, smiling expansively.

The Westerners coughed up a couple of bucks, went inside, and sat out an hour or so, bored stiff with grand opera, served neat.

"New York is a terrible town," Greenawalt declared in telling the story on himself later, "The only guy that stung us good, was the guy that had a little sunshine in his system."



WADD ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN

Here we have, from left to right, E. H. Wadington, Western District Line material manager; T. R. Harber, purchasing agent of the Kansas City Light and Power Co., and W. A. Schnedler, of the General Department, New York

DENVER



See What Happened to Mr. and Mrs. Western

Victor C. Western, a florist, said that his wife, May Western, became infatuated with another man while they lived in England and deserted him in 1906. Divorces were granted to these applicants.—*Rocky Mountain News*, Jan. 3, 1920.
—Tyler Holmes.



Ernest H. Miller—30 Years



Back in April, 1890, a raw-boned young man stepped into the Western Electric Company, at 500 South Clinton Street, looking for a job.

This young man was Ernest H. Miller, now shipping clerk at the Chicago house. He was put to work in the shipping department by J. C. McDonnell, the shipping clerk at that time.

That was 30 years ago. Now, when any one around the Chicago house

wants any information regarding ante-bellum shipping conditions, they simply go down to Ernest, instead of pawing over a lot of musty records.

Mr. Miller knows just about every dock, freight platform and switch track in Chicago. He can tell a driver how to get across town in the quickest possible time with a load of goods. He also knows how to get things out over the shipping platform with neatness and despatch, which is one of the important factors in our business.

Mr. Miller will get his thirty-year service badge in April.

F. A. Sioberg—30 Years

There's one thing about the old-time buzz-saw—it not only sang like a hornet, but it meant business as well. Either you took your hands off when it hummed or it took them off. But in the thirty years of F. A. Sioberg's Western Electric career he has seen the safety-first experts extract the buzz-saw's stinger, until now it is as harmless as a June bug. There isn't quite as much excitement around a wood shop nowadays as there was when Frank started, but then, on the other hand, there aren't so many fingers to sweep up off the floor in the evening, either.

Mr. Sioberg came with the Company as an expert cabinetmaker in the woodworking department of the old Clinton Street shops. He has been with the woodworking departments ever since and is now employed in the Woodwork Mill Department at Hawthorne, where he is a section chief, in charge of mill work. His four-star button is due on the 21st of this month.

H. D. Agnew—25 Years



One of the largest jobbers in the Middle West is H. D. Agnew, if we are correct in assuming that a jobber is a man who gives out jobs. Mr. Agnew is head of the Employment Division at the Hawthorne Works, where there are some 20,000 jobs to be kept full to overflowing with handsome, efficient, peppy people like you and me.

Mr. Agnew first got acquainted with the hiring machinery of the Western Electric Company when he got himself hired in the shop's Cost Department of the old New York factory, April 5, 1895. From this position he went into the Piece-Work Rates Department, became assistant department head, went back to Shop Costs as assistant department head, transferred to the Payroll Department as its chief and then became Shop Chief Clerk. In May, 1910, he was transferred to Hawthorne as head of the Piece-Work Rates Department of the C. R. & L. shops. Later the piece-work rates for the Plant Department and for the Printing Plant were also put under his jurisdiction, and there the position of Engineer of Layouts for the Cable shop was added. In December, 1915, he was put in charge of the Work's Employment Division, his present position.

Mr. Agnew is a charter member of the Hawthorne Club and has served on its Executive Committee and as head of the Publicity Committee. He has been one of the Hawthorne associate editors of the News ever since the Hawthorne Board was organized, and has done much to make the News a success. While in New York, Harry belonged to the cavalry, where he wielded a wicked spur, but since settling in the Wild West he has calmed down consid-

erably, and to-day he is known as one of the safest baby-buggy pilots in Oak Park. Autoing and tennis are his only vices.

Mr. Agnew pins on twenty-five years' worth of stars this month.

C. W. Bergquist—25 Years



C. W. Bergquist began his Western career as a wood finisher, but he quit after a short time because of something the foreman said to him. As nearly as he can remember, it was: "Get out; you're fired." As Charley had never tried woodworking in his life until he got that job at Clinton Street, he admits that probably the foreman was justified. Anyway, just to show there were no hard feelings, Charley decided to look around the shop a bit before leaving it forever. He had only got as far as the Magneto Sub-set Assembly Department when the foreman hailed him: "Hey, boy, got a job?" "Nope," replied Charley sententiously. "Take off your coat," said the foreman, and Charley has been in our midst ever since.

Now for a rapid survey of Mr. Bergquist's W. E. achievements, with a few dates thrown in to give you your bearings: Began, fired, rehired, 1895. Sub-set Testing Department, 1898. Shop Costs, 1901 (becoming head of the section later). In charge of Messenger Department, 1902. Head of General Mailing Department, 1904. Assistant Chief Clerk, in charge of Office Service Departments, 1905. Clerical Inspector, 1907. Head of Bookkeeping Department, February, 1908. Assistant Chief Clerk, in charge of Accounting, May, 1908. Chief Clerk, October, 1908. To Hawthorne as Assistant Chief of Clerical Service Departments, December, 1908. Works Accountant of Hawthorne Works, September, 1909. Head of Clerical Service Department, January, 1910. In charge of Financial Department July, 1910. Head of Benefit Fund Section of Employment and Welfare Branch, December, 1914. Present position, in charge of Relief Division, March 1, 1915.

After all that you'll admit Mr. Bergquist is entitled to a twenty-five-year service button.

Incidentally, Charley claims to be the worst golf player at Hawthorne, aside from Billy Ruthven, but the News refuses to take sides in any family squabble.

F. L. Cox—25 Years



F. L. Cox somehow or other has escaped notice in print these twenty-five years. So this will introduce him to those that don't know him. Starting in with the Western in the old Construction Department, he found his way into the house wiring game. Eventually he had charge of all the wiring and motors that helped make the wheels in 463 West Street go round to grind out telephone appar-

atus. That was in the days of the old New York shop. Later Mr. Cox was transferred to the Engineering Department and placed in charge of the P. B. X., which connects West Street with civilization. To-day he is still in charge of the Board in addition to other work on circuit development.

F. A. Ketcham—20 Years



In April, 1900, Frank Ketcham went to work for the Company as head of the Advertising Department in Chicago. So consistently has he kept at it, that now he has simultaneously attached to his person a twenty-year button and the title of General Sales Manager.

His first promotion was from the Advertising Department (those were in the peacetime days of advertising) to Supply Storekeeper. In 1905 Frank was made Telephone Storekeeper, and the next year Chief Clerk at Chicago. Now, there is a

firm belief in the Company that if you get to be Chief Clerk at Chicago—especially if you had an office in the old Jefferson Street row—you are picked by Fate to become a Western celebrity.

Mr. Ketcham was no exception. The next year—1907—he was made Assistant Manager. Twelve months later he took on the additional responsibilities attached to the job of Central District Superintendent. Two years later he was acting Manager in Chicago, and the next year Manager. June, 1911, saw him signing his mail over the titles of Manager at Chicago and Central District Manager.

In December, 1918, he said good-bye to the West, and moved into the fifteenth floor of 195 Broadway. If you are looking for General Sales Manager Ketcham, that is the place to find him.

Herman Pape—20 Years

If putting two and two together makes four, what does putting twenty and twenty together make? The answer is one, if the problem refers to machine parts, and Herman Pape is doing the assembling. We might make it more emphatic by saying "one and none to carry," for Herman never has a piece or two left over when he puts a machine together. Don't ask us how he knows where all the parts go. Our youthful investigations of such subjects ceased after a trip to the woodshed years ago, just subsequent to a clinic we held on dad's watch.

Mr. Pape has always worked at machine assembly for the Western. His service dates from April 24, 1900, when he was hired at the old Clinton Street shops. Up until 1910 he worked principally at motor assembly in the Power Apparatus shops, going to Hawthorne when that work was moved to the (then) new factory in 1905. Since 1910 he has been located in the Cable Plant.

Herman was fond of hunting in his younger days. He was born in Germany, near one of the Kaiser's estates, and he used to take great delight in poaching on Bill's forty or fifty square miles of yard. He used to envy the Kaiser those days, but he doesn't any more. Sawing wood doesn't appeal particularly to Herman.

Double ought subtracts easily from twenty, so you can figure for yourself that Mr. Pape's new service button should wear two stars.

Albert Gottwald—20 Years



When a man hasn't been sick a day in twenty years, and when he is universally good natured, with a smile brighter than a Sunbeam Mazda, does that prove that good nature makes a man healthy, or does it prove that health makes a man good natured? While you are thinking it over, meet Albert Gottwald, holder of the Cable shops running broad smile record.

Mr. Gottwald is a machinist by trade.

He first put his smile to work for the Western at Clinton Street in April, 1900. Machine repairing and assembling have been his specialties during most of the time since, and he is one of the Company's very best workmen in his line.

Albert has an eye for beauty, and he declares that the Cable shop has the best-looking girls in Chicago. Since the rest of the Hawthorne Plant is outside the city limits we are not inclined to dispute him. Otherwise we would hesitate to make any distinction among the Hawthorne girls. However, if Albert will cover the whole plant and claim that our girls are the best looking in the universe we'll support him to the limit.

W. E. Russell—20 Years



If you believe all you read in the papers about the inefficiency of police officers, just try to get into the Hawthorne works without a clock card or a pass. If you choose the main entrance to the Cable Plant for your experiment you will run up against a firm but courteous obstacle in the person of Officer Russell. He will listen patiently while you tell him all the reasons why you should be allowed to go

in, but all the same you *don't* get in without that pass.

Twenty years ago Mr. Russell began getting acquainted with all the various and ingenious reasons why Billy Bull and Betty Bunk should not be required to live up to Company rules, and he has grown more and more deaf on the subject ever since. He started as a police officer at Clinton Street and is, with one exception, the only service man on the Hawthorne force that has always belonged to the Company's police organization.

Officer Russell's history seems to run in twos. He has two decades of service to his credit, has only lost two days in that time from sickness and has only been late two times in the whole twenty years. To top off, he gets two stars on his new service button this month.

E. J. Hirsman—20 Years

Back in the golden days when a nickel was still a respectable coin and could be traded for a large cold glass of foaming thirst-quencher, Ed Hirsman used to repair coin collectors and every once in a while, oh, joy! he would find a nickel or two caught somewhere in their midst. Ed grew so slick at the trick that one day he offered to show a brunette gentleman how to shake nickels out of African coin collectors. The result was that by the time the coon put up his freckled cubes Ed had decided to draw the color line on coin collectors forever. (Of course, we were not there at the time, but some of Ed's best friends tell that story on him, so there can be no doubt of its truth.)

Mr. Hirsman did not start with the Western as a coin collector expert. He began in the Key Department at Clinton Street in 1900, and his first job was assembling keys. Three years later he went into the Repair Department, where he got his experience with coin collectors and the numerous other pieces of apparatus the department handles. He moved to Hawthorne with the department in 1908 and is now a gang chief in charge of the adjusting on relays, drops, signals and similar apparatus.

Besides being a hunter, a fisher and a politician, Ed is a right and left handed kiddy, with a self-starting tongue, and the News would have to issue a special loose-leaf edition to keep up to date on him if he were to be reported in detail. That being impossible, we shall just call attention to his new two-star service button and quit.

C. L. Wenzel—20 Years

The last time we heard of C. L. Wenzel he was brightening things in the Metal Finishing Department at Clinton Street Repair shop, Chicago. That was five years ago, and he had just received a fifteen-year button. However, Chicago was too far from Wreck Lead and the Cholera Banks (pronounced Cullera Benks) of Long Island, where life-size fish abound. So in 1917 Wenzel came back to his old stamping ground and was put in charge of the Metal Finishing shop of the New York local house. He hopes that this little item will arouse pangs of jealousy in the hearts of those other ex-New Yorkers who must be content with the microscopic perch that inhabit Lake Michigan.

A. Montresar—20 Years



Old U. B. Careful himself could get some points about his own specialty if he would take a trip down to the Hawthorne Works Tool Room and watch Anton Montresar make gauges. It makes your patience ache just to look on. Gauges do the checking on Hawthorne accuracy, and they have to be right—not approximately right, but right. And Anton is the man who can make them that way, too.

Mr. Montresar has been doing particular jobs in the Western Electric tool rooms since April, 1900, when he took a position at Clinton Street, as a tool, die and gauge maker. In 1905 he was transferred to Hawthorne in the old power apparatus tool room. In 1909 he went to the Cable Plant tool room, and in 1912 he was again transferred, this time to the main Hawthorne tool room in the Telephone Apparatus Building.

If you care to try a little gauge work yourself, you can gauge Mr. Montresar's length of service by the two stars on his new service button.

George J. Cossman—20 Years

From Western Electric office boy to Western Electric Salesman. That's the experience of George J. Cossman, Chicago City salesman who received his 20-year badge on March 29th. And it did not take 20 years to bridge that gap either. It is the true story of a boy who didn't jump his job and go chasing rainbows which promised 50 cents more per week.

George started out in our mailing department with a basket on his shoulder just like other youngsters are making their rounds today. He did his work well and always with a smiling countenance. It is related, and pretty soon he was promoted to the position of office boy for Mr. C. D. Crandall, General Manager, and Walter Robbins, then in charge of our Power Apparatus sales.

Later, at different times, he became a clerk in the stationery, claims, billing and voucher departments and finally in the sales department where he worked for such well known men as E. S. Holmes, W. M. Carpenter and F. B. Gleason.

By 1907, George (No one calls him Cossman at Chicago) had absorbed enough knowledge of sales work to embark on a sales career of his own so he started out with a grip in one hand and the proverbial W. E. Catalog in the other. He was then a full fledged telephone office and traveling salesman. He continued in that capacity until 1919 when he entered the supply sales work.

Now he has on his calling list the Pullman Company, Pressed Steel Car Co., Inland Steel Co. and other prosperous Northern Indiana customers.

Lawrence Norris—20 Years

The difference between live wires and dead wires is that if you touch dead wires you are alive, but if you touch live wires you are dead (provided, of course, that the live wires are lively enough). In any event, you get a jolt that makes you afraid to touch anything at all for some time afterward. That is one reason why nobody at Hawthorne is allowed to touch the electric wiring except the experts of the plant departments. One of these is Lawrence Norris.

Mr. Norris began his Western Electric service as a sub-set inspector at Clinton Street. He stayed on that job about a year and a half and then entered the electric wiring department. In 1906 he

was transferred to Hawthorne. For about six years he had charge of the maintenance of electric wiring and electrical equipment in the coil winding department. His work for the past four years has been inspecting electrical equipment throughout the entire Hawthorne plant. The 15th of March Mr. Norris entered the engineering training department, where he is now engaged in fitting himself for a position as a telephone power engineer.

Mr. Norris's service is two stars long this month.

Other Fifteen-Year Men

Nabors, A. G., Chicago.....	April 9
Thomas, W. H., Chicago.....	" 12
Caestecker, J. J., Chicago.....	" 25
Fort, J. F., Hawthorne, 9197.....	" 4
Johnson, W. M., Hawthorne, 7884.....	" 10
Baren, E., Hawthorne, 5736.....	" 11
Hubata, F., Hawthorne, 6829.....	" 17
Parker, A. W., Hawthorne, 6872.....	" 17
Wertzler, A., Hawthorne, 6640.....	" 19
Donovan, T., New York, Engineering.....	" 4

Fifteen Years



A. Celovsky
Chicago



W. F. Immerfall
Hawthorne



J. T. Weber
Hawthorne



C. Grimson
Hawthorne



K. A. Riffee
Hawthorne



E. I. F. Heinrich
Hawthorne



C. A. Terrall
Hawthorne



B. Lien
Hawthorne



L. Rodks
Hawthorne



P. Schmid
Hawthorne



J. Friedl
Hawthorne



C. J. Swanson
Hawthorne



P. O'Connor
New York



J. D. Lozier
Philadelphia

Ten Years

Beck, M., Atlanta.....	April 1
Fuller, S., Atlanta.....	" 1
Lange, W. H., Atlanta.....	" 1
Gatright, M. S., Atlanta.....	" 7
Schmidt, W. J., Chicago.....	" 1
Hamberger, F. L., Chicago.....	" 4
Toepper, C., Hawthorne, 6822.....	" 1
Banassak, J., Hawthorne, 5786.....	" 2
Rafferty, J., Hawthorne, 9806.....	" 2
Barnes, H., Hawthorne, 6845.....	" 2
Whitehouse, S. A., Hawthorne, 5865.....	" 4
Cohan, B. M., Hawthorne, 6508.....	" 4
Haag, F., Hawthorne, 6339.....	" 4
Knutson, Margaret, Hawthorne, 5951.....	" 4
Nagorsen, H. R., Hawthorne, 7482.....	" 4
Petrich, Edith, Hawthorne, 6092.....	" 4
Kalb, W., Hawthorne, 6680.....	" 4
Eringis, Anna, Hawthorne, 7892.....	" 5
Jucikas, J., Hawthorne, 6389.....	" 5
Noble, R. L., Hawthorne, 6118.....	" 5
Drwal, A., Hawthorne, 5850.....	" 7
Leschinski, J., Hawthorne, 6315.....	" 7
Mitchell, B. P., Hawthorne, 6460.....	" 7
Williams, A. S., Hawthorne, 6615.....	" 7
Rodgers, W. G., Hawthorne, 7168.....	" 8
Rudolph, H. E., Hawthorne, 6824.....	" 9
Andrew, A., Hawthorne, 6460.....	" 11
Kucharczyk, K., Hawthorne, 6819.....	" 11
Metzger, W. W., Hawthorne, Inst.....	" 11
Liska, J. F., Hawthorne, 6129.....	" 12
Smith, H. W., Hawthorne, 6088.....	" 13
Selvig, J. N., Hawthorne, 6445.....	" 12
Tuider, F., Hawthorne, 6800.....	" 12
Walsno, J., Hawthorne, 7888.....	" 12
Kaderka, J., Hawthorne, 5849.....	" 12
Cerny, J. E., Hawthorne, 6811.....	" 14
Dinella, F. E., Hawthorne, 6883.....	" 14
Brosig, I., Hawthorne, 5873.....	" 15
Murphy, Mary, Hawthorne, 6640.....	" 15
Musiak, J., Hawthorne, 6811.....	" 15
Warner, O., Hawthorne, 6658.....	" 18
Clifford, J. J., Hawthorne, Inst.....	" 18
Ostrowski, J., Hawthorne, 6889.....	" 18
Palm, J. P., Hawthorne, 6302.....	" 19
Schraeder, A., Hawthorne, 5876.....	" 18
Stachowiak, Casimira, Hawthorne, 6616.....	" 18
Carmody, Minnie, Hawthorne, 7881.....	" 19
Guidone, N., Hawthorne, 5876.....	" 19
Senne, E. D., Hawthorne, 5918.....	" 19

Reaser, A. E., Hawthorne, 8149.....	"	19
Costell, Victoria, Hawthorne 6031.....	"	20
Driscoll, D. J., Hawthorne, 6302.....	"	20
Kristofetz, S., Hawthorne, Inst.....	"	20
Auksztakalis, S., Hawthorne, 6332.....	"	21
Skilan, J., Hawthorne, 6315.....	"	21
Stewart, W. J., Hawthorne, 6336.....	"	21
Vojslavek, A., Hawthorne, 6301.....	"	21
Mielcarski, F., Hawthorne, 6343.....	"	21
Grillo, S., Hawthorne, 6336.....	"	22
Nixon, W., Hawthorne, 6031.....	"	22
Podlewski, J. F., Hawthorne, 6324.....	"	22
Cave, W., Hawthorne, 6333.....	"	23
Evertsen, I., Hawthorne, 6113.....	"	23
Nelson, Ovidia, Hawthorne, 6644.....	"	25
Rubin, A. L., Hawthorne, 7382.....	"	25
Schultz, M., Hawthorne, 6460.....	"	26
Thielsen, C. O. P., Hawthorne, 6325.....	"	26
Winter, A. E., Hawthorne, 7382.....	"	26
Novak, Jos. No. 3, Hawthorne, 6333.....	"	27
Miksaneck, J., Hawthorne, 5771.....	"	28
Schultz, A. G., Hawthorne, 6460.....	"	28
Schwandt, H., Hawthorne, 5791.....	"	29
Dickinson, L. E., New York, Engineering.....	"	1
Newton, W. E., New York, Engineering.....	"	5
Drake, C., New York, Engineering.....	"	5
Kohnert, P., New York, Engineering.....	"	14
Allan, A., New York, Engineering.....	"	18
Kubic, L., New York, Engineering.....	"	26
Nagel, W. H., New York, Distributing.....	"	8
Cronin, W., New York, Distributing.....	"	13
Wheatley, T. H., New York, Distributing.....	"	29
Schaad, Marie B., New York, 195 Broadway.....	"	14
Lippmann, F. E., Jr., Saint Louis.....	"	12
Fryklund, A. R., San Francisco.....	"	4

Eastern Installation Department Bowling League

Philadelphia Team No. 1 sorrowful but wiser, you will note finished in second place after holding the lead for 12 of the 18 weeks which constituted the Bowling Season.

How did it happen? Ask Doc Wiley, captain of Philadelphia 4 Team.

Appreciating Doc's reticence in such matters, "Doc Watson," his biographer, was approached for details relating the following with what appeared to be suppressed emotion: Doc Wiley, enamored of the strategem of General Pershing in the late war reasoned that if he could get the Wilmington, Del., crowd (Philadelphia No. 1 Team) off their own alleys their scores would suffer. Biding his time, General Wiley shot a challenge at Captain Ludlam (leader of the Philadelphia No. 1 Team) who on receipt, feeling peeved at the severity of the Wilmington, Del., weather, promptly accepted. In due time Captain Ludlam led his warriors Philadelphia way—and bowling that night on alleys familiar to the No. 4 Team, made a miserable showing.

Was Doc Wiley's strategy successful? I leave it to your gentle readers.

—J. J. CLIFFORD.

**Matches Played During Week of February 23, 1920
Final Report No. 13**

1st Game	2nd Game	3rd Game	Total	Ave.	1st Game	2nd Game	3rd Game	Total	Ave.
New York 1	forfeit	forfeit	739	746	826	2311	770.3		
New York 2	forfeit	forfeit	787	667	745	2199	733.0		
New York 3*810	968	876	2674	891.3	Phil. 3	689	690	2068	689.3
New York 4	forfeit	forfeit	828	861	823	2512	837.3		
Baltimore 1. 805	748	687	2240	746.6	Phil. 5	817	798	2333	777.6
Baltimore 2. 645	689	677	2011	670.3	Pitts. 1	834	868	2432	811.3
Baltimore 3. 585	585	668	1838	612.6	Pitts. 2	649	629	1881	627.0

Standing of the Clubs

Team	Won	Lost	P.C.	Team	Won	Lost	P.C.
Philadelphia 4.....	60	18	769	Baltimore 1.....	36	42	461
Philadelphia 1.....	59	19	756	Baltimore 2.....	38	42	461
New York 3.....	56	22	717	New York 1.....	29	49	371
Philadelphia 5.....	55	23	705	New York 2.....	24	54	307
Pittsburgh 1.....	54	24	692	Pittsburgh 2.....	22	56	282
Philadelphia 2.....	42	36	538	Baltimore 3.....	20	58	256
Philadelphia 3.....	37	41	474	New York 4.....	13	65	166

Individual High Score (To Date)

Individual	Score	Date Made	Individual	Score	Date Made
Fenton, G. D.....	247	2-9-20	Covey, F. M.....	228	3-1-20
Wager, R. P.....	234	1-7-20	Edens, J. H.....	222	1-30-20
Weber, G. L.....	234	2-2-20	Davis, A. J.....	215	2-26-20
Callender, H. A.....	233	2-26-20	Hynes, J.....	214	1-20-20
Redmond, J. P.....	227	1-20-20	Norton, E. G.....	213	1-13-20

Individual High Average (To Date)

Individual	Average	Team	Individual	Average	Team
Covey, F. M.....	176.1	New York 3	Oest, W.....	163.3	New York 2
Redmond, J. P.....	167.5	Philadelphia 5	Rittenhouse, E. L.....	160.4	Philadelphia 4
Hynes, J.....	166.0	Philadelphia 5	Groger, J.....	159.8	New York 3
Weber, G. L.....	167.0	Philadelphia 1	Davis, A. J.....	159.1	Pittsburgh 1
Ilay C.....	166.6	New York 3	Seaman, G. E.....	158.9	Philadelphia 1

Team High Score

Team	Score	Date Made	Team	Score	Date Made
New York 3.....	988	3-1-20	Philadelphia 4.....	873	2-10-20
Philadelphia 5.....	943	1-20-20	Pittsburgh 1.....	871	2-16-20

* Due to excessive amount of overtime worked week of February 23, 1920, New York 3 team bowled March 1, 1920.

Machine Switching

(Concluded from page 10)

area of 5,000 square feet, and that was for only one set of drawings. So much for the preliminary engineering work that is involved in this new project of ours.

After all this work is completed the Manufacturing Department is confronted with the problem of translating this information into shop language, making the detailed drawings of the apparatus, designing and constructing tools for its manufacture and a thousand and one other details which must be provided before actual commercial production can commence.

The fact that machine switching equipments are now being manufactured and installed is an indication of the intensive preparation work that has been going on for the past few years.

It is hoped that the foregoing will serve in a measure, at least, to give our readers a little better picture of what it is all about.

How H. B. Thayer Became Leader of 210,000 People
(Concluded from page 16)

makes a point of attending meetings as regularly as lies within his power.

He finds his recreation in his family, his friends and his unique country home. Indeed, his country place is more than a home; he has made of it a cozy, family colony.

Charles M. Schwab was conducting a visitor over his huge steel works at Bethlehem when the latter asked, "Whoever will you find to take your place?" "There he is!" instantly replied Mr. Schwab, pointing to a young man hurrying through the mill. The young man was Eugene G. Grace. In the same way Theodore N. Vail, if asked that question, would point to Harry B. Thayer. And Mr. Vail has a reputation second to none in America for being able to size up and select men.

Summary of Wrestling Bouts

(Concluded from page 22)

Heavyweight Class

(Championship)

C. Novacek (6326) vs. J. M. Poeltel (5376). Winner, Poeltel. Body scissors and wrist lock. Time, 2 minutes 45 seconds

Exhibition Match—Two Falls

S. Vorres (physical director, Hawthorne Club) vs. Billy Brown (North Side Athletic Club). Winner, first fall, Vorres. Body scissors and bar arm. Time, 3 minutes 49 seconds. Winner second fall, Vorres. Cross body and arm lock. Time, 4 minutes 45 seconds.

APRIL SHOWERS AND FOOLS

1 "I DON'T WANT TO TAKE A SHOWER. I'D RATHER TAKE A FOOL'S BATH."

2 "I'M GOING TO TAKE A SHOWER. I'D RATHER TAKE A FOOL'S BATH."

3 "I'M GOING TO TAKE A SHOWER. I'D RATHER TAKE A FOOL'S BATH."

4 "I'M GOING TO TAKE A SHOWER. I'D RATHER TAKE A FOOL'S BATH."

5 "I'M GOING TO TAKE A SHOWER. I'D RATHER TAKE A FOOL'S BATH."

6 "I'M GOING TO TAKE A SHOWER. I'D RATHER TAKE A FOOL'S BATH."

7 "I'M GOING TO TAKE A SHOWER. I'D RATHER TAKE A FOOL'S BATH."

8 "I'M GOING TO TAKE A SHOWER. I'D RATHER TAKE A FOOL'S BATH."

9 "I'M GOING TO TAKE A SHOWER. I'D RATHER TAKE A FOOL'S BATH."

10 "I'M GOING TO TAKE A SHOWER. I'D RATHER TAKE A FOOL'S BATH."

11 "I'M GOING TO TAKE A SHOWER. I'D RATHER TAKE A FOOL'S BATH."

12 "I'M GOING TO TAKE A SHOWER. I'D RATHER TAKE A FOOL'S BATH."

13 "I'M GOING TO TAKE A SHOWER. I'D RATHER TAKE A FOOL'S BATH."

14 "I'M GOING TO TAKE A SHOWER. I'D RATHER TAKE A FOOL'S BATH."

15 "I'M GOING TO TAKE A SHOWER. I'D RATHER TAKE A FOOL'S BATH."

16 "I'M GOING TO TAKE A SHOWER. I'D RATHER TAKE A FOOL'S BATH."

Smith had no time for our outfit

*But Shetrone saved time
with Western Electric
Power—and he saved
money, too.*

FARMER SMITH'S letter, printed below, shows the attitude of many farmers toward power on the farm. Farmer Shetrone's figures, printed above, are the most convincing proof that Western Electric Power and Light is a real economy.

Western Electric Co.

Dear Sirs:

"To my mind there's been too much talk about what electric power and light will do on a farm, and too little proof. As far as I can see, electricity on my farm will amount to a luxury I can't afford.

"You haven't proved to me that if I install your outfit I can operate enough machinery with it to make it a paying investment. So I don't see why I should put in Western Electric Power and Light till you do prove that point."

J.H.S.M.



Makes the Battery last longer

The Company's Power and Light business is going ahead by leaps and bounds. Our factory production, this year about five times that of 1919, will fall far short of meeting the demand from the farmers of the country for this modern comfort-bringing, labor-saving device.

This advertisement, appearing in the representative farm press of the country, is one of six that will be read by millions of farmers this Spring.

SAVINGS WITH WESTERN ELECTRIC POWER, OCTOBER, 1919

Savings:—

	Time	Money
Milking Machine	15 1/2 hours	\$15.50
Separating and Churning (Instead of trip to creamery)	37 hours	37.00
Running Water		
Electric Lights (No cleaning or filling of lamps necessary)	31 hours	15.50
Extra Profits from Butter	5 hours	1.50
Extra Profits from Buttermilk		63.28
		8.30

Operating Costs:—

Kerosene		
Gasoline	52 hours	4.50
Depreciation and Interest	52 hours	.58
		31.00

Total Savings \$141.08

Total Costs \$36.08
NET SAVINGS \$105.00



County of Bradford, State of Pennsylvania—Sworn and subscribed before me, a Justice of the Peace in and for said county and state this 7th day of January, 1920.

F. H. PIERCE, J. P.

My commission expires January 3, 1922.

W. E. Shetrone

How we answered him

It wasn't hard to convince our friend that a Western Electric Power and Light Outfit is an economy, a real money-maker on the farm. We had the proof—not the usual run of manufacturer's claims, but an actual table of savings made by a real farmer—W. E. Shetrone of Le Raysville, Pa.—as a result of installing Western Electric Power and Light on his farm.

To back up this evidence we told Mr. Smith where he could see our motion picture, "The Go-Getter"—a story of old, wasteful methods and the up to date, economical system of farming with Western Electric Power. Ask your Western Electric dealer when "The Go-Getter" will play in your

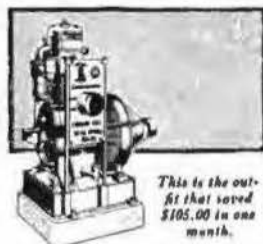
neighborhood—and go see it. This interesting movie tells you

How power can put money into your pocket

The Western Electric Power and Light Outfit is built with an extra capacity engine to operate any machinery you have been turning by hand. The table above shows how in pumping and churning and milking alone, Western Electric Power actually made a hundred dollars in one month.

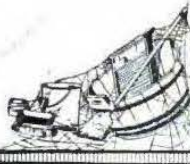
It's the extra power Western Electric engine and long-life battery that do it.

Our booklet SL3 is the one that gives you facts and figures as to how Western Electric Power and Light can help you in your farm work. So just send a post card to the Western Electric Company, St. Louis, Kansas City or Cincinnati—and ask for Booklet SL3.



This is the outfit that saved \$105.00 in one month.

SOME GOOD TERRITORY STILL AVAILABLE FOR LIVE-WIRE REPRESENTATIVES.



ELECTRICAL HOUSEKEEPING

A department for homemakers

Edited by Mrs. June Strickland

Published and copyrighted by Western Electric Company



Mrs. Strickland spends a part of each day in a big, New York Department store helping women to choose electrical appliances for the home. She believes that most women overlook the really important points because so few women have a knowledge of mechanics.

I can guide you in my department here almost as well as if I were at your elbow in a store. But remember those two rules of mine when you finally go to buy.

"Why, this Western Electric is so easy to lift as the baby!" Not hubby won't listening—he was deep in "lubrication" and "air cooling!"

Two Good Rules for choosing a Vacuum Cleaner

1. Lift it before you buy it.
2. Take a man along.

clever little hoop attachment keeps the dirt and dust in one spot. It can empty my bag onto a folded newspaper, if necessary, without scattering a bit of dust.

How Much Suction Power?

When the Western Electric man told me that his cleaner had stronger suction than any other motor driven brush machine, I was a little doubtful because I had seen other cleaners the suction of which raised the rug or carpet from the floor.

Since this never happened with the Western Electric I assumed that its suction power was not so great. But now I know that the reason is not lack of power but because the ingenious design of the Western Electric counteracts against the lifting power of the suction by its own weight as it passes over the rug.

I was very much taken with this feature because I never could see how it could be anything but harmful to the sizing of glue on the back of fine rugs to be continually bent and cracked as they are under some cleaners.

I often say that it seems almost as if this Western Electric Vacuum Cleaner had been designed by a woman, so carefully have those little points that only a woman would think of, been taken care of.

But don't think that the "man mechanics" that man proper engineering construction have been left out.

Most women aren't interested in machinery, as machinery (I know I'm not), but most men are. And that's why I say again "take a man along" when you choose your cleaner.

How About Durability?

I've heard men, who had passed over as non-essentials the points that I thought most of, wax enthusiastic over the lubricating system, that needs oiling only once a month and the air cooling tubes which, they say, keep the motor from any possible over-heating.

It is these engineering points, they tell me, that make the Western Electric so staunch and durable, even though competitive salesmen say that it is so light that it can't last.

I know, from long experience, how durable it is, and any woman can test its light weight by lifting it.

And just as a final warning, don't buy a vacuum cleaner without getting the attachments. Some women do this because it looks like a little economy and they don't realize what useful labor savers they are.

I know now that my upholstery and hangings were never really clean until I used the vacuum on them. Every one of these attachments has a special and a useful purpose. It's false economy to try to do without them.



Note how effectively the dirt is blown into and captured in the bag thru the usual type of cleaner opening of the bottom.

BEFORE we get into the details of vacuum cleaners, let's think a moment of the old-fashioned method of cleaning. Not necessarily of the back breaking drudgery and the waste of time and energy that it entailed—everyone realizes that—but of the point that thorough cleaning used to mean the use of three kinds of tools and three separate operations. Real housecleaning meant more than merely sweeping—it meant first beating carpets, rugs and draperies to get out the imbedded dust and dirt that the broom couldn't reach. And then, even on a thoroughly swept surface, there was always the necessity of gathering the particles of lint, thread, hair, etc., that required stooping and a dust pan and brush.

Will It Clean Three Ways?

So, just as "broom cleaning" has never been enough to satisfy the careful housewife, the vacuum cleaner that only does the work of the broom, or that fails to perform the other two kinds of cleaning—beating and "brushing up"—is, after all, only a shiftless labor saver for you.

The old style vacuum cleaners had no brush whatever. They trusted to suction as a substitute for beating and "brushing up" and, although they were a big advance over the broom, they left much to be desired as thorough cleaning machines.

Some manufacturers realized this and have added brushes to their cleaners. But where, as in most cases, these brushes revolve only with the casters of the machine, depending upon the

speed that you push the cleaner for the force of the brushing action, they are no more efficient than a broom in the hands of a languid worker. The brush in my Western Electric cleaner is driven by the motor and is so geared that it revolves with exactly the speed and force that have been found by scientific experiment to give the best brushing results without harm to the surface. The woman who has really discovered the knack of hand sweeping realizes best just how important this is.

Only with a motor driven brush can you get this extra efficiency, so make sure of this point when you choose a cleaner.

Moreover, my Western Electric is so constructed that I can "switch off" the brush when the attachments are used, as easily as I can "switch off" an electric light. And that's another point to look for because some cleaners necessitate a very bothersome detaching operation when the brush is not to be used.

Taking Care of the Dust

By all means take particular notice of the arrangement of the dust bag.

One of the things that I like best about the Western Electric is that the dust is drawn up into the bag through a tube running up the center of the bag and it is blown out of this tube into a compartment that opens only at the top.

This is a big advantage over the usual type of bag that opens at the bottom, because with this type I know from experience how easy it is for dust and dirt to get out in carrying the cleaner from room to room.

With the Western Electric not a particle of dirt can possibly get out until you empty the bag by reversing it, and then a

The Western Electric Handicap Machine has several points of design that will interest you.

The Western Electric is really a perfect dust sweeper, but when it is closed it's just a handy kitchen table.



Most housewives find one for more than one electric tool.

The Western Electric cleaning Machine makes cleaning a pleasure.

You Will Want This Book

The Western Electric Co. has just published an interesting book on the use of electrical appliances in the home. Every housekeeper will find in it helpful suggestions as to how to do the same work better, in less time and with less drudgery. It may help you to solve your serious problems. A little postal sent to Western Electric Co., Electrical Housekeeping Department, 18 Day Street, New York, will bring the book promptly with our compliments.

[This is the second of our series of advertisements in women's magazines.]

TECHNOLOGIST DIVISION

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Western Electric

NEWS

5th Ave.



EFFETE
EAST
NUMBER

VOL. 9. NO. 5.

JULY 1920.



Charged!!

If subscribers could go to market and buy a month's supply of electricity they could save a little on the bill. That's because they would be moving an expensive item from the central station's program—that of delivering current on call, F. O. B. socket.

Indeed the lighting company's hardest work begins where the layman would expect its troubles to be about over. The consumer, though sensing the difficulties of generating electricity, knows little about the bigger problem of its distribution.

To throw light upon this question of distribution we have tried to expound the minimum service charge idea—and so justify a charge which if misunderstood may lead to misgivings.

(The seventh in our series of institutional advertisements.)

Published in the interest of Electrical Development by an Institution that will be helped by whatever helps the Industry.

Is your electric bill too high?

That minimum charge of a dollar or so a month for service—"whether you use it or not"—is it really unreasonable? Is the public receiving that square deal every American demands as his right?

Consider the question in all fairness and you will find the reason why an interesting one.

If you regard that dollar a month as a sort of interest charge on the electrical equipment used for you, it will seem fair enough.

There's a meter in your cellar and a system of mains and cables coming right up to the door. The flow of current through your street is constant night and day, so that at any time you may turn a stream of it into your home.

A delivery system as rapid as a desire, as dependable as an honest man's promise. But this problem of distribution is the biggest, most costly task the central station has to tackle.

Indeed, for every two dollars invested in generating equipment, three dollars must be added for equipment to deliver the current at your door—distribution.

Then too distribution requires that poles be erected, wires strung, lines maintained through the heaviest weather. Or it entails the opening up of streets and laying of cables—more satisfactory in the long run, but at an enormous first cost.

Little problems that must be solved behind the scenes before the show can proceed. But you enjoy the show and don't want the stagehands to work for nothing.

That is why you pay the minimum service charge—so much a month—a charge for which the central station gives full return.

Western Electric Company

No. 7 Reaching into every corner of this broad land, even to the most secluded farm, the Western Electric organization brings all the conveniences and the utility of electric light, power and communication.



In Rebuttal

"When I was young and full of zip,"
 The old New Yorker said,
 "A wanderlust seethed in my soul,
 "I'd drunk deep from adventure's bowl;
 "It must have turned my head.

"Old Horace Greeley's sage advice
 " 'Go West!' rang in my ears;
 "It sounded good to one so young,
 "But when I think how I was stung,
 "My eyes fill up with tears.

"It all appealed to me with force,
 "It had me fairly caught;
 "That stuff about the care-free life,
 "Far from the city's madding strife
 "That keeps one's nerves pulled taut.

"The mountain ranges—vast plains, too,
 "With plenty breathing space;
 "The big red-blooded type of man
 "Built on the famous Western plan;
 "Him, too, I hoped to face.

"Oh brethren mine, the guide book's right,
 "It's all the gospel truth;
 "But while the great and glorious West
 "Is all of that—I'm happiest
 "Back East—the land of youth.

"The land of youth? Sheer tommyrot!
 "A joke I hear you say?
 "Well, have your laugh—I don't much care.
 "But it's the hustle—white lights' glare
 "That keep old age away.

"Out West the mountains never change;
 "The Indian's through with war;
 "The plainsman wears the clothes you see
 "In ads on billboard, fence and tree;
 "The broncho busts no more.

"The boys, when Saturday comes 'round
 "And brings their weekly dough,
 "Don't shoot up towns as once of old,
 "Instead they spend their hard-earned gold
 "On pop and movie show."

"Now, back here in the East, my boy,
 "From day to day, there's change
 "Of people, habits, aspects, view,
 "And gee, the things that one can do;
 "It's not like on the range.

"Some nice bright day, a cable reel
 "The eye may chance to greet,
 "Then shortly, gangs of wops dig out
 "Wide chasms—mountains start to sprout
 "Right there in your own street.

"Then, if the gentle snow should fall,
 "It's always left to stay
 "To beautify the thoroughfare,
 "Your snow-capped Rockies can't compare;
 "It takes one's breath away.

"For real excitement, read the press
 "And learn things as they are;
 "How gunmen come and go at will,
 "Shoot up a store, ransack the till,
 "And drive off in their car.

"The people? Well, let's take the girls
 "With atavistic slant;
 "They daub themselves to beat the band,
 "Puff out their locks like Fijis and
 "Wear clothes almost as scant.

"Effete here in the East, you ask.
 "Where d' you get that old stuff?
 "Why, you poor fish out West don't know
 "What real life is—you tell 'em, bo,
 "And kill their time-worn bluff."

Western Electric News



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VOLUME IX

JULY, 1920

NUMBER 5

Effete Is As Effete Does

The New York House Produces a Concrete Example of Progress

EVERY once in a while, some shaggy-haired denizen of the decadent Dakotas (no offense to the State,—but we feel the necessity of taking an alliterative swing at that which lies west of the Hudson River) drifts into the City of Skyscrapers and, removing the wisp of straw from his mouth, damns the east with that all-encompassing adjective "Effete."

Now, this bird is all wrong. Speaking, as he does, from the vast experience of a goggle-eyed stroll up Fifth Avenue, he gives birth to a glittering generality which is no better than it should be. The trouble with our self-appointed critic is that he has spoken in the abstract instead of the concrete. He has seen a few La-de-dahs lazing along the Avenue, and he has catapulted to the conclusion that all the East revolves around an axis of fashion, as exemplified by that arbiter of dress, *Bo Hash*, the author of *What the Well-dressed Man Will Not Wear*. Perhaps, the Dakotan iconoclast does not know even the difference between *concrete* and *abstract*.

The difference is easily defined. A mere child can do it. In fact, a small boy in school did so recently in somewhat the following manner:

"Concrete is something you can see; abstract is something you can't," the boy's teacher explained. "Now, give me an example of concrete."

"My trousers," replied the boy.

"Right. Now, abstract?"

"Yours!"

But we are going to give you an example that is concrete (literally, if you like), and that knocks the feet off effete. Indeed, by the time we have finished, this anæmic adjective won't have a leg to stand on. Brace yourself for the news:

The new home of the New York house, on which work

has been started, will not only cost \$3,500,000 or thereabouts and be located in an historically interesting part of New York, but it will be a nine-story and basement structural concrete building—the largest of the sort ever to have been erected on Manhattan Island. Harken while we spill a few facts concerning said structure.

The building, partly a nine-story office, shop and warehouse building and partly a five-story and basement warehouse, will occupy the entire block bounded by Hudson, West Houston, Greenwich and Clarkson Streets. The construction will cover an area of 338 by 200 feet and will be built throughout of reinforced concrete, with the exception of a veneer of brick on the exterior walls.

Contracts have recently been signed between the 395 Hudson Street Corporation formed to own the building and the Turner Construction Company. McKenzie, Voorhees & Gmelin, of 1123 Broadway, are the architects. Work was begun on the fifth of May. It is expected that we will occupy the building by May, 1921.

Some idea of the enormity of the undertaking is given when we realize that approximately 50,000 barrels of cement, 2,000,000 bricks, 2,000 tons of reinforcing steel, 35,000 cubic yards of a mixture of sand and gravel will be required. Fifty thousand square yards of dirt will have to be removed for the foundations alone. There will be 583,000 sq. ft. of floor area, which is considerably larger than our West Street Building.

Fifteen-year leases have been made by the Western Electric Company, and the New York Telephone Company. The Telephone Company will have a garage and warehouse, while the Western Electric Company will use the building for its local New York House offices, shop and warehouse. Executive offices will be located on



An excellent view of the block which will be occupied by the new 395 Hudson Street building. The corner gable house in the foreground is more than 100 years old. It is being destroyed

the ninth floor, and there will be a restaurant, hand-ball courts, shower baths and the like, provided for Western Electric employees.

This operation furnishes a most interesting sidelight on the trend of building design in this great city. For many years it has been an accepted fact that reinforced concrete was an ideal building material for industrial buildings, but loft buildings, apartment houses, office buildings and institutional buildings have still been built almost exclusively of structural steel, brick, stone and terra cotta. With the present labor and material price situation, the economy in favor of reinforced concrete is so big that many people are now turning to this material as the only way out of their difficulties. Similar structures have already been erected in the Middle West.

The Western Electric Company building is of a type which up to a year or so ago would have been built of structural steel. Today it is going ahead, the largest building of its kind, of reinforced concrete without any structural steel involved at all. There are many office and loft buildings twelve stories or less in height which could be efficiently, economically and expeditiously built of reinforced concrete at this time. This Western Electric Company building is for practical purposes a twelve-story building in that the eleventh story is very high and the basement deep, compared to the average office, loft, or light manufacturing building. The floor loads are very heavy, running as high as 300 pounds in some cases, and even with these heavy loads the concrete columns

which are usually objectionable in concrete buildings, are not found objectionable.

And now, before you get your breath, old Father Knickerbocker is going to get down his history book and tell you a few things about the site of 395 Hudson Street.

This property was purchased from the Corporation of Trinity Church and the conveyance to the 395 Hudson Street Corporation was the first which had been made since the property was granted to the Trinity Corporation by Queen Anne in 1705.

Prior to 1705 a tract of land running north from

Fulton Street to Christopher Street and running west from Broadway to the Hudson River, the bank of the river then being at what is now Greenwich Street, was known as the "Duke's Farm" and subsequently as the "King's Farm." The Trinity Church Corporation had occupied this tract prior to 1705 and its right thereto was confirmed in a grant or patent made on November 23, 1705, by Queen Anne in the third year of her reign. In this grant which was given to



An entire block of old houses is being demolished

the Trinity Corporation under its old name of "The Rector and Inhabitants of the City of New York in Communion of the Church of England," the tract is described as "The Queen's Farm." A copy of the original grant or patent is on file in the Secretary of State's office at Albany.

For many years after this grant, King's College (now Columbia University) occupied a tract of land at Murray and Church Streets on a part of the Trinity Tract, which, after Queen Anne's grant, became known as the



395 Hudson Street, a sound home for a sound business. This splendid edifice exemplifies the progress of the present Fifth Avenue House and is soon to be occupied by the Clan Leggett

"Church Farm." The present churchyard of St. Paul's Chapel at Broadway and Fulton Street formed the southeast corner of the "Church Farm."

With the exception of two lots on Greenwich Street which were owned by the Estate of Jacob Weeks and were purchased by the Hudson Street Corporation from that estate in March, 1920, none of that portion of the Church Farm comprised in the block bounded by Clarkson, Hudson, West Houston and Greenwich Streets, upon which the company's new building is to be erected, had been conveyed by the Trinity Corporation from the date of Queen Anne's grant in 1705 until sold to the Hudson Street Corporation two hundred and fifteen years thereafter.

One of the lots which was purchased from the Weeks Estate was held by the Trinity Corporation until 1813 when it was conveyed to William Paulding, Jr., and the other lot was conveyed to James Chesterman in 1816.

The Trinity Corporation did not erect any of the buildings in this block, but from time to time ground leases were made which were for a period of twenty-one years, and carried renewal privileges for two additional terms of twenty-one years each. The ground tenants erected the buildings and upon the expiration of the ground leases and renewals and such additional terms as were granted to the ground tenants, the Trinity Corporation purchased or otherwise acquired the buildings which the tenants had erected. One of these ground

leases covering the premises at Hudson and Clarkson Streets had been in the Jarvis family about one hundred and fifteen years when the Hudson Street Corporation acquired the tract. The original buildings erected on this corner by Captain Jarvis, the first ground tenant, were still standing at the time of the purchase on May 5, 1920.

How do you feel about that effete stuff now? If this



This shows the beginning of the gigantic process of removing 50,000 square yards of dirt to make way for the foundations of the 395 Hudson Street building

property had lain commercially fallow for more and more years, until the walls of the buildings had begun to crumble and the doors to sag dismally from their hinges, then New York might have bowed its head and admitted its effeteness. As it is, the Western has once

more pioneered. It has entered a commercially decadent territory and inspired it with new life. The hand of progress has fallen heavily upon the playground of 200-year-old ghosts; and the East stands vindicated of the charge laid against it by the fictitious denizen of Dakota.

Oh! A Nasty Wallop From Kate's Pal

By Lillie B. Ortner, Cincinnati Correspondent

WESTERN ELECTRIC—Hello Kate. Yes, I'll say I'm busy. Wait a minute. There's Jimmy's buzz. He's goin' to ring up his queen.

"Hello, All right.

"Say Kate, whatcha think. This here Editor Patterson wrote me a letter and wants me to tell him what I think of the East. The Effete East! Huh? No Kate, I've never been East, but Kate, all those movies we seen together showin' New York are educatin'. Ain't it funny when you say 'The East' you always think of New York, and believe me, Kate, every New Yorker thinks the same way. For them, there ain't no United States west of the Hudson River.

"Westernnnnnn—jussaminute.

"Yes, Kate, I'm sure well qualified to speak of New York. That—as the movies put it—'dazzling city of wealth, vice and luxury.' Ain't I seen the half witted heroes of movin' pictures leave their mortgaged homes in the country and go into that wicked city never to be the same again. Ain't I seen a picture of Fifth Ave. with a flock of automobiles rolling along it. Ain't I seen and read about the terrible waves that spread over New York so often, includin' ocean, crime and marcel. Ain't I seen in the movies and read in the papers about those scheming chorus girls who marry rotten rich and senile millionaires and ain't I seen ———

"Yes,—say look here, you young walrus, you hold your tongue. If I ever start tellin' you where you belong your face is goin' to make a tomato look pale. That's the kind of crocodile I am.

"Believe me, Kate, there ain't no cuckoo around here that can get fresh with me. Believe me, this little Wells Fargo can express herself. Well, Kate, now that the undertakers have cleared away the remains, I can proceed. So you see, Kate, Pat sure knew he was goin' to an authority, when he asked me to write about New York. And then, I'm personally acquainted with GAD's and

Auditors. Maybe you don't know, Kate, what a GAD is in our lives. It's the fount from which floweth all wisdom. It's the judge that settles all arguments—in fact, it's the Bible. And it all comes from New York. Just think of the literary talent that went to make up the GAD's. Just imagine those flowers that were born to blush unseen and languish at 195 Broadway, pouring out their heart's longing writing them, turning their sonnets into GAD's and stifling the poetry in their bosoms in order to write those highly sensible and most worthy epistles. It's terrible, Kate, ain't it?

"Westernnnn, yes, sir, jussaminute.

"And then, Kate, look at the auditors that come from New York that I know. I'm sure in position to know those birds from the ground up, and believe me, Kate, I could tell the hides of those fellows in a tannery.

"They glide in about 8:15 the first morning they come, tuggin' their portfolios and tryin' to look as if they are welcome. They never take a drink of water, or accept any cigars. The General Department oughta furnish them with those wine tasters that every Roman Emperor had in his retinue, to see if the wine was poisoned. Then they sit down and go to work. Pull out a bunch of important lookin' papers and a green pencil and start lookin' for trouble. Just imagine it, Kate, they get paid for lookin' for trouble. But I'll say this for those guys tho. After they've been here two or three days they begin to thaw out and walk on their whole foot, get to work about 9:30 A. M., in fact, get human all around. At the same time our accountants start showin' them the town, invite them to play pool or bowl, and then they show that they're better auditors than sportsmen.

"Hello, Western Electric, he's not in just now. May I have your number? All rightee.

"So you can see, Katie, I sure does know my New York, don't I? Good-bye, old dear, I'm goin' to write my ideas of New York for the News. S'long."



Kitty of the Chorus Lands Her Hammer on Chicago, But Sings the Praises of the New Hawthorne Follies

Our Manufacturing Branch Puts on Big Amateur Performance at Chicago's Largest Theatre for the Benefit of the Sarah Hackett Stevenson Lodging House Association

"EVER been in Chicago, Marty"? asked Kitty, the first row bathing beauty of the Manhattan Mermaids, as she penciled her last eyebrow.

Marty, the matinee mongrel, struck a match on the "No Smoking" sign and lit a fresh cigarette before he spoke. "Cut the Sherlock Holmes stuff, kid," he advised. "I've been sick—that's what makes me look this way."

"Took you a long time to remember that one, didn't it?" remarked Kitty. "But at that they say Chicago ain't so bad after you get used to it."

"That's what they told us about prohibition," replied Marty gloomily.

"Well," said Kitty, "it ain't, is it?"

"Mebbe not," admitted Marty, "but the trouble is I can't seem to get used to it."

"Oh, well, cheer up," encouraged Kitty, "Maybe if you're a good boy you'll go to Cuba when you die. But to get back to Chicago"—

"Now, Kitty," remonstrated Marty, "use your common sense. Why should anyone want to get back to Chicago? I can understand why a convict might want to get back to prison, where they furnish board and clothes, in these high-cost-of-living days. But why anyone who's from Chicago should want to get back"—

"Quit it, Marty," interrupted Kitty. "The only time you ain't funny is when you try to be. Nature made you a scream. If you hadn't been born without a sense of humor you'd have laughed yourself to death the first time your mother held you up before a looking-glass. But your face is funny only as long as you don't open it. When you try to pull the witty stuff you're as disappointing as a home-made booze formula."

"All right, Kitty," said Marty hastily, "all right. Let it go at that and get back to Chicago if you want to. Start right away. I'll pay your fare. Only for Pete's sake, don't tell me anything more about myself. I don't want to get vain."

"Well, then, keep still and let a lady talk," rejoined Kitty. "I started out to tell you something. You know, my sister, Tess, married a Chicago man. Strange, too. Only strain of insanity that was ever known in our family."

"Nothing strange about that," murmured Marty, "The rest of the family ain't got enough mental equipment to go crazy with. But go on. Don't let me interrupt."

"I won't again, Marty," warned Kitty. "During the

rest of this performance you've got strictly a thinking part. 'How silent and peaceful yonder tomb seems.' That's your cue to make a noise like a deaf mute preacher leading in prayer, and you keep it up until Kitty says, in the last act:—'How quiet you are, Marty.' Now, ready? 'How silent and peaceful yonder tomb seems.' Kitty:—'Listen and I will tell you the story of me life.'

"Well, as I was saying, Tess is married and living in Chicago. Anyway, she thinks it's living. For a long time she's been wanting me to come and visit her, and I have had to be slicker at making excuses than the fourth husband of a chronic widow. But after I had the 'flu' last winter the doctor told me I'd have to shake New York for awhile and get a change of scene. Now everybody knows medicine ain't no good for you unless it's hard to take, so I chose Chicago and wrote Tess to meet me at the corner drug-store.

"Of course I've been in the burg before, but not when I wasn't working in some company, and, say, maybe I wasn't homesick for little old New York and something doing! I'd have been tickled to death to have been bit by a flea off a poodle with a Bronx bark. Gee, Chicago must be a fine place to die in. No matter what kind of a life you've led, you can't be much worse off.

"But that ain't what I started out to tell you. What I want to get off of my chest is a two column Alan Dale about a really good show I saw there.

"You see the brother-in-law works for the Western Electric Company out there, and one day he came home with tickets for an amateur show they were going to give, 'I don't suppose a show is much of a treat for Kitty, her being in the business,' he says, 'but this one is sure a humdinger. We gave it for a whole week last February and it made such a hit that we're going to put it on again for one night in the Auditorium for the benefit of the Sarah Hackett Stevenson Lodging House Association. Tess and me saw it before, but the whole show has been revamped. Besides it was well worth seeing again anyway.'"

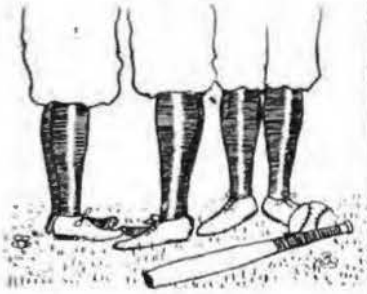
"Gee," thinks I, 'here's where I get a laugh! An amateur show! Maybe I can get enough stuff out of it to build up a burlesque sketch that'll make the managers spell my name with Mazdas.

"So after dinner I decorated myself in all my glass-ware, like the late lamented bar-room, and we started



Vice-President H. F. Albright, General Superintendent of the Hawthorne Works, occupied one of the boxes

Understudies of the Hawthorne Follies



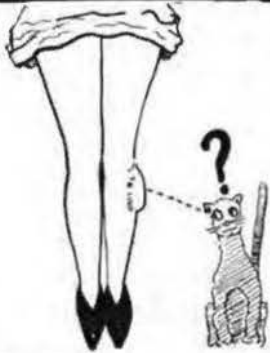
THE GIRLS' INTERDEPARTMENT BASE BALL TEAMS WERE A GREAT HELP IN SELECTING THE CHORUS



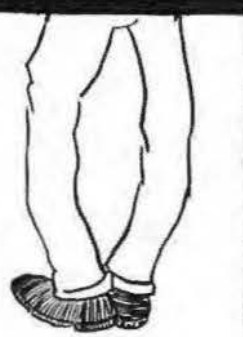
WHEN THE RAW MATERIAL PERFORMED TOO RAW IT WENT INTO THE RUSH-IN BALLET



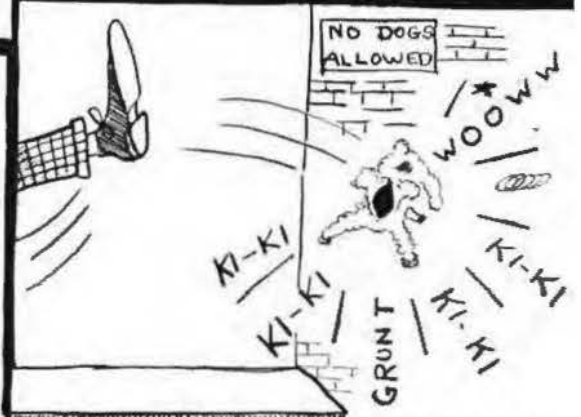
PAPA WOULDN'T FOR THE WORLD HAVE HAD LITTLE LUCY LATE FOR THE "TACKIN' 'EM DOWN" GIRLS.



NO, IT'S NOT A TUMOR. CLARISSE MERELY FORGOT TO WITHDRAW HER FUNDS FROM THE 1ST NATL BANK



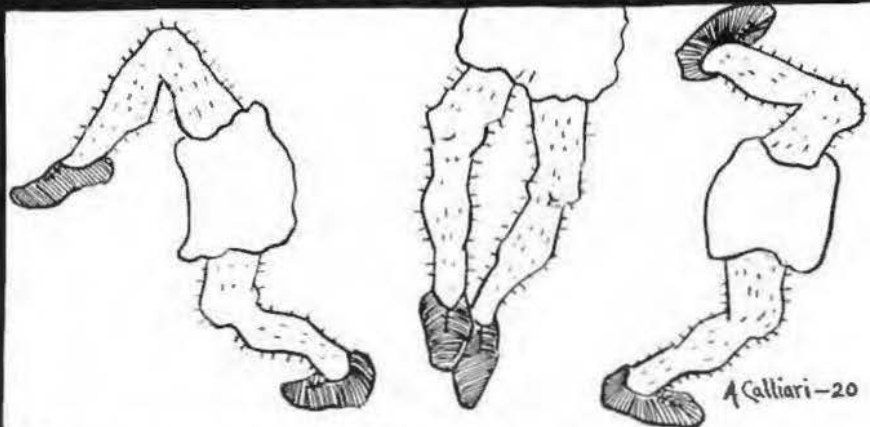
THE BUSIEST LEGS AROUND THE SHOW - FRANK SHERIDAN'S



PEGGY'S PET POODLE, WHICH FOLLOWED HER TO THE THEATER, IS AN INTELLIGENT BEAST, BUT IT CAN'T READ, THE KIND HEARTED DOOR-KEEPER IS INTERPRETING THE SIGN FOR IT



PHYSICAL CULTURE COLUMNS PLEASE NOTICE: JANET OPERATES A "KICKER" PUNCH PRESS



IF REAL GIRLS LOOKED LIKE THOSE RUSH-IN BALLET BEAUTIES SHORT SKIRTS WOULD GO OUT OF STYLE

A Calliari-20

for the loop in the electric. ('Move up in front there, can't yuh? Don't you suppose anybody else wants to get on this car?') We got down town early and went right into the theatre because Tess' corns were hurting.

"Well, there was plenty of room. The Auditorium's the biggest house in Chicago, and when I looked around at about 3,600 empty seats, I thinks to myself:—'Some nerve, expecting to fill this place with an amateur show.'

"'Looks like a quiet night, Fred,' I remarks to the brother-in-law.

"'We ain't saving daylight out here, Kit,' says he. 'Just wait a while. The night's young yet.'

"And sure enough, Marty, the curtain went up on a \$5,000 house.

"Well, take my beautiful soprano say-so for it, Marty, amateur or no amateur, that was some show. If that kind of amateurs ever take a notion to flood the profession, the only way you and me can stick around the theater at all is by taking out cards in the Bill-Posters' Union.

"The first part of the show was a minstrel with musical comedy dressing—black-faced comedians and flapper choruses. I'd like to have a nickel for every man that's ever turned around to grab a second look at me, but at that I'll have to admit I ain't got anything on those Hawthorne dolls. If beauty was a boulevard those girls sure would suffer something terrible with the flivvers.

"But what struck me most was the coon comedy. I always was strong for that stuff. You know I was born in the south—Staten Island. Some of those Hawthorne Hottentots could fade the burnt cork off of Lew Dockstader himself. One little fellow about the size of a safe drink of wood alcohol put over a Spanish song that went like a second-hand car with a tank full of ether. Another came out as a wild man, dressed principally in a few wisps of grass. Gee, I wished you were there, Marty,

to prevent a perfectly shocking accident by throwing the bull in case a hungry one should happen along. Then there was another wild boy who told mamma how bad he'd grown since going to the city—drinking Coco-Colas, wearing pajamas instead of nighties and in general cutting up worse than the Baptist minister at a Sunday-School picnic. And, say, you ought to have heard 'Oh, Death, Where Is Thy Sting?' If the bargain basement of the next world is as attractive as the 'cullud pahson' made out I'm going to quit worrying over the H. C. of L. and take to vamping the Undertaker.



G. B. Sterling's feet didn't have a bit of trouble translating the Spanish jazz accompaniment to his song, "Si Si Signor"

"You know, Marty, I got my start star-wards with Billy Watson's Beef Trust before the cost of upkeep got so high that I decided to make myself over as a slender ingenue, so I think I can claim to know a thing or two about good burlesque. If it gets my O. K., it's a K. O. Well, the second part of the show was a burlesque, called 'A Morning in the Health Department,' and it certainly did reach the funny-bone. Those theatre seats shook all through the act like a lizzy hitting up 35. If there's anything to that laugh-and-grow-fat stuff I'll bet half the people in that audience have to be weighed on a hay scale by now.

"The rest of the show was a lot of clever specialties, put on as 'The Garden Follies.' The stage was set as a summer garden and the different 'guests' were called upon to entertain.

"Honest, Marty, the stuff was good, too. Not good for amateurs, I don't mean, nor punk acts that might get by in the hick towns, but real big-time stuff. There wasn't a bad bet in the lot of them, either. If it was up to me to say which was the best I'd answer like the guy that was asked:—

'Do you like blondes better than brunettes, or do you prefer brunettes to blondes?' 'Why, yes, I believe I do,' says the guy. And my second choice would be the same.

"There was no choice in that bunch, they were all 'Babe Ruths of their profession,' and to think, Marty, none of them make it their profession, its just fun.

"It was some surprise to me, kid, I'll admit to go out to what I thought would be a bunch of hams and lamp as good a show as that bunch put over. Say, if that crew ever gets it into their heads to take to the road, believe me, now, they're going to give Ziegfeld, Ed. Wynn, and George White something to think about.

"I mean I've popped an optic on some clever stuff in my day, Marty, but I'm going to forget a lot of hundred-night runners before the memory of those Hawthorne Follies seeps from my cerrabrum. You know, I can't see yet for the life of me how they put it over in the professional manner they did. It was staged as though Dillingham or Gest had overseen the whole thing, and the lighting effects would make the electrician of the Winter Garden cringe with envy. Talk about your Johnny Dooleys, Eddie Cantors and Al Jolson from the Gay White Way—you should have seen this fellow Mehli the way he put that "By Jingo"



Miss Laura Walsh illustrates why men fight for liberty



Not a wild Malay—just E. J. Mehli, fixed up to kill 'em dead with his "By Jingo" song



Naughty! Naughty! Jack Ennis sings "Oh, Mother, I'm Wild"

song over, and another fellow, Sterling his name was, had Al Jolson lashed to the mast when it came to putting across the Spanish stuff. Gosh! Marty, you'd think I was a press agent for that outfit the way I been raving about it, but you missed the next greatest thing to heaven when you weren't along with me, and I mean that.

"But believe me, kid, if that show ever hits within 50 miles of where we happen to be, I'm going to have you by the hand and on your way to it.

"I'd probably have to sit on your head while that Follies

chorus was on, for fear you'd be trying to steal one of those beauties. But I'd take a chance that none of them would fall for your "vamp stuff" and there'd be no danger of losing you.

"Say, Gee, I got to beat it. We're on next. There's an old program in there on my make-up table. Look it over if you want to."

Hawthorne Follies Troupe Wins Medal

The opening of the Michigan Avenue bridge of Chicago's boulevard link on May 14th was featured by a gorgeous parade of decorated automobiles. Among those present was a big Western Electric truck, arrayed like Solomon in all his glory and loaded with about 25



members of the Hawthorne Follies cast in costume, who entertained the parade spectators with snappy songs.

Of course there was only one thing for the parade judges to do and they did it. The illustration shows the medal they awarded, which was presented by Mayor Thompson to the Hawthorne Club, through its secretary, J. E. Petersen.

**Program
Part I
MINSTRELS**

Frank J. Sheridan, Interlocutor

Entrance Song—Entire Company.....*Chicago Town*
Overture:

- (a) *Wonderful Hawthorne Minstrels*
- (b) *Venetian Moon*

(c) *Carolina Sun*

(d) *Take Me to That Land of Jazz*

1. B. Doyle*All the Boys Love Mary*
 2. Circle—B. J. Conlon.....*Hippity Hop*
 3. Circle—E. A. Dietz.....*Shadows*
 4. G. B. Sterling.....*Si Si, Senor*
 5. Circle—Vlasta Jilek*Swanee*
 6. J. E. Ennis.....*Oh! Mother, I'm Wild*
 7. Circle—H. Lennon*Mandy*
 8. C. J. Mehle.....*By Jingo*
 9. Circle—L. Landry,
When You Look Into the Heart of a Rose
 10. J. W. Waters.*When the Preacher Makes You Mine*
 11. Circle—Vlasta Cihla*I Want a Daddy*
 12. S. J. Hofreiter.....*High Brow Babies Ball*
- Closing Number (Sung by G. Olson, assisted by Entire Company)*Dear Motherland*

Minstrel Cast

End Men—Bones: Messrs. Sterling, Snyder, Ennis, Doyle.
Tambos: Messrs. Mehle, Hofreiter, Sears, Waters.

Front Row—Messrs. Arnold, Nixon, Beers, Leff, Curtis, Dietz, Lennon, Rus, Saravelli, Soucek, Landry, Conlon.

Second Row—Misses Kacinski, Bruebach, Musial, Talbot, Keller, Godic, Cusic, Smetane, Kase, Dolejs, Gerling, Proteau, Sommers, Lauritzen, Grubbe, Dobias, Rimkus, Prazac.

Third Row—Misses Wilson, Dorsey, Walters, Honath, Zelibor, Willer, Kalteich, Nolan, Witte, Smith, Cihla, Regnier, Gaul, Jaros, Nolan, Belanger, Froula, Ballingall, McCormack, Fitchie, Hayes, Sosnovec, Hull, Rezebek, Truelsen, Volrath, Jilek.

Rear Row—Messrs. Gresner, Triner, Vavrock, Riley, Stastny, Stark, Boettcher, Ostring, Sweers, Meyers, Kahoun, Dolejs, Colby, Sindelar, Brantigan, Jessup, Pratt, Cisar, Krevis, Hoffman, Olson.
Liberty—Miss Laura Walsh.



The Follies' posters must have aroused many grateful memories

Part II

ENTRE ACTE

Sid Roy Snyder—Eulogy on,
O! Death, Where Is Thy Sting?"

Part III

A ONE ACT FARCE COMEDY

"A Morning in the Health Department"

Miss Typum—A stenographer.....*Laura Walsh*
Dr. Soakum—A saw-bones*Frank Sheridan*
Miss Honey—Some nurse.....*Eileen Kinsley*
Blondy—A girl with talent.....*Lillian Budner*
Joe Blow—A dope fiend.....*Raymond Corris*
Watch-Em—A policeman*Edward Doyle*
Speedy—An old man.....*George Sterling*

Part IV

ENTRE ACTE

1. G. Olson.....*The Barefoot Trail*
2. Lillie Gerling*Fast Asleep in Poppyland*
3. G. V. Hoffman and Ruth Wilson.*Novelty Dancing*

Part V

GARDEN FOLLIES

F. J. Sheridan, Manager of Garden

1. Opening Chorus....*Come to the Land of Bohemia*
2. Barbara Prazac*Freckles*
3. Duet—Bertha Musial and J. E. Sears,
In an Old-Fashioned Garden
4. Quartette.....*Let the Rest of the World Go By*

Catherine Quinlan, G. E. Olson
Florence Kalteich J. K. Beers

5. Hop Corris*By Himself*
6. D. E. Arnold.....*Tackin' 'Em Down*
7. Emily Witte.....*My Baby's Arms*
8. Hawaiian Serenaders in a medley of popular airs:

G. F. Sindelar J. Cisar
S. J. Hofreiter A. C. Brantigan
H. S. Pratt B. A. Leff
K. Krevis R. D. Jessup

9. Babe Menkes*Mississippi*
10. Catherine Quinlan*Sometime*
11. Ennis & Company.....*"Rush-in" Ballet*
Closing Number*Chicago Town*
(Sung by R. C. Snyder, assisted by entire company)

Guests in Garden

Catherine Quinlan
Vlasta Jilek
Florence Kalteich
Eleanor Kacinski
Edna Bruebach
Bertha Musial
Ruth Talbot
Elizabeth Keller
Mary Godic
Marie Cusic
Ella Smetane
Sylvia Kase
Bess Dolejs
Lillie Gerling
Lillian Menkes
Marie Proteau
Bertha Rimkus
Barbara Prazac
Ruth Wilson
Hazel Dorsey
Helen Walters
Adeline Honath
Angeline Zillbor
Myrtle Willer
Dorothy Nolan
Irene Belanger
Mildred Froula
Shirley Ballingall
Edythe McCormack
Gertrude Fitchie
Anna Hayes
Vlasta Sosnovec
Elizabeth Hull
Rose Rezebek
Valborg Truelsen
Myrtle Volrath
R. A. Corris

G. Olson
S. J. Hofreiter
H. S. Pratt
A. Krevis
J. Cisar
A. C. Brantigan
B. A. Leff
R. D. Jessup
G. V. Hoffman
R. C. Snyder
E. Doyle
J. E. Sears
D. E. Arnold
W. T. Nixon
J. K. Beers
J. Curtis
E. A. Diets
H. Lennon
J. Rux
H. Saravelli
R. M. Soucek
L. Landry
B. J. Conlon
L. Triner
E. Gresner
C. Vavrock
E. Riley
J. Staastney
G. Stark
W. Boettcher
W. Ostring
P. Sweers
G. Meyers
G. Kahoun
E. Dolejs
C. Colby

Waiters

C. J. Mehle G. B. Sterling
J. Waters C. B. St. John

THE INSPECTOR

The goat, he hasn't a thing on me,
For misery bends me double.
My life is as sad as a life can be
And my middle name is Trouble.
I'm a target for the whole blame bunch,
I'm a regular grouch collector,
I'm a sort of a bag for the crowd to punch,
For I am a poor Inspector.

The shop men say I'm a cat-eyed grump,
With an ingrown disposition,
And my boss, he says I'm a careless chump,
Whose sight is in bad condition,
From raw material to the assembling room,
I am known as the "punk rejector."
The whole gang adds to the murky gloom
In the life of a sad Inspector.

The foreman surely has woes enough;
The assistant has some to hold him;
The gang boss' job is sometimes tough,
When worries and cares enfold him,
But mine is the worst of the lot, because
I'm a kind of a shop dissector,
Who is cursed for finding, or missing flaws—
A grossly abused Inspector.

Well, the fellows bark but they never bite,
And it's all in the game—you've said it,
So I'll try to see that the job is right,
And certain to do us credit.
A bum job never has passed me yet,
And being a flaw detector,
I'll do my very best you bet,
In the style of a good Inspector.

—H. D. Cornelius, Dept. 7691, Hawthorne

The Married One Out-Fairfaxes Beatrice

DEAREST CLARICE:

Why don't you drop in to see me once in a while? You haven't been here once—yes you have, too, just once. The first call after marriage doesn't count though as it is just a sort of an inventory and to see if the victims look as happy as you thought they would. You talk about me leaving you "high and dry" on the Commercial Isle without a mast in sight; I think you have left me marooned on the Matrimonial Bark in a dead calm. I suppose you think that "two is company and three a crowd." Well, to tell the truth, I don't mind being in a crowd occasionally.

I've been intending to drop in at the dear old Western to see you all again, but really Clarice, I just can't find the time. I'm so busy! It seems that there is something to do every minute. I had no idea it took so much work to look after four rooms and keep a man's appetite appeased. You know all the matinees I was going to attend—well, I've only been to two. And the shopping tours—they are negligible. When I have the time I haven't the money and when I have the money I haven't the time, except when I meet Algy Saturday afternoons. Now don't think my dream of love is shattered, because it isn't—it's just altered some.

I'm wondering if you still enjoy knocking the bosses. I suppose you do. Well things have changed a lot with me. I guess I'm suffering with that disease you used to call softening of the heart when a girl was over-solicitous of her boss. They weren't such a bad lot after all, just men, poor things.

Now don't think I am unhappy or anything like that, because I am not. I am the happiest girl in the world and Algy is the dearest boy but he is just a man like all the rest and does the same funny little "stunts" that all our bosses used to do. I don't know why it is but it just seems natural to them. He can't find his clothes, books or his papers unless they are laid out right under his nose and then sometimes I have to lead him by the ear right to them. Unless a girl is willing to spend the most of her life locating lost waste-baskets, spectacles, watches, etc., she had better not get married, take it from me.

Now don't think that I am trying to discourage you, Clarice, dear, but you know every business girl looks at marriage as a kind of heaven and a cure-all for all her cares and worries besides ridding her of her boss. But you don't get rid of your boss, Clarice, you just change bosses. No, no, I don't mean that; Algy isn't my boss. Now don't laugh. He isn't! He isn't! He isn't! There is no boss in our home. But you have to keep your hubby in a good humor and men have to be waited on whether you are married to them or work for them. It doesn't make much difference except that you can talk back to them more because you are not afraid of losing your job.

I am not disappointed, but you know me, Clarice, I'm not one of those sentimental gushy kind, I look at things in a practical way. But you are my best friend and I just wanted to give you another slant at things so you wouldn't be dissatisfied with your job, even if there isn't a mast in sight, and think that you are the most abused female since Eve and be slighting your work and dreaming of the time when you will be married and everything will be bliss and happiness and all your troubles will be o'er.

The thing to do, Clarice, is to study your job and your boss and get to be an expert at keeping him happy and satisfied, then when you are married you will know just how to handle your hubby. Of course, you will have to let your boss know that you are human and deserve some consideration, too. You will have to sit down on him once in a while, they all need that. (But not on his lap.)

Supposing you and Walter and Algy and I go to the theatre some night. You get Walter to make the arrangements with Algy, and maybe we could go somewhere for supper after the show, just some inexpensive place because it really does cost more for two to live than one. At least, Algy says so. He thinks I am extravagant, but he doesn't know how much everything costs.

Yours forever,

Gwendolyn.

P. S.: Go easy on the rouge and Georgette Crepe, Clarice; men can't associate brains with fancy clothes and artificial bloom.

Gwen.



LAMP CAP



JACK and JACK SPACE



ABANDONED APPARATUS



LINE FINDER (Zam)



Booming Electrical Ranges By Aeroplane

There Is Nothing Effete About This Stunt of Atlanta's

THE West has a little habit of bragging about how quickly they do things. But we have yet to hear of them using aeroplanes to deliver electric ranges. It remained for Atlanta to pull this off,—which she did recently with grace, not to say éclat.

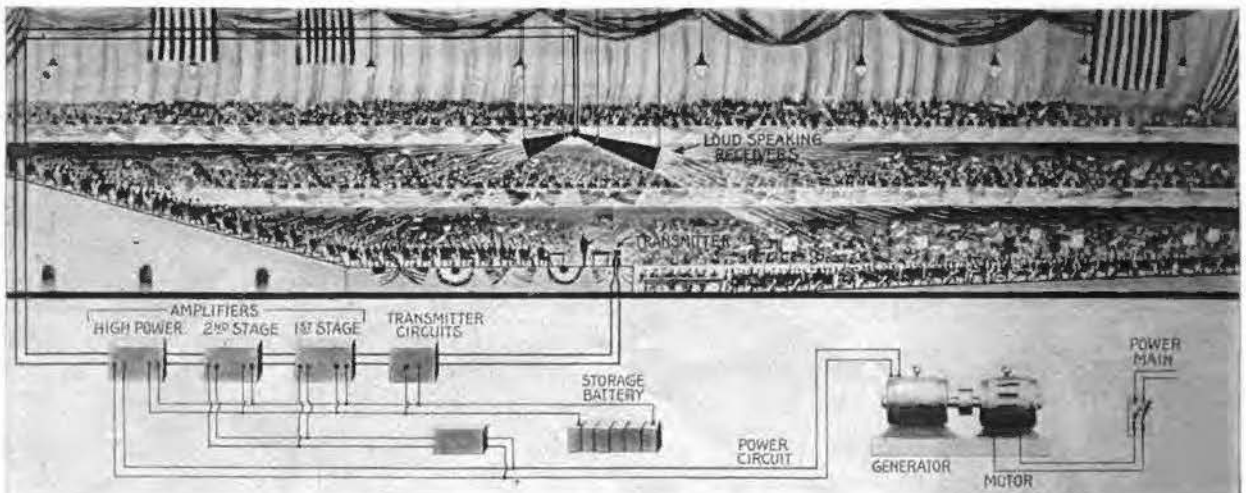
It came about thus: In a campaign to interest the women of Rome, Georgia, in the use of electricity in the kitchen, it became necessary to transport a Hughes range from Atlanta to Rome with rare and distinctive speed. Consequently, the 70-mile shipment from the warehouse to the Walker Electric & Plumbing Company of Rome was made through the air. It took just one hour and twenty-five minutes for the trip, and the

transportation charges were one hundred dollars.

Accompanying the shipment was a message written by Mrs. Newton C. Ring, of the Atlanta Woman's Club, addressed to the Woman's Club of Rome, praising electric service. With that aeroplane delivery in mind, we might (if we felt like it) say that she praised it to the sky.

The next time you hear one of those rangy mountaineers from the W. & W. getting off a line about service, just whisper to him to take a look at page 12 of the July, 1920, News, and watch his face. For, great will be the fall thereof.

—W. P. HUNTER.



Public Address Telephone made by us and installed by the Bell System at the Republican National Convention in the Chicago Colosseum. The same installation is being made for the Democratic Convention at San Francisco. The News will later print a story telling something of our work in developing public address systems

Some Inside Dope on "Reel" New York

By Fred J. Ashley, of the New York House

NEW YORK! What does that name mean to you? Dollars to doughnuts, when you see that famed metropolis of ours mentioned in the papers of your home town, generally in connection with some marvelous tale of a million made over night, or in a graphic description of the latest matrimonial tangle, you immediately get your old sub-conscious self into action, and lo! before your imagination runs a reel of the latest episodes that they have displayed in the Village Movie House, the straight dope about old Father Knickerbocker's domicile.

Did it ever occur to you that the picture man has been giving you just the same line of coloring that he attempts when he presents the brave and superhuman antics of that famous "college athlete," Jack Dempsey; that he has tried to satisfy your ideas of what Gotham ought to be, just as he gets the costumer to doll Doug Fairbanks up in that mythical garb of the West, because you would not be satisfied unless it were so? Do you think the New York newspaper syndicates could sell their stuff if they told you the straight news? Why are our reporters, our sight-seeing guides, and our publicity men, with very few exceptions, natives of outside localities? Just because they know how to put your thoughts into words, to fill a mental craving of the same type that prompted our forbears to prepare those wonderful fairy tales of our infancy.

Would you be surprised to see a bank president whose name is about as famous throughout the Union as Charlie Chaplin's, chasing fire engines? Well, that is what happens about every time there is a clanging of the bells and a whistling of the sirens in the financial district. If you doubt it, look up the list of honorary vamps of our local department and see who heads the list.

Have you ever heard of our Farm? Ten to one, you thought we didn't have a blade of grass within twenty miles of City Hall Place; that when we wanted to get some idea of the rustic we hied our way on Saturday afternoons to one of the local parks and from the safe refuge of a well-fenced pathway gazed upon a few acres of sunken gardens, perfumed arbors and tender grass

protected by a few score cops and a few million "Keep Off the Grass" signs, and went away sympathizing with our humble relatives of the country who must lead a worrisome life with such delicate surroundings. Yet, we have a farm, and it lies right down in one of the busiest sections of Manhattan, along the Hudson River front, starting at Rector Street and extending to above Twentieth Street. Its Northern boundary is so situated in front of the White Star and Cunard docks that the stranger to America gets his first footing on this side of the Atlantic right in the midst of our country seat. As to what we raise on it, or just how fertile it is, take a look the next time you come East; or, better still, have the village editor ask his correspondent here for a story

on it, instead of his usual Saturday afternoon chatter of society honeymoons and utopian whirlwinds.

And then there's the Village, that well-known area situated about Washington Square, the scene of many an O. Henry romance. Its gabled roofs, and its Seventeenth Century makeup, is just what you would not seek when you leave the Grand Central Terminal; but, it goes without argument, that you will be among its gentry before you realize it. Yes, they are your kind, almost every one of them, a rustic who hit the Eastern trail to



Surely this modest little home is not in New York. From the brass knocker on the door to the flagstone pavement, it is quaint small-town stuff. BUT it is on East Eighty-third Street, half a block from Fifth Avenue, just the same

get rid of the "back hum" atmosphere. Yet here they are, the males following in the footsteps of their ancestors and leading the village barber a merry chase and the deadlier sex handling the old clippers in the same apt style they displayed when they helped Dad shear Dobbin before they got their cosmopolitan yearnings.

All the familiar natives of the old village are with us. There are chickens galore, from the multi-feathered type whose specialty is wearing her heavy plumage in the sweltering subway to the pecking genius whose hobby-chasing characteristics are responsible for more clubs than the Eighteenth Amendment could put out of business. We have Broadway broilers and Bronx squabs. Scarcely one of them can fail to convince you of her Plymouth Rock pedigree.

Now for another little tip! Watch out for our bulls! When they see red they are wilder than any four-legged

creature you have ever met. Their specialty is protecting the likes of you when you reach New York, but if you think it is time to blow out a few lights along the Great White Way, to cut a few capers because the constable on the corner is apparently having a busy session with the traffic question, watch out! That multi-clad gent at your shoulder is liable to butt you into the pen, one of those squalidly built edifices you see on the cross streets with the pretty green lamps in front of them.

You think we are a sophisticated crew, that we are the original "wise ones." Yet don't statistics prove that you pick on us whenever you have any wildcat oil stock to float; that you have an easier time putting your green-goods game over here than in any other hick town in the outfit? Yet, is it not the farmer who is always the victim?—in the movies.

Did you ever see any of real New York in those pictures of the "Reel World" they set before you every little while. Probably you know by heart the name of every skyscraper we possess and can tell to an inch the height of every building on Broad Street, but do you know that ninety-nine per cent. of the structures here are less than four stories high and that nearly sixty per cent. are private or two-family residences?

What was the farming output of your county last summer? Hundreds of thousands of tons of produce were raised here in back yards, war gardens, and recreation centers. Can you beat that?

We will admit that our streets surpass anything in the world, and concede that a few places have almost

as good methods of transit supervision, but I'll wager they never displayed any of our unpaved roads among the wonders of the movies, despite the fact that we have to maintain a Street Cleaning Department to handle our main avenues, and a Highway Commission to tend dustier routes that have still to receive a real roadbed. That makes us about even there, doesn't it? But have they ever told you about anything but Wall Street in your village sheet?

As for provincialism, our hat is in the ring, too. Ask the average native-born New Yorker where Manhattan Street is located and not one per cent. will inquire "which one?"; not one in a thousand are aware that there are two ways named after their biggest borough. Let the strikers tie up the subway, or a fire block the "L," and how many offices will learn that their personnel cannot get down to work from 181st Street, merely because the native of the uptown district has forgotten that the surface lines exist. Yet did you ever see a helpless New Yorker of this type in the Pathé Weeklies?

When next you see the plutocrat of the travelling melodrama, the hero of the camera entangled in a few rolls of ticker tape and wading through the earnings of a few periods of recreation in Wall Street, when the Village News brings out another scarehead scandal in which some society leader is paying the price of fame, get behind the scenes and you're sure to meet the little freckled-faced chap you used to pal with back in the old red schoolhouse, the chap they have all been featuring as the typical New Yorker, the "Man About Town."

WHERE THE PENNIES GO

DISTRIBUTION OF EACH DOLLAR OF REVENUE
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM
FIVE MONTHS ENDED DECEMBER 31, 1919



Since so many of our people own stock in the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, this chart, showing how the Bell System spends its pennies, will prove interesting

Mr. I. Wanta Know Is Not Yet Satisfied

TRUE to my promise, I went back to see my statistical friend in the Comptroller's Department to continue my search for Old Man Western Electric. I had followed him pretty closely, in our last talk. I had agreed that a lot of working together was necessary to make things run smoothly, but I was not entirely satisfied that the growth of our Company could not be attributed to one crowd or another.

"You remember those figures you gave me last month," I opened up on him. "You said there were 28,713 of us in the Western, and that 17,850 were keeping the old ball rolling by using their strength and skill. You showed me how these folks could not be said to be the chief reason for the business to grow because they were dependent on those who bought raw materials, those who designed, those who decided how much stuff should be made and when it was to be made, those who sold it, and so on.

"Now I agree with you on that. I grant you that. But, there is another crowd of people who keep all the departments together. They are the veins and arteries of our system. I mean the people who do the clerical work; the people who write the letters, who file them and keep records of what we do. Why, if you should take them out of the business, the whole thing would collapse. Each department would be like a separate business. . ."

My friend of the figures interrupted.

"Hold on a second," said he, "You just said 'If you should take them out of the business, the whole thing would collapse.' Well, now, isn't that true of any group of people? Where would you be without the people we talked about last time—the strength and skill crowd? Where would you be without the engineers, the salesmen, the accountants? You're not thinking straight."

Naturally, a fellow does not like to be told that. I tell you it gets under my skin, because I know it's darned close to the truth often. So I swung around on another tack.

"Well," said I, "maybe there is too much of this clerical stuff. Maybe, they're not as important as I thought. Maybe, there's a lot of this red tape that could be cut out."

"Say," said my friend (and he knows me pretty well, or he could not have got away with it) "if your brains were ink, you would not have enough to dot an 'i.' You talk to some of your friends who are doing clerical work; find out from them just what they are doing, and then decide whether what they do could be dispensed with.

"If you stop to think for a

minute, you will realize that out in the Warehouse, they don't do business without shipping tickets and orders, nor could the people in the shop go ahead with their work unless they knew in mighty clear-cut style just what is to be done."

"I guess that's right," I admitted, "That big bunch of folks you were talking about last month must be pretty dependent on these people who keep our books and records and who do the figuring on our costs and prices."

"Sure," said the figure wizard, "and more than that—every stenographer, every typist, every file clerk has an important share in keeping the ball rolling at the right speed and in the right direction. Suppose some important letter were filed and could not be dug up promptly? You can imagine how that would hold things up, can't you?"

I had been thinking for a minute.

"It's clear to me," I said, "that the fellows that contribute strength and skill for the good of the Company are important. Now, it's clear that the people who render clerical service—I mean the secretaries, the stenographers, the typists, the file clerks, the operators of calculating machines and other office appliances—are vital. We could no more get along without them, than we could do business without the telephone and telegraph. But neither one of these groups can be said to be contributing more to the growth of the Company than another. Yet, I feel that somebody must be. There are still a good many thousand people we have not talked about."

It seems the further along and deeper into this thing we plunge the more mystifying it proves to be, and now, after two months' search, rather than having arrived at a final solution we bump into the sad dawn of reality that it is a much more complicated job than we at first estimated.

Already we have simmered our way through two groups of the company's people and apparently are no closer to a definite who's who than when we started out.

"Well, we are getting at the thing the right way now," said my friend. "A process of elimination will lead us to the right answer to 'Who is Old Man Western Electric?' We have found that he is not the strength and skill crowd, nor the clerical group. We'll take up another group the next time we meet, and we'll see what we shall see."

"Right you are," said I. "You know me. I want to know."

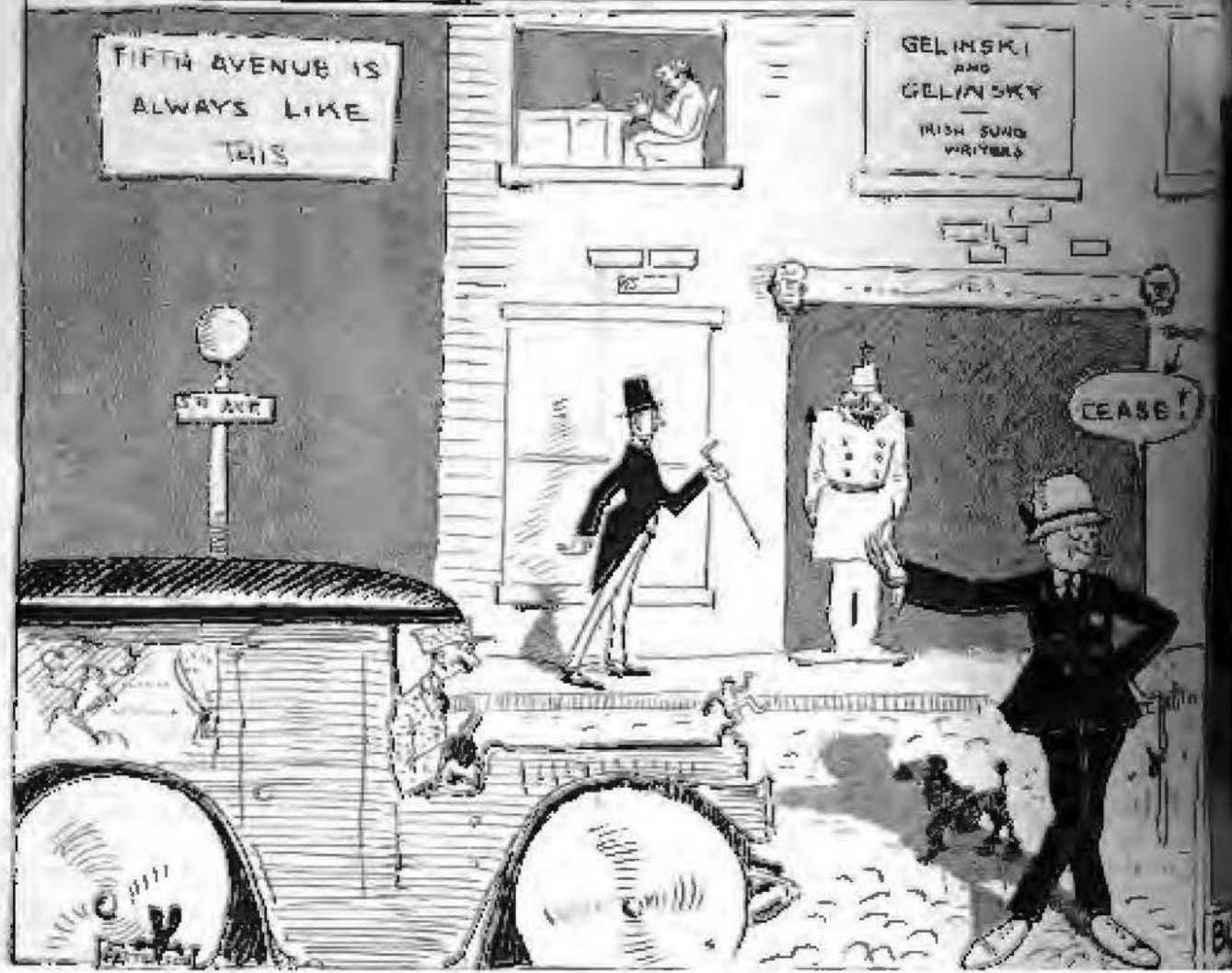
JUNE IN HAWTHORNE

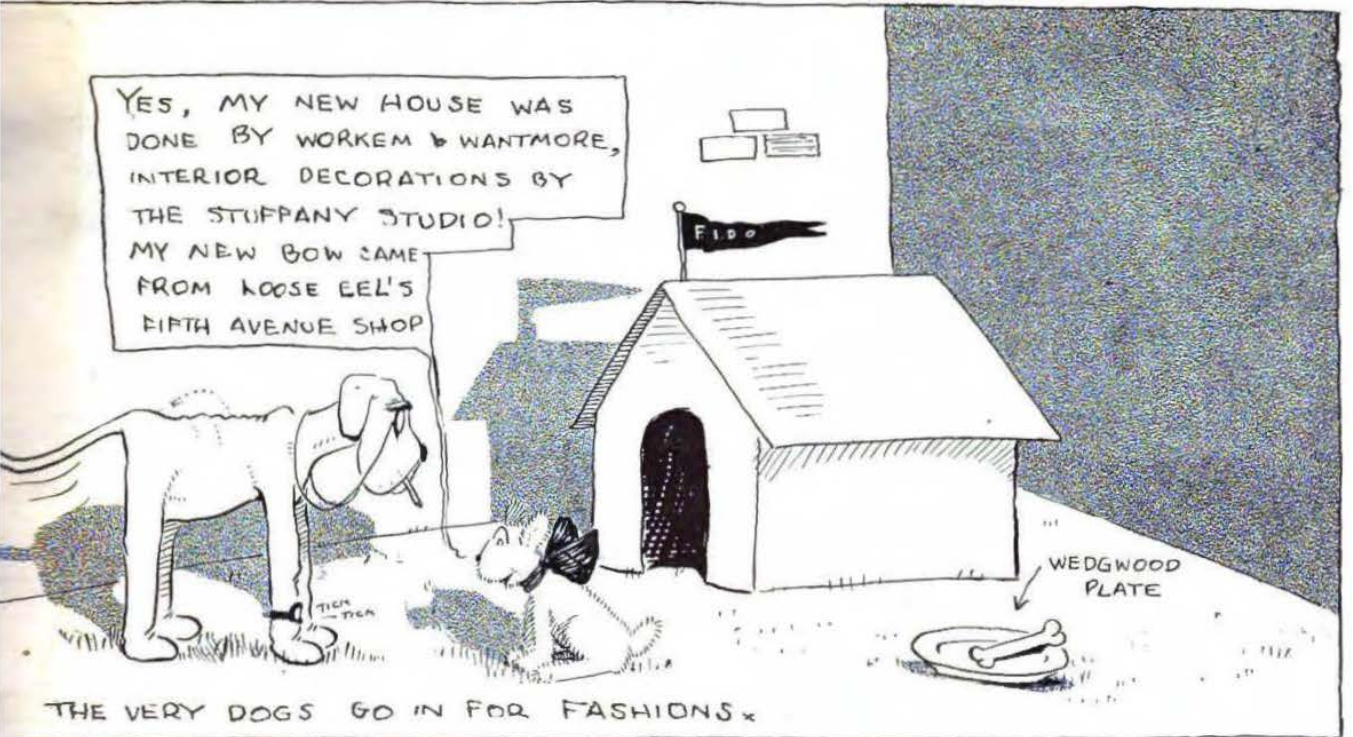
This is the song of the bard's despair,
The dollar here and the dollar there.

Gather ye shekels while ye may
For they'll be gone tomorrow,
For Jack and Fay will wed to-day,
And Bill, much to our sorrow.
A likely lad is Bill indeed,
A boy who'll work and stick it.
. . . I see, you're going to give a feed?
Why yes, I'll take a ticket.
A T. S. C.? Yes, certainly;
Jim's campaign fund? Well, you know me!
You know, some day you may be there
Yourself; each one must do his share.
A front seat to the Follies Show,
Admission to the Dreamland Hop,
Tom Dixon's Dance—of course you'll go?
(O Golly! Will it ever stop?)

It isn't much, but it leaves you bare,
This dollar here and dollar there!

—Frank Herwig





THIS PHOTOGRAPH OF PARK AVENUE AND 80TH STREET TELLS THE REAL STORY

the village store shows what a quaint little place New York really is.

A Delayed But Vitriolic Come-Back

Hawthorne, June 14, 1920.

Mr. Perry Dernem Quinsby,

463 West Street,

New York City.

My dear Dernem.

I suppose you'll be surprised to hear from me. You see, I'm one of the stenos. out here and I just dote on engineers. I read the letters you write the bosses about the way Hawthorne is run. O, I forgot, I really shouldn't have addressed you so familiarly but, you know how it is, I just feel that you and I are kindred spirits. We have our bosses sized up the way Clarice had that Philly bunch labelled. By the way, I wonder will Gwendolyn ever write Clarice about the adventures of married life.

It's really funny the way you tell Stoll and Merrick what's what. It's perfectly safe the way you do it—by letter. Once in a while some of the engineers come out here and try to show our fellows how; but the crowd here won't show worth a cent. They try all sorts of tricks, too, those New York smarties. (I can tell by your drawl that you hale from near George Ade). Some work the superior knowledge stuff, others do the domineering act. But the wise ones do just as my sister does when she wants to get friend husband to stay home for a change. She suggests a ride all around our boulevards. How he does begin to get a fit of worry about the price of gas!

There's one thing you want to watch, though, P. D.; that's the matter of copies of letters. Don't forget that if you ask Merrick to send you five relays of some standard type, Stoll may have to change the method of finishing desk stands and Davidson will need an extra engineering inspector on ringers. So be sure to send those chaps copies. If you don't, we have to pay a man to guess who wants them.

By the way, the Merchandise crowd don't like to have you dig about their forgetting to put the engineer's name on packages containing material for special service. You chaps hardly ever add that "Ship to J. Jones, Room 1414" information. So we have to look up J. J.'s initials in the New York house directory. That's generally as much out-of-date as the Treaty of Berlin; so it's worse than useless—about as good as your promises on letters regarding junking expense or ours on explaining a change that we forgot to put up to E. B. C. Wouldn't life be dull if for once we all caught up.

Speaking of this or that, there's one thing that always

strikes me funny. You know a lot of your New York engineers used to work in the Shop and some of our main squeezes once led that life of ease called designing apparatus. Well, it seems that they just can't forget past history. You ought to hear the row when two such birds that have changed occupations get together. I'm not mentioning any names, but I guess you'll know who is meant. "Now when I was in the old New York Shop etc., etc.," says one and the other comes back "Long about 1908 when we *designed* subsets at Clinton Street." Dearie me how those men do remember. Talk about a woman's ability to rake up bygones—it's got nothing on what those fellows fish out of the discard. They just naturally forget that things do move and that what was once all the go is now passé. (I cribbed that from an engineer—the one that Scranton told how blueberry pie is made from old cats).

Say, I nearly forgot. Tell the bunch that used to float on here on radio stuff that the classy brick top of Kasley's department done went and got married; which leads me to remark that it knocked them all cold to hear that Boyd had taken the fatal plunge.

Thus it goes. Night school's over and little me no longer has to teach Bessie Majewskie and Maggie Lynch how to sew buttons on. Now it's a case of dancing attendance on Pa while he tries to run a vegetable garden with Ma giving advice through the kitchen window while she's drying the china-ware. Bet your girls couldn't

turn a hand to a new job like that. I hear they all get married and keep on working for fear that hubby will get wise to the fact that wifey can't cook. Now if ever, I get my hooks fixed this present leap year, just you see how soon Miss Kelly can look for a new assistant in plain sewing. Then me for a little coop in La Grange—none of that kitchenette stuff that I read so much about at 20 iron men a room.

Take it from me, I'm keen for the city and all that, but when it comes to buckling up in one of them modern hat boxes the rural stuff has the inside track with me all the time. I'll tell that to the world and Kankakee.

Guess that'll keep us for a while—anyway until you break out again and send in some more rough stuff about my boss.

Yours,

A. Lotta Gough.



The Hawthorne Club Election in a Few Words

The Official Returns

OFFICE.	CANDIDATE.	BRANCH.	DEPT.	MEN'S VOTES.	WOMEN'S VOTES.	TOTAL.
President	*G. B. Hallett,	Clerical,	No. 6088	3,124	1,332	4,456
	J. J. Garvey,	Industrial Relations,	No. 6570	2,731	1,464	4,195
First Vice-President	W. A. Titus,	Installation,	No. 6504	2,194	886	3,080
President	*C. D. Hart,	Technical,	No. 6420	3,600	1,860	5,460
Second Vice-President	*Miss E. Fenn,	Technical,	No. 6444-G	3,288	1,739	5,020
President	Miss L. Walsh,	Operating,	No. 6308-A	2,483	1,071	3,554
Treasurer	*C. W. Hillis,	Clerical,	No. 6024-A	3,561	1,839	5,400
	A. Matey,	Clerical,	No. 6056	2,178	881	3,059
Board of Directors (Men)	H. D. Childs,	Contract Sales,	No. 5906	2,305	2,305
	*E. B. Torland,	Inspection,	No. 6641	3,040	3,040
	*J. H. Gaetje,	Plant,	No. 5770	3,121	3,121
	F. W. Bierwirth,	Production,	No. 6106	1,623	1,623
Board of Directors (Women)	A. B. Brown,	Operating,	No. 7889	2,221	2,221
	*J. C. Graham,	Operating,	No. 6384	4,042	4,042
	Miss D. Nolan,	Contract Sales,	No. 5937	595	595
	*Miss J. Turbov,	Operating,	No. 6333	1,188	1,188
	Miss M. Gillespie,	Technical,	No. 6427	803	803
Board of Directors (Women)	Miss M. Walsh,	Contract sales,	No. 5925-F	750	750
	*Miss E. Petrich,	Inspection,	No. 6600-C	1,939	1,939

*Asterisks indicate the candidates who were elected.



The witch in the sandwich. Wouldn't you like to have her carry your name?



A piece of the big election parade



The club accepted little Mary's invitation to "Have a Hart"



This happy heap of Hallett howlers helped to put Gaston B. across



C. D. Hart
1st Vice-President



G. B. Hallett
President



Miss E. Fenn
2nd Vice-President



As usual, the Lizzies did most of the heavy work



C. W. Hillis
Treasurer



Miss J. Turbov



J. H. Gaetje



E. B. Torland



Miss E. Petrich



J. C. Graham

PICTORIAL SPARKS FROM THE CIRCUIT AROUND THE CIRCUIT



LUTHER DOLAN, CHAWLES WADSLEY, HAENRY PECHAM, AND GEORGE FOWLER MOVING SPIRITS OF THE WEST STREET MINSTRELS.



EMERYVILLE HAS BEEN READING THE "ARABIAN NIGHTS" AGAIN, HENCE THE FANCY DRESS BALL.



POMMY AND A QUEEN IN HAENRY'S SONG WHEN YOU SMILE. QUEEN'S NAME AND ADDRESS ON APPLICATION TO DEPT 210



THAT RICHMOND CROWD KNOWS HOW TO HAVE A GOOD TIME



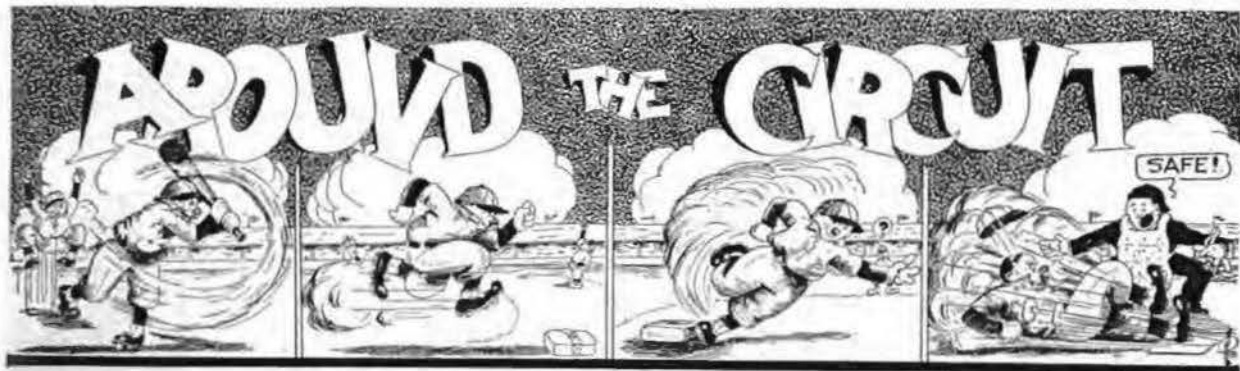
A M COLLINS CLEVELAND SALES MGR WIELDS A WICKED TROWEL



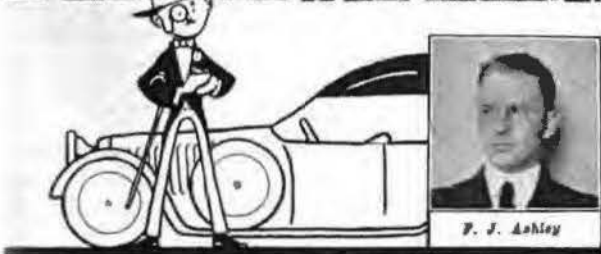
QUALITY PRODUCTS FROM LOS ANGELES.



INFORMAL SNAPSHOT OF MINNEAPOLIS CRACK TEAM.



FIFTH AVENUE.



Still Further East

FREDERICK LEGGETT, Eastern District Manager, recently received a very interesting epistle from Frederick Price, a former Western Electric man who has carried his training into new fields. At the present time he is at Johannesburg, South Africa, aiding in the big task of developing the Dark Continent. Judging from the extract shown below, the land of the Zulu and medicine man has already gained that goal in traveling facilities which we of the satisfied Occident have been anticipating for the last few generations.

Mr. Price says—"I suppose that you think that the pace in New York is more swift than here. . . ."

"We are putting in a pumping plant on one of the out-lying Deep Level propositions. Monday afternoon, they phoned in from the Mine, 40 miles out, that they wanted to see one of the engineers in reference to this. He flew out to the mine by aeroplane the next morning, and by 10 o'clock, had completed his inspection, 5,000 feet below the surface. Can you beat that in up-to-date New York?"

Reynolds Threatened With Exposure

Getting sent home for not being fully dressed is not the usual lot of a service man, but that is what almost happened to George Reynolds. Since the warm days of early June arrived, he has been travelling as lightly as possible, even trimming down his equipment to the stage where he decided that one of those "table d' hote" bow ties that slip over the collar button would be just the thing.

All went well for a few days, until one morning when he managed to squeeze into one of the elevators, in a wild effort to make the 16th Floor by 9 A.M. Imagine his feelings when he came out of a day dream at the 14th

Floor in time to see his tie disappearing into the Ladies' Rest Room nestled in the coiffure of a member of the Stenographic Department.

Some Inside Baseball

Jack Portley, our Socket Device expert, has been making a keen study of the local baseball situation, and incidentally has picked up quite a few points regarding the national pastime. Recently, in describing the exploits of one, Babe Ruth, he drew a vivid picture of the doings of the "King of Swat." "It was a tough break, alright," declared Jack, "why he hit two three-baggers in the first game and yet they got him off second base each time. I can't understand it." Neither can we, Jack!

Another Vote For the Antis

Several of the local salesmen were recently put through a three-day hitch on the inside to get a line on the real workings of the quotation department. While Ben Weiss was doing his bit, a lady called up and asked the price of a vacuum cleaner. Anxious to direct the business to one of our dealers located in her vicinity, Ben asked, "Where do you live Madam?" "How dare you?" came the reply. "Why you're a perfect stranger."

Weiss has been thanking his stars ever since that none of his customers have suffragette purchasing agents. "When that day comes," he states, "count me out."

New Haven

Heavyweights Aplenty at New Haven

We have often heard the saying "What's in a name?" but which of our houses can boast of a sales force like ours. We have George "Cord" Krenning, who is the fellow that has the corner on the cord trade; "Everything Electrical" Higgins; there isn't anything he can't sell; and Harry "Light" Hanover; Duplexalites, RLM's and lamp contracts are his middle name. Above all this trio weigh between them 630 pounds. Photographs will be furnished upon request.

The Cat Out of the Bag

There are two unauthorized employees at New Haven. They receive no pay but they are getting free board. It was alright enough when they fed themselves, but when items of groceries began to appear on New Haven's list of expense, which consisted mostly of fish and salt foods, the cat got out of the bag.

Newark

Some Are Used As Ornaments

Eddie Secker was presented with a pretty little pillow by one of his girl friends. We will stake our bankroll on the fact that he is far from asleep at Newark. Instead he is waking New Jersey up by his methods in putting over power apparatus.

"Pop" Growing Reticent

Pop Shanks is less talkative nowadays. He formerly operated a Ford and controlled it entirely by using his feet. As a result when it was necessary to talk he was always ready with his hands. Now he has a Buick with a gear shift that requires constant attention. With his hands so occupied Pop finds himself practically tongue-tied.



195 Broadway Ball Tossers Deal Out Drubbing to International

Well, boys and girls, doff your Kellys and Turbans to that Gay White Way Ball Team. Saturday, June 19th, at Jasper Oval the representatives of 195 took the Foreign members of the Western Electric Company (namely the International Branch) into camp, and administered a sound beating to the tune of 11-7.

Mulvaney of the victors led in the attack on the apple and crashed two (Babe Ruths) to the far corners of the lot. Neyenhouse pitched a sterling brand of the national pastime and let the Foreigners down with 6 hits and caused 11 to breeze the ozone. With better support he might have had a shut-out. Following is the box score for all devotees of the International to read 'em and weep:

Box Score

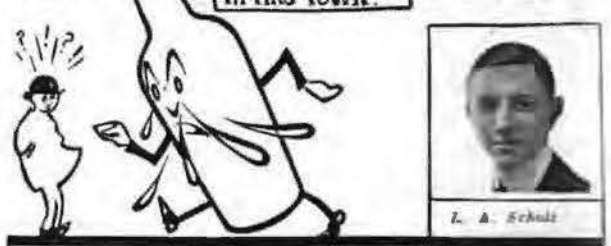
195 BROADWAY W. E.				INTERNATIONAL W. E.					
AB.	R.	H.	E.	AB.	R.	H.	E.		
Russell, 3b....	4	1	2	1	Spents, p.....	4	2	2	1
Mulvaney, ss...	2	2	2	0	Deitz, ss.....	4	1	1	1
Fernandez, c....	5	2	2	0	Benson, 2b....	3	0	0	2
Horn, 2b.....	4	1	1	1	Lisseroth, 3b...	4	1	1	0
Neyenhouse, p...	4	2	2	0	Malone, 1b....	3	0	1	1
Wildung, 1b....	5	1	1	1	Brown, c.....	3	1	0	2
Long, r.f.....	4	1	1	0	Regal, c.f.....	3	1	0	0
Smith, c.f.....	4	1	1	0	Donahue, l.f....	3	0	0	0
Fink, l.f.....	4	0	0	0	Blydenberg, r.f.	3	1	1	0
	36	11	12	3		30	7	6	7

Runs by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	3
195 Broadway	1	1	0	4	4	0	1	0	0	11	12	3	
International	3	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	0	7	6	7	

Two-base hits—Smith, Neyenhouse, Fernandez. Three-base hits—Deitz. Home runs—Mulvaney, 2. Strike outs—By Spents, 5; by Neyenhouse, 11.

ST. LOUIS



Oh! East Is East and West Is West and Here the Twain Do Meet

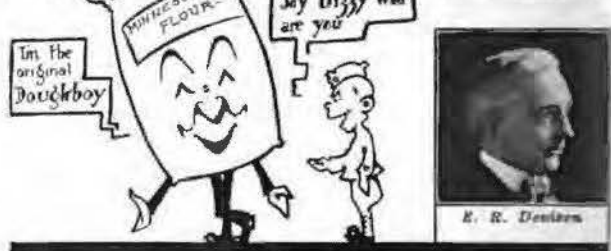
ST. LOUIS—neither east nor west, but the happy medium, having none of the snobbishness and vain culture of the east, nor the ungracefulness and lack of restraint of the west.

But why stop with the east and west, are we not midway between the north and the south, having the northerners come here to enjoy our mild winters and the southerners here to pass a cool summer?

Now this may seem somewhat strong, but believe us, we are putting it mildly. If we endeavor to express all the good qualities of our city and location, it would take a volume several times the size of the News merely to index them.

If you are figuring on coming to St. Louis, you had better make your hotel reservations at least six months before you start.

MINNEAPOLIS



Gold Watch Given to John Symons

JOHN SYMONS, our former stores manager, was presented with a fine Howard watch by the employees of the Minneapolis House on the occasion of his recent transfer to the Omaha House. John left a large circle of warm friends at Minneapolis.

Minneapolis Has Strong Baseball Club

Minneapolis has a strong baseball club entered in the Minneapolis Industrial League for the 1920 season. Manager W. D. Anthony says he is out for the pennant this year and from the showing made so far it looks as if he were right.

E. B. Denison.

ATLANTA



W. P. Hunter

Atlanta's Busy Week

THE Atlanta House experienced a rather busy week beginning Monday, May 17. On last Monday and Tuesday, May 17 and 18, our Georgia power and light distributor, the Waddell Electric Company, held a conference in Atlanta of all their Georgia dealers, numbering about twenty-eight. Mr. J. S. Shaw, Power and Light Specialist, assisted in conducting this meeting. Mr. C. D. Cabaniss, Sales Manager, addressed the conference on the ethics of the business, and on the importance of close coöperation between the Western Electric Company, the power and light distributor and his dealers.

On Wednesday and Thursday, May 19 and 20, we held our first conference of branch store managers and salesmen, at which time a full study of stock conditions and other matters pertaining to branch store work were thoroughly gone over.

On May 19, 20 and 21 the Tri-State Water & Light Association held its annual convention in Atlanta. W. P. Lemmon, Manager, Pole Department, gave an illustrated talk on poles. Other members of the Sales Department were busy entertaining their out-of-town friends.

This would appear to be a full week's job for the ones who had to attend all of these meetings, but as some of the Sales Department were not quite satisfied another conference was held on Monday and Tuesday, May 24 and 25, at Greenwood, South Carolina, at which the Carolina Electric-Machinery Company, our distributors for power and light in that State, held a conference similar to the one in Atlanta.

All these meetings were held with the idea of better equipping our organization to handle a greater business and to increase the gross profits of the house.

Guests At Shop Dinner

At one of our regular shop dinners last week we were very fortunate in having as our guests Mr. E. Twichell and Mr. O. F. Stuart.

This was Mr. Stuart's first visit to Atlanta and also the first visit we have had from Mr. Twichell since he was made Supervisor D. H. Shops. All together it was a very enjoyable and instructive meeting. Mr. Twichell talked on shop costs, quality, and pre-analysis, and these being most interesting and important subjects his explanation of them and information given us will prove very beneficial.

New Orleans

IN the early days one of our colored men spoke to John Shaw about "The Company's faults in regard to pay day."

Lewis—"Mr. Shaw, couldn't you fix it to pay us colored fellows on Saturday instead Tuesday?"

Shaw—"What is the difference, Lewis—you get your money once a week and the day of the week on which you get it doesn't make any difference, does it?"

Lewis—"Yes, sir, Mr. Shaw, when you gets paid on Saturday you can eat and go out in society Sundays—but if you gets paid Tuesday your money is all gone Saturday and you have to sit in the back-yard and watch the chickens all day Sunday."

PHILADELPHIA



Miss J. A. Mckey

Pot'ry, By Cracky

Oh, by gee, by jove, by gum, by gosh!
 All you hear about our house is bosh.
 We've woke up, so watch your step
 Or you'll surely lose your rep.
 All our boys and girls are striving
 To outdo our sisters, thriving;
 Just a word of warning to the wise—
 Watch our column grow in news and size.
 We've got poets, dancers, too;
 'Fact anything there is to do.
 Oh, by gee, by jove, by gum, by gosh!

"Watson,—The Needle"

Recently our credit manager called his secretary into his office, where stood a customer whom she had never seen nor heard of before. Without any preliminary remarks whatever she was greeted with the following in a deep base undertone:

Get me the papers on that man."

Is This Irish Dialect?

Wa-da-you call it when Bill Wayman comes a-strollin' into your office, hangs 'round the stock maintenance bunch spreadin' smiles and blarney dope 'til they just can't help turnin' over to him 'bout all their stock, then he gets himself taken to lunch and after that bums cigars from the stores manager to pass out to the stock maintenance fellers in return for their "kindness"—reg'lar Pittsburg stuff?

You've got to give Bill credit for havin' a conscience, tho, 'cause he bought a return ticket before he left Pittsburg for fear we'd succumb to his winnin' ways to the extent of offerin' him his fare back. Lucky for us it never occurred to him he could get that return ticket redeemed.



A Swing at H. C. L.

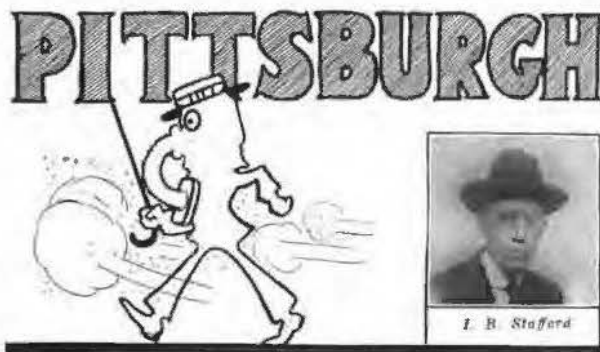
THE high cost of living in Boston received a hard blow when our employees were invited to join a Co-operative Buying Society of the New England Telephone & Telegraph Company originated several years ago.

Groceries of all kinds as well as meats can be purchased at prices very materially below the retail figure and the men folks were able to purchase business suits which were obtained from the British Government from a surplus stock made for their discharged soldiers.

The girls also are in luck as they can purchase under the same arrangements silk dress goods. Henceforth Boston will be all dressed up on week days as well as Sundays.

Noted, with Interest

Our recreation committee is as busy as a bug. We are looking forward to a real old fashioned picnic in the latter part of August, details of which will be announced later.



Something Doing in the Smoky City

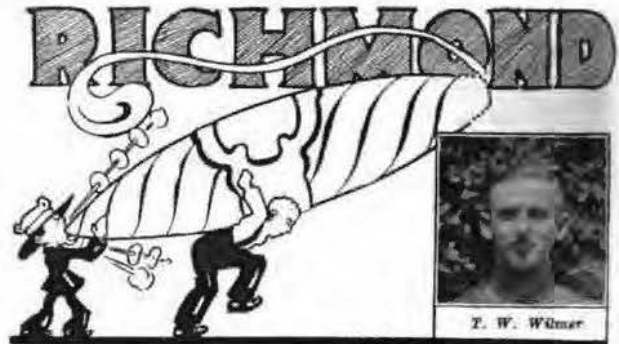
ON Thursday, May 6th, our employees held an Informal Dance on the Hotel Chatham Roof Garden which was a real success. After the first "Paul Jones" (Salesmen) every one knew everybody else and from then on it was a regular W. E. Party.

During one of the dances, toy balloons were released and we all went back to our childhood days which was traveling some for some of us.

It was a gamble whether Manager McCrellich excelled at Bridge or Dancing. The girls say, "Dancing." We also had the pleasure of having with us the "Three Wise Men from the East," Messrs. Leggett, Dunn and Ray. Mrs. Leggett's visit was a pleasant surprise.

A word to the foolish—(those who did not attend)—Don't miss a W. E. Party.

—I. B. Stafford



"Man, Man—Hear Me Tell It"

Lor' boss, aint dis here been some monf. I declar I aint never seen so much doin's in all dese fo'teen yeaahs I'se been wif dis company.

Fust dey come in dat car of wire. Mister DeWitt say that there is bout eighty thousand pounds of wire in dat car and dat we was gwine to hab a race to see how soon it were possible to transpose dat wire from de station up to de warehouse. Wal suh he started us at nine o'clock. Mr. DeWitt and Mr. Hunt dey went down to de car, Floyd and Williams dey driv de two trucks, Shorty, Slim, Mr. Parks and Mr. Ford was up here. It sho were a caution how de wire flew. At thirty-three minutes aftah twelve it were stacked in three nice piles in de warehouse. Mr. DeWitt say we hab done stablish a record for eight men to unload, haul bout a half a mile in two small trucks, and stack eighty thousand pounds of wire in three hours and a haf. I hope I may die if I ever is worked so hard.

And den come dat night what dey give a surprise party to Miss Wilkinson. I weren't dar but dey tell me dat all dem folks up in de office acted just like chillun and played all dem games like clappin in and out and hide and seek. Yes, suh, dey sho must have had er time; and dey had all kinds ob eats, ice cream and cakes and candy and kisses.

But de big party come off up in de office de other night. Fo Gawd I aint never seen people dressed in such ways befo. It was a masquerade ball. All de office were decorated wif flowers and colored lights and all de folks what come in was dressed up sumpin terrible and dey all had on masks like train robbers. Dey had me dere dressed up in a white coat givin away de sandwiches and ice cream. I did not know any ob dem until de took off de masks and give away de prizes for de bes costume.

Mr. Odell he was dressed up like a old nigger mammy and Miss Jean she was a Hula maid—they got de prizes and de others was dress up in all kinds ob ways.

And de other day we had a party for de ole timers, which has been wif de Western since de hog et de baby ten years ago. Mr. Odell lined 'em all up and made a speech and den dey was a song bout each one.

Yes, suh, it sho has been some monf.

CHICAGO



Political Stuff

Whenever two men met in the Chicago office during the week of June 7 and indulged in loud articulations supplemented by wild gesticulations, the prevailing topic of conversation was "How I got and what I saw and heard at the great Republican Convention."

Local W. E. employees played a rather prominent but unadvertised solo part in the big doings at the Coliseum.

The Chicago shop manufactured the big receivers used in the voice intensifying that made the oratory of the venerable and 87-year-old Chauncey M. Depew and other convention speakers resound through the hall as never before.

Three of the receivers were installed before the curtain went up on the first day. The outfit worked so successfully that representatives of the press petitioned for special equipment for their benefit also although they were located right next to the speaker's stand.

So our shop worked all one night and made up two more and had them installed by the Chicago Telephone

Company before the convention convened the next day.

One of the sparkling bits of local humor not discovered by either Irvin Cobb or R. L. Goldberg, and so told here for the first time, follows:

George H. Porter, manager of the railway sales department at the Chicago House and also one of the managers of the Lowden campaign, told this incident to his followers.

"My father was a close friend of George Pullman," he said. "When I was born he wanted to name me in honor of his friend. So I was duly named Pullman Porter.

"But it lasted only until friends of the family laughed. Then they changed it to George."

R. F. Young.



The Branch House Proposes, the Factory Disposes

Last fall the J. L. Brandeis & Sons Co. placed an order with us for a bunch of interphones. Mr. George Brandeis, before starting on an extended trip through California, made it plain that he wanted them installed before he returned, but the factory couldn't ship the interphones he wanted.

After wintering in California, he returned to find the job still unfinished and he just phoned us that he was leaving for Europe on a buying trip, and that "He hoped to Blankety, Blank, Blank, we'd have the X X X — O O !! ?? things installed before he got back."

We Have With Us To-day



Smiling Pep! No, this isn't an advertisement of a new summer drink. Smiling Pep is a girl's name, or rather her nickname. She's from Philadelphia and her real name is Idabelle Greathouse.

For the first few weeks after coming to Omaha, she was called everything from Freighthouse to Greyhound, but she's so darn good-natured she couldn't be annoyed. Even the apologies (which usually made matters worse) didn't arouse her ire. For instance, some bird would call, "Miss Statehouse—er—I mean Miss Gatehouse—oh, pardon me, I mean Miss—Miss Latehouse," etc., and she'd let 'em stutter through the whole list, chuckling inwardly, no doubt, at each new variation. Karl Horn actually called her Miss Greyhound for a few days and later, when he discovered his



error, he went out in the vault and blushed quietly to himself. We all know now that her name is Miss Idabelle Greathouse and woe unto any poor cheese who mumbles "Miss Platchouse" or "Miss Latesouse."

The monicker "Smiling Pep" is her regular name now anyway, but we can't claim the credit for giving it to her. She acquired that name when she was with the Philadelphia house and all we can say is that it fits her perfectly. You can understand how well it fits her when we say that one of her friends in Philadelphia addressed a letter to "Smiling Pep, care of Western Electric Co., Claim Dep't., Omaha, Nebr.," and the mailing department brought the letter straight to her without question.

Are there any more in Philadelphia like her?

Al. Budenick, shop machinist, is going back to Russia to look for his folks. Seven years ago he came to America, leaving his mother, father, and two brothers, and for the past two years he hasn't heard a word from them.

S. L. Rodgers



Modest Is Right

IN spite of Cleveland's endeavor to retain, at least, a modest place among the houses, especially those of the West, someone, somewhere, touches our pride. When the word was flashed around the circuit that the June issue of our "alert contemporary" would be the "Wild and Woolly" number, naturally our pride prompted us to inquire hastily of the Great Editorial Staff as to whether or not they were going to humiliate Cleveland by lining us with the ordinary houses of the West.

A very brief and diplomatic note was all that was necessary to sell the idea that Cleveland is neither East nor West, but that we are in a class by ourselves, putting it in the words of Miss Mohler, our vigilant cashier, Cleveland is located in the Great Middle West, the axis on which the East and West revolve.

Again Cleveland proved its superior salesmanship, because our contention was conceded (not conceited) by the Editor, and he remarked further that Cleveland really does have a lot of individuality and that he would not attempt to line us up with the East or West. It is evident that our prompt action in the matter certainly prevented any embarrassment on the part of the Editorial Staff.

DALLAS



To Those in the "Effete East"

YES, we have often thought of you, not only that but we have longed to tell you just what we thought of you but never—not even in our wildest moments did we even hope that we would have the opportunity, much less an invitation to express ourselves so frankly.

In our sober moments since they took away our "red licker" we have had a lot of time to spend trying to picture in our mind's eye a Sales Manager's job that should be regarded as a real sinecure. There is only one and that is being very ably held down by Walter J. Red Drury.

The reports we get here in Dallas indicate that Walter has about the cinchiest cinch we know of. For instance, when his salesmen report a big power apparatus prospect, he calls up Joe Ray and tells Joe to go get it. Joe, of course, being an ambitious young man, grabs his hat and coat and goes after the job. A few days later (all at the expense of the General Department) Joe comes into Walter's office wearing an expansive grin and hands old Walter the order.

If a large syndicate or oil company is in the market for a big bunch of line material, all Walter has to do to get the business is to go through about the same routine with George Hessler and Russell Griffin and so on down the line, with all the brains in the General Department working for him instead of us poor devils who really need representation in the East to help us put stuff across and for the lack of first hand information are simply forced to bluff our way through a large part of the time.

The Credit Manager:—

Ah! How he must work and suffer in the large industrial centers of the East where all his customers have a triple A rating and discount their bills, but should by chance an order come to his desk from a customer whose financial strength is not measured in millions, all he has to do is tap the great central main, the fountain of knowledge and the subtle forces of the General Staff begin to function and information from many channels uncharted and unknown begins to reach the Credit Manager. Presto! his problem is solved and again he is prepared to resume his life of ease.

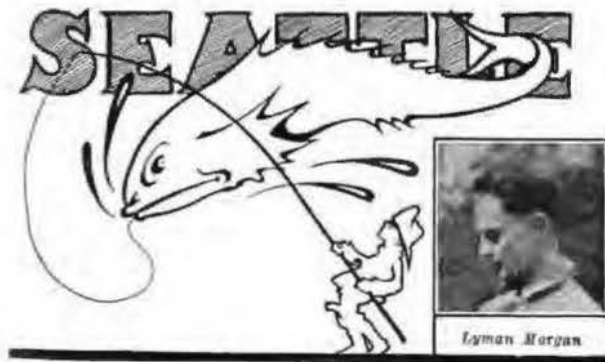
The Stores Manager:—

The strong man of the South and West, he who fights the labor turnover, would hardly recognize his brother of the Effete East as he picks up his golf sticks each

afternoon and meanders out with one of the representatives of his A. B. Customer to discuss the dandy service that is rendered by the Stores Manager's able assistants.

What a privilege, what a blessing to be located in the very center of manufacturing activities where all one has to do is to wave a wand and the stocks of merchandise begin to move just when and where they are most needed! Where the investment problem is an unknown factor. Where electrical merchandising is one long, sweet, happy song. Where life is all happiness and free from the trials and tribulations of the distributing houses in the more remote districts.

Do we envy you, our fellow workers of the Effete East? Yes, we do, and not only that, but we are determined to join you after we have completed our apprenticeship and enjoy with you the good things of life.



Lyman Morgan

dear Editor:

Nothing much to write about out here but I got to write something or youse will think we are dead instead of being so busy we aint really got time to brag about how good we are and when we get that way you can bet your October raise that we are some busy and if we wernt you might not lose much anyhow. I seen in the May News where the Government decorated the Western Electric Company and as how we should all be proud. Honest, if they would decorate the mahogany out here instead of the company we would be fuller of Pride and the claims clerk could get hisselfe another job because the way we do things out here we wouldnt really need him. The fellow what wrote about that decorating what Uncle Sam did to us should have had Mr. O'Reilley's job out here. It aint that we don't feel proud and all that if you get what I mean but it is like when a feller wants a raise and they give him a title like Assistant Mailing Clerk instead. It listens good when a feller tells his girl but it don't pay for no movie tickets.

In a letter you wrote to our correspondent you said as how we should write what we think of the east. Mr. Morgan who came from the east said as how if he wrote what he thought of the east you wouldn't print it and I got too much work to do to even think of the east except when I put the letters for New York in the San Francisco envelope and get a good call for it. This Morgan is an old settler back east. He still gets letters from there asking him to come back and settle.

He's some guy this Morgan is, says he's a nephew of J. P. Morgan an' all that stuff but I take all his chatter with a grain of salt.

Quite a ways north of here there is a place called Alaska which is in our territory. Our Mr. Brown (Larry) which is one of our city salesmen is feeling kinda sick like so he goes to the Doc which he goes to when that way. The Doc he gives Larry the insurance examiners O. O. and says what he needs is a rest. Larry figures out that when he gets the Doc's Bill the Doc will get the rest. So he filters in to the big bosses office and looks as sick as he can using the Docs bill to help him. Mr. Colwell sees that our Larry is pretty near a general breakdown, physical, financial and mental and says "Larry you sure need a long rest. We have to send someone to Alaska this year and as you need the trip we'll let you make it." Larry he is that grateful he almost forgets to tell the boss about a big order he got that day. So Larry packs up and beats it for Alaska. He was gone nearly eight weeks and he aint got his expense account straight yet. I seen him sitting at his desk trying to figure out whether to charge the cigar he is smoking to "Cigars, Mr. Smith, Smith & Company, Cordova" or pay for it himselfe on account it would be just as easy as making out another card for his Cordova Calls and there aint no Smith & Co. anyhow and the way these salesmanagers check expense accounts a feller has to go to Bradstreets and make sure that when he vouchers for a cigar that the feller he is supposed to give it too is in business and how. I asks Larry Did he get a good rest? The way that feller crabed was a caution. Did he? He shows me these slips that salesmen make out for calls. Allowing him one actual call for three slips which is a good avarage for a salesman. From the number of the cards he turned in from Cordova I guess he worked Sun time until be found out that she never sets up that way. From Cordova he has to go to Sitka which is a beautiful trip on the steamship adds. Larry he finds a boat what the steamship company calls a palatial S. S. which turns out to be a gas boat with accommodations for at most twelve and has anyhow forty on board without Larry and a storm was on the deep. It takes the P. S. S. eight hours to go fifteen miles against the storm and noboddy has nothing to eat which dont bother Larry none he even gives up some he had in the morning. When he gets to Sitka the hotel was renting the beds in eight hour shifts and he has to wait for his turn. Then he gets on the well known Alaska railroad which the Gov. owns and goes to some other place but he dont on account the train gets stalled for forty hours by snow. When they digs her out and the way Larry tells it he did all the digging that the engineer didnt he hits a bed in the town for three hours and gets going again. I asks him to write up the trip for the news but so far he aint got to it on account of writers cramp from signing his expense checks. The way I got it figgured out when I get to be a salesman and need a rest Im going to Alaska. Don't kid Larry about this trip he gets sore.

—HERB



(All Set—Let's Go)—West Street Minstrels

New York-Hawthorne Chess Match by Printing Telegraph

ON the evening of May 19, the first sitting of a chess match for the Inter-House Championship of the Western Electric Company, Inc., was played between New York and Hawthorne under the auspices of the Western Electric Engineers' Club, using the Printing-Telegraph as a medium for communicating the moves. There were ten players on each team.

As the messages travel in opposite directions on the same wire only one operator was required for the machine at each end, the incoming messages appearing just above the operator's keyboard fully typewritten in plain English, i. e., plain English for chess players.

At the end of the first evening's play the result was slightly in favor of the New York Team but there were still possibilities that Hawthorne might get an even break. However, when the match was finished at the second sitting, on the evening of May 28th it resulted in a victory for New York, the final score being 7 to 3. The details of the line-up are as follows:

Boards	New York	Chicago
*1	F. A. Voos..... ½	J. Shallcross..... ½
2	C. F. Sacia..... 0	J. M. Stahr..... 1
3	H. A. Whitehorn..... 1	F. Asplund..... 0
*4	H. M. Stoller..... ½	J. F. Grosvenor..... ½
5	A. R. Parra..... 1	B. A. Eliasson..... 0
*6	R. E. Collis..... 1	C. J. Solowitz..... 0
7	L. H. Germer..... 1	W. J. Malcolmson..... 0
*8	O. E. Gamm..... 0	F. W. Anderson..... 1
9	J. B. Crandall..... 1	F. O. Givens..... 0
10	K. S. Johnson..... 1	S. W. Cell..... 0
	Total 7	Total 3

* Games adjudicated.

Captains: New York, F. A. Voos; Chicago, J. F. Grosvenor.

Chicago played white on the odd numbered boards. The openings were: 1, French Defense; 2, French Defense; 3, Two Knights Defense; 4, Scotch Gambit; 5,

Queen's Pawn; French Defense; 7, Giuoco Piano; 8, Ruy Lopez; 9, Queen's Pawn; 10, Ruy Lopez. Referee: H. Helms of the Brooklyn Chess Club; Umpires: P. I. Wold, Chicago Umpire in New York, C. W. Hillis, New York Umpire in Chicago, on the first evening. R. M. Allen, Chicago Umpire in New York, M. J. Raab, New York Umpire in Chicago, on the second evening.

Mr. Helms offered two books, "Riga Correspondence Match" and "Pitfalls on the Chess Board" as prizes for the two most evenly contested games, the unadjudicated games being given preference. The awards have not yet been announced.

Chess by Printing-Telegraph should prove enjoyable to those preferring marriage a la Fannie Hurst as they could while away many a pleasant evening at chess without any danger of engendering contempt for each other through the familiarity of personal contact as they might have the breadth of the continent between them.

The Engineers Frolic Again

When things turn green (Christmas jewelry included) and the breath of spring is in the air the engineers lay down their slide-rules, crawl out of their cloisters and shake their minds free from calculus, electrons, coulombs, microfarads and other cumbrous articles long enough to loosen up their diaphragms with a good hearty laugh and to limber up their joints, which have grown stiff from the winter's hibernation, with an evening of dancing. One of these loosening and limbering affairs was "pulled off" at the Telephone Society Club House by the Engineers' Club on the evening of May 26th.

Attention was given during the early part of the evening to laughing exercises provoked for nearly an hour and a half by a "cracking" good Minstrel Show.

The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing. Excellent music was furnished by a Jazz Orchestra composed of members of the Engineering Department.

SERVICE AWARDS

M. Crowley—30 Years

When the plumbers who came to fix that leak in the bathroom last winter spoiled your hardwood floor, burned the woodwork with their blow-torch, knocked half the plaster off the room below, and then charged you \$20.83 for it, maybe you were justified in your sweeping and smoking statements concerning wielders of the Stillson. But before you make those remarks universal, go down to the Protector Assembly



Department at the Hawthorne Works and meet Mike Crowley. If you don't make an exception in Mike's case, you can be sure some one has pointed out the wrong man to you.

Mr. Crowley is a graduate of the old Clinton Street Shops, where he started as a plumber in 1890. Even to-day he could sit down and make you a diagram of nearly every pipe in the old shops. Mr. Crowley worked at the general trade until 1912. Since that time he has been located in the Protector Assembly Department at Hawthorne, where he specializes in sweating joints on cable terminals. Incidentally, though, whenever there is a difficult wiped joint to be made anywhere in the plant they call out the reserves, which is Michael Crowley, and Mike gets away with it no matter how mean a job it may be.

July being hot enough for joints to sweat themselves, Mr. Crowley will knock off work and go over after his new thirty year service button some time this month.

R. Stork—25 Years

Leaving aside for a minute the question of what makes a hole—the nothing that's in the middle or the something that's around the edges—we'd like to take you down to the Woodwork Mill Department of the Hawthorne Works and show you our multiple drilling machines, drilling them in bunches, every one in just the spot where it can be used nicely in making a Western Electric sub-set. And while you're



here, meet Rudolph Stork, one of the department's best men on this line of work.

Mr. Stork joined the Western at Clinton Street back in '95. His first work was assembling motors and dynamos. Later he was transferred to the Hand Screw Machine Stock Room and the next year (1902) he entered the Sub-set Assembly Department. He has remained in the woodworking departments ever since.

Mr. Stork's principal amusement outside of working hours is manuring his garden, which tips him with fancy vegetables. He utilizes only the daylight hours now, but after this month he should be able to work at night by the light of the three bright stars on his new service button.

L. Montamat—25 Years

When the Fourth of July assemblies sing "the Army and Navy forever: three cheers for the Red, White and Blue," L. Montamat has to bow twice, for he is both an ensign in the Naval Reserves and a captain in the Illinois Reserve Militia. Added to that he is also a veteran in Western Electric service, with twenty-five years starred upon his service button.



Mr. Montamat enlisted with the Western at New York the 1st of July, 1895. He remained at New York until 1902, taking time off meanwhile to help knock the Spanish out of the Spanish-American War. In 1902 he was transferred to the clerical organization of the old Clinton Street Shops. Later he spent several years abroad with our London and Antwerp associate companies. On returning from abroad he was assigned to Hawthorne, where he was made Assistant Clerical Superintendent in April, 1915. In September of the same year he was made

Chief of the Accounting, Financial and Office Service Divisions, and three years later took up his present duties as Chief of the Clerical Methods Division.

Mr. Montamat lives in River Forest, where he takes an active interest in civic affairs.

M. E. Schreck—20 Years

Spanning the waist of a slender piece of wire with a pair of loving calipers was Mike Schreck's first job for the Western. That was back in the old New York Shops store room. All Mike had to do was sit down and check the gauge of about 700 pounds of wire a day. One man brought it to him; another put it away, and Mike did all the work.

After some six months in the store room Mr. Schreck entered the Material Order Department and finally became its chief. In 1912 he was transferred from this department and put in charge of the Change Order Department. His next move was into apparatus tracing work. In 1913 he assisted in the work of moving the New York Shops to Hawthorne and the next year came out himself, entering the new and changed Apparatus Department. Two years later he was put in charge of Special Service Section No. 6114. The first of this year he was head of Sub-set Apparatus Tracing Section No. 6110, his present position.

Old friends in New York will probably be surprised to learn that Mike has quieted down into a "home man" in recent years, and spends most of his spare time beautifying his bungalow in Berwyn. Sometime this month Mr. Schreck will take home a handsome new two-star service button to harmonize with the other decorations.



J. Zobac—20 Years

Engineers who have been mixed up with the calling dial job, either at New York or at Hawthorne, will appreciate the fact that a hand screw machine operator good enough to make calling dial pinions is good enough to make anything. Joe Zobac is. When Joe is on the job a hand screw machine behaves like a five-foot husband with a 250-pound wife.

Mr. Zobac began with the Western at Clinton Street. For several years he picked up experience at miscellaneous work—assembling relays operating a speed lathe, working a "kicker" press, etc., but after three years of it he settled down to hand screw machine work, which has contented him ever since, with the exception of one year, when he took a trip to Florida.

Joe's principal amusement is walking—and hang the price of shoe leather! However, he probably saves enough in doctor's bills to pay for the shoes, besides adding years to his life and stars to his service button. He gets his second twinkler this month.



C. R. Young—20 Years

C. R. Young, of the Apparatus Design Branch, started his checkered career with the Company in the Shop Inspection Department of New York as final inspector of relays, resistances, plugs, etc. It is said that he was so familiar with the No. 109 and No. 110 plugs that he could draw the profiles and put all the dimensions and limits on them from memory. In the olden days the gauges used in the manufacture of apparatus had no marking on them to distinguish what parts they were used on. When an order was issued to change a part, if the man whose duty it was to change the gauges was lucky enough to find all of them the part came through the Shop all right.



But if he wasn't lucky and some of the gauges weren't changed—you can imagine what happened—fireworks! Charlie, as he is known in the Engineering Department, because of his familiarity with the gauges, was given the job of cataloging and marking them with the piece-part numbers of the parts on which they were used. He did a good job and was later put to designing gauges for new apparatus. He was then given charge of the final inspection of telephone and telegraph apparatus.

In 1907, the hero of this little romance was put in charge of the Detail Design Section of the New York Engineering Department and remained in that position until the Chicago Design Engineers were brought to New York and with the Design Engineers there were centered under Mr. E. B. Craft as Development Engineer. During the past five years Mr. Young has devoted the greater part of his energies to the design of loading coils, cable terminals and kindred apparatus.

J. Kresl—20 Years

Last year's Hawthorne Products Show exhibits a big choke coil weighing 2,600 pounds, besides a little coil weighing a couple of ounces. The tiny ones are made by Wiley's girls, but making the big fellows is a man's job and Joseph Kresl is the man.

However Mr. Kresl has only made coils for the Western since the manufacture of power apparatus was discontinued in 1909. Before that time he worked as a machinist on motors and generators, principally on commutators and collecting rings. He was transferred to his present department (the Telephone Power Board Department) the latter part of December, 1909, where a large part of his work is the general machining and winding of big choke coils similar to that shown at last year's Products Show.

Joe was hired at Clinton Street on July 13, 1900, so it should be no particular strain on your arithmetic to discover that he is eligible for a two-star service button this month.

J. C. Sass—20 Years

With most of us, working for the Western is merely a good habit, but among the Sasses it is almost a family tradition. John C. Sass, the conceptional cause of these cogent cogitations, celebrates his twentieth Western Electric birthday this month. His father, Henry Sass, worked for the Company in its infancy, and his uncle, John Sass was one of the early-day contracting foremen.

The John Sass of this article took his first Western Electric position in the Sub-set Assembly Department at Clinton Street. He stayed at this work until June, 1912, when he was transferred to the Protector Assembly Department. Six months later he went to the Hand Screw Machine Department as an operator. In 1914 he was transferred to the patrol service, where he remained for two years as a night patrolman. At the end of that time he entered the Loading Coil Department, his present location.

Our industrial relations branch really ought to present John with a special two-star button bearing the Sass coat-of-arms when he goes over for his new service emblem this month.

R. Raymond—20 Years

Those who went to the night classes last winter and wrestled with the maze of circuits necessary to put through a call on the "full-mechanical" will appreciate the intricacies of R. Raymond's job of standardizing machine switching circuits.

His first job was on the circuits of the No. 10 switchboard and later he had charge of the Circuit Laboratory.

In 1911 he was given the supervision of the Information Branch, which included the care of the Company automobiles and also had the library under the shadow of his wing at this time. Mr. Raymond was transferred to the Machine Switching Branch in 1915, where he directed the Cost Estimating Section.

Nature has endowed Mr. Raymond with a full share of modesty. The history of his eventful past is a sealed book to the interviewer and it was only by hiding under his desk and listening to him talk to himself that we were able to obtain the above facts. Should this little "revue" catch his eye he will doubtless exclaim, "With murder and sudden death! How did I make such a mistake?"

Other Twenty-Year Men



J. M. Phillips
Hawthorne



W. Kirk
Hawthorne

Fifteen-Year Men



John J. Hinde
New York



L. H. Opland
Hawthorne



S. Solberg
Hawthorne



M. E. Berry
Hawthorne



W. A. Holbrook
Hawthorne



Michael Forest
Hawthorne



E. D. Beaven
Hawthorne



S. Raynsford
New York



J. Steffen
San Francisco



H. P. Hess
Dallas



J. B. Moore
Chicago



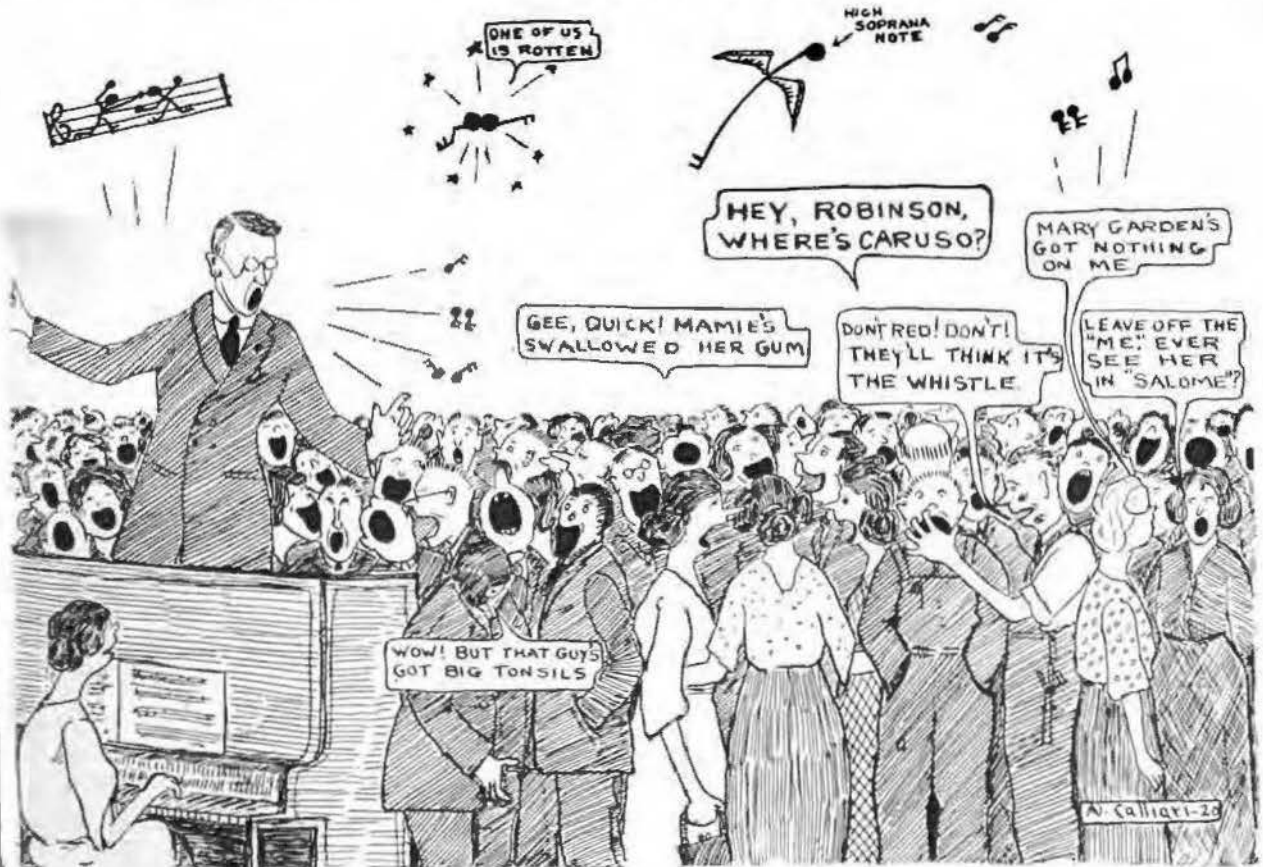
Paul Wasmuth
West St.

Other Fifteen-Year Men

Hess, H. P., Dallas.....	July 1
Coad, J. E., Dallas.....	" 3
Vrkoc, J., Hawthorne, 6344.....	" 1
Crume, J. L., Hawthorne, 2515.....	" 3
Suzor, N., Hawthorne, 6460.....	" 3
Meese, W. H., Hawthorne, 5331.....	" 3
Baker, F. C., Hawthorne, 6132.....	" 7
Gregory, A., Hawthorne, 6600.....	" 10
Rinker, J. C., Hawthorne, 6412.....	" 10
Kuster, F., Hawthorne, 5039.....	" 12
Gressang, F., Hawthorne, 6376.....	" 14
Meyers, W. A., Hawthorne, 6198.....	" 17
Reimer, H. C., Hawthorne, 6312.....	" 18
Fromholz, J., Kansas City.....	" 27
May, D. T., New York, Engineering.....	" 1
Wheeler, E. B., New York, Engineering.....	" 1
Akin, A., New York, Engineering.....	" 5
Grant, C. A., New York, Engineering.....	" 8
Bandfield, H. G., New York, 195 Broadway.....	" 9
Wiest, C. M., Philadelphia.....	" 27
McMurray, J. R., San Francisco.....	" 28
Nichols, M. H., Seattle.....	" 10

Ten-Year Men

Kaufman, B., Atlanta.....	July 11	Parenti, P., Hawthorne, 6311	July 18
Morgan, E. R., Boston.....	" 1	Burnham, W. L., Hawthorne, 9505	" 19
Rooney, D. J., Chicago.....	" 11	Goranson, C. J., Hawthorne, 6109	" 19
Bigalow, R. K., Chicago.....	" 18	Hrynyszyn, H., Hawthorne, 5755.....	" 19
Rossi, L. B., Hawthorne, 6396.....	" 1	Poulos, S., Hawthorne, 6312.....	" 19
Cechner, F., Hawthorne, 6333.....	" 5	Ehrhardt, A. E., Hawthorne, 6150.....	" 20
Gini, G., Hawthorne, 6376.....	" 5	Freund, P. J., Hawthorne, 9505.....	" 20
Bush, L., Hawthorne, 5915.....	" 5	Mikelsak, Stella, Hawthorne, 6346.....	" 20
Darffinger, Emily, Hawthorne, 7691.....	" 6	Pilarski, Mary, Hawthorne, 6327.....	" 20
DeVivo, R., Hawthorne, 6801.....	" 6	Bartik, A., Hawthorne, 6161.....	" 21
Duris, H., Hawthorne, 7392.....	" 6	Daly, Frances Hawthorne, 6032.....	" 21
Held, J., Hawthorne, 7398.....	" 6	Ennis, J. E., Hawthorne, 6194.....	" 21
Hebel, O., Hawthorne, 6305.....	" 6	Vileta, C. A., Hawthorne, 6312.....	" 21
Lohr, R. P., Hawthorne, 6129.....	" 6	Wolf, E. J., Hawthorne, 9506.....	" 22
Plister, P. F., Hawthorne, 9506.....	" 6	Chiovare, F., Hawthorne, 5376.....	" 22
Macek, Antonia, Hawthorne, 6640.....	" 6	Krick, M. P., Hawthorne, 9506.....	" 24
Doskocil, L., Hawthorne, 6115.....	" 7	Anderson, Anna, Hawthorne, 6081.....	" 25
Eisner, H. C. J., Hawthorne, 9506.....	" 7	Keller, Emma, Hawthorne 6326.....	" 25
Jungkans, O., Hawthorne, 6460.....	" 7	Radke, Tillie, Hawthorne, 6615.....	" 26
Genz, Bertha, Hawthorne, 6615.....	" 8	Shliakis, A. Hawthorne, 5734.....	" 27
Schuy, Anna, Hawthorne, 6327.....	" 8	Soukup, J., Hawthorne, 8198.....	" 27
Lavicka, F., Hawthorne, 6615.....	" 8	White J. A., Hawthorne, 9506.....	" 27
Rolfe, C. A., Hawthorne, 6445.....	" 11	Drayn, Rose, Hawthorne, 6326.....	" 28
Schlemmer, W. E., Hawthorne, 6451.....	" 11	Novotny, J., Hawthorne, 6301.....	" 28
Steinmetz, J. F., Hawthorne, 9506.....	" 11	Scheck, M. E., Hawthorne, 6146.....	" 28
Wegman, E. C., Hawthorne, 7988.....	" 11	Skilondz, E., Hawthorne, 6343.....	" 28
Daukant, F., Hawthorne, 5771.....	" 12	Summerbell, T. E., Hawthorne, 9505.....	" 28
Eshelman, H. B., Hawthorne, 6110.....	" 12	Kolar, J., Hawthorne, 6702.....	" 29
Kane, Catherine, Hawthorne, 7892.....	" 12	Prouty, E. L., Hawthorne, 6640.....	" 29
Heisman, M., Hawthorne, 7382.....	" 12	Crosland, J. K., New York, 195 Broadway.....	" 1
Mosin, J., Hawthorne, 5791.....	" 12	Kloth, H. W., New York, 195 Broadway.....	" 10
Stasik, J., Hawthorne, 6460.....	" 12	Conroy, Madeline A., New York, 195 Broadway.....	" 18
Moon, J. E., Hawthorne, 9523.....	" 18	Whitmore, Helen B. New York, 195 Broadway.....	" 18
Allitt, Lizzie, Hawthorne, 7381.....	" 14	Dowd, A. D., New York, Engineering.....	" 1
Jellissen, Julia, Hawthorne, 6826.....	" 14	Wragg, F., New York, Engineering.....	" 5
Johnson, A., Hawthorne, 6460.....	" 15	Downing, W. G. (in military service), N. Y., Engineering.....	" 5
Burian, J., Hawthorne, 5791.....	" 18	Thomson, A. McF., New York, Engineering.....	" 20
Cerny, J., Hawthorne, 6129.....	" 18	Davis, J. A., New York, Engineering.....	" 21
Hemmer, E. A., Hawthorne, 5061.....	" 18	Trapp, E. F., New York, Engineering.....	" 26
Lindbloota, R., Hawthorne, 6377.....	" 18	Holmes, Alicia A., New York, Distributing.....	" 5
		Ericson, G. W., New York, Distributing.....	" 6



Besides turning out lead-covered cable, telephones and other things, Hawthorne gets together at noon and turns out some mean harmony

WHA' D'YA MEAN EFFETE?



THE ONLY THING NOT ON
THESE BILLS IS THAT THEY
DON'T FEEL LIKE GOING AWAY
THIS TIME LIKE LAST TIME

THE ONLY THING NOT ON
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THIS TIME LIKE LAST TIME



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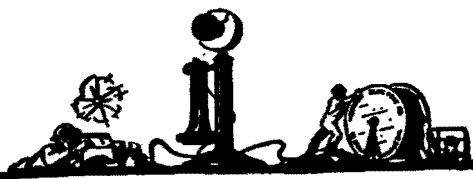
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Keeping the lines open 1918 1920

Are you running a home, a store, an office building or a factory?

Then perhaps you know how hard it is to get help and to get material for repairs or additions.

Think, then, how much greater are these problems in a business requiring hundreds of thousands of workers and countless items of equipment—a public utility, for instance, like the telephone companies.

They have thousands of exchanges and millions of miles of out-door construction to keep in order.

Their difficulties are increased many-fold over the average business because the engineering, manufacturing and installing of a modern telephone switchboard take at least two years.

In pre-war days, the telephone engineers had a way of looking forward. They undertook to estimate the growth of population and the opening of new streets, so that they might build with the probable needs of the future in mind.

For this expected demand they maintained reserves of plant equipment, which stood them in good stead when the war put a stop to customary building progress.

So while thousands of telephone men were running lines across shell-torn France, you could still call up the candy store and order your Sunday brick of ice cream.

But the Armistice opened the flood-gates to a torrent of new business, wellnigh overwhelming the country's telephone systems, with so many of their people still in service overseas.

That the lines of communication have since been kept continuously open is an achievement but little appreciated by the public.

It was made possible only through the efforts of the host of loyal telephone men and women every bit as faithful to the task as those who kept open the lines in France.

To the public as well as to the electrical industry any story of the telephone companies' war work has always held a world of interest.

But the problem which the telephone companies face as a result of the war are no less important.

As most people are prone to complain when the telephone service falters ever so little, we have written this editorial to indicate the peculiar difficulties which the telephone companies face in rebuilding their service to pre-war standards.

(The eighth in our series of institutional advertisements.)

Published in the interest of Electrical Development by an institution that will be helped by whatever helps the Industry.

Western Electric Company

No. 8 *On the farm or in the metropolis, wherever people look to electricity for the comforts and conveniences of life today, the Western Electric Company offers a service as broad as the functions of electricity itself.*

Western Electric Day-Color Lamp



*"The Lamp that Keeps Cool
and Sells Goods"*



Customers Like It

When there is a Western Electric Day-Color Lamp within convenient reach they do not have to run to a window or the front door to see the colors of any goods they desire to purchase.

They just hold the goods under the nearest Day-Color Lamp and the light brings out all the brilliance and richness of the colors—the true colors as by daylight.

In fact many merchants find that the things they thought they could not sell because of the unattractive appearance of the colors under ordinary store lighting have been rapidly disposed of with the aid of the Day-Color Lamp.

Every store where color is a factor in selling goods should be equipped with Day-Color Lamps.

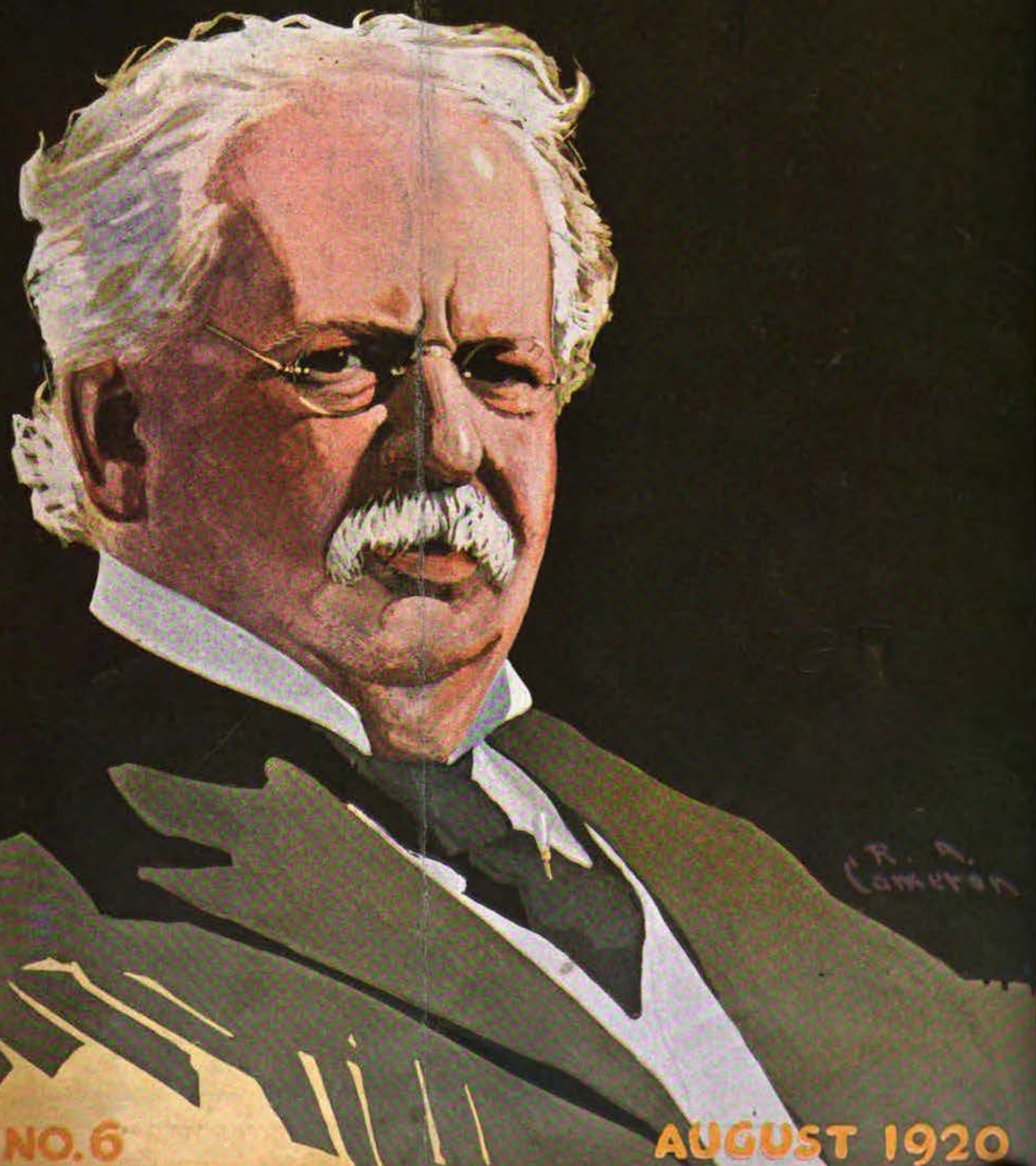
*Our descriptive bulletin L-2
will be sent on request*

Western Electric Company
Offices in All Principal Cities

Western Electric

An announcement of a new member of the Western Electric family—appearing in current trade publications

Western Electric News



L.9 NO.6

AUGUST 1920



There was once a substance called coal

To most Americans the words "water power" vaguely suggest a babbling brook and a rustic moss-grown mill. That running water can actually help to bring down the cost of living is a truth little known.

Yet there is real human interest in the story of how hydro-electric power is helping and will help more.

The editorial here reproduced seeks to treat this vital issue in a human way.

(This is the first of the second series of institutional advertisements to appear in the popular magazines during the second half of 1920.)

It doesn't take a Jules Verne to imagine the time when our present-day fuel will be gone.

But there is nothing frightful in the prospect. Already the world's engineering brains have cast ahead and discovered a new fuel in rain drops and dew fall—water power.

Nor is this source of power a hazy dream of the future. It's here.

In California, for example, 942,000 hydro-electric horsepower are right now turning wheels, lighting cities and harvesting crops.

In the United States as a whole there are 9,000,000 hydro-electric horsepower actually at work—and this is but fifteen per cent of our available supply.

It is to the other eighty-five per cent we must look against the day when coal and oil are museum curiosities.

Just how soon hydro-electric development will come to any community must depend on local conditions—such as how long the coal supply there can advantageously compete with water power.

But in the many places where coal is scarcely to be had, sane common-sense thinking about the relative economy of water power will hasten its coming—to the common good.

We should all understand that water power is not the interest of any particular business—that it is not a political issue, but a great economic one which affects us all.

So its support must come from the people, whose money will be needed to finance it. And rightly so.

Conservation of our national resources is one of the first benefits of water power development. The preservation of forests, the avoidance of floods, the irrigation of arid lands are part and parcel of this program.

Truly, unharnessed water is a national possession which goes to waste as long as we do not use it—and in this day of inadequate production and the high cost of living, any waste is an economic crime.

*Published in
the interest of Elec-
trical Development by
an Institution that will
be helped by what-
ever helps the
Industry.*

Western Electric Company

No. 11 The Western Electric branch in your city is one of more than forty similar organizations distributing electrical products of all kinds, through retailers to the general public and direct to industrial users. Western Electric service is within your reach wherever you may be situated.

Back to the Woods

I.

It was all of fifty weeks that he had waited
For vacation time to come around again,
And to get his desk cleared up before departure
He had worked till he was cracking 'neath the strain.
When the fellows asked him whither he was going,
With an air of worldly wisdom he replied:
"I am going to see a bit of our country,
"For I've had enough of sea and mountain side.
"I shall take a train and see a lot of cities
"Where the nation's history is being made.
"And the murmuring pines and hemlocks with their whiskers
"Must hold converse by their lonesome, I'm afraid."



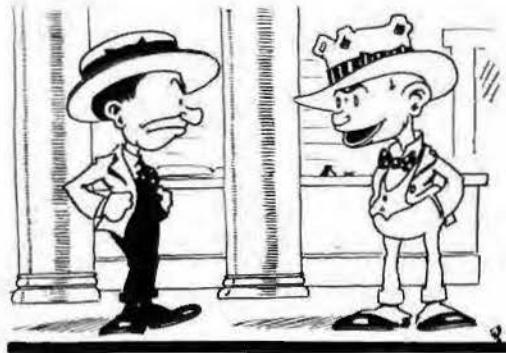
II.

So our Rollo gaily went on board his sleeper,
Stuck his suit case in the berth, took a cigar,
Walked up forward with an air of real contentment
And stretched out his legs up in the smoking car.
Hardly had the train pulled out, when down beside him
Sat a man, the salesman type that you all know,
Said "I'm Brown of Slinky Silks and Slippy Satins,
"What's your line and for what firm is it you go?"
Nothing loath; in fact, with pride our Rollo answered,
Told about the Western and the work he did,
Smoked another on the salesman, then departed,
Brushed his teeth, and into lower fourteen slid.



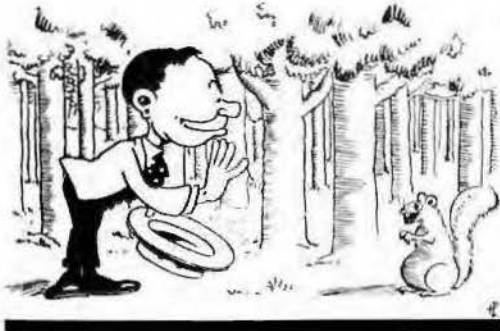
III.

In hotels and other trains the same thing happened
Every time our hero sat down in a chair,
For it seemed as if there always was somebody
Who just had to know his business then and there.
When he hit the hay and floated off to dreamland
His subconscious self would mutter in this wise:—
"What's your line and what's your firm?" *ad infinitum*,
And his slumbering ego made the right replies.
Night and day, and there seemed no way to avoid it,
He was constantly reminded of his job,
His vacation soon became an awful nightmare
While his nervous system started playing hob.



IV.

So the fourth day out, in sheerest desperation,
As the train slowed down beside a woodland town,
Rollo grabbed his suitcase, walked back to the platform,
Then, when nobody was looking, dropped right down.
From his innards came a sigh of pure enjoyment,
He breathed deeply of the piney forest air,
And enjoyment gave way to a great rejoicing
When he found that not a telephone was there.
For the rest of his two weeks he lived in clover,
To empyrean heights his spirits quickly soared,
No one seemed to care a rap about his business
Just as long as he was able to pay board.



W. A. Wolf.

Western Electric News



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Assistant Editors: Sterling Patterson and Reed Calvin

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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 10th of the preceding month.

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VOLUME IX

AUGUST, 1920

NUMBER 6

Theodore Newton Vail—An Appreciation

By Charles G. DuBois

[When Theodore N. Vail, the late Chairman of the Board of Directors of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, died, the News had gone to press. There was opportunity, therefore, to print only a short review setting out the mere facts of his life. It can scarcely be said that justice to a great man was done. For this reason the News considers itself peculiarly fortunate in having prevailed upon Mr. DuBois, the President of the Western Electric Company, who for many years was closely associated with Mr. Vail, to write this intimate sketch of the greatest figure in the world of communication.—Ed.]

WHEN Theodore Newton Vail died at the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore on April 16th, the telephone world lost its great outstanding personality and the Western Electric Company lost an inspiring friend.

Mr. Vail never spared himself, either mentally or physically. His accomplishments were nothing short of monumental, for our present network of communication is due to his foresight, faith and energy more than to qualities possessed by any other one man.

For some months prior to his death, Mr. Vail had not been well. In February he went South in the hope that he might be improved. The day before he left we had a pleasant talk together in which he spoke of his physical condition cheerfully, and was most optimistic in his expressions regarding the future of the great industry which meant so much to him. I am sure he had no feeling that he was approaching the end. In fact, he is quoted as having said not long after, "I think I ought to be good for another five years." B. C. Forbes, the business writer, tells the following story in that connection:

"When I told Mr. Vail that he should be like the recent Pope, who, when waited upon by a distinguished delegation on his 90th birthday, stopped them abruptly when they expressed the hope that he would live to be

100, and rebuked them, saying, 'My children, set no limits to the goodness of Providence'—Mr. Vail laughed lustily." As a matter of fact five weeks thereafter Mr. Vail was dead.

Mr. Vail's family and background were thoroughly American. He was a lineal descendant of John Vail, the Quaker preacher who settled in New Jersey in 1710. He was the son of Davis and Phoebe (Quinby) Vail. He had a long line of ancestors who contributed to the happiness of the world through building material products. When, by his initiative and rare energy, he built up our telephone and telegraph lines, he was following in the footsteps of his forefathers. His grandfather, Louis Vail, civil engineer, went to Ohio in the early days and gained prominence as a builder of canals and highways. Stephen Vail, a great-uncle of Theodore N. Vail, founded the Speedwell Iron Works near Morristown, N. J., where was built the machinery for the first steamship to cross the Atlantic. At these works, too, Samuel F. B. Morse perfected and first operated the magnetic telegraph. Stephen Vail and his sons supplied Morse with money, while Alfred Vail, his uncle, built his telegraph instruments and also invented the dot and dash alphabet which is generally known as the Morse code.

Davis Vail, the father of the late head of the Bell System, was born in Ohio, but at an early age went back

to New Jersey to become connected with the Speedwell Iron Works. He married there and returned to Ohio, where his son Theodore was born, July 16, 1845. When the boy was about four years old the family came back to New Jersey, where they remained until 1866.

Educated in New Jersey

Vail received a thorough education in the old academy at Morristown, N. J., and after leaving school read medicine for two years with his uncle, Dr. William Quinby. During that time he acquired a working knowledge of telegraphy in a local office. Ambitious to strike out for himself, he got a position with the Union Pacific Railroad and became an agent and telegraph operator at a small station on that line. In 1869, through the friendship of General Greenville M. Dodge, chief engineer of the Union Pacific, he was appointed clerk in the railway mail service, where his ability to systematize and organize was soon felt. At that time the railway mail service was in a very crude state, and Mr. Vail prepared special studies on the question of distribution and dispatching of the mail, which brought him quick recognition from the authorities at Washington. He was summoned to the Capitol and appointed assistant superintendent of the railway mail service under George I. Bangs. In 1876, he was appointed general superintendent, although at that time he was the youngest of the officers in the railway mail service.

In 1878, he was approached by Gardiner G. Hubbard, father-in-law of Alexander Graham Bell, and offered the position of general manager of the American Bell Telephone Company, a company formed to exploit the telephone, a recent invention. With a firm faith in its future, Mr. Vail accepted the position and immediately set himself to the task before him. He found many obstacles in the way, all of which were overcome. It was at first believed that the telephone was only good for local service, but Mr. Vail, with a larger conception of its utility, had visions of long-distance telephony far in advance of anyone else. One of his first achievements was to establish a long-distance line between Providence and Boston. In 1915, long-distance telephone service between New York and San Francisco was an accomplished fact.

In 1885, Mr. Vail resigned as general manager of the American Bell Telephone Company and was elected first president of the American Telephone and Telegraph

Company, which was then concerned only in long-distance telephony, but the Bell policies of that period did not satisfy him and in 1887 he resigned. Three years later he gave up the presidency of the Metropolitan Telephone and Telegraph Company (predecessor of the present New York Telephone Company).

After retiring from active telephone work he purchased a large farm in Vermont, which he called the Speedwell Farms, and settled down to the raising of fine horses and cattle.

He spent some years abroad, and in 1893 made a trip to South America, where, obtaining a government concession near Cordoba, he built an electric power station. He also bought a horse-car line in Buenos Aires, converted it into a trolley line, organized a company and equipped it with the best machinery and cars from the United States, bought out all competing lines and gave the city a complete service. A company was organized, composed of British capitalists, operated the road, and for some time Mr. Vail had his headquarters in London.

In 1907, on the earnest solicitation of the directors, he entered the telephone field and again took the presidency of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

DuBois Meets Vail

It was at this time and in the old offices at 125 Milk Street, Boston, that I first met Mr. Vail. I was then secretary of the Western Electric Company and Mr. Vail sent for me. I shall always remember the occasion, though very few words were exchanged. He looked at me searchingly and in silence for a long time till I felt as if there could be nothing he didn't

know about me. Finally he smiled (to my great relief) and said he wanted me "to take charge of the accounts," adding cheerfully, "you are younger than I had supposed, but that only means you have so many more years of hard work in you." The matter was thus arranged. My impression at the moment was of the greatest personality I had ever met and the years of association with him that followed and that included many trying circumstances, only deepened and enlarged that feeling.

In the next few years Mr. Vail had knit together into a comprehensive, well-rounded system, the scattered Bell Companies, had established a general staff which performed for all the services common to all, had enormously increased the extent and use of telephone service throughout the entire country, and financed these great



A rare portrait of Theodore N. Vail as a young man. This was made when he was head of the Railway Mail Service

undertakings, had told the public just what he was doing and why, and had built up a most loyal and interested body of employees.

It was well said of him that "he made one hundred million people neighbors."

In 1910, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company acquired a large stock interest in the Western Union Telegraph Company, and Mr. Vail became president of that Company also. He proceeded to reorganize the Company along the lines which he had so successfully applied to the telephone business, greatly increasing its gross revenue, rehabilitating its equipment and giving to the public new and improved services. He saw clearly that the telephone and telegraph services both had possibilities of greater extension if they could be so joined together that each could utilize the other.

In 1914, however, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company was obliged by the Government to dispose of its interests in the Western Union. Mr. Vail resigned the presidency of the latter Company and retired

from its Board of Directors. During the war period he bent his efforts to making the wire facilities of the utmost service to the Government and the industries that were working for the Government, and when the telephone and telegraph properties were taken over by the Post Office Department, on August 1, 1918, he accepted the situation without complaint and tried to make Government operation a success. Not until it was decided by Congress, a year later, that the properties were to be turned back to the companies did Mr. Vail relax his activities, but he felt then that the time had come when he could properly pass to another the active command.

In June, 1919, therefore, he recommended to the Board of Directors that Mr. H. B. Thayer be appointed president, and when this was done Mr. Vail became chairman of the board, in which capacity he hoped to give his time and interest to the larger problems of the business. He continued as a director in most of the subsidiary and associated companies.

Mr. Vail's services to the economic and educational problems of the country were recognized in many ways. He had been given the honorary degrees of Doctor of Laws by Harvard and Princeton Universities, Middlebury and Dartmouth Colleges, and the degree of D. S. by the University of Vermont, and the degree of D. C. S. by New York University.

Funeral Impressively Simple

The funeral of the great man was like his life—simple but impressive. He was buried Sunday, April 18th, at Parsippany, N. J., beside the graves of his father and mother. The services were conducted at the old Pres-

byterian Meeting House at Parsippany by the Rev. George C. Houghton, rector of the Church of the Transfiguration, New York City. Dr. Houghton was a personal friend of Mr. Vail. Frank Taft, also a personal friend, played at the services as he had promised to do, and "Nearer My God to Thee" was sung as a solo by Frank Watrous. So simple was the service, indeed, that had it not been for the special train which brought a number of telephone people and distinguished friends from New York and other parts of the world, the ceremony would not have indicated that one of the greatest men of the century was being laid to rest.

The following resolutions, passed by the Directors of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, show how truly Mr. Vail was appreciated by his associates:

"There is too little idea of personal responsibility; too much of 'the world owes me a living,' forgetting that if the world does owe you a living you yourself must be your own collector.

"Opportunities never were more plenty than now, but one must have the training and development not only to recognize opportunity but take advantage of it when recognized."

—Theodore N. Vail in *System Magazine*,
November, 1919.

WHEREAS death has taken from us our beloved chief, Theodore Newton Vail, twice President and lately Chairman of our Board.

RESOLVED: That we, the Directors of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company spread upon our records this acknowledgment of our indebtedness to him.

He has left our great company stronger and more useful than ever before.

He has given us this or-

ganization as an instrument of public service.
He has given us an outlook upon the wide fields of further scientific discovery.

He has given us a part in the conquest of time and space.

He has given us courage in seasons of stress and trial.

He has given us new ideals of business conduct.

He has given us a high mark for our ambition.

He has given us an example of the force that lies in honesty, fairness, patience and industry.

He has given to all of us his friendship, sympathy and whole-hearted affection.

He sought fellowship, knowledge and accomplishment and in that quest he won universal respect.

He has played an historic part in the progress of civilization.

He has brought the world in closer contact for the betterment of mankind.

His associates are able and proud to bear testimony that his chief ambition, to so lay the foundations that the work would live after him, has been abundantly realized, and that in the memory of his achievements his successors for all time will find their most impelling inspiration.

Resolutions were also adopted by many of the other companies with which Mr. Vail had been associated. Those of the Western Electric Company will be of particular interest to readers of the WESTERN ELECTRIC NEWS, and were as follows:

"RESOLVED, that the following minute on the death of Theodore Newton Vail be unanimously adopted, spread upon the records of the company and a copy engraved and presented to the family of the deceased.

"It is with deep sorrow that the Board of Directors of Western Electric Company is called upon to record the death on April 16, 1920, of Theodore Newton Vail, who was for many years a most active member of this Board and whose personality, character and extraordinary ability have left their permanent impress upon those who are so fortunate as to have been associated with him.

"Mr. Vail was one of the original directors of Western Electric Company, being first elected on November 22, 1881, when Western Electric Company, an Illinois corporation, was organized. He resigned on October 19, 1887, when he temporarily retired from telephone business and was again elected on June 6, 1907 and continued in office until he resigned on March 2, 1915. He was also a member of the Executive Committee of the company from 1881 to 1887 and from 1907 to 1915. After his retirement as a director

he always gave freely of his wisdom and experience for the benefit of his associates and for the company.

"Mr. Vail, although primarily occupied by his numerous duties in the operating branch of the telephone industry, was always keenly interested in the progress and affairs of Western Electric Company, and to his sound judgment and broad vision is due in large measure the success which this company has achieved. Deeply conscious of the loss which it has sustained, the board desires in this brief minute to express its recognition of Mr. Vail's inspiring leadership and the invaluable services which he performed for Western Electric Company."

One of the most interesting stories about Mr. Vail was an article written by B. C. Forbes, called "*Theodore N. Vail's Last Interview*," in which are contained some of his views on life, ambition, economics and happiness. I am going to quote some of these remarks, feeling as I do, that there is not a single Western Electric man or woman who could fail to be interested by them.

His Views

"It's such a pity," Mr. Vail once said, "that many labor leaders constantly preach that labor doesn't receive an adequate share of the profits made by business. It apparently never occurs to them that labor gets practically all the profits to-day. Almost every man high up in any industry or utility or business of any kind to-day began at the bottom as a humble worker and has risen up through good, honest, intelligent work. That is how labor can get and does get very generous rewards. These rewards are open to all who care to strive to gain them, for they are bestowed not through favor but strictly for merit. There are more demands for workers of superior merit than there are men qualified to meet these demands.

"It's a pity, too, that there's so much misconception about the effect upon labor, as well as upon everyone else, of underproduction through loafing, or slacking or indifference or carelessness. Taking goods, merchandise, service, or whatever else you buy, and considering the matter as a whole, seven-tenths of their total cost goes directly to labor. If the cost of the labor involved in supplying the things men need goes up through laziness or inefficiency or misguided teaching of labor leaders, then obviously the prices which must be charged for these things also go up.

"Higher prices mean that there will be a smaller demand for these things, because the amount of the consumption of an article is regulated largely by its price. Then, when prices are forced up unduly, the restriction in demand means the employment of fewer workers to produce that particular article, thus tending to bring

about unemployment. Not only so, but excessively high prices mean that wage-earners will be able to procure a smaller share than if the price were lower and the article and commodity more plentiful.

"Prosperity does not consist of very high prices, even though accompanied by very high wages, if there be brought about a relative scarcity of the necessaries and comforts of life, because if there be under-production there obviously is not enough to satisfy everybody. Prosperity comes from having an abundance of necessities

and comforts, and even luxuries, at prices within reach of the great majority of the people, and the only way to bring them within reach of the great majority of the people is to reduce the cost of each necessary, comfort and luxury by as large-scale production as possible, coupled with the payment of the good wages which large-scale production makes feasible. If plenty of everything is produced, the cost per unit of production is lowered, and the purchasing power of the people, including the wage-earners, becomes greater.

"Curtailed production through malingering or any other cause which cuts down the output per man cannot bring a sufficiency of the comforts of life within reach of the masses no matter how high may go the wages paid. High production, not high wages, makes for abundance. The right combination is high production and high wages.

"Restricted production is vicious not only from an economic point of view, but from the moral and even spiritual, point of view. Any man who is not doing his level best is stunting his mental, moral and spiritual development, to say nothing of his ability. Great heavens! The very greatest satisfaction that a man can get out of life is the knowledge that he is accomplishing something worth while. It makes me impatient to hear and read the utter nonsense so common about money and what its possession can mean and do for a person."

During his latter years the theme of "What constitutes happiness or what affords the greatest satisfaction in life" became a favorite one with Mr. Vail. In view of the enormous success of his own life, his mature ideas on this subject are intensely interesting. What he had to say was this:

What Is Real Happiness?

"The only real, lasting happiness can come from doing something, achieving something, accomplishing something; and, looking back, the thought that you have ac-

"Every one of you cannot expect to reach the top notch of fame or riches, but with a predisposition to do the best you can and make the best of everything, each of you can get all that is necessary for the highest enjoyment and happiness in this life. Enough is as good as a feast—in all material things enough is all that you need, more than enough brings with it care and trouble, worry and anxiety. All experience teaches that the highest enjoyment in life comes through simple sources, sources at the command of everyone, and if you have all the enjoyment one can have, what matter if you have practised sensible thrift and reasonable economies.

"If you have the ambition and the ability to do great things and your paths in life lead in that direction, remember that the enjoyment comes in accomplishing, not in fulfillment or after enjoyment. Not only is this true of great but of small things. Each step in the progress of your work should bring with it the daily enjoyment and satisfaction of something done, some progress made. If you take this view of life and work you cannot fail to be successful."

—Theodore N. Vail,

In an address before the First Graduating Class of the Lyndon Agricultural School, Lyndon Center, Vermont, June, 1912.

accomplished something is the one that gives you most satisfaction.

"By accomplishing something I do not mean that you must necessarily have done something great, something big, or something unusual. Accomplishment is relative. The boy who delivers messages; the girl who types letters; the mechanic who turns a lathe; the worker who walks the railway tracks; the telephone operator at the switchboard; the man stringing wires, can earn this feeling of satisfaction that comes from worthy accomplishment just as much, just as keenly as the chief executive of a great industrial enterprise or the president of a railroad or the famous author.

"One's sphere matters little. Everybody wants to feel that he or she has accomplished something. Go into any family in the land, no matter how humble, and before you have been talking very long with them they are sure to begin to tell you of something that either the head of the house or some other member of the family has done. If there is no accomplishment, if none of them has done anything they can talk about, then they will at least tell you of something bright or clever that some relative of the family has said.

"Very recently when I was up at Lyndon, Vt., where I have been interested in agricultural schools and trying to get the youth interested in doing things, a little boy brought me a fine bunch of vegetables. As he handed them to me he said: 'I raised those by myself.' That boy was as pleased and proud over what he had accomplished as I or anyone else could possibly be over any accomplishment rated larger by the world.

"My long life, my observation, has convinced me that there is some accomplishment within the reach of every individual brought into this world. And it is the fulfilling of this work, this accomplishment, that creates inward satisfaction and happiness.

"Money is more overrated than even the Kaiser was. You never hear a real man talking much about his money. No; but, as I have said, every human being likes to think and talk about his work, his achievements."

The simplicity of the truly great was shown when Mr. Vail was talking about high prices.

"We complain about the cost of everything, but do we stop to consider some of the reasons why the cost of living is so much higher than it used to be?" commented Mr. Vail, as he gazed out of his window, across Central Park. "It costs more to live now because we demand so many more things than we used to demand. We insist upon being served at every turn. We have become a nation of dependents. We do next to nothing for ourselves. We want everything done for us and served up to us in the best way possible.

"Just think of how most of our homes are run to-day. Instead of making bread at home, the housewife buys loaves, rolls, etc., from the baker—and insists upon having them delivered right to her door. Instead of buying a large quantity of cereals and cooking the breakfast

supply every morning, she buys a fancy variety of breakfast foods gotten up in the most artistic packages, the packages usually costing more than the original cost of the food in the package. Jam-making at home has become almost a lost art. Even home cooking of any kind has gone out of fashion to quite an extent in cities; the women depend far too much on the prepared stuff they can buy at the delicatessen store and place on the table without any labor or trouble. Formerly the thrifty housewife bought a barrel or two of apples and stored them away in the cellar, to last the better part of the winter; now apples are bought half-a-dozen at a time and the price paid is, of course, much higher.

"Many housewives no longer do their own washing or laundering. If a curtain falls down or some other little thing happens in the house, the first thought now is to send for a tradesman to fix it, whereas all such jobs used to be done by either the man or woman of the house. As I say, the modern housewife too often does nothing for herself that she can avoid doing but has a troupe of merchants and tradespeople of all kinds coming along supplying her with her needs at a minimum of labor, but a maximum of cost, to herself.

"Then, take street cars. When I was a young man street cars were comparatively little used. With the passing of the horse cars and the advent of electric cars everybody took to using this rapid means of transportation, and communities were developed in such a way that the use of street cars to get to and from work became a necessity. The breakdown of a street car system, even for a day, causes dislocation of business and endless confusion—as we have witnessed recently on Staten Island. Whereas we used to depend upon our own legs to get us to our business, we are now depending upon transportation companies. Dependents, you see. And of course, it costs money to ride on street cars or railroads. Just one more cost added to living."

Mr. Vail was a man of a century. He not only had an unusual type of mentality, but he had almost uncanny foresight, tremendous initiative and enormous vitality. Among industrial leaders he was probably unequalled in the number and size of the undertakings he could bring to successful accomplishment. Even in his later years his imaginative faculties continued unabated and his courage and interest in meeting new problems never failed. With qualities and abilities far beyond those commonly given to men he was nevertheless very human in his friendships, his sympathies, his enthusiasms, his foibles and his tastes. He was a wonderful man, but he was always a man, never a demigod. He could be very stern or very gentle, sometimes brusque in manner, yet more often of a frank and winning friendliness. He never inspired fear or awe in his subordinates, but a most extraordinary desire to meet his expectations of them. To have had such a man as he as the head of the business with which all of us are associated, is more than a memorial; it is a living inspiration.

Quaint Document Recalls Quaint Customs

TIMES do change. Back in 1705 when Queen Anne was the umpire of the North American League, she instituted a set of ground rules governing the original grant to the Corporation of Trinity Church, a section of which has just been purchased by the New York house for its new home at 895 Hudson street. Strangely enough the site of the General Departments at 195 Broadway marked the Eastern boundary of her gift to her clerical friends while the new Building on Hudson Street is on the extreme tip of what formerly constituted its Western border.

A glance at the grant of the suffragette ruler of those early days in Colonial history discloses some interesting facts. Sinn Fein cohorts and the ultra-republicans of the present day France are expected to go in raptures when they note that Anne boasted of the allegiance of France and Ireland, both by the "grace of God." Evidently natives of the New World had not acquired a degree of civilization sufficient to warrant putting them in the same category. No doubt, that was the big reason for the high-handed way in which Her Highness gave away what is now worth several millions to uplift the erring sons of Father Knickerbocker. Poor soul, after all her generosity, there are some who say that times have not changed a bit. Of course they are not New Yorkers.

The builders of 1920 are expected to take a lot of nourishment out of the amount which was set aside for improvements. Five hundred pounds a year, or about \$1200, figuring in monetary values of today and not tak-

ing the drop in the exchange rate of Sterling into consideration, were set aside to keep the property in repairs. That was in the days before you had to pay a month's salary for a good \$10 suit. It took three centuries to evolve the high-binder of the present.

Farming was even then becoming an aristocratic art.

The King's Farme, the Queen's Farme, and the Duke's Farme all went to make a part of the Trinity holdings. If Ye Rector of 1705 were alive now, he would hold the royal flush of the American realty pack. The Queen's Garden also was included in the deed. It must have been a pretty large estate for it brought a revenue of thirty pounds a year into the royal coffers—some wealth in 1705. A comparison of this figure with the writer's monthly rent for four rooms up in the Bronx warms the cockles of his heavy heart. Why, he could have bought a Ford then. It is also noted that Hudson's River was mentioned quite often in original manuscript. The old chap must have departed without heirs, however, for his right to possession is denied absolutely by modern map-makers.

Now for the rub! The Trinity Grant, a section taking in about one square mile of the present financial district was deeded away for three shillings,—for seventy-five cents a

year. When the management of the New York House decided that they needed a few square yards of this same land, they knew all these facts. Did they profit by the amiable generosity of Queen Anne? That's another story.

ANNE by the Grace of God of England Scotland France & Ireland Queen Defender of the faith &c TO ALL to whom these Presents shall come or may Concern Send Greeting WHEREAS y^e Rector and Inhabitants of y^e City of New York in Communion of y^e Church of England as by the Law Establish'd were (by an Act of Assembly made in the third Year of of Reigne Entituled an Act Granting sundry Priviledges and Powers to y^e Rector and Inhabitants of y^e City of New York of the Communion of y^e Church of England as by y^e Law Establish'd) Incorporated by y^e Name of y^e Rector & Inhabitants of y^e City of New York in Communion of y^e Church of England as by Law Establish'd and made y^e Sons Capable in y^e Law to sue, or to be sued in any Action or matter whatsoever and by that Name they & their Successors should hold and Enjoy y^e Church there Called Trinity Church burying Place and Land therunto belonging by whatsoever Name or Names y^e same were Purchased and had & that y^e Rector & Inhabitants & their Successors by y^e same Name from thence forward should have Good Right & lawfull Authority To have take Receive Acquire and Purchase and use & Enjoy Lands Tenements and Hereditaments Goods & Chattels & To Demise Lease and Imprime the sd Lands Tenements and Hereditaments & to use and Improve such Goods and Chattels to y^e Benefit of the said Church and other pious uses not Exceeding ffive hundred Pounds Yearly Rents or Income wth diverse other Priviledges and Powers to them the sd Rector and Inhabitants and their Successors as by the sd Recited Act more at Large is Duth & may Appear AND WHEREAS the sd Rector & Inhabitants of y^e City of New York in Communion of the Church of England as by Law Establish'd by their Petition to of Right Trusty and wellbelov'd Ouanis Edward Viscount Cornbury of Oun^{ty} Gov^{er} & Gov^{er} in Chief in and over of Province of New York and Territories thereon Depending in America and Vice Admirall of y^e same HAVE humbly prayed that we would Grant & Confirm unto

This is a fac-simile of a page of the original grant made by Queen Anne in 1705 of the property on which both 195 Broadway and the new 895 Hudson Street buildings are situated

The Stores Managers Step Out in Chicago

FROM Boston to Seattle the stores managers answered the call of the Company to meet in solemn conference (and other things) at the Cooper-Carlton Hotel from July 12 to 17. Of course, there was plenty of conference for the fifty odd men assembled. There was a session both morning and afternoon, with the exception of the day the big golf tournament was held. This was arranged by Gene Estep, Assistant General Contract Sales Manager, and Rob Gordon, Stores Manager of the New York house. It may appear strange or not (depending upon your point of view) that these two gentlemen were the winners.

It was a great contest, that golf tourney. The East played the West, in spite of the higher batting average of the Western captain. The selection of leaders produced a spirited competition. The man who used the greatest number of swings in knocking the little white pill over the eighteen holes, was automatically chosen. E. L. Spolander, of St. Louis, got the Western captaincy with a score of 146. Bill Wayman, of Pittsburgh, became Eastern leader, just a few strokes under Spolander.

Spolander really ran into a little hard luck. Just after his foursome started, it began to pour down rain. They had reached the first hole, and Spolander had turned in a 3—one stroke under par. The rain drove them back to the clubhouse, with the result that, starting all over again, Spolander made the first hole on his second attempt to the Olympic tune of 11.



Bob Young, of Chicago, does some venomous lightning sketches at the Stores Managers' Conference, which began in the Windy City on July 12

Hard Facts About Supplies

Every one realizes in a general fashion how difficult it is to-day to satisfy the most commonplace of wants. Not long ago, a large New York furniture house which had been in existence for three months offered a substantial bonus to any neighbor who would transfer to it his telephone service. As the big source of supply of the Bell system, the Western Electric Company is interested in learning why prospective telephone subscribers must go to such heroic measures to secure attention. The News has been fortunate in receiving from the Information Department—American Telephone and Telegraph Company,—some interesting statistics dealing with these conditions.—ED.

“**I**F headquarters would only take the lid off we would show the world some telephone service in short order,” said an enthusiastic long distance plant man who did not realize how largely the program is affected by conditions beyond the control of the Bell System.

There are thousands of members of the Bell System in plant, traffic and commercial departments who are thrilled with the huge job that faces them, and who are keen to work days, nights and Sundays to provide the facilities and the forces to meet the unprecedented demand for service. They are like athletes eager to enter the race against a constantly growing load of telephone traffic. They are doing wonderful work, but they are eager for results and impatient at the delays that somehow cannot be avoided.

What more natural than the cry, “Take off the lid and let us show the world.”

It is only fair to these enthusiastic Bell people to tell them the story of “the lid and who sits on it.” It is not a frivolous story, but a story of grief, of heartbreak, and a constant struggle against well-nigh unconquerable circumstances.

In order to start right, let us throw on the screen a picture of the telephone situation in the United States. The streams of business, after being dammed up during the war period, have overflowed their banks. The whole country is flooded with business, and the flood is constantly finding new and unexpected channels. The flow of business has been interrupted by political uncertainty, by financial uncertainty, by the shortage and disturbance of labor, by the scarcity of raw materials and fabricated articles and by the overload that has been put on the means of transportation and communication.

Great manufacturing plans have changed their products overnight. At a word, the making of arms, ammunition and the material of war has been stopped, and the manufacture of plows, dynamos, steel products, textiles and the varied materials of peace has been begun.

If all this released business activity were going smoothly it would put a tremendous load on the telephone. But it has not been going smoothly. Quite the reverse, it has been in great confusion, and that confusion has been aggravated by the unusual storms and snows of a bitterly cold winter, by epidemics of influenza, by floods and tornadoes, and big exports and small imports, and by a myriad of troubles which have all increased the troubles of the telephone system.

The Bell System is larger than ever before, but it has not yet become large enough for the new and greatly increased demands. It is building all over the map, building plants and building up its forces of men and women.

New central offices are needed, new switchboards, new relays, new distributing boards, new conduits, new cables, new manholes, new pole lines, new equipment of every kind. Thousands of miles of cable must be laid and spliced, thousands of miles of wire must be strung, uncounted millions of joints must be soldered to make perfect electrical connections in the new central office equipment. The whole country is teeming with this construction, covering every mechanical process from the factory production to the installation of the subscriber's station. Rapid work is being done, but everybody very naturally wants it to be more rapid.

Every loyal telephone man and woman is worried and grieved because the race with demand has not yet been won. Is it because the lid has not been taken off? Let us look at the other side of the picture.

We see the tremendous demands by all kinds of business upon the telephone service, we see the increasing activity of telephone construction and organization, we see enthusiastic Bell people anxious to “show the world,” we see companies with cash on hand to pay for what they need if they could only get it, and we see them unable to get what they need, because of a scarcity of material which cannot be immediately overcome.

There are times when the wisest foresight does not count. This is one of those times. The Western Electric Company acts as the supply department of the Bell System. It not only maintains the largest telephone manufacturing plant in the world, but it has long had arrangements with other available factories or such telephone material as they can provide.

The Western Electric Company studies the markets of the world and arranges far in advance for the raw materials and fabricated goods which are needed in telephone construction. In times of plenty it provided for times of scarcity. It has its people visit the forests, the mines, the factories and makes arrangements so that the sources of supply may be developed to meet future needs. It makes contracts far ahead so as to insure prompt deliveries. It follows back the pathway of antimony and tin to their sources in China, Japan and the Straits Settlements; it investigates the East Indian market for shellac; it takes note of the foreign supply of junk rope necessary for cable paper; it keeps track of crude Para rubber, of

tinsel, of soft iron, of silk and a host of other necessities. Moreover, the Western Electric Company, finding that many articles cannot be had at any price, is constantly searching throughout the far countries of the world for new products or new sources of old products, so that telephone facilities may be always maintained. A similar search for new means of efficiency and economy is continuously made by the Department of Development and Research of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

It is safe to say that no other industry has been more fore-handed in providing for emergencies than the Bell System, and yet day after day the mails bring reports of broken promises, and materials vitally necessary to the work of construction are delayed, and it appears to be nobody's fault.

The hard facts in the supply situation as told by the head of the purchasing department will wring the heart-strings of every enthusiastic telephone man.

Back in August, 1914, when the world war started, prices of telephone materials were low and deliveries were prompt. Moreover, the companies had a fair amount of plant reserves to enable them to take care of new subscribers promptly.

Two years later came a period of high prices, prices that showed an average advance of 100 per cent., and deliveries were intolerably and hopelessly slow.

Mills throughout the country were taxed to their capacity, and their products were under Government direction. Without a Government certificate of priority you could hardly buy anything, to say nothing of getting your supplies after you had bought them. The immediate result was utilization of plant reserves until they had become exhausted.

To-day the supply situation is worse than it has ever been before. In spite of the fact that prices are higher, the deliveries are slower than they were during the war.

Storms, strikes, shortage of productive labor, lack of fuel, shortage of motive power and car equipment and embargoes, both freight and express, have made it and are still making it almost impossible to get needed supplies for construction and materials for telephone manufacture. At last accounts the Western Electric Company had some 200 cars of delayed freight en route for their Hawthorne works at Chicago, some of these cars being on the way for more than a month.

The Falling off in Production

These vicissitudes of the supply department which confront the telephone industry are shared by many other industries, but they are none the less heartbreaking. The average falling off in production throughout the country is estimated to be about 35 per cent., and this is in spite of greatly increased prices.

The percentage of advance in prices on the "principal purchase" items enumerated below since August, 1914, has been as follows:

	Percent Increase from August, 1914 to January, 1920
Acid, Sulphuric	25.
" Muriatic	57.5
" Nitric	65.
Aluminum Ingot	20.8
Antimony	67.9
Batteries, Dry	105.
Brass Rod and Sheet	79.
Fibre Sheet	183.1
Copper	55.15
Nickel Silver Sheet	49.
Pole Line Hardware (Crossarm Bolts)	187.2
(Crossarm Braces)	231.
(Guy Clamps)	161.3
Lead, Pig	83.9
Paper, Cable	111.9
Blotting	226.66
Rings, Aerial	46.
Strand, 0,000 pound	106.2
Rubber, Crude Para	30.
Silk, Spun	304.4
" Tussah	475.
Spelter	59.97
Steel, Bessemer Billets	91.
Thread, Linen	182.3
Tinsel	157.6
Vitriol, Blue	68.45
Wire, No. 17 Outside Distributing	81.32
" Iron, Telegraph, No. 10 Ex. BB	79.
" Bridle	90.6
" Inside	130.4
Yarn, Fine Cotton	291.6
Glass, Insulators	99.15
Pins, Locust	120.
Crossarms, Fir, 10 ft., Base Mill	162.5
Brackets, Wood Pole	235.
Poles, 5/20's and 5/25's, cedar	140.
Paper, Sulphite Bond, White	148.4
Office Furniture (Desks, Tables and Chairs)	121.2
Conduit, Clay	184.5
" Wood, Creosoted Pine	111.97
Tin, Pig	103.6

This list shows that in more than half of these articles the advance has been 100 per cent., and upwards to as much as 475 per cent.

But the troubles of the supply department are more graphically brought out by a brief synopsis of the conditions of production and shipment of some of the largest and most important of the Western Electric Company's principal purchases.

Moulded Insulation Materials

On these moulded insulation materials—such as receiver caps and cases, mouthpieces and connecting blocks—3,500,000 pieces are used annually. The sources of supply are limited, and are located in Bridgeport, Conn., and Brooklyn, N. Y. The principal constituents in these parts, which are used in part to replace hard rubber pieces, is East Indian shellac, of which there is a severe shortage, and importations are uncertain and infrequent. Composition factories have sustained repeated strikes, and such labor as is available is inefficient, causing very large rejections, thus reducing output and raising costs.

Copper

The copper purchases are approximately 25,000,000 pounds this year for telephone lines and 50,000,000 pounds for the manufacture of lead-covered cable and apparatus. To bring out the quantities involved in consumption, and employing a well-worn illustration, the System is consuming weekly 58,000 miles of fine wire in apparatus and 60,000 miles of coarser sizes of copper wire in lead-covered cable—which is sufficient to girdle the globe nearly five times.

There is at present an abundance of copper, the large surplus carried over from 1918 not yet having been dissipated. The wire mills, which are principally located in the eastern seaboard states, are tremendously over-sold, due to the abnormal activity in the building and automobile industries, which call for enormous quantities for electric light wiring and fine wires used for automobile lighting and starting equipment, and in the production of copper mesh used in brake band linings.

The Suppliers' Troubles

The case of Old Mother Hubbard, who found her cupboard bare, is repeated in scores of letters to the Western Electric Company from suppliers telling their troubles and the reasons for delayed deliveries.

Structural steel manufacturers report, "part of this tonnage must be rolled on 8-inch mills which are now 54 weeks behind, and the balance on 9-inch mills, which are 80 weeks behind orders. Deliveries of 80 days are absolutely out of the question unless tonnage is taken from customers who have been waiting eight months for shipments."

Brackets and pole steps.—"Dry oak lumber is very hard to get, and for what little there is to be had the lumber manufacturers are now asking the exorbitant price of \$110 per thousand feet."

Copper line wire.—"Have 100,000 pounds which has been inspected and accepted, but which we are unable to ship on account of the shortage of empty box cars."

Electrical porcelain ware.—"We were not able to make deliveries that would be acceptable to your company."

Copper wire.—"At no time in our experience have we encountered conditions more chaotic and more unsatisfactory. The most serious condition is that surrounding labor. We are, we believe, paying the highest wages in the brass and copper industry, and, strange as it may seem, this policy does not tend to increased production or higher efficiency; to the contrary, men seem to acquire, with high wages, an air of indifference. We fear that conditions may become worse with warm weather, when building operations and all outdoor work will be under full swing. Transportation conditions are very bad—indescribably so. Our copper mill has been shut down for days for want of copper, at times when nearly two million pounds of copper was in transit to us, some of which was in the hands of the transportation companies nearly two months. We have been seriously embarrassed for coal. When we had sufficient men, we were short of raw material; when we had sufficient raw material, we were short of men; when we had sufficient men and raw material, we were short of power due to coal shortage. We have on the floor, all finished, approximately 140,000 pounds of finished material for one customer—some of it finished three weeks ago—which we cannot move on account of embargo."

Cable wire.—"Of course you know I cannot control the elements. Everything in the shipping line out of business. Obligated to shut down to wait for raw material. I have only been away from this mill once in three months. Under existing circumstances we cannot do better than we are doing."

Cable paper.—"The situation to-day is most discouraging. We expect to shut down to-night, this embargo having prevented our getting material to the mill. The conditions under which old manila rope has been collected and sent to us during the past three months are more difficult than anything we have heretofore experienced. It has resulted in greatly reduced amounts coming to us for manufacture into paper, nor can we be sure how soon the conditions will greatly improve."

Tools.—"I wish to say that I am not in a position now to give you any estimates, as the entire trade is now out on a strike."

Copper.—"The storms in the Northwest this year have been most severe, and we have experienced the worst tie-up practically in the history of the company. The arbitrary attitude taken by the carriers under Government control has been a difficult one to combat."

Wire.—"We are seriously handicapped on account of shortage of coal, so that we are not in a position to work our mills at night, and have not a sufficient supply far enough ahead to enable us to say what shipments can be made. We have also been delayed somewhat on account of shortage of labor."

A Typical Case of Trouble

The long catalogue of hard facts can be best understood by a single typical case. It might be called "the tragedy of the fine wire." Fine wire is used extensively for magneto windings and apparatus absolutely essential to telephone transmission.

The Western Electric Company purchases this wire from every available source, but most of the factories fall short of the 85,000 pounds a week required. At the biggest factory the production has lagged since the first of January, because labor could not be relied upon to produce on a capacity basis. The output was further reduced by the breakdown of the big power generator and the explosion of one of the main boilers, accidents which obviously were caused by indifference on the part of the

employees in charge. These accidents were followed by a complete shutdown on account of a strike.

At the Hawthorne Works the stocks of fine wire were so depleted that the wire winders were being shifted from one machine to another to keep them employed. To make sure of getting the sizes most urgently needed a representative was sent to the wire factory to see that the promises of the management to give priority to the most needed sizes were carried out. There were five of these necessary sizes, Nos. 27, 32, 34, 37 and 38, and the right of way was given for their manufacture.

In order to save time, it was arranged to ship a carload—52,000 pounds—of this wire by express in a steel car, which was especially inspected, and when found to be in good condition was loaded in an hour. When the car left the yards it was impossible to ascertain just what it carried because of the absence of tally cards, nevertheless it was started off with the utmost promptness. At an early stage of its journey a drawbar broke, but the special representative of the company had quick repairs made and the car duly reached Chicago.

Because the loop railroad was not operating, the wire was loaded onto trucks and rushed to the works, where, after all this care, it was found that the car had carried only a small amount of two of the needed sizes and that the great majority of the wire was of sizes which were not urgently needed and might just as well have gone by freight. Of course, other express shipments had to be made, the wire winders have still been kept busy, but only by the indefatigable efforts of the supply department.

These are but a few instances of the difficulties in obtaining materials and supplies from manufacturers who are themselves handicapped with all sorts of difficulties. All through the winter and spring, at the time when necessities of manufacture and construction should have been provided, unconquerable circumstances held them back. Timber makers have gone out of business rather than move their mills to new sources of supply; glass blowers were unable to work during the cold weather, and cannot be got to work in hot weather; hundreds of tons of paper for directories were held up by the switchmen's strike when a delay in directories meant a further load upon the overloaded traffic department.

To sum it briefly, the situation, both as to production, the manufacture of fabricated articles, and the difficulties of transportation is worse than the country has ever known before. The prospect of relief is certainly not in the immediate future.

But in spite of all difficulties the telephone people have carried on. Business of every description has relied upon the telephone more than ever before, and had the telephone service broken down the disaster would have been indescribable.

The always loyal members of the Bell System have a right to know the difficulties of the situation and the responsibilities that rest upon them. They have never failed to meet any emergency or to overcome any obstacle, and in the months to come they will "show the world" a new record of patient, hopeful, unswerving endeavor.

We'll Say That They Earned It!



W. J. DRURY
New York Sales Mgr.

would have to bust some records too, and this they did by going up en masse to Fifth Avenue actually to pin medals on Assistant Manager Pizzini and Sales Manager Drury, who were responsible for the broken records. And then they blew the New York Sales Organization to one of Mr. Statler's finest lunches, at the Hotel Pennsylvania, even to the Western Electric butter from Shetrone Farm.

THEY have been breaking things in the New York Distributing House this year—breaking records principally—and when the books closed on June 30th, the grand total of the C and D billing showed June to have been the biggest month in the history of the House; and the six-months period, the biggest half year, and so far ahead of expectations that Old Man Budget, who started out to be the pace-maker on January 1st, couldn't be seen for the dust the boys had been kicking up.

The General Sales Department concluded the y

The visitors from Broadway consisted of General Sales Manager Ketcham and his entire staff. From the New York House, besides the House Committee, were the heads of the various sales divisions. A few felicitous remarks were made by representatives of both the general department and the distributing house. Everybody agreed that visits of this kind would be of mutual value in the future, and the New York representatives declared that having reached the much coveted goal wasn't going to turn their heads, but they were going to chalk up a new mark at which to shoot and buckle down to get there before the year is very much older, thus incidentally earning



J. A. PIZZINI
Assistant Manager

another similar bit of entertainment from "General Expense."

The News photographer was able to get a snapshot of the two medal wearers, who are shown in the accompanying photographs. The many bars on Mr. Drury's medal correspond to the various offices under his direction, while the long row of discs represents the sales reached. Mr. Pizzini was also heavily weighted down with bars.



General Sales Manager F. A. Ketcham and his staff paying their respects to the Babe Ruths of the New York House

DO YOU WANT TO EARN 25 DOLLARS?

Have you ever heard of Antony Paul Kelly? He was once a street-car conductor in Los Angeles. NOW he is setting the world on fire writing scenarios for motion pictures. You may be a second Kelly. You never will know whether you are or not, until you try.

HERE IS YOUR CHANCE!

The Motion Picture Bureau of the Western Electric Company is in the market for a scenario to supplant "A Square Deal for His Wife." This is the story of how a young man realized the necessity of giving his wife the benefit of electrical appliances in the home just as he used labor-saving devices in his office.

The Company wants to tell again, in a new way, the story of the application of electricity in the home. The finished continuity is not required. A rough outline for a cartoon or picture film will do. The *idea* is the thing. Only Western Electric employees may compete.

Send your scenarios before October 1, 1920, to

MOTION PICTURE BUREAU, WESTERN ELECTRIC CO., INC.

195 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

For the accepted idea \$25.00 will be paid

Biggest Telephone Factory in the World Gets Acquainted With Itself. Hawthorne People Take Full Advantage of the Big Annual Products Show

THERE is something curious about curiosity. What is the trait, anyway—a virtue, a vice or a crime? In a next-door neighbor it is a vice certainly, by a unanimous vote. And when your best girl's little brother hides under the sofa to see how you propose to his big sister, curiosity becomes a crime that you would like to see punished by mayhem or a club, in case there is no good strong mayhem you can get hold of easily.

So far it begins to look as if the answer is that curiosity is a vice when other people have it and a virtue when you have it.

But before we give you "Good" on that answer, let's examine a little further into the results of other people's curiosity and see whether they are always objectionable.

There is the case of Mr. Adam Adam and Mrs. Eve Adam of 23 Outdoors, Eden Gardens. They were curious about an apple, if our memory serves us right, and now look at the price of the darned things! You've got us on that case. That counts one for you.

Then there was Christopher Columbus. Chris had a large and consuming curiosity as to what held the other side of the Atlantic Ocean in place. He figured it must be dry land, and there are lots of people in this country right now who'll agree he was right. However, Mr. Columbus found a continent for us so, leaving all arguments on the Eighteenth Amendment aside, we're going to count that one on our score-card.

Next, let's have a look at James Watt. James got curious about the behavior of steam, and as a result discovered most of the principles on which the modern steam-engine operates. Now he gets his name on all the electric light bills without having to pay them, which is more than any of the rest of us can do.

Alexander Graham Bell was curious about electrical phenomena and we got the telephone. The Wright brothers wondered what kept birds and kites in the air and we got the aeroplane. Thomas Edison has always carried around his share of curiosity, too.

So, after all, maybe curiosity is not such a bad thing as it might be, even in other people. At Hawthorne we believe it isn't. In fact, we go so far as to assert it is generally a good thing, and every year we back up this belief with the Hawthorne Products Show, which is intended both to encourage and to satisfy curiosity.

No man can know too much about his company's products and how it is made. The more curious he is about it the more he will learn and the more he learns the more valuable he becomes both to his company and to himself. Curiosity of the right sort shows an

active inquiring brain, and that is the kind of brain that every live business concern is anxious to encourage.

At Hawthorne, that becomes somewhat of a problem. With 20,000 workers, engaged in more or less specialized work and spread out through more than 75 acres of buildings, it is obvious that relatively few individuals in



Try to wind a yard of spaghetti around a doughnut and you'll appreciate what a job it is to wind a loading coil by hand. This Western Electric invention makes a cinch of it



Two strips of tinfoil, insulated by strips of special tissue paper and rolled in a package resembling a miniature bolt of cloth constitutes the essentials of a telephone condenser. This machine winds the strips



Cutting teeth is a painless and rapid process with this gear hobbing machine. It is here engaged in supplying the dental equipment to hand generator gear blanks



The high speed braider at the left braids switchboard cards. The machine at the right makes tinsel cords for telephones



Big lead press dies, showing how the sheath is formed around the cable. The murderous looking cutlass is an innocent knife used by the operators to cut the end of the sheath after the cable is completed

the course of their work have a chance to get a knowledge of the activities of the plant as a whole. Yet such a knowledge is valuable to everyone. Even the little filing clerk, who fondly imagines she looks like Mary Pick-Fairbanks-ford, and is more interested in the movies than in machinery, can gain something by seeing a relay in its wild state. Perhaps the next time she won't file the relay correspondence under "Track and Field Meets." And after she watches a loading coil being wound she'll probably keep the loading coil data somewhere else than under "Freight Handling and Shipping."

The Hawthorne Products Show sets forth all these things for her inspection, and many more besides. This year it was held in Building 42-A Wednesday, Thursday and Friday nights, June 16th, 17th and 18th, from 5 to 9 o'clock. Our little file girl found out what plugs and jacks were, how desk-stands go together, what the inside of a coin collector looks like and how the finished product works. She examined numerous types of relays and drops; saw all kinds of transmitters and receivers, assembled, partially assembled, and in pieces; watched the glass-blowers who make switchboard lamps; saw an electric welding machine; saw another machine winding condensers; watched a thread-rolling machine making screws, and examined the dies that form the metal sheath of our lead-covered cable. She talked across the room right through the empty air from one telephone to another in the wireless telephone exhibit. She looked into the oscillograph and saw the shape of the electric wave that goes out over the wire every time

she answers "Hello" into her telephone, instead of saying "Department 4444, Miss Files speaking," as she ought to do to save time for herself and the person at the other end of the line. She saw an automatic machine type-writing a telegraphed message in the printing telegraph exhibit. She watched—

But, here, we can't detail anything she saw and did. Altogether, though, she had a fine large evening and she'll be a better file girl for it. And if she had had a bit more mechanical and electrical experience to start with, as many of the other show visitors had, she might have learned many more valuable things about Hawthorne's apparatus—how it is made and how it functions—from the numerous well-posted demonstrators, who explained everything from the complex new machine switching apparatus to the reason why a transmitter transmits.

There was plenty there for everybody to learn, even for our manufacturing engineers, who are generally acknowledged to know considerable about Hawthorne products and processes. Many of the department heads took their entire groups through the show and seized the opportunity to impart valuable information, especially to their newer men.

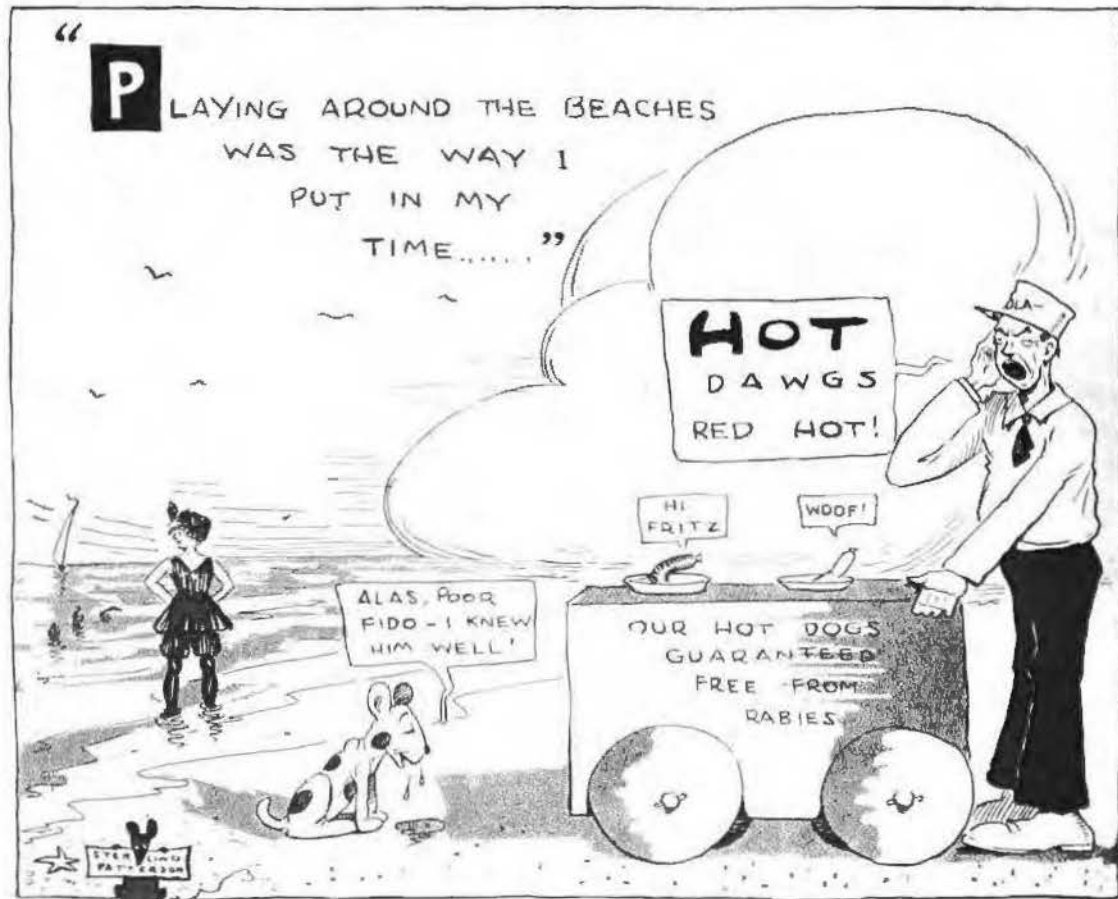
Altogether this year's products show was another interesting and profitable event, and we wish the whole Western Electric family could have seen it. However, the best we can do for you non-Hawthorne Westernites is to present a few close-ups of some typical exhibits.

Sure, go right ahead and look at them. We'll excuse you.

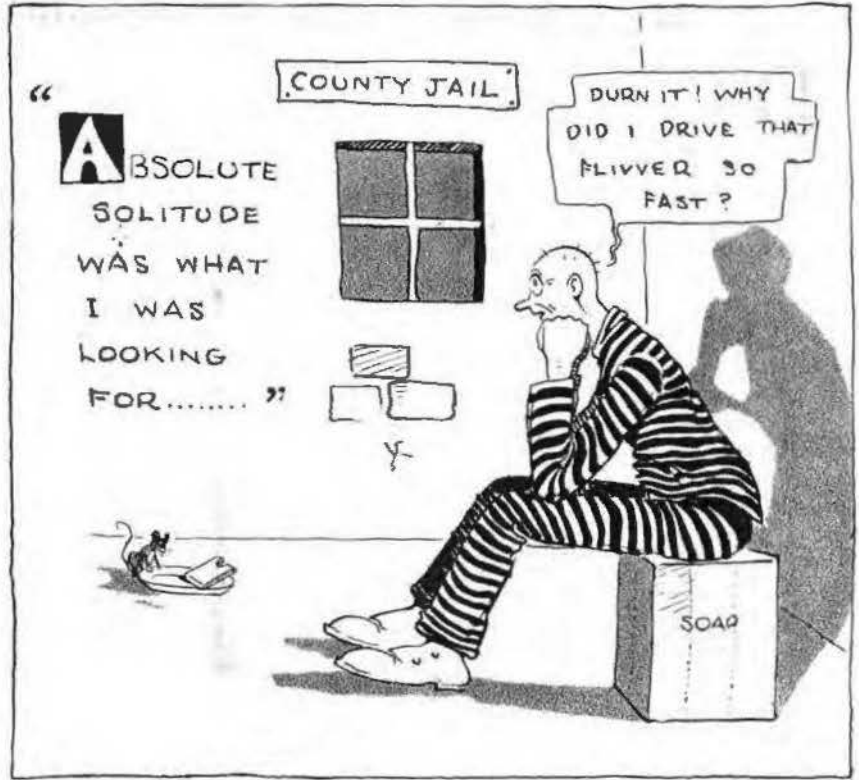




Bird's-eye View of Hawthorne Products Show



"Take Off Them



Mr. I. Wanta Know Has Another Comeback

DO you recall what you were trying to tell me the last time we met?" I snapped at my self appointed instructor of the Comptroller's Department as we were riding home on the subway the other night. "You have the facts down pretty well on the shop and office people, but when you stated that the engineers were not the big factors in the Company's lineup you were on a wrong track. I've looked the ground over pretty well since our last meeting and it's a cinch that if we didn't have that technical bunch over at West Street to decide what we were going to make, and then to find out what improvements are possible once we do get a market started, you, or I, or any of those clerical and mechanical people we were discussing, would never have any occasion for boasting about the way we have been smashing all our previous sales records during the past few months."

"What do you mean I'm on the wrong track?" It's a way my good statistical friend has of answering my questions—always with another—gives him time to think I guess. "Why if our salesmen hadn't been hitting the line recently in a way that's made the Argonne smash look like a cinch, you know about how much chance you would have for crowing because New York and the rest of the houses are going over their bogies."

"That may be," I countered, "but if you fellows from the Broadway office realize it, you would see that if we didn't have any engineers and technical experts, Uncle Sam would never have had any reason for sending us that D.S.M. recently for what we did to end the war. It's that little crowd of researching wizards who are the real backbone of the organization. They are not many in number, nothing at all like the two large groups we have already talked about in the shops and offices. But numbers isn't everything, is it? And by the way, where else in this big country of ours can you find 3,376 geniuses of their caliber? If you really want to find Old Man Western, I suggest that you take a run over to the laboratories at West and Bethune Streets."

"Did it take you a month to think of all that?" Another question, you see, so I was feeling pretty sure of my ground by now. Before he could get any further, the train sailed around a curve at breakneck speed and whatever he was attempting to say went for naught with the shrieks of the wheels.

"Do you want to know why the engineers are the aces of our pack?" I said, grabbing the chance to get on the offensive again. "Well, just jot these facts down with that bunch of figures you carry around in that cranium of yours!"

"When you think that you are overworked because you have to reason out a few mathematical problems, recall for a moment what the chaps in the research laboratories are up against. They not only have to play all sorts of gymnastics with figures, but their investigations in physics and chemistry in matters relating to communication would make us dizzy. Believe me, they

deserve all the sympathy in the world! The only subject I ever flunked was that laboratory work, and so, I know what it means to see nothing but test tubes and spirit lamps day in and day out."

"Look what the research experts had to do before they were able to offer a machine switching mechanism for use in the telephone central offices. Years of detailed and intensive study were given to this development problem before commercial production could be undertaken. It is feats like this that have made the Western known all over the world. I wanta know what other outfit in the Company has done anything like that?"

"They have a few thousand other projects on their minds now that would make your job and mine look like a pair of May parties. Why, only a short time ago you told me that the household help unions could strike as often as they pleased now that you had bought a vacuum cleaner, washing machine and a few of those other labor-saving devices. Yet, who was it that brought those scientific aids to your home? Next week, when you visit that farm of yours up in the mountains, where are you going to get your light; who is going to pump the water? Ten to one, it will be one of the farm-light sets they doped out over at West Street."

"And so" I said, as the train neared the Grand Central Station. I was getting all set for a glowing peroration. My friend bent down to pick up his grip and then, before I could resume, he retorted: "I'll grant you that we need all the good engineers and draughtsmen and patent lawyers and manufacturing experts and layout men and chemists and experimenters and research men digging into the future and all the rest of them who can take old Mother Nature's laws and make 'em work overtime for us,—don't misunderstand me, now. I'm for them. And we all have to admit that Dr. Bell started something when he got that first telephone to speak up and express itself. Mind you, I grant you all that. But here's my point that you seem to overlook—what good would all the fancy blueprints be, and all the plans, and tools, and fixtures, and specifications, and samples, and models, if these other people we talked about weren't right on the job to carry out the plans, and multiply the designs by thousands, and really deliver the goods?"

"You certainly are a queer bird," said I, "every time I get you cornered you clinch with that old pet argument of yours—'this is only one of several groups all dependent on each other'—but I want to slip you this, 'logical one': I was just feeding you a little bait. I'm learning a few things—there's still another big lot of people besides these, who have a lot to do with the growth of the business."

"No, I haven't time now. I've got to grab the local here. I'll see you in a couple of weeks, when I get back from my vacation."

"You're on," I shouted, as he was pitched forth onto the platform, "I wanta know!"

"Down to Cohoke"

F. E. Nichols of Richmond and R. J. Ambler of the Catalogue Department Throw the Spotlight on the Westco Country Club, Richmond's Off-time Rendezvous

IF the boss hadn't been riding burros in the Grand Canyon, "yours truly" would never be able to let you in on this story. Richmond wanted a word at its conference from the chief and as he was away I hopped the letter and said, "Too bad he can't go, but I, his trusty lieutenant, will help you out." And I did.

On a Monday in June, I found myself at the Richmond House. Orders read that guides would be furnished to take working parties to the Westco Country Club, Richmond's own, Western Electric, open-air, exclusive, water front, electric-lighted, meeting place. Toward dusk the pilot led the advance party thence. "You've got to take a train or you can't find the place," Bibb says, and he knows.

The taxi service from Cohoke to the Club isn't so good. It is run unevenly on the hour. The journey doesn't seem as far if you get there. The mule—least I think it was one of those creatures—that pulled the twelve in our wagon, loved mudholes. I know because there wasn't room for all of our feet inside and mine bear evidence yet of where they hung between the fore and aft wheels.

Somehow you get there and you are glad. The room-clerk lined us up and I got the eighteenth bunk in the other room upstairs. After that it was a case of every man for himself.

The first question one asks is: "Who ever discovered the place if it isn't on the map?" Well, it is on one of the great bends of the Pamunkey River in King William

County, Virginia. It is not near Cohoke and it is farther from Richmond. However, now that the Westco Country Club is there, the burg will soon appear on the map. Go there, and you will not be sorry.

Hidden away (hidden is right) there is a beautifully located home situated on what was the large estate of William Smith, an old English settler, who built a dwelling on the present site early in the Seventeenth Century. In 1820, the original edifice was removed and the structure now occupied by the Westco Country Club took its place. The locality has been known as "The Ferry" for nearly three hundred years, a tribute to its founder, who instituted a boat service from his property to Cumberland Landing in New Kent County.

The Pamunkey River has been long famed for its excellent sporting attractions. Smith discovered this fact shortly after his arrival and although he started to gather in the spoils in wholesale fashion, working one seine in the deep water in front of his home and

another in the neighboring shallow, there is still enough biting to keep the Richmond fishermen well satisfied. The followers of Walton can also thank the original settlers for their thoughtfulness in providing a small sturgeon pond.

Whether John Smith and Pocahontas (the Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford of Dominion days) played any part in entertaining the inhabitants of "The Ferry" is hard to say. Indian arrow-heads and stone hatchets are still being found in the vicinity, while some



A Meeting of the House Committee with the District Manager



The barber on the main floor of the Westco Country Club
"Bite 'em Seven"



Pearson trying to Increase Norfolk's Net Return



The pump was all right if the darn little crank would only work

of the pottery used at the Club is the work of the old Redskins. A few of the Pamunkey Tribe still cling together on a near-by reservation. Casual visitors have a hard time determining which is the reservation when the Westcos get on a rampage.

A glimpse of the clubhouse itself can be seen in the photo where George Heyer is trying to Babe Ruth his way through one of the old-fashioned dormer windows. It is entirely surrounded by a grove of cedar trees, while to the front a sloping grassy lawn leads to the sandy shore of the Pamunkey.

Such is the home of the Westco Country Club. As to the history of the latter—here goes:

Along about the first of last April, Jack Booth and Dick Burford, of the Richmond House, a pair of enthusiastic fishermen and nimrods, decided that it was about time to secure a hunting ground somewhere near home and all for their own. As they knew it might be a little lonely playing solitaire on Saturday evenings, they sprang their plan on the other members of the office. Everybody wanted to enter the project at once and in less time than it takes to tell it, the committee, through Miss A. J. Acheson, a neighbor, had leased their present preserve of 157 acres. Twenty charter members defrayed all the expenses.

The club was immediately put on a business basis. By-laws were prepared, an initiation fee of \$25.00 was paid by each member, and the following officers were elected for the first year: J. B. Odell, president; T. W. Wilmer, vice-president; L. E. Busser, secretary-treasurer, and J. B. Booth, manager. This quartet, with L. E. Burford, constitute the board of governors.

Membership is limited to the male members of the Western Electric Company. Their families have full privileges, while the young ladies of the Richmond House are frequent guests. The assessment system has

been adopted instead of fixed dues, charges only being made when necessary. To date, the expenditures have totaled \$1,200. Improvements of every sort have been introduced, facilities for swimming and boating are now available, and on the whole everyone is well satisfied. The big point is: that the Richmond folks have done it all by themselves without any call of help to the Company.

Despite the favorable results obtained so far, it is expected that the fall will prove the really big period of the first year. The country about "The Ferry" is famous for its hunting. The married members of the organization have already exhausted Richmond's supply of Hughes Ranges, counting upon their luck with the hapless turkeys and ducks. If the game wardens are reasonable it is possible that a few deer and some quail may also meet their fate along the Pamunkey next season.

To sum it up, this Utopia was discovered long before Hawthorne was dreamed of. Just think—it was a business trip and I got a vacation besides. I can't even say like the girl home from college, "The only things about school I didn't like were the classes." Professor Marchmont's course was most interesting. I learned from him in and out of class, even though the tuition ran extremely high in some cases.

The whole Richmond house from its genial manager on down through the ranks to the boy are to be congratulated on their *esprit de corps*, their conference, and above all for putting the first "honest to goodness" Western Electric Country Club on the map. Who's next?

[A letter has just been received from J. B. Odell, president of the Westco Country Club, extending the hospitality of the organization to all W. E. employees. This is our idea of real Southern generosity.—Ed.]



"Bush Leaguer Stuff"

G. K. Heyer, Telephone Sales Manager, at the bat



A regular session—cigarettes, pipes and everything



Advertising Department challenges the world with its Beauty Chorus.



Final heat of the 100 yd dash at San Francisco picnic



Clyde Swendsen 1920 National Diving Champion a member of our Los Angeles house, is now competing in the Olympic tryouts.



Goldrick's sunny Syracuse clan takes a day off to bask in the sun.



M.A. Curran manager at Omaha and Fred Uhrig manager at Kansas City do a little recruiting duty.



Litchfield of Boston pulls a few of the finny tribe out of the Canadian Lakes.



Members of Omaha house waiting for their chartered car to take them to the Omaha house picnic.



Los Angeles earthquake which occurred recently.



The long and the short of it Henry Lieb and Carl Caven of San Francisco



Another shot of Los Angeles earthquake. Looks like France.

Look pretty please.



Oscar O. Smith an employee in the house service division at Chicago gave these three pretty daughters away in the same evening. One of the grooms, Mr. Arboe, extreme left is employed at Hawthorne.



SEATTLE



Lyman Morgan

Dear Editor:

We read that there article all about the west what Mr. Herbert Metz wrote for the News. I think on account he is such a good writer and the other fellows back your way don't write such a much it might be a good idea to send him to the Yellowstone Park or some place like that and have him write about it. What do you think? And if you did wouldn't it be a good idea to send me with him. I could carry his grip and make myself generally useful like. A boy like me would be a big help to a writer, like him, I could fill his camera and when the pencil he is using gets hot I could hand him a cool one and chase bears and other wild animals like tourists which always bother writers in a big Park. Besides he is a eastern fellow and might get lost or fresh to a I. W. W. or killed in some other way which I could prevent knowing all about the West like I do. You could write a letter to my new boss, Mr. Cooley, and he would tell you that he would be glad to let me go especially if I would get Mr. Metz to write how we have a Spokane house right near the Park or something else like that to let the world know we got a Spokane House. If you would want me to do this as a favor I would just as soon or in fact sooner.

Guess you didn't here that I aint working for Mr. Michener no more. He said as far as that went I never did but be that as it was he got me sore at him and I quit him. You would have done the same. He sent a note to the cashier telling her to take my name off the payroll and I don't have to stand that kinda stuff even off a stores manager, I dont. So I quit him. The trouble started on account of a mistake I made. I made a couple of them but the last one was the one I got sore at him on account of. He said I was not temperamentally fit for my job. When I got sore he says "that

proves it more temper than mental" if you can see this joke its more than what I can. This here Mr. Graff, he is the 1st assistant household appliance specialist he gets a letter from Mrs. Clay A. Strong which is the wife of one of our dealers in Bellingham who writes in she has just got a new baby and we should send her some suggestions on electrical appliances which she can use for it. There is another lady up there which reads these here adds what Mr. June Thomson wrote in good house-keeping and as she just got married we should write her at once all about washing machines, the price and everything, so Mr. Graff he writes to Mrs. Strong—

"Dear Madam—

"Congratulations, you will surely want a baby food warmer, an electric warming pad and may I not suggest a nite light transformer to give a dim light all night in the nursery," and a lot of other stuff like that.

Then he writes to this other lady:—

"Dear Madam:

"You will surely need a washing machine more than any other appliance under the present conditions. Our dealer, who will gladly demonstrate this great labor-saving device to you, is ———," etc.

Here is where the trouble came in. Graff he was in a hurry to get these letters written so he writes them long-hand and puts the names on separate slips of paper. When I answer his buzz he says here pin these slips on these letters and have one of the girls copy them and for the love of mike rush em. We done so but I guess I musta got the letters mixed and Mrs. Strong got the one about the washing machine. Anyhow it was some letter we got from Mr. Strong and the husband of the lady what was just married? Omigosh!

So when this kinda blowed over I hit Mr. Cooley for a job and now I am in the Sales Department. I am mailer for the year books and I got a regular chance to become a salesman now, outside of taking a customer a year book and maybe calling him up once in a while is all a salesman has to do. I am already doing part of the work mailing the year book. I uster knock the sales department when I was in the stores department but all I got to say is that a fellow dont have to be out of the stores department very long before he finds out what an awful thing a stores department really is. Isnt it? Another thing—Mr. Michener he uster tell me that he didn't care how often I put his name in here because he said it was good avertising. I bet Mr. Michener will be sorry I aint working for him because I aint going to mention Mr. Michener in here no more—Mr. Michener will find out he done me a mean trick.

Don't Worry Girlie—It's Still Leap Year

We got a girl here what works in the stores department and she has a feller which calls her up and talks to her for quite a spell at a time. Couple days ago she was gabbing to this bird and my x-boss (Mr. Michener which is the way I am going to put his name in after this x-boss just like that) he goes to her desk so he can see a ticket she has got. She dont know it is him standing back of her so she keeps on talking when she hangs up my x-boss says "that was sort of long wasn't it." Yes sir, she comes back kinda scared "but you see he wouldn't let me go." Well, says my x-boss, we might not be so particular."

Now for the Dishes

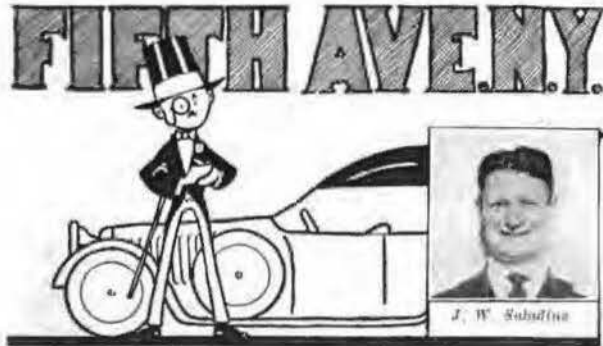
Our household specialist, Mr. Longmuir he goes to the Seattle hotel and wants to see the manager. When the Mgr. comes George says "I hear you want a dishwasher?" "Sure, says the Mgr." Call around at six tomorrow a. m. and go to work."

The Muse Hath Flown

We ain't got no pome this month, some one found out who wrote the last one about the Ipswish bird and our operator tells any one what asks for him that he ain't no longer with us—

Yours truly,

Herb.



How Long Can He Stand It?

E. J. Roche of the Telephone Service Dept., who has a "summer residence" at Far Rockaway, is the commuter de luxe of the Company. During the early days of the summer it was noticed that he came tearing in about ten minutes late each morning, somewhat the worse for his sprint from his train arriving at 8:55.

One morning, *Someone* whispered in his ear and Roche spent the rest of the day looking thoughtful. The next morning as Fifth Avenuers were bustling in at nine, a taxi dashed up to the door and out stepped Roche smiling and debonair. "Good morning, Boss," saith he briskly as he strode in.

They Certainly Throw it in Jefferson County!

Farm plant agents and the Power and Light Department will undoubtedly be interested in the following news item which appeared in the Jefferson County *Union*. "An enterprise that promises to be of considerable interest to dairy farmers of Jefferson county has located in Fort Atkinson. It is the Bull Milking Machine Company."

Cows Lose Their Jobs

In line with the preceding article, Merritt Barrell of the Credit Department, recently got in touch with one of his rural agents in regard to an overdue account. A few days later he received the following reply:

"You will have to pardon the delay. As you know, most of my customers are farmers who are experiencing very hard times just now; they are not making any milk at all."

What Was Sam Thinking About?

Sam Whitley, who directs the destinies of the A and B warehousing was all "het up." "I tell you Raichle it can't be done; it will take up too much room, and besides, who's going to stand the trucking expense."

When Raichle came to, after a violent effort to explode, he told his neighbors that he had asked to have a package of lamp caps sent to 28th Street to be held awaiting disposition. The package weighed five ounces and was about as big as an inkwell.

New Haven

The "Fish" That Didn't Bite

"It is remarkable," said Ed. Higgins, heavyweight fishing champion of the New Haven Sales Force, "how mean some people are. I had with me on a fishing trip two customers who evidently were familiar with my reputation as an angler. Before starting one of them made the suggestion that the first one to catch a fish must treat the crowd. I assented to this and we started. Now, don't you know those two fellows both had a bite and were too mean to pull them up."

"I suppose you lost then," remarked Ray Mason, the lightweight champion ditto.

"Oh no," replied Ed, "I didn't have any bait on my hook."

A Customer Apologizes for Getting Caught With the Goods

A certain customer in our territory complained very bitterly that we had not shipped his order. A quick investigation revealed that the material had been delivered two days after receipt of the order. The following letter was received in answer to our letter proving delivery:—

"KAMERAD."

"We are found *with the goods*. Won't attempt an explanation but *do* beg your pardon.

Syracuse

There Weren't Any Crumbs Left Over

US SYRACUSIANS may be up
 AMONG THE FARMERS and may be
 WE CAN'T stage effete New York cabaret parties
 BUT WHEN it comes to picnics we beg to state that
 OUR ANNUAL outing was a
 GASTRONOMIC and athletic example of
 WHAT A PICNIC should be
 YOU'VE ALL HEARD of the five barley loaves and
 two fishes

OF olden time

WELL, Miss Cirtwell's basket contained enough to
 FEED ANY MULTITUDE, the difference being that
 THERE weren't any crumbs left over
 AFTER LUNCH the ladies got frisky and
 STEPPED SO FAST in some of the races that
 THE STOP WATCH refused to stop—altho
 SOME CLAIM that our Manager, Mr. Goldrick
 GOT EXCITED at the sight of so many
 YOUNG LADIES dashing towards him and
 FORGOT to press the bulb.

IN THE SHOE RACE our recently acquired Stores
 Manager, Mr. Burleigh

DEFENDED THE HONOR of the male contestants
 by

THROWING all the ladies' shoes in a tree and
 THUS won in a walk.

SWIMMING and boating followed and everybody
 LOOKED HAPPY whether they were in or
 OUT of the water.

DUSK BROUGHT an end to festivities and
 ALL we gotta say is
 MORE POWER and Light and Picnics
 TO Syracuse.

—Apologies to K. C. B.



H. P. Litchfield

Hold Your Pockets

Dog-catchers, barbers and pick-pockets are rumored to be displaying an uncanny interest in the possibilities of the vacuum cleaner. Up in Vermont recently there was an unusual invasion of gypsy moths. A woman, who had been bothered, had her estate wired, placing lines and sockets at strategic points, and when her winged enemies arrived she visited each of the trees with her new cleaner, stripping the visitors in gala fashion.

Another Boston Tea Party

WE are to have a regular picnic on August 28th at Riverside Recreation Grounds, where all hands will be expected to make good their assertions as to expertness at various sports as well as to display the size of their appetite.

"Interlectual" Boston

Western Electric Company.

INCORPORATED
 385 SUMMER STREET
 BOSTON

IN REPLY REFER TO
 WEL-7/10/20-22

STERLING PATTERSON,
 195 Broadway,
 New York, New York.

The following is submitted for the next issue of the Western Electric News.

Lecture Course at Boston For Some of our Younger Generation Who Wish to Improve Themselves Intellectually.

We have established an educational course under the direction of F. A. Tibbitts. The class meets each Monday morning at 11:00 AM when special subjects pertaining to our business are discussed under the leadership of the heads of various department and Supplier's representatives.

Three-quarters of an hour is allowed the speaker and the fifteen minutes following given to open forum.

Some of the subjects taken up to date are as follows:

Sewing Machines and Sewing Machine Motors.
 Mr. U. Thompson of the Household Appliances Dept.

Interphones,
 Mr. J. K. Curtis

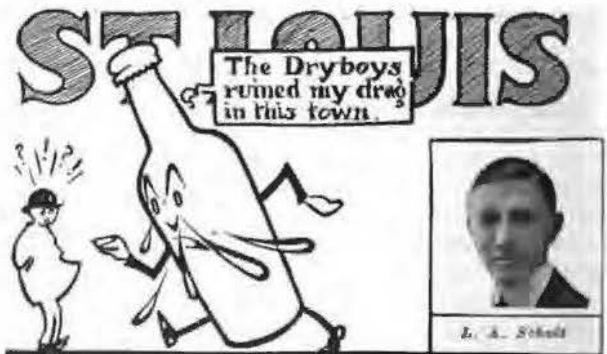
Substation telephone apparatus
 Mr. G. M. Walter,

Motors,
 Mr. F. A. Tibbitts.

Effect of Receivables on Stores and Sales Functions,
 Mr. H. F. Litchfield.

Pole Line Hardware,
 Mr. J. K. Curtis.

Wiring Devices Used in the Home,
 Mr. D. F. Mitchell.



L. A. Scholt

A Possible Irregularity

JUDGING by the following extract from a letter from one of our customers we have evidently slipped up somewhere: "I am returning to you the wrong material which was shipped to me in error by mistake."

We Have With Us

James T. Laten, who has been appointed News Correspondent for our branch house at Memphis. We requested him to send us his picture for publication, but being a modest young gentleman, he declined. We have drawn one from memory which we firmly believe will cause him to do a murder or have one taken.



What do you think of that for a Farm Plant agent? Don't you think it pays to handle Western Electric Farm Plants?

Yours truly,
A. A. JEFFREY.

CHICAGO



Sharp Practice

THE Chicago house, always in the van when it comes to enterprise, is thinking of writing burglar insurance on "Eversharp" pencils. The insurance rate per pencil would be \$1.15.

The Power Plant with the Extra Kick

Cedar Rapids, Iowa,
July 1, 1920.

WESTERN ELECTRIC CO.,
500 So. Clinton St.,
Chicago, Ill.

Attention, Mr. Ed. Murphy and Mr. J. H. Gleason!
Gentlemen:

We thought it would be interesting news to the head of the Western Electric Power and Light Department to know that our Farm Plant agent at Oxford Junction, Iowa, who sells farm plants in Jones County, has struck a Bonanza.

Mr. R. E. Jeffrey, in charge of our Farm Plant Department, called on Mr. Henak Tuesday of this week, and as it was a rainy day, they decided to put in a concrete base for Mr. Henak's demonstrating plant. It was necessary to start this base from the basement of a new building which Mr. Henak had just rented for his store. In digging down in the cellar to put in the base for this plant, they uncovered (WHAT DO YOU THINK?) twenty quarts of good old Bourbon liquor, and at the price we have to pay now, which is \$25.00 a quart, is about equal to \$500.00.



The Diary of an Order

July 1st—I am an order for 100 W. E. Vacuum Sweepers, 110 V. At last have I been launched on my career. A man, who was my originator, says he is retained by the Western Electric Company of Cincinnati. In soliciting me, he wasted enough air to make a good-sized cyclone . . . but he convinced the dealer that if St. Peter uses Vacuum Sweepers they are W. E. make. He told the dealer that shipment of me would be made as soon as possible and possibly sooner. I am very important.

July 5th—I am still in the hot-air man's vest pocket.

July 10th, 10:00 A. M.—Reached my destination, which happens to be what is called the credit man's desk. My journey has been strenuous and I am much mused us. I am torn, my dignity has been lowered by a bunch of junk which the hot-air man carried around in his pocket. The back of me has been used to figure up expense accounts and to draw funny pictures when the hot-air man was telephoning. And now I am resting against a red pin-cushion. Why do people like red pin-cushions?

10:05 A. M.—I thought my journey was at an end, but it seems just to have begun. I was attacked by a mean-looking lad, who dashed red ink all over me for no reason at all. He passed me along to several people, all of whom took a fiendish delight in writing all over me. There are rubber stamps and scribbling all over me. Even what the hot-air man wrote has been almost effaced by these scratches. I always knew something terrible would happen to me. Suddenly some one who was dis-bursing me finds out how important I am and then starts treating me as becoming one of my station. He has laid me down on somebody's desk.

10:30 A. M.—I have been picked up by a blond boy. He is very fat, but he is very nice. He doesn't treat me like the others did. I wonder why? He has such a funny nose, I really laughed out loud when I saw it. He doesn't do a thing to me but gently writes "File 3H" and puts me in a basket.

1:30 P. M.—I am being what is called "Filed." Not such a bad experience after all. My filer is called Grace. She has a far-away look and occasionally murmurs D— Park and Arthur. I think Arthur is her brother.

2:00 P. M.—I am at rest. My life seems to be over. I thought I was destined for something better than this. Still one never knows.

August 7th, 10:00 A. M.—I knew it! I knew it! I am not an ordinary order. I am at a party, but nobody seems to be having a good time. There is stillness over all which is awful. A man, whose name is Quirk, seems to be giving the party.

10:06 A. M.—It is not a party. It is a bawling-out party. They've got me on a desk and they're all looking at me with terrible black looks. The fat boy is here, too, and is saying to Mr. Quirk: "You see, it was like this: The boy who put it on my desk didn't say it was a ship to-day." One can't help making mistakes and this seems to be the first one he ever made. Oh, what awful language these men are using! I really believe murder is going to be committed.

1:30 P. M.—Whew!!! I never thought I would get out alive. I am at the fat man's desk again. He is talking to a machine. He is saying—"Gentlemen: Owing to an error in our shipping room, it—etc., etc." He sure can pass the buck.

1:40 P. M.—He has given me to a pretty lady with red hair who is very cruel. She looks at me and plays on something black with her hands. She bats me right in the face with a rubber stamp. I am associating with a yellow something which she has given to a nice lady whom she called Ella. She said: "Ella, please check this." Ella does something with me and then gets up and gives me and my yellow friend back to the fat boy. The fat boy has told her I "went to file without being entered," whatever that means. Well, I do hope that my troubles are over. I'm really getting too old to gallivant around like this.

2:00 P. M.—The fat boy is talking about me to a man named Gene. Gene must be a villain or something. I've noticed that there is a general opinion in this house that if he left a note saying he had gone to heaven the only excitement would be in heaven, when he failed to arrive.

4:00 P. M.—They're still talking about me. Both the fat boy and Gene have reorganized the whole organization. They surely must be terribly smart men. They seem to know everything.

5:15 P. M.—I am back at file. I hope I will now be able to rest my tired bones. I have been thinking about it and I really got to say that through the whole thing nobody who handled me took a real fatherly interest in me until Mr. Quirk got after them. I wonder why? I was worth just as much before he scolded them as after; if anything my value had been reduced. My advice to those boys would be to wake up and recognize an important thing before it is taken away from them.

—Lillie B. Ortner.



How Original!

WE hate to brag but our Picnics are undoubtedly the best in the world. You don't believe it? Well, M. A. Buehler, Sales Manager at Minneapolis and Fred Uhrig, Manager at Kansas City were guests this year. They didn't say they had come purposely for the picnic but they left as soon as it was over. Fred sat quietly on the street car with Mark Curran while we galloped up and down the aisles giving our Western Electric yells, and at the Park he seemed to enjoy the sporting events as much as any of us. Buehler persisted in doing the shimmy and we were obliged to call the bouncer to take him out. He seemed to think he could get away with anything just because he used to be Sales Manager here. He went back to Minneapolis, sadder, wiser and alas—fatter.

A Man's Man

He wasn't much good in a battle of wits
And nobody'd heard of him using his "mitts,"
So folks used to say, "He's a coward, all right,"
But they got him aroused and—Oh Man, he could fight.

He hadn't the look of a fighter you see
Besides, he was bashful and shy as could be,
But Hell "busted loose" when he started that night
And the men who had laughed were convinced he could fight.

The loud-talking fellow is often a sneak,
He blusters to cover his own yellow streak,
But a man of few words, when he knows he is right,
Is a two-fisted fighter, and Man he can fight.

—S. L. Rodgers.



The Idle Rich

"I am on vacation from to-day, June 5th."
Eric Unmack's notification to the Mailing Department.

Oh, Shame!—Shame!

"The vote of the employees resulted in favor of it being compulsory to wear a costume, in addition to a mask," demurely remarks a notice on our Bulletin Board. The Wild West is wild no longer.

Jag Music

"OUR lunchroom is a peach," says Pittsburgh, "Dances by our Victrola." How does the Vic get that way? They must keep something in it besides records.

How About A Drink Mixer?

"What Western Electric household devices do you use in your own home?" was recently asked our salesmen. Bert Lewis, the Duke of Fresno, won in a walk with his list. Bert's bungalow must look like a Western Electric warehouse:—

- One style "A" Western Electric washer.
- One No. 2 Western Electric sewing machine.
- One No. 5825 G Western Electric Toaster.
- One No. 1 Western Electric iron.
- One No. 11 Western Electric vacuum cleaner.
- One No. 100 Western Electric portable.
- One No. 200 Western Electric portable
- One 9-inch Western Electric oscillating fan.
- One No. 2316 percolator.

At the other end of the line is Roy Dryer who, being a bachelor, just uses an iron to put those lovely creases in his trousers.

Beyond the Three-Mile Limit

You certainly have to hand it to us. When the San Francisco house, the Oakland store, the Emeryville shop, and the Berkley shop and warehouse decided to stage a joint party they selected Paradise Cove, a spot ten miles away "by water" as the scene of hostilities. A fleet of launches took the crowds from the various railheads. While the usual excitement was evident in the games and dancing, particular interest was manifested in some of the lunch-boxes. Anyhow, everybody came away satisfied. The committee, which made the picnic the biggest event the Western has ever accomplished on the West Coast, consisted of: C. H. Binkley, Chairman; J. F. Steffens, W. R. Kugler, W. Wager, J. Gauzza, C. L. Huyck, H. T. Simmons, W. C. Knapp and R. Galvin.

C. L. Huyck.

463 West Street Number Please

A MEMBER of the Engineering Department was calling at an up-town apartment. While waiting for the colored boy, Rastus, who was playing the part of "Hello Girl" at the P.B.X. switchboard, to find out if his party was home was looking over the board.

"I see," said the engineer, "that you have 110 plugs on this board, Rastus."

"A-ah couldn't say, Boss," replied Rastus, "A-ah cain't count dat fah."

PHILADELPHIA



Miss J. A. McKeay

Being a Reply from Mabel to Henry, of Richmond

Dear Henry:

I've been a long time answerin your letter of May, 1920, but it come about this way. You see, I got sorta run down and the doctor said I needed a rest. He said I should go somewhere where I could take things sorta easy and sleepy-like, and when I asked him for a suggesthun he said, "Get a job in Philadelphia," which I did. Well, that was just about the time you wrote, so your letter had to be forwarded, and, of course, after it reached Philadelphia it had to be delivered.

Now I spose you've noticed by this time that this job I have is with the same Company as what your new job is with down in Richmond. And, say, I wish the people down in your office would have regular first names. One day when the boss's key-picker here was away it fell to me to write his letters, and he wrote one to that Odell fella you've got down there and where he oughta said "Dear Sir" he called him by his first name. Always when I'm in doubt I write things like they sound, so I wrote it like this—"Dear J." and the boss wasn't anywhere 'round at the time a-day when the letter oughta been signed, so I wrote his name on it and sent it along. Well when the boss come in the next morning and saw the copy of what I had called his friend he sent for me and gave me that reglar line of dope they hand out to you when you've made a error. Now, Henry, I know you'll be suprized, knowin how meek and mild I am, when I tell you that for once in my life I took my job in my hands and stood up for myself. I up and says to him, I says, "I'd like to know how you'd expect me to ever think that a man would have a name what sounded like a letter of the alfabet and was spelt like a farmer." I guess he was as suprized as you are about it now, 'caus he didn't answer me back.

Speakin of the boss, I heard rumors something about his takin a automobile trip to Canada on his vacation, and havin heard sevral things about that Jeffrey car of his, I didn't want him to start out on that trip 'thout realizin just how far it was, so I said to him casual and diplomatic like and tryin to measure up to his style of diction—when he's talkin to us girls and can't cuss and be natural you might think he'd come from Boston stead of Pittsburg. He's something like a salesman they've got here named George Lizezey what says the reason he dont like to spend much time talkin to the fair and

gentle sex is that while he's talkin to them his favoright vocabulary is goin to waste. There's a man what comes up here from the Telephone Company, though, named Hoopes, who's got the boss and George Livezey beat a mile. He believes in bein' steadfast in his loyalty to his personal supplement to the English language. He never slights any of his pet frazes no matter what sex he's conversin with. Well, Henry, to get back to the trip, I says to the boss—"Isn't it rather a long distance to Canada for a automobile trip." I think the diplomasee went clean over his head 'cause he looked at me in a way that registered disgust and annoyance and said to me—"Miss Neverright, I'm amazed at your lack of comprehenshun. Don't you realize that a trip to Canada, even if it is taken in my Jeffrey, may have its compensation?"

They've got the cutest little warehouse foreman here that ever you saw. They call him Hermann. Really, Henry, if it wasn't for thinkin of you I'd vamp him. I wondered quite a lot bout how any one as cute as he is could make the warehouse bunch believe he was in earnest, and when I couldn't stand the curyosity any longer I just up and asked him and he said—"Well, you see, what was denied me in stature was made up in voice, so I have a porthole in my office partition with a megafone in it and I give my orders or instructions through the megafone or over the telephone." I kinda think he was kiddin me, don't you, Henry?

And they have a awful nice young fella here what has charge of the payroll. Maybe he didn't work out some idea bout overcomin the difficulties of these times of H. C. L. He bein very modest wouldn't a-told me about it but I found it out like this: I noticed that evry once in a while on a Wensday he was dressed up in a suit what looked newer than the one he wore other times, and I says to him in a very confidenshul manner—you know how confidenshul I can approach a person when I want to, Henry—I says, "My, Eddie, but you're stravagant, havin a extra suit these hard times," and then he up and

tells me how he and two of his friends formed the Wensday Night Suit Club and they take their turns at wearin the suit and the Wensday nights in between when it ain't their turn they take their girl to the movies cause it's too dark there for her to see the old suit. And when I remarked bout how swell the suit fit him for bein made for three difrunt fellas he said he paid a dollar more than the other two fellas for the privilege of havin the suit made to his measurements. Now, Henry, I know you'll agree with me that when a fella with eekonomical ideas like that will spend a extra dollar to have a suit fit him perfect he must have a very pertickler girl or he must be bound and determined she'll fall for him.

There's lots of 'em here you'd like to hear about. Henry, but I ain't got time to write it all now. For instance, there's Billups, the Head Janitor, what got scared religious one night when he was crossin the Bay in a awful severe storm on his way home from a funeral and then lost all the religion the storm gave him before he got back here on the job. He says that kind never does stick anyhow.

And I'd like to tell you about Al Hallstrom's daughter. She's still quite a young daughter, something past two, but is the most wonderful daughter Al ever saw. Why that child will even start to cry when Al sits down after walkin the floor with her in his arms for two hours and a quarter straight in the middle of the night. However, if I was to tell you all what I've overheard him tell about her, notwithstanding his modesty, I'd have to order more letterheads on my requisishun on Monday and the Expense Committee would want to know what become of the two dozen they let me have from stock last week, and me bein' as truthful and upright as you are, Henry, I'd have to tell 'em about writin to you and that would be embarrassin so I'll call a halt for this time.

Yours till the willows weep.

—Mabel.

P.S.—Is a "riot at inventoric" anything like a A-8.32 check?



Russell A. Griffin Dies Suddenly



R. A. GRIFFIN

RUSSELL A. GRIFFIN, one of the best-beloved executives among telephone people, died suddenly at his home in West Orange on July 14, of pneumonia. He had been ill just a week.

Mr. Griffin, who was General Sales Manager of the National Pole Company, had, prior to that connection, spent some 26 years actively in the telephone business. In November, 1892, he went

with the American Telephone and Telegraph Company ultimately becoming Purchasing Agent. He became in

time an authority on poles. Later, when purchasing methods were reorganized, Mr. Griffin became the Manager of the Pole Division of the Western Electric Company. This change was made in January of 1904. In this capacity Mr. Griffin not only had charge of poles, cross-arms, and other lines material, but traveled a great deal and thus made countless friends among the Western Electric distributing house people.

When, in April, 1918, he left the Western to become General Sales Manager of the National Pole Company, he added even more friends to his already large number. So closely were the businesses related, that it was felt that Griffin was still a Western man. The funeral, held in West Orange, was largely attended by prominent members of the Western Electric and American Telephone and Telegraph Companies.



L. E. Oehring—35 Years

The best way to start a long vacation is by taking a short vacation to get used to it. Accordingly Louis Oehring, who retires on pension this month, spent his last two weeks of service taking his annual vacation.



Mr. Oehring began earning his pension August 1, 1885, when he took a job working for his brother, A. J. Oehring, in the Police and Fire Alarm Apparatus Department at Clinton Street. Later he was himself put in charge of the department, following his brother's promotion. After serving as a foreman for many years he was put on special work in the Machine Department for General Foreman C. J. Malmros in 1909. The following year he was put in charge of the General Machine Department and in June, 1915, was made foreman over Jobbing Department No. 3, his position at the time of his retirement.

For the rest of the summer Louis doesn't care what he does just so it's fishing. A little later we expect to publish accounts of record-breaking catches. The numerous warm friends Mr. Oehring has made during his 35 years in the Western Electric family may envy him during some of these hot summer days, but they wish him nothing but the best of luck just the same.

P. Wasmuth—35 Years

When Paul Wasmuth got a job with the Western Electric Company, in 1885, it was considered a big concern. The shops were located in what was then the new Clinton Street factory and they employed about 300 people. To-day Mr. Wasmuth is one of 20,000 at the big Hawthorne Works, but even among that number he is making good today, as he did in the small shop of years ago.



Mr. Wasmuth began as a cabinetmaker in the Switchboard Woodwork Department, whose total force then comprised of five men. He worked at benchwork for two years and then operated various woodworking machines for 23 years. It was customary for operators on the unguarded machines of early days to saw off a piece of their anatomy along with the lumber every once in a while, but Paul defied tradition and finished without the loss of even a finger tip. We say finished, because after 23 years of machine work he was promoted to the position of lay-out man in the Woodwork Mill Department ten years ago and has held that position ever since.

You can subtract 1885 from 1920, or you can add 2, 23 and 10, or, if you prefer not to work your arithmetic this hot weather, just look at Mr. Wasmuth's new service button and you will find that his Western Electric career measures five stars long this month.

F. J. Vranek—30 Years

There is no more popular correspondent at Hawthorne than F. J. Vranek, and yet he does not aim at any special literary elegance in his letters. Frank does not "say it with flowers." In fact, he is not a great believer in flowery language, and besides he knows a far better formula. His recipe for writing a popular epistle is "Say it with dollars," and his correspondence consists of a salary check and a receipt blank. Here's how it all came about:



Mr. Vranek started at Clinton Street, in the Pay Roll Department, August 24, 1890. The next February he went into the Purchasing Department and a short time later into the Cost Department. His next transfer was into the Telephone Sales Organization as an editor of orders. November, 1908, he left the Telephone Sales to become a section chief in the Hawthorne Works Accounting Department. A little over two years later he was put in charge of the Record Room, remaining there until August 12, 1918, when he entered the Financial Division, where he now has charge of the Monthly Salary Roll Department, which, as we promised to tell you, is how he came to learn to write such popular letters.

Frank used to be an every-season member of the old Western

Electric baseball teams and he is still an ardent "fan," but the only starring he has done in recent years is collecting twinklers for his service button. The new button he gets this month will carry four.

Addie Knoeller—30 Years

Oh! you poor husbands who come home on the five-fifteen like ravening wolves, seeking what you may devour only to find that dinner is not yet under way and at best you cannot expect results for an hour. While you are pacing the floor, and trying to persuade yourselves that you aren't really hungry, think of this: Here at Wall Street we have the feminine paragon of punctuality with a record of thirty years' service and not late once. Can you beat it? And she lives in Jersey, too. Think how blissful life would be with dinner always ready on the dot.

Miss Addie Knoeller is the paragon and came to the Western in 1890, starting in the Coil Winding Department at Thames Street. In 1902, she was made forelady in the Inspection Department, where she supervised the testing of coils. Later she was transferred back to the Coil Winding Department. Since 1914 she has been winding coils for the Model Shop and, incidentally, she took her first vacation last month.

Clara Bielefeld—25 Years



The next time that you have the Chicago house on the long-distance telephone and you are interrupted in your conversation somewhere between Minneapolis, or some other "Jerk Water" town and Chicago, don't blame it on the Chicago telephone girl, and don't write Mr. Cullinan that he ought to be able to retain his telephone operators on the job at least for a few days.

The reason why such a move would be inappropriate is because the long-distance call would be handled at Chicago by Miss Clara Bielefeld, a Western Electric employee of 25 years' standing, who for the last 19 years has been a telephone operator.

Miss Bielefeld started with the Clinton Street branch of the Company back in 1895. She worked in the Shop until 1901, when she became a telephone operator. She is now the Assistant Chief Operator at the Chicago house. She will finish 25 years' of service with the Company in August.

Miss Gertrude Fries—25 Years



No wonder scribes have a worried, hunted look. If we say all the nice things we'd like to about Miss Gertrude Fries on the occasion of her twenty-fifth Western Electric birthday, we'll get into trouble with Friend Wife. If we don't, we'll get into trouble with Wiley's girls. So we'll just stick to historical facts in the hopes of also sticking to our few sparse locks for a while longer.

Miss Fries started in the Winding Room at Clinton Street, June 5, 1895. She had been there a comparatively short time when the forewoman came over to her one day and told her to take the place of the head winder, who had left suddenly, following some sort of an altercation with the boss. For a while Miss Fries had a hard time of it, as some of the older girls in the department were jealous of the new girl's promotion and tried to annoy her and hamper her work in every possible way. However, she soon won them over and had no more trouble. Friends of Miss Fries, acquainted with her kindly tolerance, will understand just how she did it. The head winder's work was principally special winding on experimental coils for the Engineering Department. The data furnished in those days was the number of turns and the resistance. The winder found the proper sized wire by guessing approximately what size would do the trick and trying it out, repeating the process until she found the right one. Evidently Miss Fries was a good guesser, for she held down the job to everybody's satisfaction until she was promoted to other work. Her present position is chief assignment clerk in the Winding Department at Hawthorne.

Fifty-five of the Winding Department girls gave a banquet for Miss Fries on June 5, her twenty-fifth Western Electric anniversary.

sary, at which they presented her with a pearl necklace and a bouquet of 25 roses. The presentation of her three-star service button by the Company comes in August, however, since, owing to a leave of absence, she does not complete 25 years of actual service until this month.

W. C. Spencer—20 Years



A few years ago we entered the Hawthorne Club Chess Tournament under the fond delusion that we could play chess. Everything went along fine for a while and then we played the white against "Si" Spencer. Now, just to get even, we are going to write him up in the public prints.

Mr. Spencer came to the Western at Clinton Street in 1900. For about a year he worked in the Factory Cabling Department, then spent a year at switchboard wiring and topped off with two years "on the road" as an installer. He then decided that he knew enough about Central Office Equipment to hold down a job in the Equipment Drafting Department and he proceeded to do so for the next 14 years, making good in all departments of the work and serving as section chief over many of them. In 1918, he entered the Equipment Engineering Department, where he still belongs, although he is now engaged in special work in connection with the shipment of the new machine switching apparatus.

Besides being an expert at chess and a mainstay of the Hawthorne chess team, Mr. Spencer was a player on the tennis teams and took an active part in baseball before the condition of his health compelled him to give up strenuous exercise. However, he is amply able to carry the second star that will be added to his service button this month.

W. H. Kurk—20 Years



If you are bothered by tire trouble, look up Billy Kurk in the Transmission Department of Hawthorne. Billy has an infallible cure: Leave your car unlocked while you go in visiting for about half an hour. He tried that with a new Ford and he's never had a puncture or a blow-out with it from that day to this. Nor a ride in it, either, for that matter. However, we wouldn't for the world tell a thing like that on Billy, and Charley Gaston ought to be ashamed of himself for letting you in on it like this. Still, Billy is a good-natured chap and this is his 20th Western Electric birthday, so let's be merry. He won't care.

Mr. Kurk started with the Western at Clinton Street as a novice in electrical maintenance work. To-day he knows more about motors than the Women's Sewing Society knows about the minister's family. He has always worked as an electrician, specializing in recent years on repairing the electrical equipment of elevators and cranes. If Billy can't fix them, they can't be fixed.

Billy's new service button has two stars, which is one more than a detective wears, so any automobile thief with designs on his Patterson chummy roadster may as well realize right now that he is wasting his time.

F. A. Hornburg—20 Years



If you want anything sharpened, from a penknife to your wits, go down and see F. A. Hornburg in the Hawthorne Drill Press Department Tool Room. Besides being the cleverest tool grinder in 16 departments "Daddy" is a 175-pound beam of human sunshine, guaranteed to bleach the blues even out of a young fellow who has just been thrown down by his best girl.

Mr. Hornburg began shining for Western folks at Clinton Street back in 1900, when he took a job in the Drill Press Department as an operator. In those days the operators sharpened their own drills and "Daddy" developed such proficiency at it that he was finally put on that job exclusively. He is now head tool-grinder of the Drill Press Department at Hawthorne.

"Daddy" is a real daddy, too, besides being the foster daddy of every one in the Drill Press Department. He has three sons and two daughters now in the Company's employ, besides other children who, he hopes, will work at the Western when they are old enough.

After this month "Daddy" will have two stars on his service button to help out his bright smile, so probably the Drill Press Department will be able to cut down its loading by dispensing with electric lights altogether.

J. W. Sager—20 Years



Back in the year double 0 a big, good-natured machinist walked into the Clinton Street Shops, gave them the double 0, and took a job in exchange. Now Western Electric Jobs, like Western Electric apparatus, have good wearing qualities, so of course it won't surprise you to learn that the man still has that Western Electric job and that it is better to-day than when he first got it. Just turn your eyes a little to the left and meet Jack Sager. He's the man.

Mr. Sager started in the tool room at Clinton Street, worked there until April, 1905, and then transferred to the Power Apparatus Tool Room at Hawthorne. His department was among the first to occupy the then new factory. In September, 1909, when power apparatus manufacture was discontinued, Jack was put in charge of the machinery in the Coil Winding Department. He remained there until 1917, when he was made general night foreman during the rush work for the Government. When this work was discontinued after the armistice, Mr. Sager was transferred to the Telephone Apparatus Methods Department on manufacturing engineering work, his present position.

If you'll subtract double 0 from '20 you'll find that Mr. Sager has a two-star service button coming to him this month.

C. Langenbacher—20 Years

If there are any of the bunch at West Street who can be classed as "tin-born sports"—no, no, we're not saying that there are—but if there should be, and they should be in need of new tin horns, they ought to see Charley Langenbacher of the Tin Shop, who can make anything from tin horns to tin—well, anything. He says he doesn't draw the line anywhere.

He started in the Tin Shop at West Street when he came with the Company in 1900, and is still plying his fascinating trade there. He does the tinwork for the Building and Maintenance Department and the Model Shop. In 1918, he was made assistant foreman.

E. P. Rook—20 Years

The statement that "figures won't lie" may be open to some dispute in its general application but it is a certainty that they won't lie to E. P. Rook and get away with it, for E. P. is one of Hawthorne's Argus-eyed auditors, whose duty it is to travel about, scrutinizing accounts to make sure that no Western Electric money strays out into the wide, wide world by any other route than that set forth in the gospel according to the Financial Handbook.

Mr. Rook entered the Western family as a messenger boy in the old Clinton Street Shops, August 7, 1900. A couple of months later he was transferred to the Records Department, which kept him busy until November, 1903, when he went to the Billing Department. After about a year and a half at checking invoices he left the Billing Department to become a paymaster, later rising to the position of head paymaster and cashier. From this position he went into the Voucher Section as its chief in October, 1911, and 18 months later left the Voucher Section to become Auditor of Disbursements. In April, 1918, he was transferred to his present position as a member of the Auditing Branch of the General Accounting Department.

We hereby warn our Industrial Relations people to get the proper approvals on their expense vouchers when they buy Mr. Rook's new two-star button, because he can't be bribed to overlook an irregularity even by the gift of a handsome emblem.

Miss May Lauterbach—20 Years

The moving-picture industry has had a phenomenal growth and Miss May Lauterbach has contributed not a little to its success. She has been a consistent movie fan since the days of the "nickelodeon," when she jammed a joyful jitney through the cashier's cage ever and anon, and sometimes oftener. To-day a nickel is nix as an introduction to the celluloid celebrities, but in spite of the increased ante, plus war tax, Miss Lauterbach, like the rest of us, remains a good fan.

However, consistency is one of Miss Lauterbach's virtues, as her Western Electric history proves. She started with the Company in the Magneto Wire Insulating Department at Clinton Street in 1900, and is still a member of the department, although now located at Hawthorne.

Some evening soon "Doug" and "Mary" will glance out from the screen and see two rival stars gleaming at them from the semi-darkness. Lest they get jealous and stop the performance we hereby hasten to inform them that the stars are not real rivals. They are merely the new twinklers on Miss Lauterbach's new service button.

Fifteen-Year Men



E. F. Hailing
Dallas



J. Lehman
Hawthorne



H. Schaber
Hawthorne



J. Curran
Hawthorne



P. P. Forst
Hawthorne



C. W. Gaston
Hawthorne



J. Lande
Hawthorne



J. E. Riker
Hawthorne



L. Manak
Hawthorne

Other Fifteen-Year Men

Pottie, H. D., Hawthorne, 5737.....	August	1
Graff, W. W., Hawthorne, 5410.....	"	5
Krempetz, M. J., Hawthorne, 6618.....	"	7
Rooney, J. T., Hawthorne, 6619.....	"	10
Vrastil, F., Hawthorne, 6805.....	"	10
Marsh, A. C., Hawthorne, 6117.....	"	10
Eickenberg, C. H., Hawthorne, 6460.....	"	12
Emmerick, G., Hawthorne, 6033.....	"	14
Van Berschof, W. R., Hawthorne, 5771.....	"	16
Kudrna, J., Hawthorne, 6344.....	"	23
Stephenson, W. F., Hawthorne, 7393.....	"	28
Schwerin, P., New York, Engineering.....	"	15
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— AUGUST —

THE MONTH OF VACATIONS

TAKE A LITTLE TIP FROM JOE AND LET THE WIFE SAY WHERE TO GO



AND NOW BOYS AND GIRLS THE CONCLUSION WOULD BE THAT JOE AND THE WIFE SOMEBODIES—THAT IS THEY GO TO THE SEA SHORE JOE BEING BORED TO DEATH BY FORMALITIES AND PERPETUALLY GRUMBING AND LOSING WEIGHT (AND ARGUMENTS TO FRIEND SPOUSE) FINALLY TO RETURN TO THE CITY TO TRY AND RECOVER FROM THE TWO WEEKS AT THE SHORE.

BUT HO! JOE MEETS AN OLD FRIEND WHO IS SPENDING A SPELL AT THE SEASIDE. THE FRIEND SPEAKS A LOST LANGUAGE AND SHOWS JOE A DASH WHERE THE REFRIGERANT SEA AIR CAN BE ENJOYED WITH A PLEASING GARNISH.



D. J. BISSSEL
1932

ELECTRICAL HOUSEKEEPING

A department for homemakers

Edited by Mrs. June Strickland

Published and copyrighted by Western Electric Company

How to choose a Vacuum Cleaner without knowing its name

OF course, it is a very desirable thing to have a name that you have confidence in behind the products that you buy. But sometimes, when a great many perfectly reliable manufacturers are competing for your preference, with claims as sincere as they are contradictory, it is a good thing to forget names altogether and study essential points alone.

I try to do that when advising women about their vacuum cleaners, in spite of the fact that many salesmen tell me that the name Western Electric is really the biggest talking point of all.

I'm not so sure of that because I know a good many manufacturers who, even though they are not so large as the Western Electric, are just as honorable and sincere of purpose, but, with possibly one exception, I don't know of any vacuum cleaner that meets as perfectly all the points of practical superiority that to me seem the most important.

Let's take these vacuum cleaner essentials up one by one

The motor-driven brush means cleaner cleaning

However strong the suction of a cleaner may be, we are asking too much when we expect it alone to draw both surface dust and embedded dirt out of the rugs. Most manufacturers have recognized this fact, and as an aid to the vacuum, they have added some sort of brush or comb to loosen the dirt.

This is a great improvement—but even so, the type of brush in most cleaners sweeps too lightly because it turns slowly, with the casters of the machine, and stops altogether when you hold the machine still.

Think what that would mean with a particularly stubborn strip of carpet to clean. Moving the machine very slowly would scarcely turn the brush at all. For the brush to be effective, you would need to keep running the machine back and forth like a carpet sweeper. But when there is a motor to keep the brush going at a steady pace, you can even hold the machine stationary over one spot as long as necessary, and still know that your rugs are getting a real sweeping.

This type of brush picks up lint and threads on the surface, and actually loosens grains of sand ground into the roots of the nap.

Please keep in mind the importance of asking whether the brush is geared down to run moderate speed—fast enough to clean thoroughly, yet slow enough to clean gently and easily. The right answer to that question may add years to the life of your rugs.

The brush with the handy switch

This brush must be made easy to switch on and off. If it were troublesome, you would be tempted to leave the brush either on or off most of the time. If you keep it off, then of course its motor-driven feature is wasted.

On the other hand, you don't want the brush to run always. It isn't needed for a light, everyday cleaning—nor when you are using the attachments to clean upholstery, woodwork and portieres.

At such times you will appreciate the importance of this question of handy brush control. I urge strongly that you make sure the brush can be turned on and off conveniently, by a switch easy to reach and in plain sight.

Why the rug should lie flat

Some cleaners are designed with the nozzle raised above the floor, so that the vacuum lifts the rug up at it. Now your rugs are backed with glue using to

Make sure of these six points

Whatever its name may be, the vacuum cleaner that really meets these six requirements is as good as the Western Electric:

1. Has it a motor-driven brush geared to a low enough speed to sweep and beat thoroughly without damage to rugs and carpets?
2. Can this brush be switched on or off conveniently?
3. Does it clean without unduly lifting the rug from the floor? Very important if you value the life of your rugs.
4. Does the dust bag open at the top and does the dust enter the bag through a cloth tube, preventing any possibility of dust or dirt shaking out?
5. Does it need oiling but once a month?
6. And last, but not least, is it light enough to lift and carry easily?



Note how the dust is sucked into and held in the bag, which can empty only through the top.

keep them from wrinkling and bucking, and also to fasten the nap. I think you will agree that a constant lifting and bending of the rug will crack this sizing. Then gradually the nap will loosen and fluff away, and the rug itself lose its shape.

That is why I always counsel women to see to it that the vacuum cleaner they buy has a nozzle resting flat on the floor. Then the rug will lie flat too, the mangle will be undisturbed and the nap will hold firm.

When Mrs. Strickland demonstrates appliances to Domestic Science students, she rarely mentions the name of the manufacturer.

Wanted—a dust bag that doesn't spill

With certain cleaners it is a common experience to get your rooms nicely tidied up—only to have the dirt, none suddenly tumbling out of the bag again.

Such a mishap goes to show the disadvantage of a bag which empties at the bottom. Let me tell you about a very different sort of bag. The dust comes into it through a cloth tube, and falling into the "blind pocket" which surrounds the tube, is held there very securely till you want to shake it out. Then, observe, it can come out only through the top.

Oiling reduced to a minimum

Most of us women are still a little shy about the care of machinery. Even using a vacuum cleaner is a bother, something we are likely to forget. My experience has been that the safest cleaner of all is the kind which needs oiling out with every use, but just once a month. Three drops of oil once a month is something everyone is sure to remember.

"As easy to lift as the baby"

My last requirement is that the vacuum cleaner shall be light, easy to handle. Really, I see no excuse for some machines being so heavy, when there are others which clean just as thoroughly and weigh three or four pounds less. Those few pounds make a great deal of difference in the effort with which you work the machine. For example, you can roll and lift a 14½ pound machine with ease, and not feel tired when you have finished your cleaning.

These six requirements of a good vacuum cleaner I have developed from my work with many cleaners. In some machines you will find one or two of them, in others three or four, in varying combinations. But it is not easy to find them all together—and I regard them all as essential. If you discover these six points satisfactorily answered by any machine other than the Western Electric Vacuum Sweeper, you will be perfectly safe in buying that machine.



The Western Electric Dishwasher and Kitchen Table is useful always.



The Western Electric Sewing Machine makes sewing a pleasure.



Let us send you this book on how to do your work more easily and quickly. Write Western Electric Housekeeping Dept., 192 Broadway, New York



The Western Electric Washing Machine has several points of difference.



In electric irons too, names are beginning to find there's a difference.

"How a new kind of farm hand added acres to my farm"



A regular man's size outfit, able to do a man's work

Editor's Note: *W. E. Shetrone, a farmer near Le Raysville, Pa., shows how you can help to solve your labor problem.*

"Now, I'm not going to tell you that the Western Electric Power and Light Outfit is the best on the market. The chances are you know more about farm plants than I do. All I want is to tell how this outfit has been doing a man's work on my place—when men are hard to get. That is how it saved time enough for me to cultivate seven acres more last spring."

W. E. Shetrone

Le Raysville, Pa.



Mr. Shetrone's house is pleasantly located

LAST YEAR I was struggling along with my little farm—milking by hand, taking a two-hour trip to the creamery every day, working hard to support my family. Then a salesman showed me how I could do the work in less time and with less effort by installing Western Electric Power and Light equipment. Well, I put the apparatus in, and right from the start it began to save time and labor. In fact, the time it saved me made it possible to plow seven acres more last spring."

A powerful outfit for heavy work

"Power ought to be the first consideration in buying a farm plant. There are plenty of good electric sets satisfactory for light-

ing. But not many of them are strong on power. You can't expect them to do the hard work.

"The Western Electric has a three horsepower engine, which as you know is ample to run most all the machinery. Grindstone, feed-mixer, churn, mill—you can operate them all together from a shafting hitched up to this powerful engine, because there's a pulley on it for just such work.

"In generator and battery too, power is the feature that impressed me most. My Western Electric outfit furnishes plenty of electricity to light the house and barn, and at the same time it runs the pump, the milking machine and such household appliances as a vacuum cleaner and a washing machine.

Why the battery lasts longer

"Another big feature is the automatic control of the battery charge. At the start the current flows in at a fairly high rate, but as the batteries fill, the rate of flow becomes less and less—till at last the current is just trickling in. Then it stops by itself. This 'tapering charge' takes the strain off the batteries and so makes them last longer.

"Well, the Western Electric outfit certainly has helped me in my work. And talk about time saved! Those extra seven acres I was able to plow will produce some handsome profits this fall, I can tell you."

*What the Western Electric Power and Light Outfit did to make Mr. Shetrone's farm more productive, it can do for your farm too.

Western Electric distributors in your neighborhood:

(Names and addresses of distributors will be listed here)

Some good territory still available for live-wire representatives



A portable motor drives the grindstone

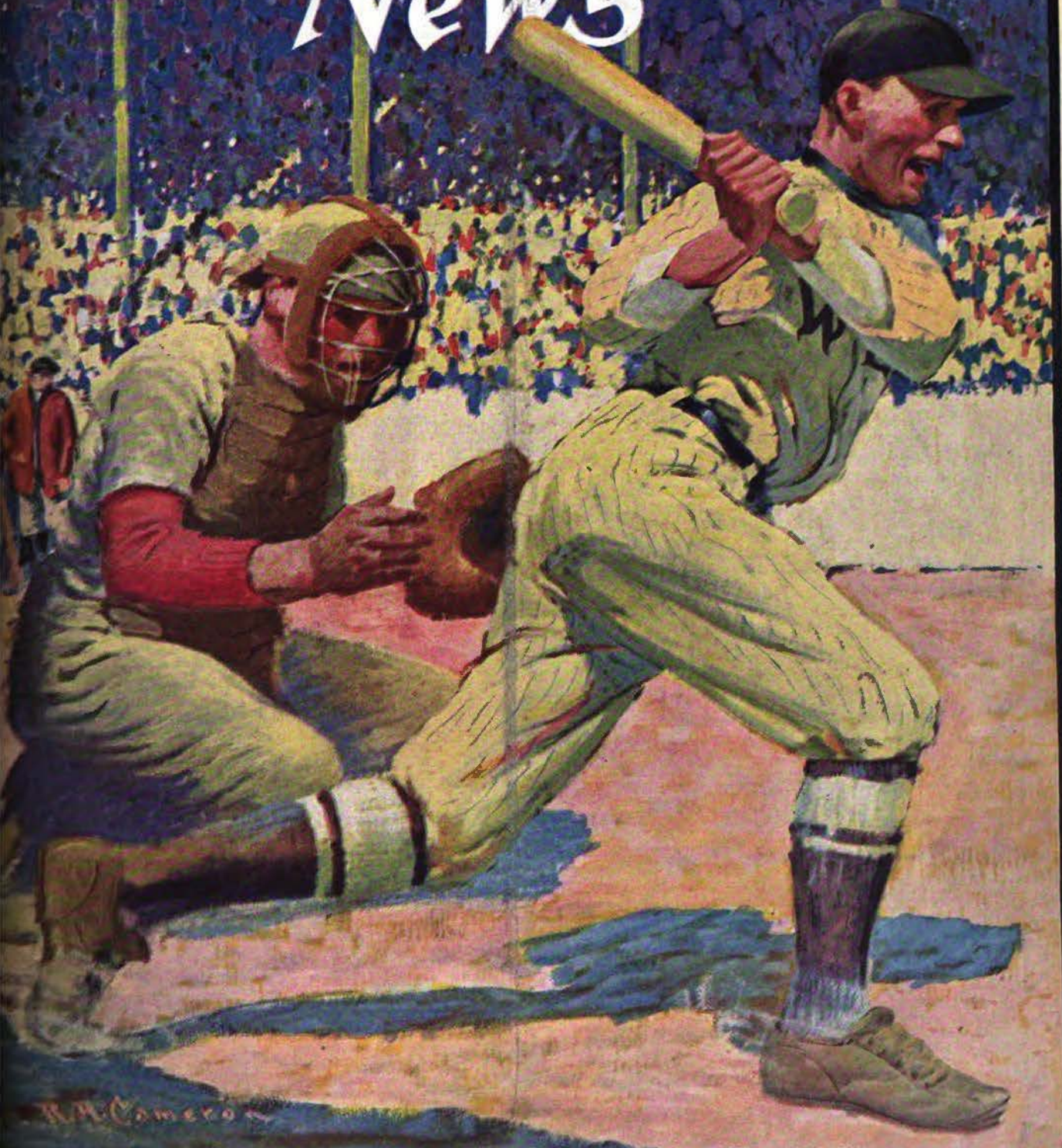
For further information write to the nearest Western Electric distributor for booklet L.N. 4.



Western Electric Power & Light

This is one of our new series of farm light and power advertisements

Western Electric News



W. A. Cameron

Logic of the simplest order is the basis for the street railway's right to a higher fare. Greater costs demand greater income, if the service is to be maintained.

Trite! We in the electrical industry have reasoned 'way ahead of this truism. But the public hasn't. The public's knowledge of the subject is elementary, its interest casual.

To stimulate this interest and to drive home a point or two in terms of this limited knowledge, is what our editorial attempts.

(This is the second of the new series of institutional advertisements to appear in the popular magazines during the second half of 1920.)



The Public Be Jammed!

Nothing like a ride in the street car at rush hour, if you're feeling lonely. There you will find companionship a-plenty.

Friendly elbows digging into your ribs, a foot or two placed affectionately upon your own, an umbrella handle caressing the small of your back.

This is the mode of travel we Americans apparently prefer. At any rate it is all that we pay for.

Yet, though the brave effort of two or more bodies to occupy the same space at the same time may be interesting as a scientific experiment, to the health of the contestants struggling in the foul and germ-laden air, it holds a menace.

But after all, the street railway can't give us any better service than we pay for. Whatever extra cars, extra seats, extra speed we desire can come only from the money we furnish.

The service of street railways, whether owned by the public or by private interests, must be paid for by the people who ride.

So, how much we pay and what we consider worth paying for, are questions purely up to us.

In the face of rising costs for material and labor, shall we hold our railways down to the old fare—and watch the service become less and less adequate as their resources shrink?

Or rather, shall we spend a few cents more each day to keep the street railway equipment in good order, to build up a better service for our own comfort and convenience, and even for our health?

*Published in
the interest of Elec-
trical Development by
an Institution that will
be helped by what-
ever helps the
Industry.*

Western Electric Company

No. 12. *Western Electric—an organization which through half a century has had a share in bringing the convenience of electric light, power and communication to millions of Americans.*

Where Bill Missed Out.

(It is frequently said by bromides and other bores:—"Isn't it wonderful about the things Shakespeare wrote. They apply so well to things as they are today.")

BILL SHAKESPEARE ONCE WROTE AS YOU PROBABLY KNOW, A PIECE ABOUT MAN'S SEVEN AGES, AND PROVED, TO HIS OWN SATISFACTION AT LEAST, HOW WE PROGRESS THROUGH ALL OF OUR STAGES. BUT WILLIAM, ALAS, LIVED A LONG TIME AGO. CONDITIONS HAVE CHANGED QUITE A LITTLE. OF BASEBALL, THE SPORT MOST VICARIOUS OF ALL, HE KNEW NOT A JOT NOR A TITTLE.



IF WILLIAM WERE HERE IN THESE DAYS OF BABE RUTH HE'D WRITE A FAR DIFFERENT STORY. FOR INTO HIS WEALTH OF BLANK VERSE THERE'D HAVE CREEPT THE NATIONAL PASTIMES GLORY. THAT SPEECH OF OLD JACQUES HE SOON WOULD HAVE CHANGED TO SOMETHING MORE NEARLY BEFITTING. THE FACT THAT THROUGH MAN'S SEVEN AGES ONE THOUGHT AND ONLY ONE THOUGHT GOES A-FLITTING.

THE BIG RUBBER BALL THAT EACH INFANT RECEIVES FROM DADDY OR DOTING RELATION, PROVIDES, AS THEY SAY IN THE MEDICAL BOOKS, THE CULTURE FOR INOCULATION. UNWILLING THE SCHOOLBOY MAY START FOR HIS SCHOOL, BUT WHEN IT COMES TIME FOR DEPARTING, HE'S RIGHT ON THE JOB GETTING OUT TO THE LOT WHERE A ONE-OLD-CAT GAME SOON IS STARTING.



SIGHING LOVER, FIERCE SOLDIER, STERN JUDGE, PANTALOON, THE FEVER HITS ALL IN SOME MEASURE. WHILE EVEN THE SENILE, SANS EYES, AND SANS TEETH, FROM HEARING THE SCORE DERIVES PLEASURE. TAKE OFFICE BOY, CLERK, OR EXECUTIVE HEAD, HE LAPS UP THE DOPE LIKE A KITTEN, AND IF BILL COULD COME BACK AND SEE ONE OUR TEAMS, IT'S A GINCH BY THE BUG HE'D BE BITTEN.



W. W. Wood

Western Electric News



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VOLUME IX

SEPTEMBER, 1920

NUMBER 7

Western Electric Fans, Here's Wind of Some First-Class Baseball

Hawthorne Interbranch League Has Just Closed a Very Successful Season—Operating Team Wins After Close Contest With the Sales



Leo Malone, Manager of the Production Team, 1919 champs, loaded down with the spoils of victory

HERE is this difference between prophets and profiteers: The prophet warns you beforehand of what is going to happen; the profiteer does it first and lets you find out about it afterward for yourself. Whatever the respective merits of the two schools, the NEWS is forced to admit that the latter method is the proper one to use in prophesying baseball results. Back in June we tried the other method of getting the final standings in the Hawthorne Inter-Branch Baseball League, but apparently a fly must have alighted on the off-side of our glass sphere, for our crystal gazing proved unreliable in a few minor but somewhat essential particulars. For instance, we picked the winning team all right, except that we didn't pick it to win.

Season Opens May 15th

Consequently, since foresight reporting proved a failure, we are going to give you the season's doings by the hindsight method, and this time you can rely upon the results.

The season opened May

15th with six real ball teams ready to be up and doing. The sun at eve shone wanly upon three down and done. The Production team (last season's winners) met their old rivals, the Technicals, and took a 9 to 6 trimming for their day's work.

The Inspection team livened things up by marching gaily to the fray at the head of an enthusiastic parade of admirers, led by a band. The result was that the jazz germs got into their systems and Dave O'Donnell's Operating team decided to operate. Accordingly they proceeded to cut the joy out of the Inspection warriors, removing 18 tallies and leaving the Inspectors with but 3.

Lew Fiene meanwhile unleashed his Contract Sales and Plant pack against the Clericals, who were bit for seven runs, but got a little revenge by securing one lone nip at the enemy's expense. And the end of the first fracas showed this result:

LEAGUE STANDING

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Operating	1	0	1.000
Technical	1	0	1.000
Contract Sales and Plant	1	0	1.000
Production	0	1	.000
Inspection	0	1	.000
Clerical	0	1	.000

What Happened on May 22d

Suppose yourself to be on your vacation, so that a week has passed already. Time flies in fly time.

We assemble south of the



Part of a Hawthorne Baseball Parade

Merchandise Building this beautiful Saturday afternoon to find the Technicals and the Contract Sales at each other's throats. It was an even thing for 12 innings, both teams playing beautiful ball, but finally the Sales caught the wind and finished a 6 to 5 victor.

While this was going on the Operating team was putting the prods to Production, 5 to 2. Things were reasonably close until the eighth, when Thomson, the Operators' shortstop, Babed a bender, chasing two of his team mates around the circuit ahead of him. Those three runs proved too much of a handicap for the Production boys.

Just to prove that their trimming of a week before did not establish a precedent, the Clerks downed the Inspectors by a 2 to 1 score. "Reggie" Richter, the former Cub pitcher, served the twisters for Callender's Clerks and made sixteen of the Inspectors wonder what ailed their eyesight.

Of course an inspector is supposed to pass the good ones, but there is such a thing as sticking too close to your work. The eight point below proves it.

LEAGUE STANDING

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Operating	2	0	1.000
Technical	2	0	1.000
Contract Sales and Plant	1	1	.500
Clerical	1	1	.500
Production	0	2	.000
Inspection	0	2	.000

June 5th Was the Next Session

No games were scheduled for May 29th, owing to the Saturday afternoon, Sunday and Monday holidays resulting from the celebration of Memorial Day on Monday. Consequently June 5th dawned on some well-rested athletes and the prospects of a red-hot game between the Technical team and the Operating team, neither of which had yet lost a game. Each organization formed booster clubs and a pepful and picturesque parade preceded the zero hour. The battle that followed was all any movie director could ask for action. It ended with the Operators on the necks of

the Techs, holding them down under a 5 to 1 score. During the hostilities the Production and Clerical teams put on a friendly little farce entitled "Fattening the Batting Averages," in which Production produced 20 runs, while the Clerks collected 14. Aside from that there was very little scoring done.

During the afternoon the Contract Sales' sluggers gave the Inspectors their third drubbing, the casualty list reading 11 to 8.

LEAGUE STANDING

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Operating	3	0	1.000
Technical	2	1	.667
Contract Sales and Plant	2	1	.667
Production	1	2	.333
Clerical	1	2	.333
Inspection	0	3	.000

June 12th Proves Operating Team's Unlucky Day

The dawn of June 12th saw the Operating team heading the league with a perfect score. Its dusk saw them tied with the Sales and the Techs, each with 3 won and 1 lost. Its afternoon saw Fiene's fiends do the trick. Knack spun the sphere for the Operators, while Ted Jahnke twirled the twisters for the Sales. Both pitched great ball and eleven innings were needed to settle the argument, but the last word went to the Sales boys, 4 to 3.

Meanwhile the Inspectors demonstrated that the other fellows ought to be able to take a joke once in a while, too. After dropping three straight games, they dropped on the Production team and took a game away from them by one run, 6 to 5.

The Techs spent the afternoon piling up 17 runs against the Clerks, who modestly contented themselves with five in return.

LEAGUE STANDING

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Operating	3	1	.750
Technical	3	1	.750
Contract Sales and Plant	3	1	.750
Production	1	3	.250
Clerical	1	3	.250
Inspection	1	3	.250

Operating and Sales Tied for First, June 19th
The Technical team, third member of the three-



THE OPERATING BRANCH TEAM, 1920 CHAMPIONS OF THE HAWTHORNE INTERBRANCH BASEBALL LEAGUE

Left to right: Standing—Dunda, pitcher; Cunat, outfield; Kovalinka, outfield; Houser, pitcher; Munson, outfield; Heideman, catcher.
Sitting—Kubecek, infield; Tansy, outfield; Hornburg, outfield; Thomson, manager; Knack, pitcher; Mikota, infield; Havlicek, infield; Heideman, Jr., mascot.



CONTRACT SALES AND PLANT TEAM

Left to right: Standing—"Mike" Meyers, chief of staff, Umpires' Association; Sullivan, scorer; Moench, outfield; Moston, outfield; Mitch, outfield; Whelan, outfield.
Sitting—Levy, infield; Kistler, infield; Rousch, outfield; Fiene, infield; Rink, manager; Schaeffer, outfield; Ostrowski, catcher; Krupar, infield; T. Jahnke, pitcher.

Production	1	3	.250
Clerical	1	3	.250
Inspection	1	3	.250



CLERICAL TEAM

Left to right: Standing—Mayer, catcher; Scheelk, infield; Newberg, outfield; Callender, manager; Donald, pitcher. Sitting—Vodak, outfield; Fishman, outfield; Fiale, outfield; Simon, infield; Bodgnatz, infield; Jamison, infield.

cornered tie for first place, was untied by the Inspectors, who upset all dope by getting away with an 18 to 3 win. The other two leaders stayed neck and neck, Contract Sales taking a 1 to 0 game from Production, while the Operators were taking 15 runs from the Clerks in exchange for two.

LEAGUE STANDING

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Operating	4	1	.800
Contract Sales and Plant	4	1	.800
Technical	3	2	.600
Inspection	2	3	.400
Production	1	4	.200
Clerical	1	4	.200

June 26th Closes with Sales and Operating Still Neck and Neck!

Let's make this report short and snappy. The Inspectors accommodated the Operators 4 to 1, while the Clerks did the honors for the Sales boys, handing them an 8 to 1 victory. This left the Operating and the Sales still tied for first place.

The Techs hit another air pocket and lost altitude by a 7 to 3 tailspin into the Production team's camp.

LEAGUE STANDING

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Operating	5	1	.833
Contract Sales and Plant	5	1	.833
Technical	3	3	.500
Inspection	2	4	.333
Production	2	4	.333
Clerical	1	5	.167

1919 Champions Get a Pennant and a Beating July 10th

The Production team awoke to a proud day on July 10th, the date set for the presentation of the 1919 pennant and the silver trophy donated by A. G. Spaulding & Company. The photograph of the team shows them

telling the world who won that championship pennant.

President G. B. Hallett, of the Hawthorne Club, presented the pennant, the trophy and a large bouquet to Manager Malone, who led the victorious Production team of 1919, as well as this year's team.

Altogether it was a fine large occasion and Dave O'Donnell's opulent Operators really oughtn't to have furnished an anticlimax by trimming the newly decorated team so plentifully as 12 to 0.

While this dire deed was being perpetrated, the Contract Sales team struggled for 14 innings to take a game from the Techs. The contest was finally settled as a 4 to 4 draw.

The Clericals celebrated the day by scoring an 8 to 7 victory over the Inspectors.

LEAGUE STANDING

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Operating	6	1		.857
Contract Sales and Plant	5	1	1	.833
Technical	3	3	1	.500
Inspection	2	5		.286
Production	2	5		.286
Clerical	2	5		.286

July 17th Eliminates the Techs as Pennant Possibilities

For the Technical team, July 17th was a critical day. If they could trim the Operating team they still had a chance at the pennant. If they lost they were out of the race for good. "Good," said the Operators, and they pocketed the game, 5 to 2.

While the Operators were doing cruel and unusual things to the Techs, the Contract Sales boys, whistling "The Long, Long Trail," embarked upon their fourth overtime

game of the season. This time it was a 18-inning argument with the Inspectors, who finally succumbed to the



The Technical Team used this means to advertise what it was going to do to the Operating Team on June 5th. Unfortunately, the Operators did it first.



TECHNICAL TEAM

Left to right: Standing—Kalina, infield; Wiley, infield; Smith, infield; H. Jahnke, pitcher; Heyke, outfield; Divis, outfield; Ginnors, infield; Gernon, manager; Pullock, catcher; Bosenza, outfield.

strain and let the Sales have the game, 6 to 4.

Production spent the afternoon taking a 5 to 1 game from the generous Clerks.

LEAGUE STANDING

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Operating	7	1		.875
Contract Sales and Plant.....	6	1	1	.857
Technical	3	4	1	.429
Production	3	5		.375
Inspection	2	6		.250
Clerical	2	6		.250

Operating Eliminates Sales, July 24th

The big game of the season was predicted for July 24th, when the Operating team lined up against the Contract Sales and Plant team. Each team had lost but one game during the season and everything pointed to a close and interesting contest.

Well, you never can tell, as the brute remarked when he cut out his wife's tongue. Instead of a hard battle, the Operators fell into a game that was as easy as getting rid of a five-dollar bill. Ted Jahnke, who had pegged a puzzling pill for the Sales all season, had a bad attack of generosity and finally had to be taken off the mound. Mitch relieved him, but not the situation, and the game went to the Operators, 16 to 2.

During the slaughter the Inspectors won from the Production team by a 3 to 1 score.

LEAGUE STANDING

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Operating ...	8	1		.889
Contract Sales and Plant.	6	2	1	.750
Technical ...	3	4	1	.429
Production ..	3	6		.333
Inspection ..	3	6		.333
Clerical	2	6		.250



INSPECTION TEAM
 Left to right: Standing—Novak, infield; Sullivan, infield; Krajewski, infield; Shack, infield.
 Sitting—Kranjowski, outfield; Dietz, pitcher; Thompson, manager; Cada, secretary; Bowman, pitcher; Toucek, outfield; Bonchard, outfield; Skwiat, catcher



INTERBRANCH BASEBALL COMMITTEE
 Left to right: Standing—D. J. O'Donnell, Operating; G. L. Cullendar, Clerical; M. Rink, Contract Sales and Plant; F. Skwiat, Inspection.
 Sitting—V. T. Jones, Publicity; D. G. Scrantom, Chairman; K. C. Gernon, Technical; L. D. Malone, Production.

The Last of July Was the Last of the League

July 31st saw the Operating team lined up for their tenth game. If they won, the race was over. If they lost, the Contract Sales & Plant had a chance to nose them out for first place. Their opponents were the Clerks, who again accommodated, 8 to 0, giving the Operating team the season's championship. The other league games were called off.

The winning team is entered in the city contests for the industrial championship of Chicago. Play started the latter part of

August. In a later issue of the News we hope to tell you all about how our boys won.

Final standing of the Hawthorne Inter Branch League:

LEAGUE STANDING

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Operating*	9	1		.900
Contract Sales and Plant**	6	2	1	.750
Technical**	3	4	1	.429
Production**	3	6		.333
Inspection**	3	6		.333
Clerical**	2	7		.250

* Schedule finished.
 ** Schedule not finished.



PRODUCTION TEAM

Left to right:—Alexander, infield; Linden, infield; Hendrickson, pitcher; Vessely, catcher; Ruz, infield; Krejci, outfield; Jacklin, outfield; Grabow, outfield; Klein, infield; Witte, pitcher; Malone, manager. Among the missing—James A. Layden.

Vacation and picnic material wanted by September 10th for the October issue; vacation photographs especially. So contribs, contrib.



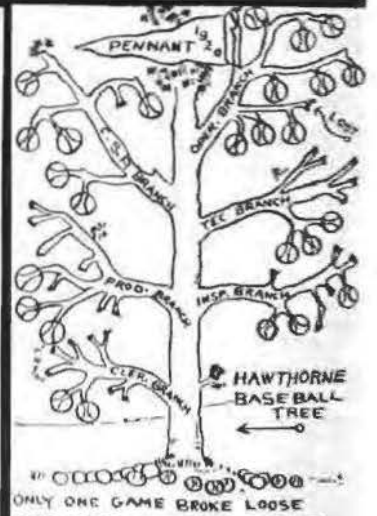
SHOWING THE MRS. A GOOD TIME



BIG JAWN O'BRIEN (UMPIRE) RULED BY KINDNESS, BUT WERE JUST THINKING WHAT HE COULD HAVE DONE, IF HE'D WANTED TO.



A THIN BIT OF HUMOR



Rush—Urgent!

When I was a little fellow and came to the Western Elec.,
 They made of me a buyer's boy and tardy firms I'd check.
 I'd roast them on the telephone and dreadful things I'd say;
 And here's the answer that I'd get each single blessed day:

"We have a shipment coming,
 It's surely on the way.
 Let's see—it passed Chicago
 At 3 A.M. today.
 We've slipped the engineer some change
 To notch her in the high,
 So don't talk rough, you'll get your stuff,
 She's due most any day."

(But it hain't come yet. No, it hain't come yet,
 And I don't believe it ever will.)

And now I am a specialist, with many lines of my own,
 And Walter Templin in New York to give the outfit tone.
 I tell the boys to sell my stuff, and sell it good and strong,
 And when they mock, "where is your stock?"

I warble this here song:
 "We've got a shipment coming,
 We heard from it at noon.

It's rambling through the Rockies now,
 And due here very soon.
 They've put an extra engine on,
 In answer to our wire.
 So do not fret; it's an easy bet,
 You'll get your order soon."
 (But it hain't come yet. No, it hain't come yet,
 And I don't believe it ever will.)

Some day I'll leave this earthly sphere and, if it be my fate,
 I'll meet St. Peter face to face, inside the pearly gate.
 I'll ask him for my saxophone (which has replaced the harp),
 And without doubt he'll answer me, in tones a trifle sharp:
 "We have a shipment coming,
 It's gone a bit astray,
 And is winging through the Little Bear,
 Or passed the Milky Way.
 We've sent a cool angel-o-gram
 To get it here to-day,
 So stand in line, and tonight at nine,
 You'll get your saxophone."

C. L. Huyck.

Home Again

DOWN at the southern end of the Dark Continent is the Union of South Africa, the Old Boer Republic, now an influential unit in Great Britain's colonial Empire. To most of us South Africa means timberly with its diamond fields. Of course, the po-

litically inclined might think of Gen. Botha and wink knowingly at mention of the fourteen points. But we needn't get mixed up with the peace treaty to explain that we're now heading for Johannesburg, which is in London Western Electric territory anyway, and consequently sells no cross-arms for Seattle. There

was one order that couldn't be filled without coming to this side of the water. The Union numbers among its branches of government the Department of Mines and Industries—an organization which has for its object the study of methods whereby the rich mines of diamonds and of precious metals are to be further developed and infant industries helped on their way. No, not the old way of putting up a tax wall to keep the other fellow out, but the devising and improvement of manufacturing processes.

Just where does the Western Electric end of things come in? Right here. In the Research Branch of the Engineering Department at New York there was a man learned in the ways of vacuum tubes—so well versed in the underlying principles (thermionics, the text-books call them) that Chicago University borrowed him for a course of lectures. H. J. van der Bijl is his name. Sounds something like the Transvaal and Orange Free State, doesn't it? Comes from there, too—from Pretoria, to be exact. Dr. van der Bijl's father was acting Mayor when the British, under Lord Roberts, entered the city during the Boer War.

A graduate of Victoria College, South Africa, Mr. van der Bijl took his Ph. D. degree at Leipzig, Germany, in 1912, and shortly thereafter came to the United States and entered the employ of the Company.

Now his native land has called him back to take up the duties of Scientific and Technical Adviser of the Department of Mines and Industries. In this capacity he will establish chemical and physical laboratories to aid in furthering home industries.

We have it in writing from an Assistant Chief Engineer that the Company is sorry to see Dr. van der Bijl leave. Possibly, though, we can look on the Doctor as one of those "invisible export" items that don't appear in customs reports but help a lot to balance trade the world over. The Company's best wishes go with him.

ARE you a Sinn Feiner? Whether you are or not you probably recall that when Archbishop Manix sailed for Ireland last month there was a lot of talk about a mysterious celebrity who would appear at the last minute to share the tributes which had been planned for the reverend gentleman from Australia when he should disembark on the shores of his native land. Whoever the heralded unknown was will never be known. The Bishop landed in England. Our special correspondent for the British Isles reported that on the same day Jack Portley left the Baltic at Liverpool.

Don't be misled, however. Far be it from us to imply that Jack was the Unknown. To tell you the truth, such a condition is an impossibility. Jack is known all over. Sure and wasn't it himself that put so many household devices into the homes of New York that the factories will never be able to catch up with him? Who was it that drove all the Haythen Chinese laundrymen to Lower California and still warmer climes? 'Twas our same Jack with his ironing machines, washers and other implements of warfare! And now they say he has gone back home for the first day in fourteen years. Well, if they ever smooth out the troubles of the Emerald Isle here's betting that they find Jack and one of his W. E. irons doing the job.

Jack Portley was born in Limerick. Possessed of all his native characteristics, a ready tongue and a quick wit, what was more natural than that he joined the National Telephone system upon leaving school? In 1906 he transferred his allegiance to Uncle Sam but his love for his chosen profession remained unchanged. Probably fate had a lot to do with this for the first thing Jack saw when he landed in New York was the West Street Building. Two weeks later he was a member of the Chicago House. In 1917 he went to Minneapolis but bigger fields were calling and after eight months he was drafted to New York where he has been ever since, helping to make the greatest city in the world still greater.

When we heard that Jack was going back to visit the folks we decided that here was a chance for the News to get a real scoop. If anyone could get us the real news about Erin it was the famous specialist who so graphically described his ability to get results at the Sales Conference last January when he exhorted the younger salesmen, stating, "When you find a field that's rich with pollen but feel a little shaky about tackling it, call upon me, so that going out together, we may gather the honey and bring home the bacon."



Dr. H. J. Van der Bijl



John J. Portley

Mr. I. Wanta Know Has a Hunch

YOU know how a fellow feels when he has an honest-to-goodness hunch on a question that has been bothering him some. Well, it happened like this. Even while I was on my vacation (believe me or not!) I couldn't help turning over in my own mind what my good friend in the Comptroller's Department had told me on that last wild ride on the Subway. It sort of came to me out of a clear sky as I sat on the beach wondering what the wild waves were saying. Some still little voice seemed to say, "Why, no business can grow unless we get more business—and who gets more business?" Well, I didn't need to go to anyone in the Comptroller's Department to tell me who goes out after the business, when I have several good friends in the distributing organization.

"How does our business compare with last year's?" was the casual way I opened up on my long-suffering friend in the Comptroller's Department when I met him at lunch one day.

"Well, it looks as though we were going to have a big year," he said in a non-committal sort of fashion, "but what are you driving at?"

"Well, if you want to know, just this—I believe I have got the answer on that question we have been discussing. It seems to me it is the salesman who is responsible for the growth of the business, for the more we sell the more we grow. How does that sound to your Statistical Majesty?"

Then he came back strong. "You mean just the salesman, or do you mean the whole organization back of the salesman? You know, we have two kinds of business,—one through the Contract Sales Department, which car-

ries on the selling and service work to the Associated Bell Companies of the things we make ourselves and the things which they need in running the telephone business. Then the other part of the sales work has to do with the supply business, in competition with other jobbers throughout the country."

"It seems to me your hunch is a good one, but how about all the raw materials that go into our products? You see, I don't believe you would get by with your hunch if you got to talking with some of our good friends in the Purchasing Department."

Well, I had to hedge a bit, of course, and say that I had intended to include all the commercial men who had anything to do with buying or selling or advertising or pricing or distributing or warehousing what we buy and sell. Of course, a general admission like that takes a good deal of the punch out of a fellow's argument. But I beat him to his pet argument this time for I could see for myself that even if we have nearly seven thousand people in our selling and distributing and purchasing department, we would have nothing to sell or distribute unless our engineers and manufacturing experts and our buyers were right on the job.

For once we parted without the feeling of having sparred to a no-decision finish. Just as we were getting up from the luncheon table, however, I noticed a twinkle in my good friend's eye as he slipped me this one.

"Well, you had a good hunch that time, but how about the money end of the business? I was noticing a statement the other day that most of the failures in business were due to inadequate capital or lack of knowledge of simple financial rules of the game."

A Word to Western Electric Investors

TO some of the 4,574 employees who are now buying Western Electric bonds aggregating approximately \$2,000,000 (par value) under the plan offered by the Company June 1, 1920, the following figures may be an old story. They could probably tell you instantly, without resorting to pad, pencil or slide rule, that though the subscription price of each \$100 bond was \$98.50 the actual cost to them is only \$89.84.

If you were still listening, or even if you weren't, one of these financial experts would probably rattle off without pausing for breath that, furthermore, while paying for these bonds he was getting a net return on his money of 9.8% a year; that

after completing payment in May, 1922, until April 1, 1925, when the bonds for which he paid \$89.84 would be redeemed at \$100.00, the annual return on his money would be 8.3% and the average annual return on the entire transaction would net him 8.7% for the five years.

Supposing you had been unable to flee from this outburst of the man with the slide rule you would

probably await his conclusion impatiently and then ask him to put it all down on paper where you and I and the ordinary mortals could perhaps find out in an hour or so what it all meant. Should he do so, it would look something like the statement he has prepared for the News.

Subscription price of bond.....					\$98.50
Interest charges at 5% per annum on unpaid balance.....					4.75
Total charges					\$103.25
Bond interest credited (a).....					13.41
Net cost to subscriber					\$89.84
	Average	Return.	Period.	Rate	
	Investment.			per	
				Annun.	
While paying	\$45.96	\$ 8.66(a)	23 Mos.	9.8%	
After payment to April 1, 1925	91.00	21.34(b)	34 Mos.	8.3%	
Entire period	72.38	30.00	57 Mos.	8.7%	
(a) Includes \$1.16 accrued interest for April and May, 1922, which will be received by bondholder on October 1, 1922, coupon.					
(b) Includes \$1.50 difference between subscription price (\$98.50) and par value (\$100.00).					

Power Aces and Motor Hounds Confer at Camp Rockafellow

JOE RAY, once of Pittsburg, now reformed and running the power apparatus job in the General Department—Joe Ray, we repeat, had an inspiration away back last spring. He said to Frank Williams, his "fidus achates" (slang for "side kick"): "Frank, we gotta pull off a little conference. The General Sales bunch had a big one at Atlantic City in March; Charlie King's Power and Lighters foregathered in Chicago in April, and I hear Walter Graham's store tenders are going to talk things over in July. That bunch of power apparatus specialists of ours oughta get together. In the first place, they're getting altogether too many orders. I've gotta take 'em off the job for at least a week and put 'em out of their stride or I'm blamed if I know where we'll

get all the motors they'll sell." To the which Frank did say, "It's a bet, boss. Do I go, too?" Joe smiled that quiet, canny smile of his and made reply, "Uh-huh. You go. There'll be things for you to do." And, oh Clarice, there were!

Joe picked out Association Island on Lake Ontario as the scenic investiture, and the time July 10th to 15th. That was his second inspiration, for that little 74-acre island is the ideal of ideal places for the purpose. They don't permit you to wear collars or tie; you've got to wear old clothes and you live in real tents. In spare moments you can baseball, bowl, tennis, golf, swim (if you can stand the cold lake water), fish, swap lies and other stories, sing (oh my, yes!), eat, drink, and sleep—the latter, if the guys in the next tent let you.

Well, they came from all over the map—all except San Francisco and Salt Lake City—two kinds of W. E. people—not counting the General Department contingent. There were Power Aces, the designation for the specialists, and Motor Hounds, the designation for supply salesmen who have consistently brought home the power apparatus bacon,—chaps like Ben Weiss of New York, with \$500,000 for six months; Brother Bibb of Charlotte, Big Ed Higgins of New Haven, Charlie Strouse of Youngstown, Fairchild of Philly, and Kilbourne of Baltimore.

The General Electric Company sent a bunch of our good friends and co-operators, headed by Johnnie—better known to the telephone directory as R. S. Johnston—and with him came A. H. Richardson, E. J. McDuffee, Buster (L. R.) Browne, Bill Merrill, W. F. Howe, Leon Smith, A. J. Francis, J. D. Benson, G. A. Dawson, and, last but far from least, F. M. Kimball, one of the clear-

est thinkers and best talkers it's ever been our pleasure to hear.

Besides Joe Ray and Frank Williams, the General Department was represented by Ned Fee, our little Sunbeam and what we highbrows would call an accomplished balladist and raconteur; W. A. Wolf of the Advertising Department; T. K. Stevenson, the facts and figures man, and Eddie Rockafellow and Frank Ketcham. After seeing the last mentioned two play ball and generally mix it with the rest of the boys, we can pay them no higher compliment than to call them by their front names.

With all the attractions mentioned in the fourth paragraph preceding, the casual reader may ask, "Well, could the bunch do any work and did it?" It could and it did.

As a compliment and surprise to E. W. Rockafellow it had been decided to name the scene of the gathering Camp Rockafellow, and as soon as the conferees could be corraled, everyone gathered around the flagstaff. To the accompaniment of loud cheers, the blue Camp Rockafellow flag, with Eddie's name blazoned thereon in letters of gold, was unfurled.

Not long after the bunch began to arrive at the Island, Frank Williams began to worry about how he was going to introduce the necessary element of sociability. Love's labor lost. Jack Gleason and George Swift, those heavenly twins, with the assistance of Bill Burr, attended to that little thing without losing any time. They organized the Hokum Club, with dues and by-laws duly adopted, and most of the General Department crew had to come to time in order to get a look in—and the other things that went with membership.

On Wednesday, July 14th, there was a baseball game between the East and West. George Marchmont of Richmond captained the Eastern nine, and Bill Lyon of Kansas City, the Western aggregation of ball tossers. The author of these lines umpired with the aid of a .38 calibre Iver & Johnson. Visualize this: a continuous heavy drizzle, a slippery grass diamond, a water-logged indoor baseball—and, you can guess the rest. George Marchmont's peppy Easterners beat the weary Westerners by the score of 36 to 8, in a six-inning game, and it was better than any burlesque show we ever saw.

As a wind-up, there was a banquet on Wednesday night, replete with food, songs written especially for the occasion, and accompanied on the piano by Ed Higgins and George Marchmont, lots of jollity, good fellowship, and—whisper it softly—a bit of the forbidden fruit.

W. A. Wolf



"Long may she wave!"



We like Eddie Rockafellow's stance!

ASSOCIATION ISLAND ECHOES



IF MACK SENNETT COULD ONLY SEE THIS BUNCH.



THIS ISNT A GROUP OF YOUNG TURKS AS IT MIGHT APPEAR AT FIRST GLANCE. JUST THE POWER ACES LINED UP FOR THE CAMERAMAN



GEORGE AND THE ADV. DEPT.



TWO OF A KIND THAT CANT BE BEAT GEORGE SWIFT AND JACK GLEASON.



RING DANG DOC WILLIAMS AND J. L. RAY WHO WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SUCCESS OF THE CONFERENCE



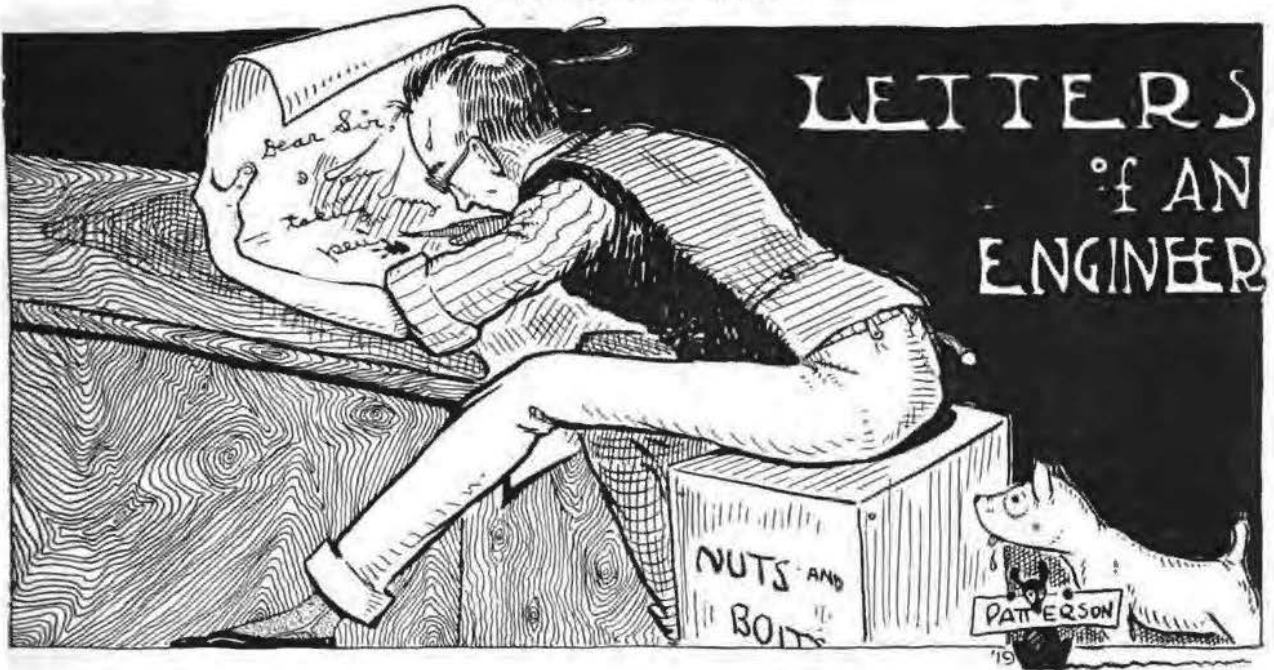
F. A. KETCHAM GEN'L SALES MGR.



GOOD BYE. GOOD LUCK, COME BACK AGAIN. DIBBETTS OF BOSTON + DESCAMP-SEATTLE



DID BIBB OR FEE CATCH THEM OR ARE THEY TIN? THERE HAS BEEN SOME ARGUMENT ABOUT THIS.



Miss A. Lotta Gough,
Haw Thorne Station, Chicago.
My Dere Miss Lotta:

Yer welcum letter wuz dooly received, fare one, and I bristle with intrust. I hasten to my roll-top and scrach my ivry-top fer sum new ideas to spred on paper fer yer duv-like eyes to rest upon.

You say you reed the letters I rite the bosses on how Haw Thorne is run. Who do you wurk fer, Stole, er Sandy Wallace, er Ruff-Neck Kasley, er who? If I knew, you mite do a speshul faver fer me. I thot if ye wurked fer Stole mebbe you could tell me what's the matter with him.

Ye know, since the climat in the "Land of the Free" has got so arid lots of folks has mooved down to Cuby where the hewmidity is higher, so many in fakt, that its been found necessary to have a cable connectin the two countrees so's the parched ones cood run their bizness up here. There in a awful herry fer that cable but it seems like Stole is runnin with his brakes on. He used to git a "D. Spec." out in a coupla days but now it takes a coupla months. Now we've got a telegram from the Merchandice Department sayin that they coodn't give no promises on Engineerin' orders except fer Havana-Kee West. That job has got Haw Thorne all stirred up, an take it frum me, they aint makin no reckerd fer themselves on that, neither. When they do git sumthin out its throwed in the New York bin in the Merchandice Bildin and fergot about.

The Equipment Boys is kinda slippin, too. One of the New York smarties, as you call em, wired fer sum Equipment "Specs." to be sent by first-class male. How long do ye think he had to wait fer em? Only six months. I ask ye, fare one, is that survice? Then another feller wired fer a Composite Rack T-404213, Groop 6, and askin fer a promis. Did he git it? I shoood say not! Your fellers cum back sayin that the

department which makes this stuff is reschedulin their wurk and aint in a posishun to give no promises. Say what kind of a department is that, anyhow, that's got to shut down while they figger out how long its goin to take em to do their wurk? Jest incidental, we made the rack in a coupla days.

One of them Merchandice fellers rote in here fer sum infermashun fer Haw Thorne Order No. 87876; well, we give it to him in good time and durned if he didn't cum back reel sarcastic like and ask fer the rite Haw Thorne Order Number (they run in six dijits, ye know). So we had to rite to him and explane thout hurtin his feelins—you know, meek and mild, that's us engineers evry time—that we give him the order number he give us and not bein able to check him up we had to rely on his soopeeryer noleeege.

I seen under yer pickcher the legend that engineers is yer meet, well, most of em is jest bons an brans. We got a lot of purty gurls around here but none of em is as purty as you look in yer pickcher, yer eyes is so expressive and upliftin like. Then you ware such sensible close to wurk, yer waste has got long sleeves and the coller is kinda high. It leaves sumthin to the imaginashun.

The reezon the gurls wurks here after they're married is cause it takes more'n love to make a New York gurl happy, they got to have fir cotes, silk stockings and silk lonjeray. Silk stockings has gone up mos as high as fir and the fellers cant afford to buy em, anymore, on account of the high rents, so the gurls wurks theirselves, rather than git nuthin out of life and be miserabull all the time.

Well, the boss is gittin kinda nervus so I'll have to bring this here to a close. I dont know nuthin about La Grange but I'm strong fer the simpul life and the chickens.

Yours fer the inside dope,
Perry Dernem Quinsby.

The Good Qualities of Loud Speakers

This article, from the pen of one of our research engineers, gives us, in a way we can understand, the latest developments in loud-speaking telephones.—Ed.

ARE you a good judge of quality? Don't ask, "Quality of what?" or say that you used to be a good judge of whiskey and are a good judge of horses. There are several hundred men, women and boys in the Western Electric Company, to say nothing of others in the telephone companies, who mean only one thing when they speak of "quality," and that is quality of telephone transmission. Most of the quality is in the Transmission Branch of the Engineering Department.

The way some of those experts talk reminds one of the devil in one of Kipling's poems. Kipling describes the first man who ever drew a picture. With a pointed stick this primitive man had scratched a picture in the dust before him and was leaning back to look with enjoyment on his own work. Just then the devil whispered in his ear, "It is pretty, but is it art?" When a transmission expert listens to a new receiver he is likely to say, "It is intelligible, but is it good quality?" Somebody is always taking the joy out of life.

This was particularly true in the early days of design of loud-speaking receivers before the Transmission and Research engineers analyzed the requirements for good quality and devised mechanisms for meeting them. To-day one may get good quality. At the recent conventions of the Republicans and Democrats our loud speakers gave forth the best qualities of Lodge and Johnson, Cummins and Bryan, with mechanical impartiality. As one reporter wrote there was no place in the Convention Hall where a delegate could escape hearing the speeches.

The other day a Transmission engineer rigged up a loud speaker in a tree to furnish music from a phonograph for a garden party. As he tells the story, he exceeded the accomplishment of that old Greek painter whose picture of fruit attracted and fooled the birds. He says the birds flocked to the tree when the music began, but he has not told us whether the receiver was mounted in a mulberry or a cherry tree.

There are several distinct parts of this loud speaking system which our engineers have developed for use in places where large numbers of people must be reached by the human voice. Starting at the speaker's stand there is a microphone transmitter from which the tele-

phone output is led through a vacuum tube amplifier to the receiver or to a group of receivers if a large area is to be covered. At the receiver the current passes through a winding changing the magnetic flux of a permanent magnet and thus causing the motion of a diaphragm from which sound waves are sent out into the surrounding air.

The interesting features of the receiver are the magnetic system, the diaphragm, and the horns which guide the outgoing waves of sound. The magnetic system of any telephone receiver is a special form of electrical motor—one which operates on feeble alternating currents of speech frequencies. The motor drives the diaphragm, moving it back and forth in conformity with

the incoming current. This incoming current has already been made to vary in conformity with the voice waves of the speaker by the action of the telephone transmitter. All of which is very simple until one tries to do it; then he realizes what an advance in the art our Transmission experts have accomplished.

The first trouble is due to the very fact that the magnetic system of a receiver is a small and efficient alternating current motor. Any alternating current motor runs best for a certain frequency of alternation in the input current; thus a power shop motor is adapted to 60-cycle current and a telephone receiver to about 800-cycle current, for this is the frequency of the most impor-

tant tones in the range of the human voice. If it runs best at one frequency, it must run more poorly at others. While the most important notes of the human voice in speaking may be about 800 vibrations per second, there are always other notes present. The different sounds which go to make up speech are all complex waves which differ in their component frequencies. One has only to sound separately the letters "o" and "s," to realize how important it is that the motor of a telephone receiver shall be equally efficient for all the frequencies which enter into human speech. If the motor works best at some frequencies, the speech coming from the receiver may still be intelligible but it will not sound natural and will not be of good quality.

Even if the motor were uniform in its response to all

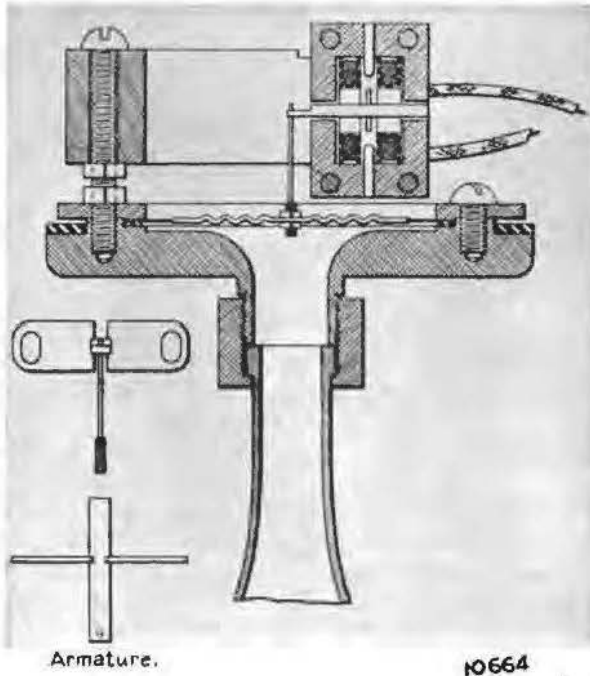


FIGURE 1
Loud Speaking Telephone Receiver Shown in Cross-section

the different pitches which form human speech, there would still be the question of the diaphragm. Life is just one little thing after the other to the designer of good telephone apparatus. The diaphragm has its own natural frequency. If it is struck it vibrates back and forth giving off a note in the same way as does a drum head or a bell. It is always easiest to make it vibrate at this natural frequency where it gives off its natural note.

There are two results to this. First, there is the fact that the motion of the diaphragm will be greater for some notes than for others, with the same result of poor quality as would occur if the motor which drives it is selective, responding best to certain frequencies of input current. Then there is another difficulty. When one starts to drive the diaphragm, forcing it to give certain vibrations, its natural inclination is to start off on its own special kind of vibration. This it always does. The first part of each sound given off by the diaphragm will then be a mixture of the sound which the motor is trying to make it give off and that of its own natural note. It gives up speaking for itself, however, quickly enough if it is well designed, but it is still obstinate enough to have the last word or rather the last part of each word. When the driving current ceases the diaphragm is still in motion, and after that it continues for a while according to its own inclination, putting a little tail of its own on each word or syllable. The designer, however, dampens its ardor by properly adjusting the weight of the diaphragm and the friction against which it moves. The natural vibrations are thus damped out, being decreased so rapidly that they are not noticeable even to a trained ear.

Then there is the horn, which also has a natural

frequency, whether it is as small as a pocket whistle or as large as an organ pipe. The longer the horn the lower the pitch of its natural note. However, a horn responds not only to its natural note but also to all the octaves of it. This might seem to make it harder for the designer, but as a matter of fact it has been cleverly made an advantage. The result is the most perfect loud-speaking receiver ever produced. Yes, it might well have fooled the birds. As one of the guests at the garden party said, the loud speaker in the tree reminded one of the Cheshire cat—only its voice left.

The motors of power plants turn round and round. That of the ordinary telephone receiver causes a back and forth motion for this is what the diaphragm requires. The motor of a loud-speaking receiver gives a rocking motion to its movable member. By a link this rock is converted into a push and pull so as to move the diaphragm in the proper manner. The motor itself is wonderfully efficient, but some

of its efficiency is lost in the link motion. It also has the important advantage of being able to handle large power inputs and is operated with inputs many times greater than those possible for an ordinary receiver. With one of the loud speakers which were installed at the Newark Velodrome the input of telephone power was boosted by amplifiers up to about 25 watts, enough to run an ordinary lamp. The result was speech which could be heard a quarter of a mile away and was perfectly intelligible between 800 and 1,000 feet away.

The rocker in the motor is a small bar of iron about which is wound the receiving coil. It is pivoted at right angles to the field of a large magnet which is shown in Fig. 1. When the current magnetizes the rocker with one polarity, it rocks one way and reverses its direction

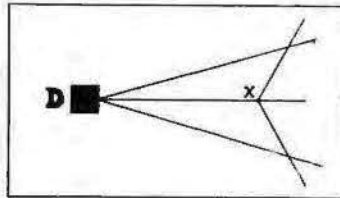


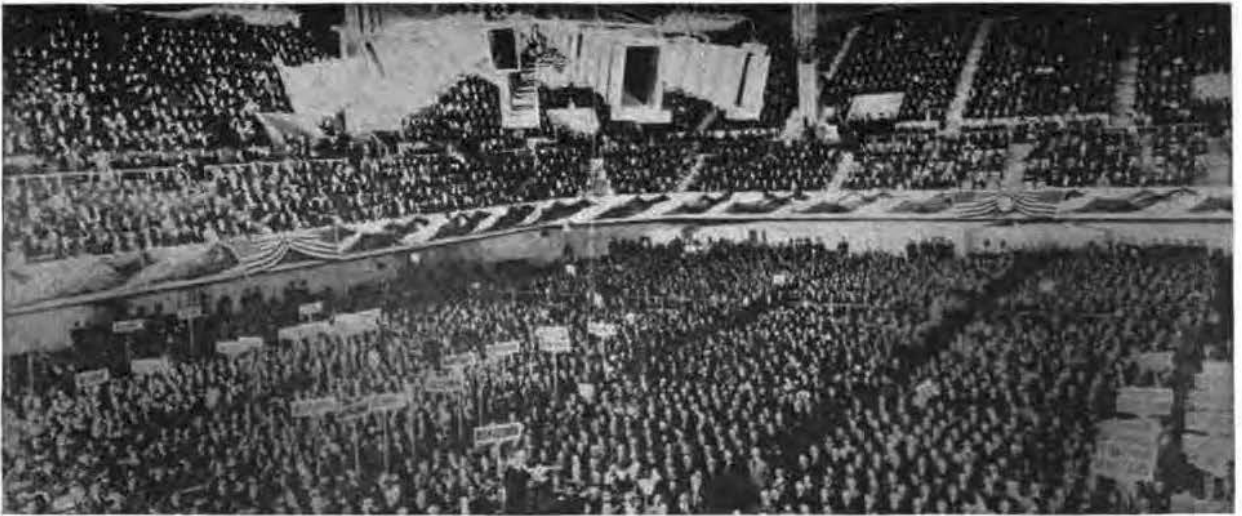
FIGURE 2
Distribution of Sound in the Loud Speaker



FIGURE 3
Loud Speaking Telephone Receiver Shown With Top of Case Removed



FIGURE 4
Loud Speaking Telephone Transmitter Mounted in Shock-Protecting Case



Copyright by Morton & Co. and R. J. Waters & Co.

Democratic Convention, San Francisco, Showing Speaker's Stand, Loud Speaking Transmitters and Nine Loud Speaking Receivers Located Above Speaker. Note absence of Sounding Board Above Speaker

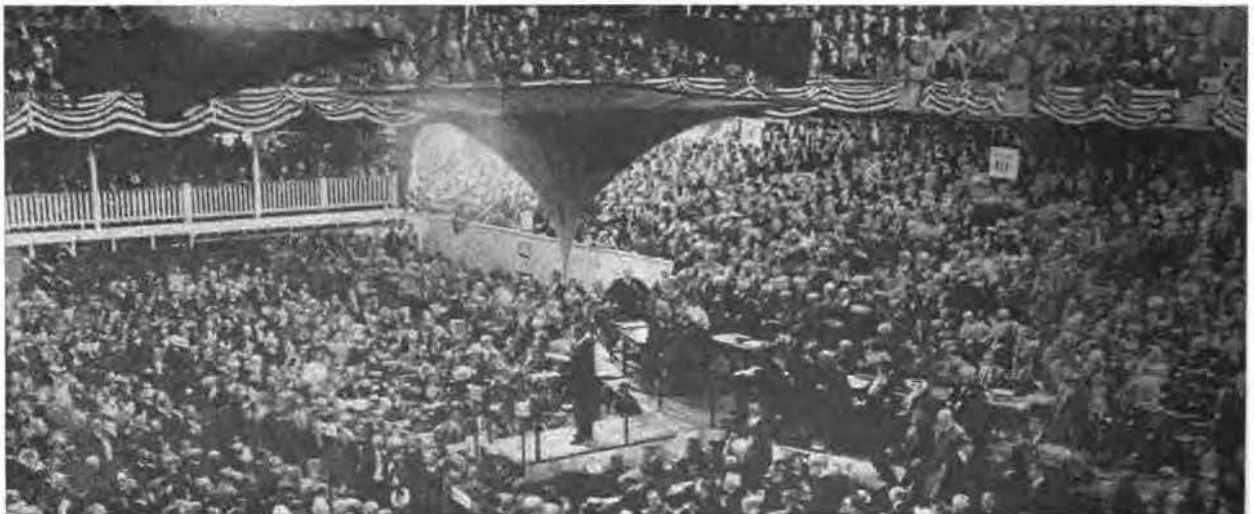
with a reverse of telephone current in its magnetizing winding. If one is interested in the magnetic relations, a little study of the diagram of Fig. 1 will show how the rocker is pulled by two of the corners of the pole pieces and simultaneously pushed by the other two.

From the rocker to the center of the diaphragm there is a short link. The diaphragm itself is shown in cross-section. It is made of linen instead of the steel of the ordinary receiver diaphragm. The linen disc is impregnated with phenol plastic, a little mound of which is located at the center, and stamped into concentric rings as shown in the figure.

The horn is about 10 feet long and rectangular in cross-section, being about 20 inches by 30 inches at the larger end. The sound from the horn spreads at the edges so that it covers a larger angle than that formed by the sides of the horn. The effect is about the

same as if the source of the sound were located by x in the diagram of Fig. 2 instead of at d . Such a horn will cover about 90 degrees under very quiet conditions. By placing four of them pointing in the four principal directions of the compass one can arrange to cover an entire circle. Additional horns are usually needed in commercial installations. At Chicago, in the Convention Hall, a total of five horns were used, and at San Francisco, nine. The dopesters may make such political capital of this difference between Democrats and Republicans as they wish, but for scientific reasons they are advised to inspect first the building plans of the two Convention halls.

There are wide possibilities for the future use of this loud-speaking telephone announcing system. Already it has found use on the bridge of ships, where it has been connected to the radio telephone system. Under these



Copyright by International Film Service Co.

Republican National Convention, Chicago, Showing Speaker's Stand, Loud Speaking Transmitters and Three Loud Speaking Receivers Above Speaker. (Two Receivers Were Added After Photograph was Taken)

conditions the captains may receive instructions or messages from other vessels without interrupting his important duties to pick up a hand receiver. During the war submarine chasers were thus equipped and hence enabled to maneuver properly as a squadron under the command of a flag ship.

The first demonstration of the Company's radio telephone equipment for airplanes, which took place some years ago, was aided by these devices. Communication was maintained between a ground station and several planes. The loud speaker was mounted at the ground

station and allowed all those in the neighborhood to hear the messages from the distant airplane.

In Christiania, Norway, where interest in skating is like American interest in baseball, three loud speakers were used to announce the results of a championship skating match. Thousands of people congregated around the newspaper offices to hear the results as announced telephonically. The three receivers which were thus used had been part of the exhibit of the Western Electric Company at the Norwegian-American Exhibition and were loaned to the local newspapers.



VIEW OF THE NEW YORK MEN AT THE SAN FRANCISCO CONVENTION. LEFT TO RIGHT THEY ARE-MR. PECK, MR. MELOY, MR. LEONARD, MR. TRUESDALE, MR THOMPSON, AND MR. WARD OF THE A.T.&T. CO. AND MR. EDWARDS AND MR. BLATTNER OF THE W.E. CO.



VIEW OF THE AMPLIFIER EQUIPMENT USED AT SAN FRANCISCO. THE WOODEN HORN IN THE UPPER RIGHT ENABLED THE OPERATOR TO HEAR EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED IN THE CONVENTION HALL.

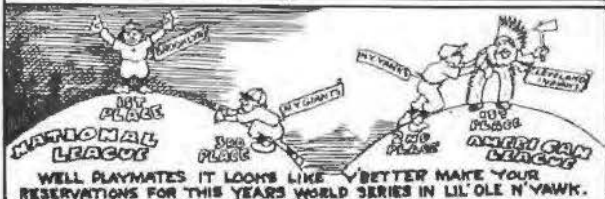
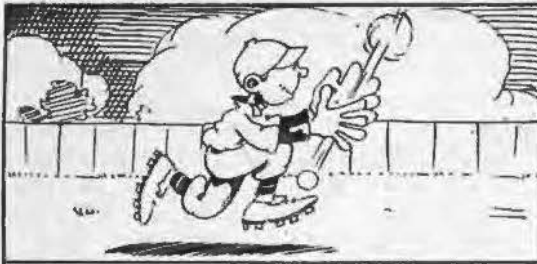


VIEW LOOKING OUT OVER THE DELEGATES SECTIONS PAST THE SPEAKERS TABLE. THE THREE RECTANGULAR BOXES CONTAIN THE TRANSMITTERS USED TO COLLECT ENERGY FROM THE SPEAKERS VOICE. THIS ENERGY WHEN SUFFICIENTLY STRENGTHENED BY THE AMPLIFIER WAS EXPENDED IN THE LOUD SPEAKING RECEIVERS SHOWN ABOVE.

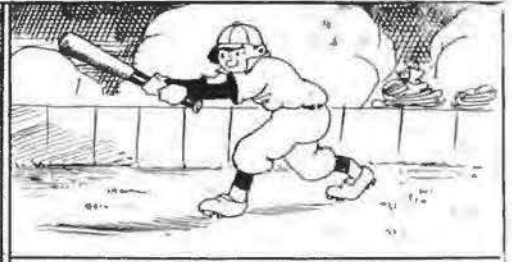


VIEW OF THE LOUD SPEAKING RECEIVER HORNS SUSPENDED OVER THE SPEAKER AT THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION IN SAN FRANCISCO. THE A.T.&T. COMPANY WAS HIGHLY COMMENDED ON THE PERFECTION OF THESE SPEAKING TUBES.

A LITTLE INSID — OLD NATI



STUFF ON THE AL PASTIME -



THE PRIDE OF
MANHATTAN -
THAT'S ME

THE LUCKY
STIFF.

INTER-
NATIONAL

- CHAMPS -



THEY HAD NO
BUSINESS LOSING
THAT GAME - IF
HED ONLY THROWN
HOME ETC. ETC

MMM

THE BIRD WHO COMES IN NEXT MORNING
AND TELLS THE BUNCH HOW THE GAME
SHOULD HAVE BEEN PLAYED.

WORLD
WINNER

THE MARRIED MEN
PLAY THE SINGLE MEN -
PUZZLE: PICK THE MARRIED MAN.

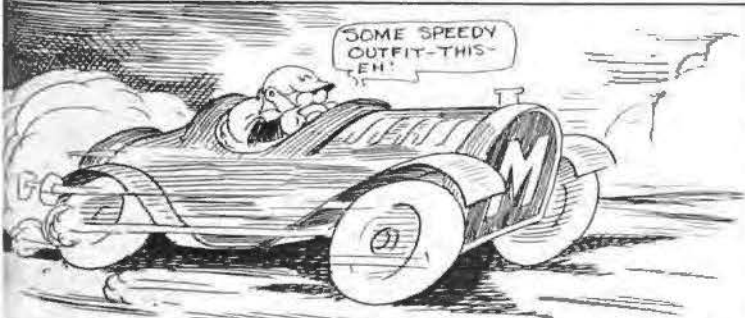


WE ARE INFORMED THE HAWTHORNE GIRLS HAVE A BALL
TEAM. SWEET DADDY CAN YOU IMAGINE UMPIRING FOR THAT
BUNCH.



OH HOW DO YOU DO -
MR. GROFF I JUST
THOUGHT ID COME OUT
AND SEE THE BOYS
PLAY TODAY YOU KNOW
I JUST ADDED BASEBALL
MY LITTLE SISTER PLAYS
ALL THE TIME AND I
REALLY UNDERSTAND THE
GAME QUITE WELL - BUT
TELL ME MR. GROFF WHY
DONT THE UMPIRES
BAT - WONT YOU LET
ME SIT ON THE PLAYERS
BENCH WITH YOU SO
YOU CAN EXPLAIN
EACH INTRICATE PLAY
ID JUST LOVE YOU
FOR IT I WOULD ETC. ETC.

SPUSSELL
9-20



SOME SPEEDY
OUTFIT - THIS -
-EH-

THAT MINNEAPOLIS HOUSE BALL TOSSEING AGGREGATION HAS BEEN
BURNING THINGS UP AROUND THE TWIN CITY SECTION.

- LIVES LITTLE CATASTROPHIES -
THE OFFICE PEST COMES OUT TO SEE THE TEAM
PLAY.



Can You Tell the Difference Between These Two Pictures?

YOU know in order really to describe a Japanese garden you have to speak the language of the East. We might get by in East New York but we have decided that when it comes to pushing a pen through an undergrowth of slant-eyed ferns and delicate bamboos we're good photographers. You thought we made a mistake when we put these two pictures on this page, didn't you? In the first behold a Japanese gar-

den! In the second behold a ditto! Only in the last you can see how J. G. Loomer, our lighting wizard of Los Angeles, has accomplished something which will linger long in the memory of illumination experts.

Usually when science starts to invade the shrines of nature, even if it does mean another step in the process called civilization, we give vent to our artistic temperament, and getting up on our hind legs, register violent



protest. But, after we saw how some of our illuminating specialists went old mother creation one better at Pasadena recently, we don't wonder that the knights of the tamen and the candle-meter aspire to rank among the famous beauty experts of history.

Imagine, if you can, a real Japanese garden, a little world of fifteen flowery acres laid out in a natural canyon, a place of shaded nooks, of tiny streams and placid lakes, a bit of paradise where even the most militant of suffragettes might be brought into loving subjection. Then further recall that it is near the country of the movie ladies, of Theda Bara and the other vamps; that Mack Sennett's bathing beauties are frequent visitors to the very spot, the famed environs of the Hotel Huntington—what more would you want?

That's just the point. The gloom dispersers who met at Pasadena wanted more and proceeded to get it.

Probably you have been wondering why we started to rave about Japanese gardens.

Well, that's where the last electric light convention was held. They were just crowded to the limit with all sorts of tropical plants, banana trees and even fuchias, cyclem and eucalyptus. What would a Japanese garden be without a eucalyptus? Yes, or a fuchia? There were

dwarf trees paying for having been born before the Eighteenth Amendment put a stop to the habit of stunting growth—even in taxation; and then, too, there were pepper trees. Now we know where they get all those spicy tales about the movie country.



J. G. Loomer (at left), the floodlight expert of the Los Angeles House, caught hand-shaking with A. G. Humphreys of the Southwestern Shipbuilding Co.—the pair who put over the stunt

Attacking these Jap positions on the first night of the convention the lumen brigade lit up every bit of the sector with a barrage from a battery of six 500-watt Western Electric-Davis lights mounted at heights of from 25 to 35 feet, and which carried a 400-watt charge. Another battery of eight lights was placed on the left completely controlling every inch of the garden, while a third set of six more floodlights used in wide angle flood settings covered the center and left hand side of the garden. The whole evolution was so well performed that all the hotel guests had a chance to view every inch of the grounds without experiencing any semblance of glare, or seeing a single lamp. All the delicate tracery of the

foliage and flowers appeared while the color scheme was a wonder.

The only thing that didn't come out was the daily movie scandal. I guess the film stars and their publicity chaps don't like these floodlights.



We told you last month that the Stores' Managers had put their respective heads together in Chicago for the well-known conference. It so happened that they did this little thing just as the August News was going to press. There was not time to present to you the blushing conferees, but now—bshold!



OMAHA POWER AND LIGHT CONFERENCE
- JULY 28/29 -



BUFFY HENDRICKS OF CHICAGO IMITATING A GOLF SWING BY A SELF STICK



NUMEROUS MEN TOSSERS WHO ARE PUTTING UP A STEELING BRAND OF BALL THESE DAYS. THE ALLEGED DEF A TOUGH MATCH IS DOWN



SAN FRANCISCO SALES DEPT OUT SUNNING. ALL SET AND READY TO JUMP AT THE FIRST LIKELY LOOKING PROSPECTS THAT HAPPEN ALONG



LOS ANGELES SALES MANAGER A B WANDERER WHO RELIQUY TOOK THE FATAL LEAD



PICNICS - PICNICS - PICNICS - NEWES PHARADEL PHIAL BUNCH OUT FOR AN AFTERNOON OF 100 YD DASHES AND HAM SANDWICHES -



STILL WE CAN'T BEHOLD WHOSE FACE - THE WINDING PATH NEW MEMBER OF THE ALIEN CLUB OF LOS ANGELES IS THE BEHOLD



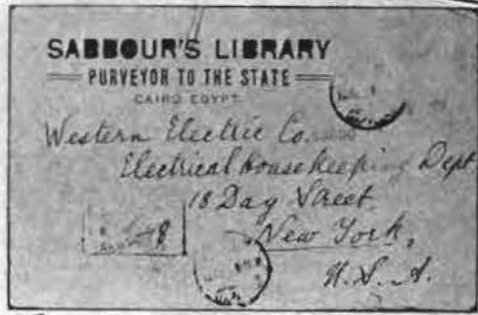
CAUGHT AS THE WHISTLE BLOWS IN MINNEAPOLIS. THE SALES DEPARTMENT CALLS IT A DAYS WORK.



WOMEN DIVISION HEADS OF THE CHICAGO OFFICE. L. TO R. MISSES—KILCOYNE, FRIFS, SMITH, SCHNEID-ENBACH, MOHNS, OTT, BENNING AND RYAN.



THIS IS EITHER THE START OF A RACE OR SOME SORT OF A DANCE AT THE PHILADELPHIA PICNIC — WE DONT KNOW WHICH.



JUNE STRICKLAND AD REPLY RECEIVED AT 195 BROADWAY. ALL THE WAY FROM EGYPT.



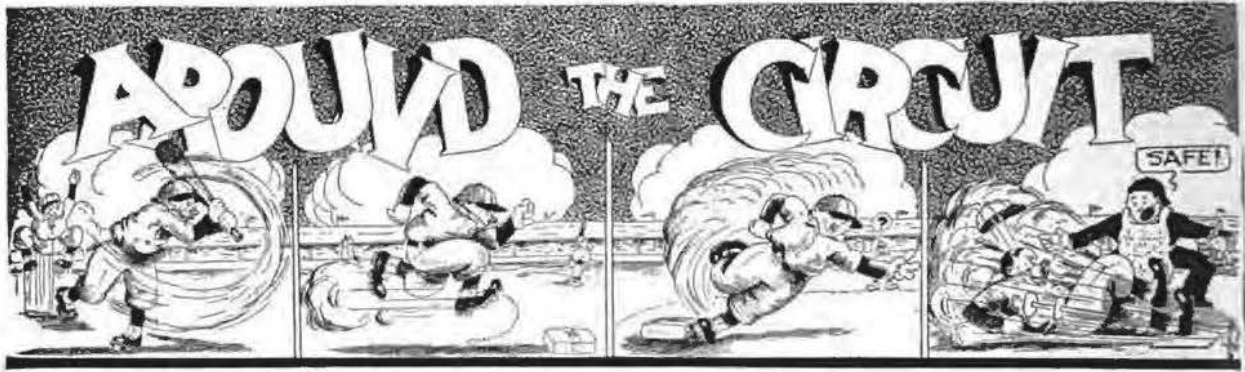
MR. McQUADE AND A FEW OF THE GIRLS OF THE PHILADELPHIA HOUSE, JUST A FEW YEARS BACK.



THE SPOKANE CROWD. A REAL BUNCH OF GO-GETTERS.



LOS ANGELES SALES DEPARTMENT WHICH KEEPS THINGS HUMMING IN THE GOLDEN STATE



PHILADELPHIA



Miss J. A. Miley

BOSTON



H. S. Saunders

The Dam Has Bust!

Philadelphia broke loose with a picnic. The best Country Club in the United States is located in Philadelphia and is owned and maintained by the Curtis Publishing Company. By the courtesy of the Curtis Company we had the exclusive use of their entire "plant" on Saturday, June 10th.

The athletic events commenced with a baseball game at 9:00 A. M. between the office employees and the shop, which was won by the office in easy style.

There were swimming races and tennis matches, quoit games and long-distance eating. Music was provided for the dancers continuously from 2:00 P. M. until 11.00. All of the honors for "inspired" dancing go to Eddie Duffy.

In proof conclusive that it was a "regular" day's sport, we had a real live New Yorker with us, a traveling auditor. He admitted that he had a *GOOD TIME*. No N'Yorker ever before admitted having a good time anywhere outside of N'York, and *never* in Philadelphia.

He Knows Salesmen

An innocent young steno on her way out of the office at the close of the day remarked to the gentleman who "watches" each of us pass out—"Billups, I'm inclined to be suspicious of that package you have there beside you; it's a rather peculiar shape." Billups came right back—"No, no, Miss. If 'twas anything like that I'd have hidden it under the stairs yonder."

Higher Value on Husbands Than Dogs

A woman who apparently rates husbands higher than house pets astonished Boston's tax collector recently by saying to him: "I'm awfully glad that poll taxes this year are \$5 instead of \$2 as they used to be." "But why?" asked the collector, "Because," she replied, "I always have to pay my husband's taxes and I also have to pay for the licenses for my dog, and I am glad that the city places a higher value on husbands than on dogs."

Newspaper Clippings Wanted!

How observing are you? Probably you read at least two newspapers a day and every once in a while get a little tingling in your insides when you see some mention of your company in their columns. We are bound to break into print; the world has to recognize us. When you see the Western Electric mentioned, no matter what may be the subject, clip it out, mark the name of the publication and the date it appeared and send it through the regular mail to the Information Division, Advertising Department, 195 Broadway, New York. You can bet it will be appreciated!

How's This?

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY,
Boston, Mass.
Gentlemen:

I send you this day by parcel post operating Handle which you will find is broken also *Risit*. please send both New ones at once as we use the Washing Machine twice a week. it works fine. you agree to furnish parts

for one year. there must of been a Flaw in it.

Yours with Sentiments of Respect.

Batter Up!

Although we have plenty of baseball talent at Boston, we were somewhat delayed in starting our season on account of a generous number of rainy Saturdays during the early Spring.

While we are not connected with a league, we are playing ball regularly between teams picked from within our own organization.

This method has created considerable interest as the players are always anxious to be on the team conceded to have the greatest possible chance for Victory.

Two of the best games witnessed this season were played between the Warehouse and Office. The result was 13 to 5, in favor of the Office in the first game, and 11 to 3 with the Warehouse on the long end in the second game. It has not yet been decided when another game will be played. When it does take place "we'll tell the world there'll be something doing."

As a result of our July 20th game with Wetmore-Savage Company, one of our competitors, we were christened the "Hitless Wonders." We failed to secure a safe hit, although we won the game with a score of 7 to 4 through errors and bases on balls.

We have a return battle arranged with Wetmore-Savage Company, as well as games with the Simplex Heater Company, Simplex Wire & Cable Company, Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company, Mason Regulator Company, and other teams.

being written on August 1st" this is our vacation time. Vacation is kinda funny anyhow. A feller just gets rested up after a hard winters work and then he has got to take his vacation. I wish I was a Norwegian. Them is people what don't do nothing in summer but fish and sleep and in winter they dont fish. They got the right idea. The specialists out here are got it pretty soft on vacations. Take Mr. Ed DesCamp fer instance. On his vacation the company lets him go to the Thousand Islands for his vacation and pay his expenses and everything. Of course he don't spend a day on each island nor nothing like that. They got what they calls a conference on down there. All the Power Apparatus Specialists goes to this conference and they have lectures on motors and other amusements like that so the boys has a good time. He gets a nice trip in the train back there too, nearly a week. Out here this year it is kinda hot nearly 80° last month and Ed he can get all cooled off and rested up rideing in the trains, but maybe it gets hotter on the other side of the mountains which may be different and not so swell like it sounds. Mr. Morgan which is the Lamp Specialist he gets a swell vacation too. He goes to a place in Cleveland what they calls Nela Park. They has a swimming tank but they calls it a pool so's not to get it mixed up with the rest of the tanks. All day long they aint got nothing to do but to listen to swell talkers who tell them all about Mazda Lamps and just how many lumens they puts into one and how to get the lumens out without busting the globes, and other useful information. At night they throw each other in the pool with their clothes on which is considered some joak in them days and there is a chemical cleaning concern near the Park which uses Mazda Lamps and business would be rotten in summer if it wasn't for this co-operation. They let the boys live in tents just like real camping out and they have all the inconvenience of camping out sos the boys will get rested up good and come back to the job full of pep. They figure it like this. They fills them up with knowledge which is power and power is pep Q. E. D. This Morgan bird is good he even crabbed about going on his vacation with all the above fun coming to him. Last year he was ill about his vacation time all run down like a eight day clock on Sunday night and his idea was he needed a vacation so he hitches up his Saxon and buys hisselse a couple of tires and goes over to the woods on the Olympic Penninsula. Honest there aint nothing to do there but fish or swim and there aint nothing to see but a lot of mountains and the Pacific Ocean. On his way back he got plenty of exercise though all his tires blew out one at a time and he changed tires all night and when he got back he went to work and got all rested up in less than a week.

I got a interview with Mr. Condon Bean who came up here from Los Angeles where he is a Stores Manager. I always try to get interviews from all the prominent Stores Managers and other visitors. Los Angeles is a place in a state what is called California and from the way this Mr. Bean talks I guess she is some city and this

DENVER

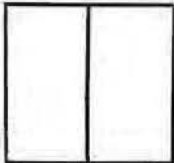


The Test of Time

A new use for the Company physician has been discovered—Testing the soundness of a customer's heart before springing on him a Hawthorne delivery promise.

A Promising Movie Hit

A section from a movie film showing P. L. Thomson on his recent visit to Denver. Promises of visits from General Sales people get us just as much as promises of shipments.



SEATTLE



DEAR EDITOR:

I ain't going to write nothing this month on account I am going on my vacation so you gotta excuse me, as the writers in the Sat Eve Post would say "When this is

California must be some state but we don't hear much about her except from people that *come* from there. Mr. Bean give us this interview which is exclusive and you can put it in the News as a exclusive interview. He wont even give Irving Cobb one he said.

"How is business down your way, Mr. Bean, I asked him. The Climate is fine he responded with the well known Bean smile. We have sunshine over two hundred and seventy five days in the year. Do you expect the political situation to slow up business any? The Climate of California said Mr. Bean is one of the most interesting things in the world. It is warm in winter and warmer in summer and do you realize that in the city of Los Angeles we have sunshine over three hundred and twenty nine days in the year. Are you having trouble getting shipments from the east I asked him. Now you take our climate said Mr. Bean simply wonderful, California is full of climate and just think in the City of Los Angeles we have sunshine over three hundred and sixty six days in the year. How is the Mazda Lamp business I says and then Mr. Michener came out and ended the interview. You neednt tell Mr. Bean but Mr. Cooley he was down there and so as to give our readers the inside on that part of the country I asked him about Los Angeles and he told me some real information. They call the town Los Angeles on account of the movie business. If a theatrical manager puts money in a film they calls him the angle and on account they nearly always lose it and the town is full of these angles which lose they call it Los Angles which is french or japanese for lost angles. I told Mr. Cooley how Mr. Bean was always talking climate and he says that they is all that way and that they even claim that the sun was born down there and that everywhere down there you dont hear nothing but climate and the native sun. If it wasnt born there he says anyhow it works pretty consistant for them and in summer it never gets under 115 in the shade but as they aint got no shade they dont notice it much. So he says if they want to claim it as the native sun he dont care. Mr. Cooley said not to believe them stories you hear about the movie actors and actresses. He says that there aint over 9/10 of them that is true and 1/10 is nothing but lies. He says as how besides the climate they have every once in a while a fire which shakes down buildings and that some of you people get a idea that they got earth quakes down there, there aint nothing to it, no earth quakes, only a fire once in a while. He told me a lot about the town which I can't write here account this is a family paper but if the town aint pinched by this time next year I guess I take my vacation there.

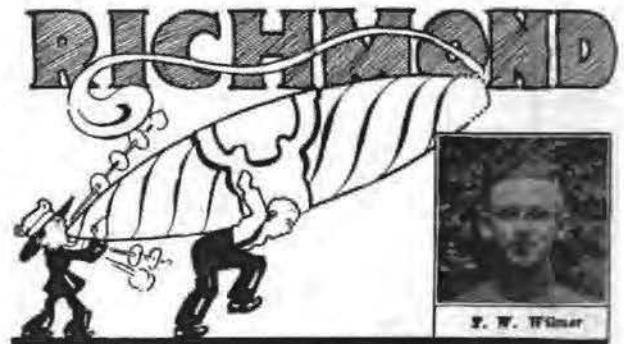
There is a minister out in this town what is death on cigarettes and cigars. He lives out on the Lake near where Mac which is MacMillan our battery department lives and he takes the same car along with Mac every once in a while and wherever he can he balls out some guy for his evil ways like the other day he says to a bird which is smoking a sigarette. Brother, do you know that cigarettes will ruin your health." There is

nothing I know of that is worse than a man who smokes cigarettes." this bird comes back with "Well I dont know about that." "Do you know a worse or lower type?" Sure says the fellow at the end of the cigarette. "One of these birds that cant mind their own business." Which pleases Mac so Mac he thinks he will have a little fun with the minister so he points out a building they was passing and says "That building was built with the money a man saved on cigars." "My goodness no, I must make a note of that, what an awful lot he must have smoked before he quit." "No! No! says Mac, he didnt smoke em he *sold em.*"

And mister Editor please do me a favor and ask this here Mr. W. A. Wolf which is the sporting editor of the New York correspondence what kinda tobacco he has got in his pipe that lasted all this time without his filling it up. That wouldn't be Prince Albert but maybe it is Velvet and he could get maybe a dollar or two from them to let them use his photo instead of Velvet Joe's. Did Mr. Rodgers at Omaha wire his photo to you? It looks like Morse code but there is more dots than dashes so I guess it was probably international. I am trying to learn to be a telegraph operator so I can get to be a railroad president in case I lost my job as mailer for Year books which I cant stretch out much further on account the books is nearly all gone.

I'm sorry I can't write anything this month but like I said above I'm going on my vacation and you know how it is. Isnt it?

—Herb.



Credit Manager Talk

AL—We've got an order from John Doe—He's done a lot of business with you,—how's his credit.

CY—I don't know anything about his credit,—he always pays cash—

AL—Do you know anyone who can tell me about his credit?

Hitting the High Spots

Westco Club sporting fans are boasting of their new athletic find. It is much regretted that they did not discover his hurdling possibilities until after the Olympic events had been decided at Antwerp. Dick Burford, no relation to Saint Patrick, and an ardent booster of

grape juice diets broke the world's record a few weeks ago in a thrilling race with one snake, size nine inches wide by six feet long. Anyone doubting these figures, please write Dick Burford. The club authorities are open to suggestions regarding the best cure for snake bite.

CHICAGO



Chicago Now Fitting Out Nuts

Once upon a time, a doctor wrote a prescription on a door, so the story goes, because there wasn't any paper on hand. When the patient started to get the prescription filled, he found he could neither read nor copy it. So he took the door off its hinges, carted it down to the corner drug store and said:

"Gimme 25 cents worth of this."

We are reminded of this story by a recent incident at Chicago.

A customer sent in a small nut with the request that we ship him a wrench to fit same.

"And Now He Is the Ruler of the Queen's Navee"

Dave Guest of our Sales Department who was a Lieut.-Commander in Uncle Sam's Navy during the war, spent his vacation this year cruising with the Illinois Naval Reserve.

He was on the Great Lakes from August 1st to August 15th. During this time his ship visited all of the big lake ports for review purposes.

Guest was second in command on the vessel.

They're Not Biting This Year

Harry Werts, of the Service Department of the Chicago House, is considerable of a fisherman and somewhat of a politician.

On his vacation, this year up in Wisconsin he was able to preserve his reputation as an angler only.

During the two weeks he hob-nobbed quite a bit with Charles Comiskey of the Chicago White Sox who owns a 100-acre farm up that way.

Werts was able to swap fish stories with the "Old Roman" but was unsuccessful in his efforts to separate him from an annual pass to the White Sox Park as he had hoped.

Garrulous Dictation

John Gleason, of Power Apparatus Sales fame, was around the office the other morning trying to borrow someone's "Victrola."

It developed that John's private secretary was away and he desired to get out some correspondence on a Dictaphone.

How Is This for Quality Products?

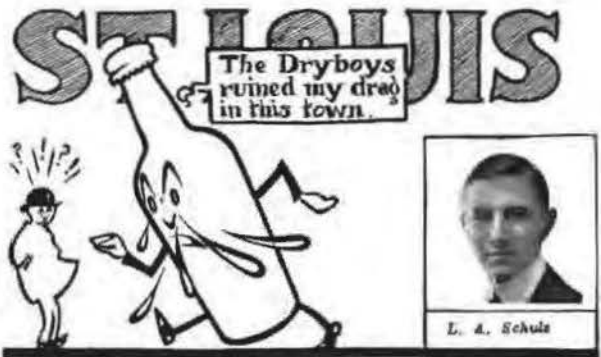
Mr. D. O. Hazelton, Manager of the Telephone Company at Channing, Okla., placed 2,000 ft. of 50-pair Western Electric lead cable in a trench three and one-half feet underground four years ago for service in the City of Channing. This cable lay in the dirt all of that time and has given them absolutely no trouble at all.

Mr. Hazelton also has a set of 11 cells of Exide Storage Batteries that have been in service for nine years without any replacement or attention except cleaning and replacement of acid and water. The Switchboard and entire installation was put in by the Western Electric Installation Department nine years ago.

League of Nations Lingo

Below is a letter from the Hawaiian Islands:

"As regarding to myself as follows: Kindly notice me the price of one (Electric Fan) with its diameter of 7 to 10 inches, to be filled to our certain electric. Thanking your anticipation for a convenience reply, we are Cordially sub."



The Mound City House Leading League

The Western Electric baseball players are having a cinch in the race for the leadership of the Bell Telephone Athletic Association. A pennant will be awarded to the team winning the first two series, and to date the W. E's. have had things all their own way. In the first round we won eight out of nine games while the summary shown below of the second, justifies an item of "one flag-pole" in expenses for the current month. Accountants please note that our easiest meat so far have been the financiers of the telephone circles.

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Western Electric	5	0	1.000
Local Bell	2	2	.500
Accounting	2	3	.400
Executive Engineers	0	4	.000



The Beautiful Woman

SEVERAL prominent Omaha people were asked recently to give their ideas as to what makes a beautiful woman. Some said clothes, some said physical beauty itself, while others were sure that personality and brains made the beautiful woman.

Mr. Curran finally gave the reporters an answer that seems to have settled the question at Omaha for all time. It was his opinion that the attributes of woman's beauty lie in "horse sense and good health."* All the men seem to agree with him so in addition to his other accomplishments he now has the reputation of understanding the opposite sex.

Why is it that a married man will accept a theory on woman from a single man? Some one has said that "the longer you know a woman the less you understand her." Maybe that's the answer. Several people have made the remark that if he were married to one, perhaps he wouldn't talk so confidently.

[*The News is ready to print any epigrams which trump this.—Ed.]

Suffrage

Bill Johnson was a henpecked gink,
His wife she ruled the house supreme,
She bossed poor Bill and made him think
Men counted little in life's scheme.

She meddled in his business life—
She spent his cash for mining stocks,
And Bill, well, he'd consult his wife
Before he'd buy a pair of socks.

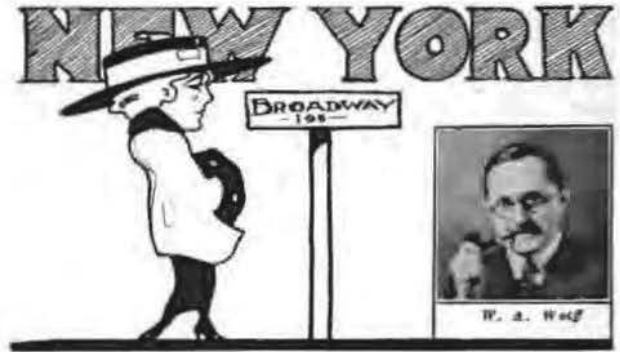
But one day Mrs. Johnson fell,
She got what every sucker gets,
And poor old Bill was poor as _____
When he'd paid up his honest debts.

Then Mrs. Johnson talked in vain,
She couldn't understand the loss.
Said Bill, "I want to make this plain"
From now on, dear, I'll be the boss.

"In business you have made a mess
Of ev'rything you undertook,
The kitchen is your place I guess
And now you'd better learn to cook."

—S. L. RODGERS.

Our Power and Light Conference, July 28th and 29th, was made doubly interesting by having Mr. F. A. Ketcham, General Sales Manager, with us. At the banquet which closed the Conference, Mr. Ketcham favored us with a short, but very interesting talk.



All Modern Inconveniences

Visualize this:

There is a certain building in the City of New York located near the heart of the financial district. It has been in the throes of construction for, oh, many moons; but strikes and shortage of material have caused many plans to gang agley. It is a poor and pitiful week that even now sees no strike in the process of being struck or settled for at least another week.

One approaches the portals under a striking (just can't get rid of the word) canopy of scaffolding. If one's lucky star has recently been in the ascendant nothing more untoward than a piece of flying marble, which a stone cutter is clipping in the corridor, salutes one in some exposed portion of the anatomy.

Next, the visitor, if his vision is keen, finds one of the lifts (English for elevators) hiding modestly behind a crude wooden false work. The lifts are odd, to express it mildly. As far as the eye can see they consist of very grown-up packing boxes; in fact, some wag wrote on the wall of one, "45 hommes, 8 chevaux." Ask any ex-A. E. F. man what this means.

Not to keep up the suspense any longer, we'll break the news to you.

The foregoing vivid description is of 110 William Street, the very new home of the Advertising Department—listen to this you fellows of the W. E. houses, here's a chance to get back at Dan Richardson's bunch of book reviewers when they get too inquisitive. They live there, too, and gosh, how they love it.

And you same chaps who say that the General Department people are a lot of bloated Sybarites, come in and see us and we'll give you the shock of your lives. We'll show you unpainted walls, unplastered hallways, electric lightless fixtures, and a host of all the inconveniences that a half-finished building is heir to.

They tell us that we are going back to 195 Broadway in about a year and a half when the new wing to that stately edifice is completed. Perhaps our present quarters will be 100 per cent. finished by then.

—W. A. W.

Spokane

"Free Air" of Canada Attracting Motorists

W. E. Peters, Spokane's champion go-getter received a bit of good news the other day. Frank Cooley, the sales boss, told him that he would be granted \$2.75 a

day for the maintenance of his flivver providing he kept it out in the country. Pete keeps it out in the country to be sure, and a part of the time it seems he keeps it out of the country entirely. It's a funny proposition—this enticing spirit that is taking our good citizens across the Canadian border. Pete has been heard mentioning about the Canadian Club. We pause to wonder whether he has taken to golf.

A Chip of the Old Block

Charlie Schenefield is our Storeskeeper. He has a son, who is following in his footsteps. The boy hasn't far to go to catch up at that.

Charlie and his wife were dining at the Davenport Hotel Coffee House. After he had stored away a fair sized meal, he slipped a quarter under the plate to reimburse the fair damsel who had handled the late lamented repast. "Say, Pop!" said Charlie Jr., later, in the lobby, "you pulled a boner." "How come?" "You left a quarter on the table but I found it; here it is."

—John J. Lisiecki.

at her home, but she is a good sport. Most everybody was there, some with their wives; those who had no wives were there with Miss——; and of course all our young ladies were there with their gentlemen friends. There's Chief Inspector, Bill Fahrion, recently transferred to us from Philly, had an idea that his Quaker friends were the only ones who could put anything over that was worth while. He stayed home, but you can bet your October raise that he won't miss the next W. E. party. One of our young ladies stayed at home, too. She is engaged to be married and this being leap year she was taking no chances of losing him.

—Chas. H. Thorney, Jr.

SAN FRANCISCO

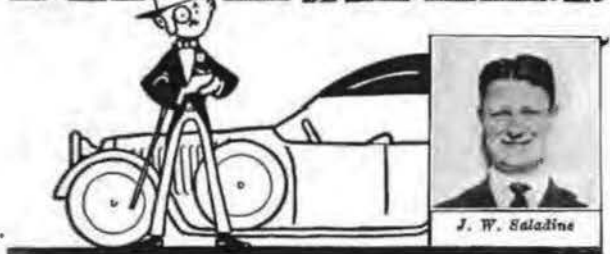


O. L. Husek

Animated Advertising

This two-color printing is all very well if you don't forget one of the colors. For instance, our new fan-folier, "The Witchery of Summer Breeze Is Yours," is printed in black with cute green capitals. Omitting these capitals—which was actually done in the case of several thousand recently received—and you have "The itchery of ummer reeze is Yours," which will hardly make a hit with the overseas boys. Sounds like a fearsome variety of chirping cootie.

FIFTH AVENUE



J. W. Saladine

Wilson Nine Too Beefy for Fifth Avenue

At ten o'clock, July 31st, the Telephone Department at Fifth Avenue were challenged to a ball game by the W. S. Wilson Corporation. Up to ten o'clock that morning they never knew they had a ball team, but by three the talent was gathered and on the field.

In spite of having the wind and weight of number in their favor, our talent lost a close game, 6 to 4. Harry Damon, acting as umpire, did his bit by supplying the favoring wind but to no avail. Our new assistant stores manager, Mr. Monroe, acting as backstop, retrieved the balls the other nine Western representatives failed to stop. After a careful analysis, it was decided that Mr. Monroe's greatest assets as a ball player are that he likes exercise—and he's a good stores manager.

Baltimore

Baltimore's Picnic Too Speedy for Philadelphia

August being a dandy month for parties, the girls and boys of the shop decided to hold one. After thinking it over we remembered that one of our young ladies lived out of Baltimore on her father's farm and that around the house was one of those regular lawns.

Miss Seymour was taken by surprise when the committee (of one) told her that the party was to be held



Western Electric FANS Western Electric FANS

High Voltage Stuff From West Street

By "Tuck"

Bumping the Clouds

The "High Flyers" at West Street, through the efforts of G. F. Atwood, got together for an excursion through the clouds. Those having a longing for an altitude from which they could look down with pity on the rest of struggling humanity—you know how engineers are—were H. Broadwell, F. C. Soper, H. W. King, J. G. Roberts, F. C. Willis, R. L. Wegel, and H. A. Danne.

The trip was made in the JL-6, a Larsen plane; the Oriole, and the JN-4, Curtis planes. The JL-6, the feature plane of the trip, is an all-metal monoplane equipped with a 185-horsepower engine and capable of a speed of 110 miles per hour carrying five passengers and pilot. It had for its burden Willis, Danne, Roberts, Broadwell and King. The other two planes were standard Curtis types, the Oriole bearing Messrs. Wegel and Soper and the JN-4 carrying Mr. Atwood. The JL-6 left from Central Park, Long Island, the Oriole and the JN-4 leaving from Roosevelt Field, Long Island. They zig-zagged across Long Island, passing over Long Beach, Flushing and Brooklyn, and then over Manhattan to Spuyten Duyvil.

It is whispered that two of the passengers of the JL-6 experienced a feeling of uneasiness in the gastronomic region. One had to step to the window for relief, but the party is sworn to secrecy. We were unable, by bribery or other means, to secure their names.

The JL-6 has since made the record non-stop flight for this country, flying from Omaha, Nebraska, to Lancaster, Pennsylvania.



G. F. Atwood Ready for His Wings

Western Electric! Play Ball!

The Western Electric team, which plays in the Telephone Society League, made a flying start by defeating the New Jersey team of the New York Telephone Co. in a hard-fought game ending in a score of 12 to 11 in the ninth inning. They were defeated in the second game by the A. T. & T Co. team, 19 to 8. In the third game, however, they shut out the New York Plant team, 14 to 0, and were defeated in the fourth game by the New

York Commercial, 20 to 5. Undiscouraged, they beat Westchester, scoring 8 runs in the first inning, and with a final score of 15 to 3, tied them for second place in the League.

W. Weinhart, of the Special Research Department, pitcher for the old W. E. team, is still hitting with his former vengeance. Hansen, King and Snyder, of Fifth Avenue, have turned defeat into victory by their brilliant fielding. The W. E. nine is the only one which has been able to "put it over" the Jerseyites. J. F. Cole, the captain and manager, expects victory again in the next game with them and may thereby grab first place for his team. Go to it, Cole!



NEW YORK TEAM

Back row: Left to right—Snyder, Weinhart, King, Driscoll, Hunter, Cole. Bottom row—Harley, Harisen, Graham and Bartinelli

July in Spring Street

(With apologies to Frank Herwig)

This is the song of the designer's despair,
The error here, and error there.

Look over ye drawings while ye may,
'Cause they'll be checked to-morrow,
For Diesenberg started checking to-day,
And his every correction we must obey,
Greatly to our sorrow.

A very thorough lad is he,
(An error?) He'll hardly miss it,
You see he checks so carefully,
That when the job comes back to thee,
'Tis hard to recognize it.

Ye Gods! He has my drawing there,
His list will surely make me drop,
He's laying my every error bare,
Ninety some-odd already are there,
O Golly! Will he ever stop.

Though it isn't much, it isn't rare,
This error here, and error there.

—LESTER FERENCI.

Charles A. Gramling Dies

Charles A. Gramling, of the Engineering Department, died July 24th, after a short illness, from ptomaine poisoning. Mr. Gramling had been in the employ of the Company since January, 1914, and had many warm friends among his associates.



SERVICE AWARDS

J. A. Mayer—35 Years

As a child J. A. Mayer must have had a fine time with himself. Any kid who could have all he wanted of Joe's initials couldn't help but enjoy himself until his stomach began to be heard from. But, alas, there comes a time when the sweetness seems to depart from jam and to enter into that formerly contemptible creature, girl. That dangerous symptom means that childhood is one station back and that it is up to you to get out and hustle for a job.

That time was 35 years ago for Joe Mayer. He landed a job in a four-story building on Clinton Street. The work was wood-finishing on Blake transmitter boxes and annunciator boxes. From that you may guess that the company was the Western Electric. At that time the shops employed 350 people, eight of them in the wood-finishing department. Mr. Mayer made the ninth. Apparently the trade suited him, too, for he has worked at it ever since. He is now engaged in refinishing repaired apparatus in the switch-board woodwork department at Hawthorne, and it's a badly damaged piece that he can't make look newer than new.

Mr. Mayer's natal birthday and his Western Electric birthday fall on the same date (September 30th), but you'll only be able to guess 35 years of his age by the five stars on his new service button.

Edward S. Holmes—30 Years

Back in the latter part of the last century, each mahogany desk in the salesroom at Chicago was surrounded by a vacant space several square yards in area.

The idea, we assume, was to permit the salesman to sit in state and hold communion in impressive grandeur with his awed customers.

Woe to the employee in overalls that accidentally got into the salesroom in those days. It was forbidden ground to such plebeian individuals.

One of the survivors of that sales aristocracy who is still with the Company is Edward S. Holmes, Assistant Manager at Chicago. "E. S.," as he is known locally, can tell some mighty interesting and amusing reminiscences of the early days of the distributing department at Chicago.

Mr. Holmes, who began using the mahogany furniture at Chicago as a salesman, has continued to use it ever since in other capacities except for a period of six years ending in 1911 when he was manager at Indianapolis.

His acquaintance with Bell officials and Western Electric officials of past and present generations is very wide. One of his favorite pastimes is photographing the Indiana Sand Dunes. His other hobby is cultivating a vegetable and flower garden at his home in La Grange.

He will get his 30-year badge in September.

G. B. Nelson—30 Years

Umpiring a ball game or taming lions is a quiet and humdrum existence compared to the strenuous life led by a departmental inspector when that extra hazardous occupation was first created by the superintendent of the old Clinton Street Shops in 1899. The foremen loved them like brothers (if Cain and Abel are fair samples of brotherly affection), and only an infinite supply of tact and an ability to dodge quickly allowed them to weather the anguished wrath of the shops. However, they did it, as witness the 30 years' service of "Barney" Nelson, the first departmental inspector to be appointed.

However, Mr. Nelson did not start as an inspector. His first work was in what would now be called a jobbing department, making telegraph instruments, telephone parts, etc. Next followed three years in the screw machine department, three years on the inspection job, seven years in the drill press department, five years in the tapping department and a year in the spool-covering department. At present he is in charge of the tool making and machinery maintenance in the coil winding department.

When you see Mr. Nelson with his thirty-year button this month,

don't jump to the conclusion that it belongs to his father. "Barney" started Westerning when a boy.

H. D. Brainard—25 Years



The young man in the picture beside us was the cause of the Fifth Avenue Office Sales Force taking a long luncheon hour on August 9th to celebrate his 25 years of eventful service. Howard Brainard, Sales Specialist, Extraordinary, of Supply Materials, first presented his smiling countenance in our Western Electric midst on August 10, 1895, in the old Albany Street Stock Department of the New York House. In 1900 he was transferred to the Sales Department and in 1901 went on the road in Pennsylvania for the New York House.

Later in the same year, when the Philadelphia House was opened, Mr. Brainard was transferred there to assist in opening it up right. With Philadelphia successfully settled he returned in 1908 to New York. In 1908 he was transferred to Boston for a short time. Back to New York and then to Dallas, Texas, in 1912, to handle the Supply business there. 1913 saw him in Seattle and 1914 took him back to his old love, New York, where he's to be found going stronger than ever right now.

Guiding several million dollars' worth of business skillfully into Western Electric channels every year, Mr. Brainard is perpetually cheerful, calm, keen—and young. Few Western Electric men are better known; none are better liked.

B. F. Jamison—25 Years

Bert is a knockout. When it comes to displaying real pep, you have to hand it to the little fellow at 195 Broadway. You know those chaps that say good things come in small packages are not so wrong after all. Bert is good; in fact, so good that they have him now passing on the disbursements of the travelling clique of the General Department; and it would take more than an angel to do that sort of thing nowadays with the hotels rivalling Heaven with their rates and the railroads keeping just one step ahead of the aviators' union.

Like most of our other 'big' men Bert started as a little messenger at the Thames Street office, September 11, 1895. A short time later he managed to squeeze into the Mailing Department, and breezed along in such gala fashion, that his second year of work found him in the Chicago Department pushing the local business of the Windy City House. When Philadelphia was opened, Bert went along with the initiation team to act as utility man. Three years there was enough, and when Bert began to yell for more worlds to conquer back he came to West Street to chase the shop switch-board outfit for a few years, and then to knock out a few claims. We said he was a knockout. He had to be in his next job—he wrote some of those famous instructions. Can you figure anybody without a Jess Willard make-up who could tackle such a proposition? Why when New York's voucher division needed help who did they call in to help knock off a few discounts? Why Bert, of course. Since 1917 he has been at Broadway handling the disbursements. Only he has to pass one of our vouchers now and then we might let you have another earful, but we expect the pleasure of having Bert there for quite some time to come—so why take any chances?

Walter P. Hoagland—20 Years



It is believed that the story about the customer who wanted 25 lbs. ohms and 150 ft. of watts originated back in about the year 1900.

The above has long since ceased to be a joke. It is old, decrepit, threadbare and moss-grown.

However, back in the days when Walter P. Hoagland, present sales manager at Chicago, started in as a counter clerk in the Western Electric retail store at Clinton and Van Buren Streets, that was one of the favorite forms of amusement to try out on a new man.

Well, they may have been able to put it over Walter when he was a boy, but not so after 20 years of selling experience.

Mr. Hoagland has always been at the Chicago House. He came up the ladder out of the tall grass at the bottom. In his time, he has been a counter salesman, an office salesman, a road salesman, a city salesman, and every kind of a W. E. salesman that is known. He was Assistant Sales Manager at the Chicago house for several years, then became Sales Manager in 1918.

He will be entitled to wear his 20-year button in September.

M. C. Nelson—20 Years



If we tried to tell you how many subscribers' sets the Western has made since 1900 you would think we had got the figures mixed with the national debt or the price of a wool suit or some other delirious digits. So don't take our word on anything. Just look up Melvin C. Nelson in the sub-set assembly department at Hawthorne and talk sub-sets to him. He can tell you more about sub-sets in a minute than you can assimilate in a week.

Mr. Nelson's first Western Electric job was inspecting sub-sets in the old Clinton Street Shops. After two and a half years of that he took a little flier at soldering jacks in the switchboard department, but a couple of months later he was back among the sub-sets again, this time in the sub-set assembly department. He has lingered in their midst ever since and is now the department's section chief.

Outside of working hours, Mr. Nelson's principal recreation is refusing to have anything to do with an automobile, which in his case isn't very serious, since Mrs. Nelson can drive a machine better than a Yankee can drive a bargain. However, after this month Melvin may occasionally allow himself to be persuaded to ride in the front seat and use the two stars on his new service button for headlights when the battery is low.

J. F. Cizkovsky—20 Years

If you non-Hawthorne Westernites ever get to the big works for a visit, take some time off at noon and listen in on one of the community sings. And if you are fortunate enough to strike one led by a rotund good-natured singer wearing a Western Electric service button, step right up and get acquainted with Joe Cizkovsky.

Mr. Cizkovsky entered the Western Electric family symphony by way of Clinton Street, where he secured a job in the by-products department September 11th, 1900. After about six months in this department he entered the power apparatus storeroom. Two months later, taking advantage of his public school training in drafting, he secured a transfer from the storeroom to the drafting department, with which he is still identified, although no longer working on the board. His present work is preparing manufacturing information on special apparatus.

Nineteen hundred plus twenty make 1920 on all really trustworthy adding machines, wherefore you can readily see that after this month Mr. Cizkovsky's service button will star twice at every sing where Joe stars once.

W. E. Burroughs—20 Years



With the initials "W. E." bestowed on him at christening, it was destined that William E. Burroughs should become associated with the "W. E." Company, so, following the natural course of events, he gravitated into the Clinton Street factory and settled down into the Factory Cabling Department as gently as a falling leaf. This was September 26, 1900.

Bill's natural bent was towards "iggers," and in January, 1904, we find him at Des Moines as chief cook—er—we should say chief clerk under Manager Geo. Slater. In 1908, Des Moines was demoted from a branch house to a sub-warehouse, and Mr. Burroughs was transferred to Omaha, taking up practically the same duties he had in Des Moines. While at Omaha, Bill got a touch of traveling and it got into his veins, so in September, 1917, he was transferred to Hawthorne and made a traveling auditor. Having always been a hiker, a little thing like a jump from Chicago to Salt Lake City, or to San Francisco, is nothing in his young life.

Being an auditor, Bill is welcomed (?) at the branch houses and everything possible is done to make his visits pleasant (?). The boys at Frisco, not knowing his hiking ability, invited him on a foot trip up Mt. Tamalpais. They probably reasoned that a tired auditor would be in no condition to detect errors in the books. But Bill had hiked up Pike's Peak, and Mt. Tamalpais looked like a footstool to him. The Frisco boys were able to get down to work all right after a few days in bed, but Bill had audited the books and was on his way.

Mr. Burroughs doesn't believe in doing things by halves. His 16-year-old twins are about ready to enter college. The photo-

graph will give you an idea of Bill's modest appearance, but it doesn't show the 20-year pin he gets this month.

J. Scherer—20 Years

Back in 1906, when Hawthorne was a baby, it took its first electrical nourishment from a generator that John Scherer helped to build. Scherer's Amperine for Infant Industries must have been great stuff, too, for just look at the size of young Hawthorne today—and he's still growing!

Mr. Scherer came with the Western several years before Hawthorne was born. His first job was drilling generator parts in the drill press department at Clinton Street. Later he took up assembly work on power apparatus. His department was one of the first transferred to Hawthorne. It moved in before the floor was laid in the power apparatus building (the building now occupied by the general merchandise organization). When the manufacture of power apparatus was discontinued in 1909 Mr. Scherer was transferred to the sub-set department. He remained there until December, 1914, when he entered the jobbing organization, where he has remained ever since. His present position is gang foreman in charge of detail work in jobbing department No. 2.

Mr. Scherer is an ardent angler and a blissful baseball bug. If ever a Chicago pitcher should strike "Babe" Ruth out with three men on bases look for a big EE-Yow of ecstasy from behind a two-star service button. That'll be John.

W. Scharringhausen—20 Years



Some of the oldest readers of the News will no doubt remember that the design of the pretzel bending machine was entrusted to the tender care of Mr. Scharringhausen because of a "sympathetic attitude and a pronounced predilection toward the pretzel."

This same Scharringhausen started his engineering career in the drafting-room when "Sandy" Wallace still wore "brush," where he stayed until 1918 when he followed Mr. Wallace on the "Long, Long Trail" to Hawthorne. He took with him the desk-stand, transmitter and receiver jobs—enough work to keep himself busy for several years. He was a group head in the drafting-room until he came back to New York in October, 1918, where he took up his abode in the Apparatus Design Branch and is now giving his attention to design problems.

H. Schaefer—20 Years

Long before the 18th amendment got in its deadly work, telephone batteries went dry and there have been Blue Bells ever since. However, Henry Schaefer got his Western Electric job before "juice" was canned in the present convenient dry form and his first work was amalgamating sines for the wet batteries the Company used to make for telephone service. Mr. Schaefer began at Clinton Street in 1900. Two years later he left the battery department and entered the switchboard ironwork department. His next transfer put him into the telephone power board department, which has claimed his services ever since. He moved to Hawthorne with the department in September, 1907. His present position is section chief over the assembly work.

Outside of working hours Henry's principal amusement seems to be work. For two summers during the war he ran a farm in his spare time, which usually isn't considered an extremely restful occupation, even though it is conceded to be a healthful one.

Anyway if Henry ever goes into farming as a business he won't have to join the other farmers in worrying over day-light saving laws. He can work by the light of the two bright Western Electric stars on his new service button.

M. A. Linn—20 Years



If you were Martin A. Linn's little boy and wanted daddy to make you a wooden horse or a train of cars or an automobile, you'd be in luck, because what Martin can't do with a piece of wood can't be done. Mr. Linn is a layout man on drill work in the Woodwork Mill Department at Hawthorne, and his daily experience in making complicated jigs and fixtures makes him an ideal daddy for any small boy who wants toys manufactured.

Mr. Linn started at Clinton Street as a multiple drill press operator in the woodworking department. He has remained at the same general line of work ever since, and now occupies the position of group head in charge of a drill gang, which duty he performs in addition to his work as a layout man.

In his youth Martin used to do the "Spanish Cavalier" stuff on a guitar and he certainly could strum a mean string, but of late years he spends all his spare time tuning up the Lizzy for week-

end spins. However, if he is again moved to serenade the stars, he'll have two constant shiners on his service button beginning this month.

Mary A. Douglas—20 Years

"Oh! what a pal is Mary!" That's what the girls in the winding department say about Miss Douglas. And the engineers for whom she winds coils—we wouldn't dare tell what they say, it might make their wives jealous. But if you want a good coil, not too full, you know, with the core well insulated and the onion skin paper placed carefully between the layers—one that will take the break-down test without a murmur just ask the heroine of this little romance to wind it.

Miss Douglas started on her "winding way" in the New York Shop, then at West Street, where she remained until 1914 when the department was moved to Hawthorne, and preferring New York to the City of Wind, Mary said "So long" to the Company. But she "came back home" in September, 1915, where she has since been winding coils for the Model Shop.

Fifteen-Year Men



A. T. Slack
Denver



J. Kuda
Hawthorne



A. Bohacek
Hawthorne



J. Simek
Hawthorne



B. Napolski
Hawthorne



T. M. Chisholm
Hawthorne



M. Kulczynski
Hawthorne



J. W. Foard
International



W. A. Percival
Fifth Avenue



J. E. Cameron
Minneapolis



C. D. Penn
Engineering



F. E. McKeever
Los Angeles

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His Last Day at Hawthorne

Louis E. Oehring, Foreman of Jobbing Dept. No. 3, was presented with a handsome Silver Loving Cup by the members of his department when he retired from service after thirty-five years with the Company. Mr. Oehring's pension dates from August 1st.



ELECTRICAL HOUSEKEEPING

A department for homemakers
 Edited by Mrs. Jane Strickland
 Published and copyrighted by Western Electric Company

You face your guests smiling—
 but in the back of your
 head—dishes!

DIRTY DISHES—mountains of them—to be washed. For if it's "The more the merrier" in the dining room, it's "The more the miserabler" in the kitchen, after the fun's over. Many are the women who have wailed "the worst part of housekeeping is dishwashing."

And no wonder, for scarcely any household task is as dirty and as monotonous as the washing of dishes.

And did you ever stop to think of the amount of time that must be spent over your dishes? Just think, the one who washes dishes for the average family has to stand over a dishpan of hot water between one and two hours a day, 365 days a year.

That means almost two months of working time out of every year spent with your hands soaking in hot, dirty, greasy dishwater. And the worst of it is you never "get anywhere," for almost as soon as it's done it must be started over again.

Dishwashing no longer necessary

They have been trying for a long while to make electricity do for dishwashing what it has succeeded so well in doing for clothes-washing—eliminate drudgery. But until recently I had not seen an electrical dishwasher that I felt I could recommend.

The Western Electric dishwasher has removed my scruples. It really does all the things that a dishwasher should do. And it goes even further, as a matter of fact, because it is not only a wonderful dishwasher, but a perfectly practical kitchen table as well.

The cost of electricity for operating it is only a fraction of a cent a day, and as it has a universal motor, I can take my dishwasher from city to country, from direct to alternating current, without changing any part of the machine.

A help to the servant problem

Just because you are fortunate enough to have a maid is no reason why you do not need an electric dishwasher.

If we wives followed our husbands' examples in studying methods of lightening the drudgery of our employes, our servant problem might not be so acute.

And "general housework" would certainly be made more attractive if the hard part of dishwashing were eliminated.

Why, in a small family where you wash dishes

electrically, the dishes for three meals—luncheon, dinner and breakfast the next morning—can be slipped into the dishwasher and cleaned up all together at the start of the day's work. Then dishwashing can be forgotten until the next day.

A man would say, "That's the efficient way of doing it." Of course he's right. We women are too inclined to do our work the way our mothers and grandmothers did. It's time we woke up.

Saves breakage too

It isn't all carelessness—that chipping and breaking of china and glassware. A wet, slippery plate or glass isn't the *safest* thing to handle, as you know.

But that's all eliminated with this dishwasher.

You put things in dry and

you take them out dry. And there's no fumbly handling with a dish cloth. And speaking of dish cloths, isn't it a blessing to be able to do away with the dirty things, for there is no dish wiping necessary with the electrical dishwasher. When you take them out, the dishes are dry and all ready to put away.

Seems like magic, but simple after all

Still there's nothing complicated about the operation of electrical dishwashing. You just set the dishes in the racks and snap the switch. Hot, cleansing water sprays and steams over them until every bit of dirt and grease has gone. Five to ten minutes of this does the trick; then drain off the

water, rinse the dishes right in the dishwasher and in five minutes more they've drained and dried themselves.

Turns into a kitchen table

That's really a big feature of this Western Electric Dishwasher. It's useful *all* the time.

Just put down the lid of the dishwasher and you have a sanitary, white enamel topped table that any housewife would be proud to have in her kitchen, even if it wasn't one of the biggest labor savers that electricity has as yet made possible.

Take it all in all, I know that you'll like this Western Electric Dishwasher. I can't do it justice by description, but if you'll look up the dealer in your town who sells it and have him demonstrate it, you'll be as enthusiastic about it as I am.



The drudgery of dishwashing is surely becoming more and more apparent.

Every day women write me for the booklet "The Eight Hour Day in the Home," mentioning the Dishwasher even though they were first interested in some other Western Electric appliance.



There is no disguise for hands splashed by suds in greasy dishwater.



Western Electric Dishwasher and Kitchen Table



The light weight of the Western Electric Vacuum Sweeper makes it easy to handle.



The Western Electric Sewing Machine makes sewing a pleasure.



Let me send you this book on how to do your work more easily and quickly. Write Western Electric Housekeeping Dept., 193 Broadway, New York



The Western Electric Washing Machine has several points of difference.



In electric ironing too, women are beginning to find there's a difference.



A saving you can't afford

Building a home or a factory is every bit as hard as building a derby hat.

But man, while content to pay for the hatter's skill, has a lurking desire to plan his own structures, to play the roles of architect and director of construction.

And a home made building is generally about as dashing as a home made hat.

Interesting, to get out pencil and ruler and to cover sheet after sheet with designs after our own ideas. But an expensive diversion. Cheaper to line up a set of Bohemian vases and throw rocks at them.

It's a shock to finish the house or factory and find we've forgotten a point in fire protection that costs a thousand dollars to fix.

There are pitfalls, discouragements and remorse for the average owner who builds alone. Enter the old adage, "Cobbler, stick to thy last."

At a small fraction of the cost of our own ill-starred experiment the best engineering brains in the country will work for us. They will do the job and do it right, down to the last electric light and switch.

Whether it be a home where artistry, building skill and liveability are to be fused into one; whether it be a problem involving a most specialized department in a technical industry—the architect and the engineer bring a seasoned and unbiased judgment to the task.

After all, how much better to set two minds at work on the problem—one the architect or engineer, and the other yourself—each contributing to the solution. And this is aside from the economy of it.

The most expensive item in a building program is not professional service, but amateur tinkering, large and small. A man plans best when he calls in an architect or engineer to plan for him and save him from his own costly mistakes.

To point out the wisdom of such a step is the purpose behind our story.

(This is the third of the new series of institutional advertisements to appear in the popular magazines during the second half of 1920.)

Published in
the interest of Elec-
trical Development by
an Institution that will
be helped by what-
ever helps the
Industry.

Western Electric Company

No. 13 *Western Electric*—an organization whose products and services apply alike to all fields where electricity is used—in the power plant, in the shop, on the farm and in the home.



Unhitching the horses by the light of a Western Electric Lamp

There was once a man called "farmhand"

"If farmhands grow much scarcer, we will soon forget what the word means. Help is certainly hard to get. But I have found help in another form—an electric power and light outfit. I want to tell you what these plants can do for you, and some of the things they can't do."

H. Bowman

Editor's Note: Mr. Bowman's farm is located near Ames, Oklahoma.

NOT being able to get any steady help, I have been doing most of my work myself. It worried me to think that every hour I spent milking cows, turning a grindstone or chopping wood was just so much time taken away from necessary work in the fields.

"Last spring I became interested in the question of a farm plant. But I delayed buying one, because those I first saw were not much more than lighting plants. They didn't show up well in a power test for heavy work.

"Now my idea of a piece of farm machinery is that it must be useful first of all.

An outfit that does a man's work

"I kept on looking till I found the plant that came nearest to satisfying my need for power—A Western Electric Power and Light Outfit. I'm not saying that this outfit can mow the hay or do any plowing. But it certainly is do-

ing some real, honest-to-goodness work for me, saving time and labor.

"In the first place the Western Electric Outfit has an engine that can operate pretty near all the machinery on the average farm. It runs my fanning-mill, feed-mixer and milking machine.



Carry the motor right to the job you want done

"Then with the generator and batteries in action—or the batteries alone—I let electricity milk the cows. The utility motor, which I can carry around and connect to any lamp socket, is mighty handy for such jobs as running the churn or

the grindstone, or in fact, turning any machine I used to turn by hand.

"All this means time saved—and time is money when a man is in the middle of his planting or harvesting."

Long life to your battery

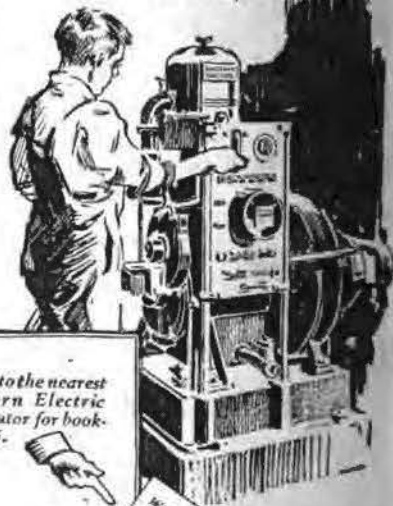
You may be interested to know that the engine to which

Mr. Bowman refers is of the dependable valve-in-head, air-cooled type, burning gasoline or kerosene.

The battery lasts long because of the famous "tapering charge", a Western Electric feature. An automatic control very gradually decreases the rate of flow as the battery fills, till the current stops gently by itself. This takes all strain off the battery.

A postcard for booklet SL5 will bring you more facts about the powerful Western Electric Outfit. Write to the distributor nearest you.

A 12-year-old boy can operate the Western Electric Outfit



(Names and addresses of distributors will be listed here)

For territory still available write to Western Electric Company

Write to the nearest Western Electric distributor for booklet SL5.

Western Electric Power & Light

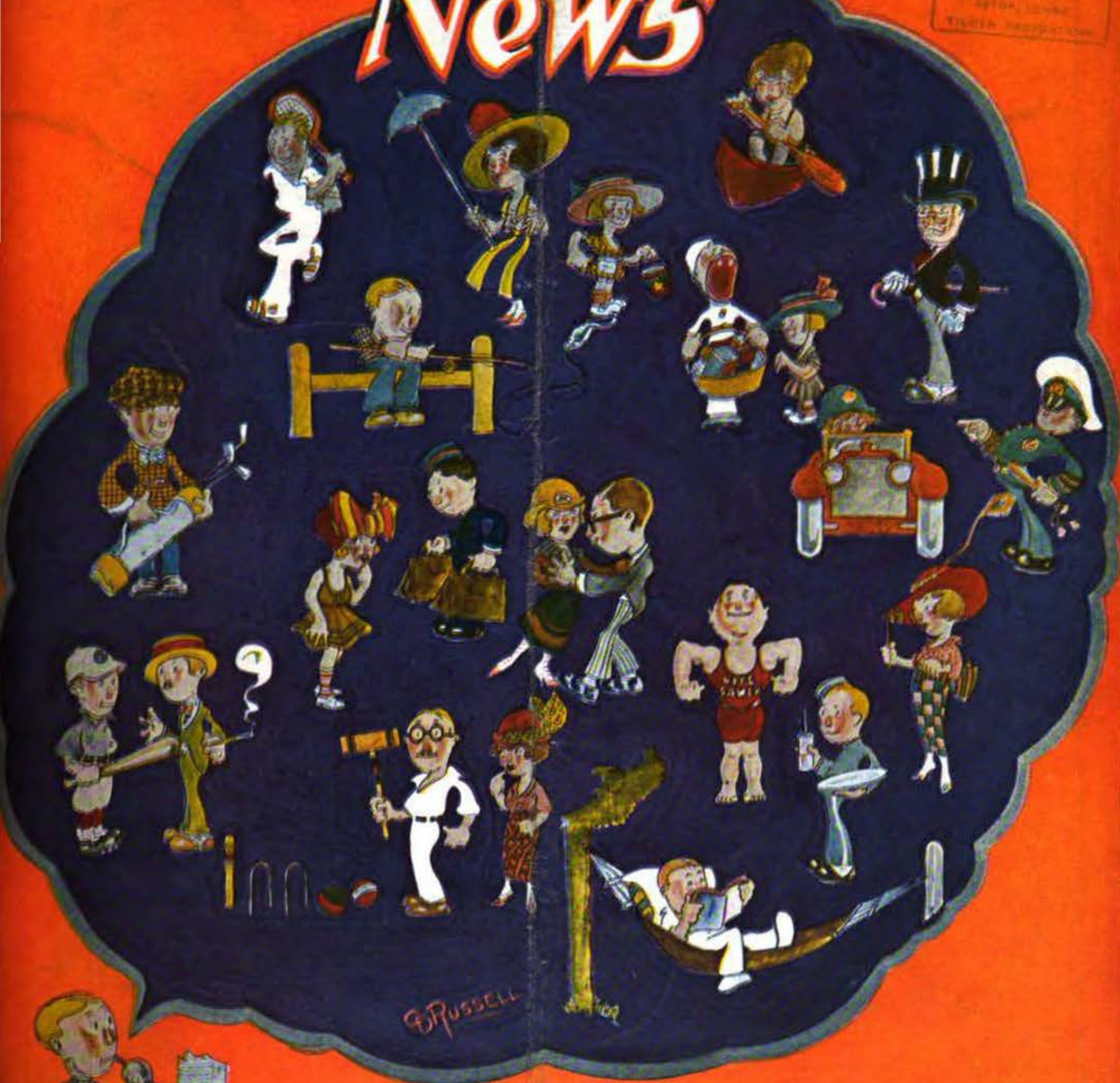
Makes the battery last longer



THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Western Electric News



Vacation Number

Increasing shortage in domestic help has added to the contractor's opportunity to serve.

Electrical appliances for housework—yes; but first must come the contractor with his BX and No. 14, his extra circuits and cut-outs.

A glimpse of the contractor at work, preparing the way for electrical servants in the home, is what prompted "We've come to answer your ad."

(This is the fourth in the second series of institutional advertisements now appearing in the popular magazines.)

*Published in
the interest of Electrical
Development by
an Institution that will
be helped by what-
ever helps the
Industry.*



"We've come to answer your ad"

These are days when servants have become so rare that housewives speak of them in hushed tones as "jewels" and "perfect treasures."

For scrub-ladies and wash-ladies, alas! we sigh in vain.

But electricity has come in time to lighten the labors and brighten the leisure of home. Electrical washing machines, irons, dish-washers, vacuum cleaners, sewing machines—all ready to put in a twenty-four hour day. Whether our house is old or new, we can have it wired for these modern conveniences.

But it's a natural question to ask, "How can the electrician get all those wires through the walls without putting us out of house and home while he's doing it?"

Just watch him dexterously pass a wire down behind the wall and "fish" it out on the floor below. Or see with what ease he wires a fixture by taking up a board in the flooring above and reaching down.

Mindful of the householder's care for his furnishings, the electrical contractor works in neat and orderly fashion, protecting woodwork, furniture and plaster as he goes, without interruption to the use of the rooms.

So while he is at it, let the contractor work out his plans for ample circuits. Indeed, the more fixtures and sockets and baseboard outlets, the more opportunities does he give electricity to prove itself the all-around aid we have been longing for.

In plan and installation the contractor's experience is a sure guide to that "Well, we're glad we had the electricity put in" feeling.

Western Electric Company

No. 14. Don't think only of Western Electric as a name on your vacuum cleaner or iron, but also as an organization which serves in street lighting, in safe and rapid travel, in communication by wire or wireless—and in every other field of electrical achievement.

Vacation

IT'S NOT HARD TO KEEP BUSY IN WINTER
YOU'D RATHER BE WORKING THAN NOT
BUT SOMEHOW YOU FIND THAT YOU'RE FALLING BEHIND
WHEN THE WEATHER BEGINS TO GET HOT

YOU LOSE ALL YOUR PEP AND AMBITION
SOMETIMES YOU CAN SCARCE KEEP AWAKE;
YOU'RE THINKING 'BOUT SWIMMIN', AND GOOD LOOKING WOMEN,
OR OF FISHING BY SOME SHADY LAKE.



AND THEN COMES THE GRAND OLD VACATION
OH BOY IT'S TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE,
YOUR HEART STARTS A SINGING, YOUR TROUBLES GO WINGING,
THE WHOLE WORLD IS CALLING TO YOU.

YOU MAY SEEK THE LAKES OR THE MOUNTAINS
OR FLY TO A SEA-SIDE RESORT,
OR LOAD THE OLD FLIVVER, AND CAMP BY A RIVER
WHERE "SKEETERS" PROVIDE ALL THE SPORT.

SOME FOLKS WHO DECLARE AT THE OFFICE
THAT WORK IS TOO HARD WHEN IT'S HOT,
FIND OODLES OF FUN 'NEATH THE BLISTERING SUN
PLAYING TENNIS ON SOME EMPTY LOT.



SOME PEOPLE FIND JOY IN THE COUNTRY,
AND SOME WHO ARE OTHERWISE SANE
FIND THEIR GREATEST DELIGHT, IN A DANCE EVERY NIGHT
WHERE THE JAZZ NEARLY ADDLES THE BRAIN.

AND THEN THERE'S THE SENSIBLE FELLOW -
THE COMFORT AND HOME-LOVING MAN,
WHO SETTLES RIGHT THERE IN HIS BIG EASY CHAIR
WITH A BOTTLE, A PIPE, AND A FAN.



THE JOY OF A SUMMER VACATION
IS MOSTLY IN HAVING YOUR WAY,
WHETHER UP WITH THE CHICKENS OR RAISING THE DICKENS
ALL NIGHT, AND THEN SLEEPING ALL DAY.

BACK AT LAST
OH BOY!



IT WON'T MATTER MUCH HOW YOU SPEND IT
AS LONG AS YOU'RE FREE FOR AWHILE
BUT YOU'RE GLAD TO GET BACK TO THE OLD BEATEN TRACK
AND YOU TACKLE YOUR JOB WITH A SMILE.

S. L. RODGERS.



Western Electric News



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VOLUME IX

OCTOBER, 1920

NUMBER 8

Two Weeks. Not a Sex Novel, But the Story of a Western Electric Vacation

The Half Is Not Told, But Then Nobody Ever Believes More Than Half the Vacation Yarns He Hears, Anyway

By John Tobinski, Hawthorne Works

AT last I know how it feels to be great—like President Wilson or Lloyd George, or maybe even as great as “Babe” Ruth—and have people fight for a chance to carry your luggage. As it was my first experience and probably will be my last, I like to talk about it, so if you care to listen—

Well, it happened this way: The management of the Hawthorne Works having reluctantly agreed to take the risk of trying to keep the factory going for two weeks without my assistance, I started off for the old home town, where I always spend my vacation. So far there is nothing unusual in that. I might as well confess right here, too, that I was not met at the station by the brass band and the mayor, bearing the keys of the city, as I may have led you to expect. Nor, on the other hand, was I met by the village “constabule,” as you may have suspected yourself, without my assistance. My reception committee was, as usual, merely “the gang”—“Pug” Sloan, “Spanky” Spenk, and “Jinks” Johnson, who have been my pals since “the days of real sport.”

But what a changed gang they were! True, they swooped down upon me as I jumped from the train,

siapped me on the back until my front teeth rattled, poked me in the ribs, feinted knockout blows to within half an inch of my nose, and otherwise indicated that they still considered me one of them and therefore a legitimate subject for any form of violence up to and perhaps including murder. All that was perfectly normal and to be expected.

But they gave equal or even greater attention to my baggage. They almost forcibly deprived me of my suitcases, and “Jinx” Johnson, who, with his usual luck, failed to secure one of them in the first grab, almost angrily insisted on sharing a handle with “Spanky.”

Now there was something unnatural in this solicitude, for since I have the misfortune to be the smallest and weakest one in “the gang,” they usually unanimously and forcibly elect me for all the heavy work, following their comfortable alleged



Try this some Saturday night when you are going to take a bath anyway

theory that such is the sovereign way to make me grow big and strong. Naturally, then, I was not a little puzzled at first to account for this new attitude. However, as we proceeded from the station toward “Spanky’s,” I began to understand. I had been working too hard, that was it, and I must have grown thin and pale and pitiful under the strain. In

fact, now that I thought of it, I began to realize plainly that I was run down. My nerves were all that had kept me up so far. Even then I could feel my knees sagging with weakness. And the fellows had noticed it and were helping me in their bluff, kindly way, trying not to let me see how much they pitied me. Good old gang! No prince that ever lived was half good enough to wear the most disreputable of their stained khaki shirts. Bless their hearts!

By the time I staggered weakly up the steps of "Spanky's" house my eyes were misty with sentiment. "The gang" had rushed in ahead of me, and when I reached the living room they swam in luminous glory before my tear-dimmed eyes. As my gaze cleared I saw that they were grouped before my baggage, waiting with the tense expectant air of the family dog and cat when you open the package from the butcher's.

"Come on, Johnny" they urged, "make it snappy! Open 'em up!"

Weakly I suggested that I'd better take them up to the room first, but they insisted, and in my state of touched gratitude, of course, I did not deny them. I could hear their quick breathing and feel their hot breaths on the back of my neck as I undid the clasps.

They did not wait for me to raise the lid. Together they pounced upon it, threw it open and proceeded to litter the floor with my best Sunday clothes. In ten ticks of your dollar watch they had both suit-cases empty. Then they turned to me, and oh, the reproach that was in their gaze!

At last "Pug" spoke. I have been withered by past masters of sarcasm, I have been scorned by championship scorners, and I know pretty work when I see it. "Pug" didn't say much, but the way he said it was plenty. "Johnny," he remarked—and you might almost have mistaken his tone for one of kindly advice—"Johnny, you're wasting a great opportunity and imperiling a wonderful future. If I had your brains I'd enroll in the nearest feeble-minded institution ere another sunset."

"He'd never pass the entrance examination," wailed "Spanky." "Why, the newspapers all say you can buy it anywhere in Chicago—the old-fashioned stuff, too, with a real life-sized kick under the foam."

"Oh, well," philosophically remarked "Jinx" Johnson,

who has learned to expect hard luck, "at least he didn't bring along any Nearo, the Almost Beer. Run along, Johnny, and climb into your old clothes. We'll attend to your case when we get you up to the Island. Show a little speed, too. The rest of us will go down to the river and get the launch ready while you're dressing. And out of my great love I am warning you—*don't keep us waiting*, either!"

I carried my luggage upstairs without assistance.

Also, I "showed a little speed," plus some. I had been away from "the gang" so long that I had to some extent taken on the status of a tenderfoot and I well knew that they would consider the least provocation ample excuse for ducking me in the river or otherwise indulging their depraved sense of humor. Consequently, I broke all records for lightning changes, and a few minutes later burst out of the house in an outfit that would have passed me by the doorman at any meeting of the Hoboes' Union. I made the quarter of a mile down to the boat landing in eight strides under par, too.

But I needn't have hurried. Ever try to start a motorboat? A balky flivver is a reasonable animal compared to the gasoline grouches installed as launch engines. By the time I arrived, the fellows had tried flooding the carburetor, draining the carburetor, cussing the carburetor, and were busily engaged in cleaning the carburetor. After that they started on the spark plugs and went from there to the magneto, which is as far as my technical vocabulary allows me to follow them. Meanwhile I perched on a piling,



Cloudy Sunset on the Wisconsin

where they couldn't throw a wrench at me without the risk of losing it in the river, and where I could freely express my opinion of a lot of dubs tampering with complicated machinery they didn't understand. Finally, after they had cleaned everything cleanable and oiled everything oilable, they set to work cranking. Each one in turn wound the old engine up until his tongue hung out, rested while the other two tried it and then took another turn at it himself. I encouraged them with some very apt humor, which I am sorry to say, they failed to appreciate. At last, in despair, they turned to me.

"For Pete's sake, Johnny," panted "Pug," after an unusually prodigious effort at the crank, "if you've got

so blamed much wind to spare come and use some of it turning this crank."

"Oh, very well," I answered airily. "Since you fellows have finally found sense enough to call on an expert, I'll start her for you."

They were too tired even to voice their derision and I climbed aboard in absolute silence. I had noticed that they had forgotten to turn on the gasoline again after taking off the carburetor, so I turned the pet-cock, swung the crank and putt-putt-putt—she started.

It was "Spanky" who expressed the sentiment of "the gang."

"Johnny," he remarked, feelingly, "you dirty yellow dog, you!"

After that it only took us about two hours to make the thirty-minute trip to the Island. They bought that boat as a four horsepower launch, but I'm here to tell the world that somebody worked off Shetland ponies on them. And the ponies had a strain of bronco somewhere in their ancestry, besides, judging from the way they bucked.

But oh, that Island, and the supper that Mrs. Spenk and the girls had waiting for us! Heaven (if I ever get there) may look as good as that old Island did to my exiled eyes, but I didn't long to be an angel, for all that. Just think of being equipped with only a head and a pair of wings while your nose twitched to the smell of frying fish and potatoes and fresh coffee. As it was, I had no trouble at all in finding a place to put that supper. I only hope nobody kept tabs on me while I was doing it!

But you don't have to be an angel to find your nose a nuisance at times. For instance:

A day or two later the four of us were sprawled out on the beach discussing various weighty things, such as politics, why the Lord ever made chiggers and whyinell don't the fish bite, when the conversation finally got around to food. One of the things I do love to talk about is food. If it wasn't for old Hi, the well-known

cost of living, my mouth would be full of the subject most of the time. For myself, I don't have any particular preferences, just so it's food, but the other three all had their favorite dishes and each spoke loud, long and longingly of his appetite's dearest love. At last, though, the contest narrowed down to "Pug," championing pork chops, and "Spanky," singing the praises of blueberry pie. Both were eloquent, but "Spanky" surely was inspired that day. He was so convincing that he even succeeded in winning over his opponent, for "Pug" suddenly ended the controversy by springing to his feet and

shouting—"Come on, fellows. The Spenk family ought to stick together. Let's gather a bunch of blueberries and let Mrs. Spenk show us that her son is right. She sure can put up a powerful argument when it comes to pies."

The way the four of us made for the launch was certainly a high tribute to "Spanky's" eloquence. Even Bob, "Pug's" bull terrier, appeared to have caught the general longing for a piece of indigo indigestion, for he reached the boat three jumps ahead of any of us. Our objective was a marsh about two miles up the river, where blueberries were thicker than lies in a political campaign, and you can accept my assurance that we certainly did keep that old four dog-power engine barking its best on the way up.

As this account has been undertaken merely to demonstrate the occasional disadvantages of a nose, I won't go into details on how we gathered the berries nor what "Jinx" Johnson said when he picked a bee off one of the bushes. Anyway, we got the berries and then sat down on a mound to rest and "cook a mecca." Bob, the bull terrier had gone off into the bushes on one of his private hunting expeditions.

Suddenly "Pug" raised on his elbow and sniffed suspiciously in my direction. "Pour l'amour de Mique. Johnny," he demanded, "what kind of perfumed pills do they sell you in Chicago, anyway? Your aroma would



Our ocean-going Flivver. Captain Spankey at the helm



Bob, deodorized, makes peace with his master



The renovation of Bob, "the Lucky Dog!"



View of the Wisconsin from the Island

make a dead rat in the wall surrender the championship without a struggle."

As he spoke I was struck full in the nose by the truth of his remarks. "Hamlet, old kid, you're right," I admitted. "Something is rotten in the State of Denmark, only don't blame it onto my brand of cigarettes. The subtle fragrance you so admire comes from the general direction of yon bosky dell, and it odors to me strangely like"—

A furious barking from Bob interrupted me.

"Spanky" sniffed the air resentfully. "For Pete's sake, 'Pug,'" he demanded, "make that dorg of yours keep his mouth shut. His breath is something awful."

But that was a mean libel to put on any dog. The fragrance was skunk, just plain skunk—and a skunk certainly is painfully plain, even through a bad cold in the head. I scrambled to my feet just in time to see Bob make a leap for his odorship. We yelled frantically for him to come back and he did—with the skunk in his mouth. Nobody cared to act on the reception committee.

Yells, emphasized by rocks, having failed to convince Bob that his popularity had waned, the four of us took to our heels for the boat. I finished a bad fourth, Bob was a close fifth and the skunk was easily first. Boy, howdy! At the rate that breeze was traveling southwest, folks must have been holding their noses in Hawthorne by that time. I never expect to meet with a more expansive personality than that perfumed pussy possessed.

Unfortunately in our haste to reach the river we failed to hit the exact mooring spot of the boat, but a little thing like that didn't stop us. We never even hesitated until we had put 20 feet of the Wisconsin River between our noses and Bob's fragrant feline. Luckily Bob stopped on the bank.

Up to our arm-pits in water, we resolved ourselves into a committee of ways and means and "Pug" was unanimously elected to the job of separating his dog from that cat catastrophe. He declined quite rudely at first, but as Bob was beginning to show intentions of joining us and as it was certainty that he would swim straight to his master if he came in, "Pug" finally tied

his soaking handkerchief around his nose and mouth, waded ashore and convinced Bob of the error of his ways. Then, holding the dog at arms length by the collar, he dragged him down the bank to where the rest of us had meanwhile located the launch, which as usual, had our canoe trailing behind. At "Pug's" instructions we loosened the launch's mooring line and added it to the canoe's 12 feet of rope. Then Bob was dumped in and we started full speed ahead down the river, trailing him in odorous solitude some 50 feet behind.

But poor Bob! Even now my conscience troubles me when I think how we all snubbed the poor fellow for the next few days. I never knew such a nice dog with so few friends. However, after he mellowed down a little the girls took pity on him and washed away the remaining traces of his youthful indiscretion. Truly a woman's love passeth all understanding.

But what's this old world coming to, anyway? Why, it's getting so you can't even be sure of a sure thing any more. For example, we men have always recognized our superiority to women. Surest thing there was—so sure we didn't even bother to prove it. So when one of the girls said she could beat me diving I informed her that the best box of candy in the State Street Sweets Shop said she couldn't and I went out to prove it. I wore a light gray bathing suit and a confident smile. Five minutes later I was indeed thankful that the bathing suit stayed on better than the smile. First she beat me at fancy diving; then she trimmed me on distance diving; then she scared me out on high diving.

After that, just to save my face, I had to bet another box of candy with one of the other girls that I could beat her swimming across the river. Then a third mermaid got my easy money by challenging me for distance. If there had been many more ways to swim I would have had to pawn my railroad ticket and walk home. As it is, when the question of man's superiority to woman comes up in the future I'll admit it instead of trying to prove it.

But for all that, it was a great two weeks and greatly is it regretted now that it is gone. I suppose I ought not to say that. Instead I should tell of how glad I am to get back on the job once more. But roll your own bull.



"The Three Graceless" "Spankey," "Pug" and the "Author"

Los Angeles Girls Are Nothing If Not Unique

Their Unusual Pastimes Give Californians Something Besides the Climate to Talk About

THERE was a mad scramble at noon, among the feminine office bunch, as they rushed to the Rest Room to don hiking costumes. What was it all about? Why these quality products of the Western Electric Company were going on a week-end hike and camping trip in the mountains.

Here we are all dressed up like a pioneer brigade with knapsacks filled with eats, kodaks, sweaters, and yes—one or two of the crew had powder puffs. We must not forget to mention that there were only two canteens in the bunch. No doubt some of the girls were going to die of thirst on the long mountain climb.

It was late in the afternoon when the "Dirty Dozen" (so named by ourselves) started on our sojourn into the wonderful mystery of the mountains. The first five miles were easy. There were no casualties, as we followed an automobile road, and it was not very steep. We stopped at a camp about six o'clock to eat our supper, and freshened up for the remainder of the hike, which was to be finished by moonlight.

Two of the girls in the crowd were familiar with this particular neck of the woods, but the rest of us simply staggered on blindly, trusting to fate that we would reach the end of the journey safely, without becoming lost from the rest of the world. There were but four flashlights along. This made it just a little difficult for us to see where we were going. The leaders of the gang finally had presence of mind enough to adopt the slogan of "Rocks Ahead." "Watch your step," whenever they happened to fall over several of the guilty stones.

We had been told that the hike after supper was only a distance of three miles, but some certainly did busy themselves with shifting the sign posts, for after every two miles we went up, there would be a sign informing us that it was only one and one-half more miles.

When the first lights of the camp were seen, we could have been mistaken for escaped maniacs. We gave a grand imitation of the Olympic races, almost getting killed in the rush to reach our destination. We were



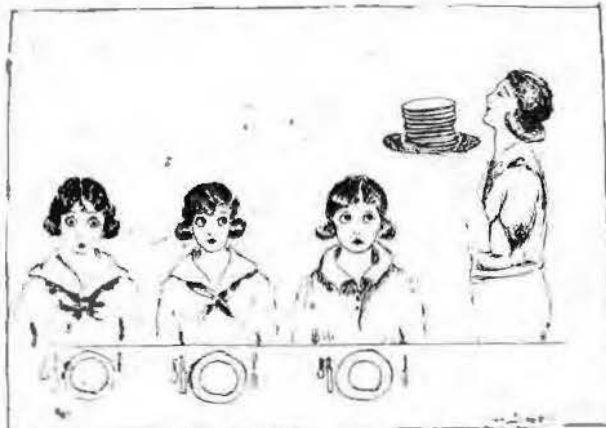
A Ferocious Daddy-Long-Legs Frightens the Campers

starved and thirsty, and were more than glad to see some sign of civilization.

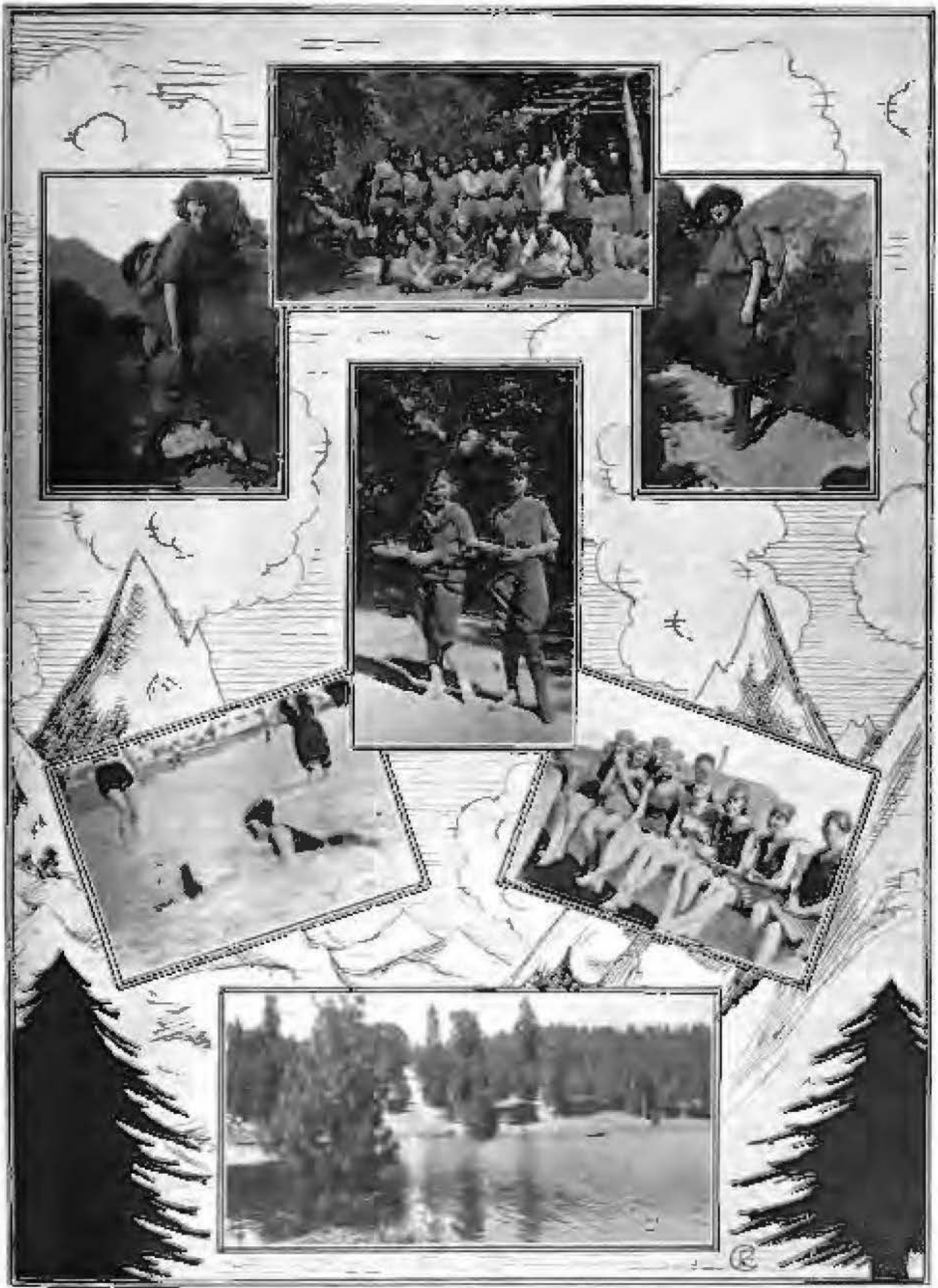
Our cabin had six beds and a cot in it, and we all had visions of getting a good night's rest. But alas, just as all were ready to "fall in," a terrible shriek was heard. A flashlight was hurried to the scene. Two of the girls were seen "reading" their beds and the walls. By flashing the light about the mystery was solved, for it seemed as though all the Granddaddy Long Legs in the world had chosen to camp in the same cabin with us.

It truly was a brilliant idea for us "city bred" girls to show our ignorance in the art of scaling mountains, and crossing streams, such as we found in the beautiful canyon near the camp, but we were game, and went undaunted to the very bottom of the canyon. It was here that we experienced our first casualty. Instead of reading "killed in action," it merely read "slightly wounded." One of the girls concluded that she would enjoy the falls in the canyon a little better if she could get on a rock beside them and watch from there. However, the rock, instead of being rough, as it certainly should have been, was as slick as a ballroom floor. She slipped, and would have fallen into the cool, inviting pool below had it not been for the mighty efforts of some of the girls, in dragging her to safety.

We made the trip back down that evening, in just half the time that it had taken us to go up. We broke the record next morning, when all of us reported to work on time. However, we will not mention how awkwardly we walked, nor how we groaned when we did. We really are "regular guys," when it comes to hiking. As soon as we get our breath we are going again.



The "Eyes" Have It!



Wearing the Seven League Boots for the Western

By William F. Bancker, General Purchasing Agent



One of the hardships aboard ship

TO try to tell the readers of the News in five pages my impressions gained in a trip around the world is, as I think seriously of it, more of a task than it seemed when first suggested. When you consider that my journey lasted six months, and took me hither and thither for about thirty thousand miles, you can realize that I have few ambitions to rival Marco Polo, Dean Swift or any of the other travelogue geniuses.

The real objective of my periprinations was Singapore, whither Mr. Martell of London and I were going on a mission of investigation. To get to the big metropolis of the Malay States it was necessary to pass through many other countries. The transportation delays which seem to prevail everywhere west of San Francisco gave me plenty of opportunities to investigate local conditions. I not only saw the things I had longed to view ever since I was a youngster, but what was more interesting and satisfying, I had the pleasure of dealing with the fabled merchants of India, China, Japan and the other lands of mystery.

No occasion obtained, of course, to go into the interiors to any extent. My activities were confined to the principal cities (where the police protection was better).

Despite my rapid pace I was able to obtain much information for future use back here in the United States, a fact that tells its own tale of the efficiency of our W. E. outposts in foreign lands. Indeed, it was a most comforting thought to know that in almost every foreign country, among strange peoples with still stranger customs, I could always find a Western

Electric home where most of the inconveniences of a new environment could easily be smoothed out through the functioning of a properly working organization.

At times, most exasperating annoyances were encountered, many of which were nothing more nor less than those encountered by every first class tourist,—I pity the one who attempts to travel third class. With existing transportation conditions, passports and police restrictions and visés, customs and medical inspections on entrance to every country, I can truthfully say that traveling at present is not a real pleasure. Of course, I wasn't supposed to be taking a pleasure trip, and really haven't had a six months' vacation, as I have been frankly accused of by some of my best friends; but I must admit that the trip was not without its compensations.

In general, the reason for my trip was to investigate the possibility of spending some of the Company's money in other countries. In this I was not disappointed. In fact, I was ably assisted by money changers and banks in buying and selling currency, hotels, transportation companies, and other essential factors of traveling comfort, or discomfort, as one might properly term it. I will say nothing of native servants, who excel in the game of "palms up."

I learned conclusively that American money can be spent quite freely anywhere on the globe. It is in demand in many places because of its greater purchasing power compared with the depreciated currencies of most countries. One notable exception

to this condition was China, where gold was actually at a discount in favor of the Celestials' silver money. Imagine the surprise confronting a Yankee when he was compelled to pay \$1.08 of Uncle Sam's money for a silver



Japanese Washing Machine—No Current Required



Singapore Exchange before and after—Note absence of supporting racks for cable, which is secured by rope. Even with this poor equipment fairly satisfactory service was given during the years following the fire, before the new board was installed



Wearing Shoes—He Hopes Soon to Be On His Feet

dollar worth ordinarily about half as much as an American dollar in the gold standard.

I left New York on February 9, 1920. It seemed as if I would have to give up the trip at the start because there were three or four feet of snow on the ground. The mayor had issued orders that the public thoroughfares might be used only by milk or bakers' wagons. I could persuade neither class to convey my luggage to the station, and finally had to fall back on the services of one of our good friends, who loaned his Packard limousine. Thus, armed with passports and the approval of the local Captain of Police, I finally got to Grand Central Station and headed for my Great Unknown.

Getting on a Japanese boat at Frisco is a fitting entrée to the Orient, because one is immediately in a position to absorb a certain amount of Oriental spirit (liquid and otherwise). We sailed on the *Shinyo Maru* on February 20, to the tune of "We Shall Meet on That Beautiful Shore," a farewell from friends on the dock to a party of missionaries on the boat. A number of the passengers were compelled to swallow the lumps that kept rising in their throats which were not nearly so palatable as the really good dinner to which we sat down shortly afterwards.

Nothing eventful happened until February 26 when we reached Honolulu. This is always an event. It is worth the trip just to see the native divers leaping from the top of the boat to get coins thrown into the water. I had a swim in the ocean at Waikiki, and the tide was so low and the water so warm that one might have called it a bath, if it had been on Saturday night. After the swim, I visited our representative there, Mr. James J. Crockett, before proceeding to Japan.

Arriving at Yokohama on March 8th, we were met by Mr. Tucker of our Tokyo office, who came aboard with the cheerful news that there were no hotel accommoda-

tions to be had at Tokyo (one hour's ride from Yokohama), although we had cabled for them previously. But luck was still with us. We pried open a confidence from a runner of the Imperial Hotel, Tokyo, who admitted that the guest for whom the principal suite at the hotel had been reserved had not arrived on the *Shinyo* as expected. After the necessary negotiations, we proceeded to Tokyo and secured the room.

An amusing incident took place during the customs inspection before entering Japan. All of my samples, cigars, and personal belongings had been passed, when the inspector spied a package of playing cards and demanded ten *sen* for duty. I had purchased the cards on the boat only the day before. They were of Japanese make. I told the inspector that the cards had already cost as much as I cared to spend on them, and that I didn't want them. Finally when he continued to insist on my paying duty for them I said he might have them, but he was obdurate. I put the pack in my pocket and walked off, without paying duty or suffering any further delay.

As an introduction to Japan, President Asano, of the T. K. K. Line, gives an engraved invitation to the passengers on his boats to visit his palatial home in Tokyo on their arrival. The house is most magnificent and the grounds beautiful. The roofs of most buildings are covered with copper. The guests are elaborately entertained, served with tea, and finally a complete show is given. While the expense of this entertainment may perhaps have been included in the cost of the passengers' transportation, like the overcoat in the expense account, it creates a pleasant first impression, at any rate.



Toasting Dr. Oi.—One of the best-liked of our Japanese executives

While in Tokyo, Dr. Oi and others of our Western Electric office gave us a dinner at the Maple Club. We were royally entertained and enjoyed our first experience eating Japanese food in Japanese fashion, seated on the floor with feet crossed.

We left Tokyo on March 13th, on the Imperial Railways, traveling across Japan in a small but very com-



Native Hindoo Market Scene—Waiting for Something to Turn Up

fortable car to Kyoto. We arrived at 7:30 in the evening and went to the Miyako Hotel, up in the hills. The next day I called upon Mr. Takamuro, to discuss silk, and discovered that the introduction to Japanese business methods necessitates the drinking of numerous cups of tea, as you are introduced to different members of the organization. I also found that before entering a Japanese house, you must take off your shoes, and put on a pair of slippers provided by your host. These are something like flannel bed slippers.

We left Kyoto on March 15th, arriving at Shimoneseiki in the evening and embarked almost immediately on the boat for Fusan, Korea, which we reached on the morning of the 16th.

Korea is a wonderful country. There is very little activity to be observed from the car windows except that evidenced in the vast re-forestation operations. I did get a snap or two of Koreans sawing wood.

At Seoul, I was met by Mr. Koshira, manager of our branch there, and went to the Chosen Hotel, an excellent hostelry with every modern improvement. I also conferred with Mr. Yokagamo, Commissioner of the Governor-General of Chosen. Seoul's total population is about 300,000. About one-fourth are Japanese.

They are doing everything possible, in spite of strong native opposition, to build up trade and foster commerce with other countries. I saw two natives playing checkers, which furnished evidence that the Koreans have to move occasionally or block the game.

At Peking we were met by Mr. Minor and an efficient force of coolies, who quickly disposed of our baggage. Before we knew it, we were in the palatial home of the Minors, an edifice which has been adequately described in other issues of the News.

Our three days in Peking were very pleasant. They included, as is quite fitting and proper, a trip on Sunday morning to the Temple of Heaven. In the afternoon, we went to the Summer Imperial Gardens, where we had our



The Morning Clean-up at Bombay



Irrigating Rice Fields—A Common Sight in the Orient

first experience with Chinese beggars. Because of Mr. Martell's generosity in throwing several of them a few coppers, which action in some unaccountable manner was evidently communicated to many others, they immediately swarmed about us and had to be literally beaten off our backs. I understand that begging in China is a well organized profession. The beggars (most of whom are pitiful looking objects) pay tribute to the master mind who controls their operations, and, in fact, their very existence.

Mr. Minor accompanied us to Shanghai, and to his broad general knowledge of conditions we are indebted for a reasonably comfortable trip, although we had to sleep in our overcoats to keep warm. We came into real contact with the native atmosphere at the Chinese hotel there. We were the only

non-Oriental guests, having been forced to go there because of the lack of accommodations at the European hotels.

At this hotel, Mr. Minor gave a Chinese dinner to Mr. Wu Ting, a most brilliant man and the leading silk manufacturer and expert of China. It was a novel experience for me. I learned how easy it was to eat soup in the Chinese fashion; but it was not such a cinch to eat the shark fins, rooster combs and many other delicacies which were transported by means of chop sticks from the center container to my service plate. Though the meal lasted for over four hours, I was really hungry at the finish. At the close of the dinner it wouldn't take a Sherlock Holmes to detect where foreigners had been seated. A glimpse at the tablecloth would have been sufficient.

On Sunday (there are seven working days in the Oriental week) we went up the river to Wusih to visit Mr. Yung. We inspected the Wusih Telephone Exchange of 700 lines, with its Chinese girl operators. I believe it is the only exchange outside of that at San



Mr. Martell Working!



Chow-stall

Francisco operated by Chinese girls. We were entertained by Mr. Yung and his staff at luncheon and had a trip through the Grand Canal to his summer house on Lake Tarhoe. On the way home we stopped at a small silk filature on the water-front at Wusih. It was one of the many we visited throughout the Orient. Many Chinese girls are employed in them for eleven or twelve hours a day, working

over steaming basins filled with cocoons. They are paid eighteen to twenty-five cents a day, which is considered a very good wage by the saffron-hued maidens.

During the week it was necessary for us to remain at Shanghai while waiting for accommodations to Singapore. We found plenty to do. I can scarcely express my indebtedness to Messrs. Fairman, Strickland and Nan Tubergen, who, with Mr. Dunn, manager of our store, and Mr. Minor, gave valuable assistance at every turn.

On April 1, which was ushered in by heavy rains, we started for Singapore on the *Paul Lecat*. We had to change at Hong Kong and, as the only steamship office open on our arrival on Easter Sunday was that of a Japanese company, it behooved us to wait until Tuesday morning to book accommodations on a 2,000-ton freighter, the *Kumsang*, which carried 400 Chinese coolies to Singapore. By eating on deck and sleeping there on cots, we had a very pleasant trip of seven days.

As we approached the tropics, many flying fish were seen. A favorite yarn of sea captains is that in very hot weather the flying fish get caught on the hot decks of the boat, where they are quickly fried and can be gathered up ready to serve. I swallowed the story, but didn't taste the fish.

At Singapore it was discovered that a coolie had made the entire trip as a stow-away. His associates had placed a sack over him, and tied it at the top like a sack of potatoes. I think the captain agreed with some of the passengers, who suggested that such perseverance in that hot climate should condone the offense. The coolie was allowed to land and start rickshawing his way to prosperity.

The island of Singapore, with its area of 206 square miles, has been

called the Key of the East. Because of its strategic geographical position, lying as it does at the southern extremity of the Malay Peninsula, most ships passing from west to east, or vice versa, stop there to discharge and take on fresh supplies of cargo and coal. It is the most important of the three islands, Malacca, Singapore, and Penang, comprising the Straits Settlements, which became English in 1826 under the terms of the treaty with Holland.

In 1887 Singapore was made the capital of the Settlements. Since that time it has prospered steadily. The natives tell a story that the island was formerly named Tamasak, and was the property of the Sultan of Rhio, who once met a lion on the island and called it Singa-puro (the island, not the lion), which in the Malay lingo means "lion land."

Singapore, because of the ring of other islands about it, is generally free from rough weather. As it lies about eighty miles north of the Equator, its climate is always summer. There are two rainy seasons, November to January, and May to July. While I was there in April the mercury stayed up around ninety. It was very humid. We didn't need the overcoats which were so essential in China and Japan, but we carried them along, because, with Mr. Martell's hats, including one black derby, we hoped to find some use for them eventually. The island has abundant vegetation and is considered one of the most beautiful spots in the world. It is famed for its exports of tin and rubber, supplying the major part of the world's requirements. As you go out through the country and see miles and miles of rubber plantations, you wonder what they are going to do with it as there is no extensive evidence of its use judging from the few autos there.



Fast Mail in Japan



Show Board of China Electric Co. Shanghai



Moving Day in Japan

There are several excellent hotels. We were not fortunate enough to secure accommodations at any of them, however, although we applied several times during our stay. It is interesting to sit on the hotel piazza and watch the several races go by. It is too hot for any other kind of races. One is astonished at the mixed population. Every race under the sun is represented. It is worth crossing the Pacific to see the

brown bodies-glistening in the sun, shifting heavy loads on the wharf to the accompaniment of an unending merry sing-song. Phlegmatic Chinese wheel about barrows heavily loaded on one side. (Probably the original Chinese jugglers got their inspiration in this way.) The ship coaling is done by human labor, which carries much of it away on their bodies and such clothes as they wear.

The population is about 350,000, of which less than five per cent. are Europeans or Eurasians. Judging by the way in which American business men seem to be flocking to the Far East, the next census should tell a different story. The great world war is over, but everywhere I went I found the commercial A.E.F. in large numbers building for bigger business for America abroad. And wherever one meets up with a number of Americans, the spirit evidenced is that of the familiar war slogan, "Let's go, fellows!" Of the Asiatics, Chinese comprise the greatest number, the Malays coming next. Here, as well as in their native country, the Chinamen are the pulse of industry. Shops are opened from early morning until late at night, and in spite of the heat a full day's production is generally obtained.

The Malays run rickshaws, or work on the rubber plantations. The nature of their calling makes it imperative for them to catch forty winks now and then while on their feet. The endurance which some of them show while running between the shafts is remarkable. I have heard it stated that ten to twenty miles of trotting is considered nothing. Take the rickshaw away, however, and the same coolies probably could not do a hundred yards. The favorite rendezvous of the rickshaw coolies, is the chow-stall, a lunch counter on wheels like the popcorn and sandwich wagons which are seen in this country at amusement parks.

If you want to go out on a sight-seeing tour, there are various means of conveyance at your disposal, such as motor cars, pony carts, gharries or rickshaws. The gharries are small enclosed conveyances. While they are quite comfortable, they are good things to stay out of. They are used frequently as ambulances to carry sick natives to hospitals, and are regarded as a quick means of contracting contagion.

The rickshaws are the most popular and widely used of the conveyances. You may satisfy your taste for luxury by using a Sigón, or French model, a high-class pneumatic-tired carriage; or you may practice economy by using an iron-tired second-class machine. An interesting sight in Singapore is a bullock and a horse hitched up to the same wagon. Speed laws are practically unheard of.

The possibilities for expansion of things electrical in Singapore seem very good. Farm lighting outfits are proving very attractive to the rich Chinese estate owners, who have taken rather freely to acetylene lighting, but who find the reddish color of its lights rather trying on the eyes. With more light, comes better education; with education, the cultivation of a taste for luxuries; and as a result a new field for lighting fixtures, electrical conveniences for the household, and even electric curling irons. Can you imagine the Oriental ladies with hair

curled? The *Western Electric* as usual, has not been slow to grasp its opportunity for extension of business, and our representative is now on his way from London to open up a branch in this fertile field.

We finally arrived in Calcutta on May 6th, with the sun producing a temperature of 107 degrees in the shade. This continued for the several days we spent in Calcutta before leaving for Bombay. The trip to the latter city took about fifty-four hours with a temperature at times of 115 to 120 degrees. This heat was much drier than that of Singapore, however, and as long as no muscular effort was expended, a reasonable degree of comfort could be maintained.

At Bombay we were met by Mr. Wise. In the excitement of getting luggage together amidst the scrambling of hundreds of natives at the station, the only casualty was the loss of one of Mr. Martell's hats, the derby. It has probably been laid carefully away by one of the natives for a rainy day.

It was cooler in Bombay, and the evenings were very comfortable. On May 19th we sailed on the ex-German steamship "Berlin," which was operating as a transport. It was carrying 2700 Hindoo soldiers to Aden. Upon our arrival there, a number of them were disembarked and replaced by 700 Turkish prisoners, who had been taken from a boat afire off the coast of Africa. These latter were put ashore at Suez.

From Suez, it was but a short trip to Port Said, where we went ashore for a few hours during the coaling operation. The better grade of coal secured here made possible better time through the Mediterranean. We quickly passed through Messina Strait past Stromboli, then between Sardinia and Corsica, and on to Marseilles reaching it on June 6th. Mr. Martell remained on the boat to London. I went to Milan, where again I enjoyed the hospitality of one of our Western Electric houses.

Because of the rail strike which developed in Italy while I was there, it was necessary to go by motor to Chiasso, Switzerland, to make train connections, which I missed because of customs difficulties at the border. I had to wait three hours for a local night train with no sleeping accommodations.

I finally arrived at Basel, however, and from there on the trip to Brussels, Antwerp, Paris and London was comparatively pleasant and more or less uneventful. I got "in Dutch" at The Hague because I had grown a mustache to which I was much attached. I couldn't get by the Holland police with merely a clean-shaven passport, and had to have my picture taken for them. Probably posterity will appreciate it more than my present contemporaries.

The trip is over. I thoroughly enjoyed it. I hope soon to get acclimated, take out my first papers, and vote for the man who can insure prosperity to the Country, the Company and the Individual,—if I can determine who he is.

Siberia as Seen Through the Eyes of a Yank

By H. N. Seay of Chicago Sales Department

SIBERIA had always held for me an impression of miserable hardships, tremendous vastness and severe cold. When the order was given that made it necessary to leave pleasant and sunny Camp Fremont in California to "do my bit" in that far and cold country, this impression was intensified to a high degree but my spirits fell far below zero. It seemed that of all the places in the world, Siberia had the least to offer the fiercest soldier of fortune, to say nothing of the doughboy.

When the two transports steamed into the harbor at Vladivostok with troops to reinforce the 27th and 81st Infantries, the brigade which had recently reached there from Manila, my impression of Siberia underwent a marked change. It is a very beautiful harbor and the natural surroundings would make it the most secure one in the Orient if it were properly fortified. The city presented more of an international than Russian appearance, due to the presence of troops of all the Allies and its mixed population.

Vladivostok is called "the dumping ground of Asia," a fact which is well justified when once you make bold to acquaint yourself with the types of people found there. There are Russians of the old school under the Czar, proud and haughty; peasants slow and ignorant; Chinamen of Manchuria, tall and strong, who do most of the labor; Chinamen of Southern China, merchants and bankers; Korçans with their white costumes and transparent hats; Japanese merchants; and last but not least, the Bolsheviki. These together with soldiers and sailors of every Allied nation including Americans, English, French, Italian, Japanese, Russians, Chinese, Polish, and Czecho-Slovaks make a mixture of races and nations most unusual.

For the first time American soldiers came face to face with our "little brown brothers," the Japs. They seemed to be everywhere. Siberia, demoralized, disorganized, and helpless, was "blessed" with the well diffused radiance of the Rising Sun.

In Vladivostok and in the country surrounding it for

fifty miles are enough Russian barracks, well built of stone and brick, to accommodate 500,000 soldiers. They were all built since the Russo-Japanese War as a precaution against any ambitions Japan might entertain in that part of the Czar's Kingdom. Across the Japan Sea, the nearest Japanese island is only twenty-four hours away by steamer.

Our first duty after landing was to clean up enough of these barracks to house the men. The weather showed signs of the approaching winter, a condition which afforded but little pleasure.

The 27th Infantry had established headquarters in Kharborovsk, 500 miles due North, after a severe campaign behind the Japs who had been successful in driving the Bolsheviki out of the country along the Trans-Siberian Railway between Vladivostok and Kharborovsk. Although this campaign did not consist in fighting the Bolsheviki, the rough country, the hardships imposed through lack of water and food, and the treachery of many of the natives made it most severe. It is known as the Usuri Campaign, after the river of that name.

It fell to my lot to join the 27th Infantry at Kharborovsk about the 15th of December 1918. Fifty of us were ordered there from Vladivostok. The trip took two days and three nights by freight. The bay at Vladivostok had frozen over some time before and as it was 15 below the fact that we were going North offered no consolation. The cold increased each mile.

When we reached Kharborovsk it was 30 below and stayed that way all winter except when it dropped to 50.

The Government furnished us with the warmest clothes they could buy. A sheepskin coat with fur inside and a high collar, fur gloves that came half way to our elbows, and fur caps made it impossible to freeze if you kept moving.

Siberia is one place where the boys do not hang around corners in Winter. Everyone moves when outside. The cold is dry and very deceptive. When you come out of the warm barracks you do not appreciate it for the first ten



Fire Station at Kharborovsk. A watchman walks around the tower and watches out for fire in the city. If he sees a blaze, he sounds an alarm.



Jap soldiers with their water sledge at Kharborovsk



American quarters at Kharborovsk. Greek church in distance



Barracks of Company M, 21th Infantry, at Vladivostok

minutes, but all at once you decide it advisable to drop in and pay some unsuspected Bolsheviki a friendly call and at the same time absorb some of his heat.

The most severe duty we had to perform was due to the usual dissatisfaction and treachery of the famous Cossacks. On the night of January 29th, 1919, at about 2:30 A. M., the officer of the day came tearing into our barracks, when I was on post guarding the entrance, with orders to get the Company out at once under arms. Five hundred Cossacks, on their shaggy horses, had reported to our post for protection against their own men. They had had some little misunderstanding among themselves and had killed a bunch of officers. Working on the principle laid down by Lincoln that "a house divided against itself cannot stand," they deserted their house and took their stand with us. No doubt, they were conscious of the large supply of "Corn Willie" always on hand in the American Army. Judging by the quantities they consumed they appreciated its value as a food product.

In the interest of peace, and to discourage further disorder, the commanding officer decided to accord them the desired protection with the result that each night for over a month in that cold and heartless country, a company of men was required to do outguard duty in the town and up the road leading to our camp. Two hours on post in the dead of a Siberian night is not only a lonely job but a very cold one. When you perch yourself on the top of a hill where the frost-laden wind plays hide-and-seek with you, and after you remain there from dark to daylight (there being only eight hours of daylight), you are not only impressed with the overwhelming consciousness that Siberia is cold, but it becomes a nightmare.

The Cossacks, though operating for the most part independently of the All-Russian Government of which

they were supposed to be a part, were also supposed to be allied with the rest of the nation in its efforts to maintain order in Siberia. However, their most constructive deeds were robbery and murder. These seem to be the sport of all Russians, once they get into power.

In April, half of the Twenty-seventh Infantry moved to Verkhue Udinsk, 2,000 miles West on the Trans-Siberian Railway. It took us eleven days to make the trip. We went through Manchuria, on the Chinese Eastern Railroad, a territory which had been under Russian control for years. At that time it was under allied control, with Japan predominating.

Manchuria, from an agricultural point of view, is one of the richest provinces in China. It lies between the mountains on the East and the Great Gobi Desert of Mongolia. It is a vast plain, and very fertile. The Chinese Eastern Railroad connects with the Trans-Siberian again at Chita, Siberia. Beyond Chita is Verkhue Udinsk and Lake Baikal, the outpost of the A. E. F. S. Lake Baikal is about the size of Lake Michigan and is surrounded by high mountains. I was stationed on its shores guarding a railroad bridge with nine other men when



City of Kharborovsk where Mr. Seay was stationed with the 27th Infantry during the winter of 1918-1919

the glad news came to go home.

The Bolsheviki in Eastern Siberia were not organized or very active at any time. Their methods were to attack at night, in small and disorganized bands, to return to their homes in the daytime, and to resume their duties such as they were. One platoon of Americans was attacked at night by one of these bands and about thirty men killed. When we went out to look for the enemy they were not to be found.

The peasants were greatly in the majority in all parts of the country, and in most cases were very friendly to the Americans. Their condition and manner of living were always distressing and often pathetic. In the in-

terior their houses are built entirely of logs with boards for a roof. Usually they only have sod for a roof. The houses are always warm. Frequently they seal them up when winter comes and let them remain so until spring. These hovels offer vast opportunities for the much-heralded "cootie," and investigation proved it had taken advantage of the hospitality of many homes. Cholera and typhus, the great destroyers of Asiatic peoples, were prevalent in many towns. Every American soldier was vaccinated.

While doing guard duty at the railroad station in Verkhue Udinsk, I had a rare opportunity to observe the social and commercial life. The greater portion of the population of Siberia is strung along the railroad, which is the longest in the world. It runs from Vladivostok to Petrograd. The principal commodity was vodka. The natives would come into town from the smaller settlements, buy a big load of vodka, take it home and sell it, and then buy the flour to make their black bread with the profits. Vodka had been prohibited up until the spring of 1919, when the All-Russian Government legalized its manufacture again. The greater portion of the trade was carried on by the women. They would carry a hundred pounds of bottled vodka in a sack. When a man and woman were together the woman would have the heavy load, and the man, with the lighter things, would act as boss.

The money consisted entirely of paper. Some of it was issued by the Government, some by the railroad, some by the Bolsheviks, and even some of the Czar's scrip was still in circulation. There was no silver or gold. Such was the confusion in money matters that Fatima coupons were introduced by some enterprising Americans with grand success. When we landed, roubles were 10 for \$1. When we left they were 150 for a dollar. The money had no value except as a medium of exchange. You took it because you could get rid of it. There were all kinds of counterfeits.

The Cossacks in this part of Siberia were nothing more than a bunch of highwaymen. Many of their men were forced to serve in the ranks. If they refused, they were killed. They had armored trains with which they kept the small towns at their mercy.

When our regiment reached Verkhue Udinsk, the Cossack leader in his armored train gave us orders to leave. Our Colonel informed him that we had come to stay and advised him to take his armored train out of town by 5 o'clock the next day before we moved it for him. Seeing that the Colonel meant business, he left after consulting the Japs, who, no doubt, counseled him to take the advice.

The Chinamen in most of the Siberian towns have money as they are hard workers and good business men. When the Cossacks found one who had a nice roll they murdered him and took his money. The American Military Police in the towns found it necessary to end the careers of several of these bandits before they found out they no longer could have things their own way. In one case, an M. P. was on duty in the outskirts of a town when two of them, on their horses, made a rush and tried to cut him down with their swords. The Yank ducked in time and drawing his automatic killed one, while the other took to cover. After two or three met their doom in this way, we had no further trouble.

The Russian peasant in Siberia is not a blood-thirsty individual, but the injustice imposed upon him by those who elect to be his master has forced him to become a Bolshevik in sentiment, not by choice but through necessity. The methods of the Bolsheviks will prove as fatal to Russia as the Czar's Government did unless this great mass of ignorant people can find some sane and humane leader whom they are willing to follow and who is capable of leading them out of their present misery and chaos.

What few industrial plants Siberia has were pretty much out of commission. There were a few breweries and distilleries going. A candy factory was taken over by the Y. M. C. A. and put into operation. A few lumber mills were working and in the larger towns they had

power plants. These were equipped with German machinery and accessories.

The railroad, though poorly organized and equipped, was the biggest thing in the industrial field. The American engineers were successful in getting some kind of a schedule enforced for trains, but the "red tape" necessary to get anything done was detrimental to its continuation. The peasants rode in box cars that did not run on any reliable schedule. Sometimes they would wait around the station from twelve to twenty-four hours to find that when the train did come it was so crowded they could not get on. However, they never seemed to complain but patiently waited for the next one.

When we started home, after getting to the end of the first division going East, we frequently found it necessary to use force in getting new engines. The officer in charge would call for two squads of men with rifles to go up and select the first locomotive not working. We always took the engineer with it. After a good meal and a few hundred paper roubles were deposited with him, he usually started out well pleased and ready to try for a speed record.



27th U. S. Infantry, equipped with winter uniforms, drawn up for inspection at Kharborovsk, Siberia



H.L. CADY DEPT 210 WITH A MORNINGS CATCH AT FOX HILLS WIS.



A.C. CORNELL DENVER SALES MANAGER SITTING PRETTY ON AN ESTES PARK PLUG



JACK RYAN HOUSE IN H



RIVAL CAPTAINS OF BALL TEAMS AT NEW HAVEN'S PICNIC LEFT JOSEPH HIMPEL JR. RIGHT ELMER HIGGINS JR.



SOME OMAHA GIRLS TOOK S.L. RODGER'S PICTURE NEGLECTING TO TURN THE FILM-YEA BO!



IRENE LEBRECHT OF CHICAGO ON THE BEACH AT WAIKIKI LAST JANUARY



A BOSTON PICNICKER GOING OVER THE TOP AT BOSTON'S PICNIC AND FIELD MEET



WESTERN ELECTRIC BALL OF THE DELL TELEPHONE





THE PORTLAND WATER.



LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN WOULDNT COME TO MOHAMMED CORNELL AND HIS DEAWER GANG- SO THEY WENT TO THE MOUNTAIN TO PICNIC.



H.F DOBBIN DEPT 220 VACATIONING AND HONEYMOONING ON HIS YACHT 'TRENÉ'



BOSTON CHAMPIONER.



FRANCES HOBBS OF THE CHICAGO HOUSE. EVEN POTOMAC FALLS FOR HER.



HORACE CASE OF SANFRANCISCO DISPOSING OF SOME OVERSTOCK.



LUTHER (A.F.) POLAN, ONE OF THE WEST ST ACTORS AT HIS SUMMER HOME. HE LOVES THE COWS BUT NOT THE CHICKENS.



ST LOUIS MO. CHAMPIONS WITH 16 WINS AND 2 LOSSES.



SPILLING THE BEANS AT BOSTON'S PICNIC THE MOST POPULAR SPORT OF THE DAY.



BRUSSELL

Fooling the Bolsheviki

[How the ingenuity of J. R. Oastler restored a turbine to our Antwerp factory.—Ed.]



J. R. Oastler,
of the Sales Department of the
Antwerp House

MOST folks think today that the worst disappointment the Russian Reds have suffered was their failure to take Warsaw from the Poles. Maybe it was but in our opinion, they received their real setback at Haynowka, a little village situated in the middle of the famous forest of Bielowiezh. It is an established axiom, that in order to be a Red, you must "see red"; and in order to "see red" you require several stimulants.

Your spirits must be raised to dizzy heights by a hot flow of oratory, or as is more often the case, by a plentiful flow of other spirits. Now who ever thought that you could get roused up on a flow of Russian oratory? You're right; nobody! But can you get "red" on wood alcohol? We'll shay sho! Trotsky knew and that is just why he wanted Haynowka so badly. When he got there and drove the Poles out he figured on having enough liquid propaganda for a lifetime.

Haynowka had been looked upon as a military necessity for the Reds for two big reasons. First of all, the forests about it had always been famed for the buffaloes and boars which used them as the scene of their rampages, a fact which would make the place an ideal training ground for the new crop of ultra radicals. And second and more important, Haynowka was the

home of the largest distillery of wood alcohol in Europe.

For a while it looked as if the Western was to be an unwilling partner in helping Trotsky's designs. Haynowka, centered about the distillery, the latter centered about an electric light and power plant, and the plant depended entirely upon a thirty-ton turbine which had been stolen from our Antwerp House by the Germans, and transported into the forest. Take the turbine away, and judging by the usual state of Bolshevik progress, the distillery would close, the wood alcohol would be rapidly used, and the boars and buffaloes would soon regain their reputation of being the wildest creatures in that part of the world.

John Russell Oastler at Antwerp does not like Reds. Naturally he decided that the proper place for the turbine at Haynowka was back at Antwerp. As there was little chance that the Germans who had borrowed it would bring it back and there were still less chances of its return if it got into the expert hands of the Trotsky nationalizers who were then marching into Poland, his only hope lay in going after it himself.

Leaving Antwerp on April 10, with Joseph Schoysmans and Louis Ceulemans he set out for Haynowka. His first official stop was at Wiesbaden where he visited the Belgian Office of Restitution which deals with all questions concerning material taken by the Germans. Cars for transporting the turbine were obtained. On the 16th he went to bring the tools from Antwerp.



Polish soldiers aiding in the escape of the turbine from the advancing Reds



The Pullman used by J. R. Oastler (in car) and J. Schoysmans in their trip to Poland. The parlor car seats were formerly packing cases



The three cars that brought the turbine back. Two of them are owned by the American Army

Closed frontiers and lack of shipping facilities threatened to hold up the expedition, but finally after a conference with the Poles, the tools were shipped to Warsaw with a load of corned beef arriving there May 2, a week after the rescuing party. Haynowka was reached on May 19, and the work of ending the wood alcohol industry was begun immediately. An inclined plane for lowering the turbine and rails for its movement to the main road were prepared, and by June 16 the whole

plant was aboard three cars ready for its return to Belgium. It went through Warsaw on the 22nd and finally reached its home at Antwerp on the Fourth of July. During the return trip Mr. Oastler, who has been christened Turbinsky by the American newspaper correspondents, lived for two weeks in one of his cars, taking no chances on losing them. A week later the Bolsheviks took Haynowka. It is reported that the commissary found little material for Red propaganda.

Hawthorne Folks and Fancies

By Cal VanCal

ALL of us have our pet fears. George Berry's is that some one will accuse him of matrimonial aspirations. A few days ago Buck Callahan passed George's desk in the Planning Division and found him sitting with his back to a table containing an electric iron, a toaster and the other customary evidences of good-will by which Hawthorne's kindly folk express their sympathy and best wishes for a fellow mortal about to embark upon the adventurous waves of wedlock. Knowing George's dread of matrimonial accusations Buck promptly tendered deceitful congratulations. No murderer suddenly brought face to face with the glazed accusing eyes of his victim could have excelled George's babbling eloquence in his plea of innocence, but Buck remained intentionally unconvinced. Finally George turned and poked a desperate finger into the back of the man seated beside the tell-tale table. "Say," he demanded in a voice that pled for corroboration, "you're the man that's going to be married. Not me. Aren't you?"

The prospective groom owned up like a man. One of these days George will be happy to do the same.

George has a brother, Morphy, who is assistant chief draftsman here at Hawthorne. For some 40 years he, too, was girl-shy, but along last Christmas time he fell from bachelorhood and now he even has the hardihood to call her "Honey" over the telephone.

On the Richmond tract just west of the Plant workmen are busy preparing a great 10-acre athletic field for our use. Big trucks haul in endless loads of cinders and dirt. Yesterday I watched one, mired to its hubs, spin its wheels with all the rumbling fury of its powerful engines. At times it lurched forward half a foot or so,

only to settle back again and spin itself deeper into the rut. Then a tiny caterpillar tractor hitched on ahead, gave a tug as the truck made another effort and the big machine pulled out of the mire to its destination. Too many of us daily waste our power spinning our wheels in the same rut, when a tiny pull of purpose directed ahead would carry us speedily to our goal.

Why?

IT is about this time of the year that the boss greets you with a warm handshake and a "Didja hava goo' time?" And you tell him, "Yes, sir"—all about that fish that got away, and the wonderful twilights in the woods—but nothing, of course, about that girl that made the twilight lighter, nor the trick mosquitoes who hummed a threnody of joy at their evening meal.

Then it came: "We gotta lotta work waiting for you." Didn't you know it? Somebody is always puncturing our dreams, especially when they are tintured with the color of the rose. Dull and sickening is the invariable thud back to earth.

At the same time, don't you find that—after a day or two has passed and your nostrils have once more accustomed themselves to the odor of brimstone that is ever present in this world of business—don't you find that there is a new zest in life, new and interesting angles in the job that had hitherto gone unnoticed? Yes, sir,—it is a fact. You have been playing, and your work is all the more fascinating for it.

Play is the cocktail of life. Too free an indulgence, and you turn a pale but interesting green along the gills; enough, and you fall to the meat course of existence—Work—with renewed appetite and revitalized enthusiasm.

Jennie Shapely came down to work the other day in a dress you or I would not want to see on our wives, yet I confess I looked at Jennie perhaps a little longer than I should have looked at her if she had been dressed as I like my wife to dress. Jennie knows this. That is why she is so generous in the display of her charms. She likes admiration and she is young and pretty, with just a dash of mischievous audaciousness. But there is nothing bad about Jennie—nothing, that is, except her judgment. So I hate to hear the harsh things some people say about her.

My telephone bell rang. I took up the receiver and gave my name, as I hope, courteously, although I had been interrupted in the midst of my work. "What number is ~~the~~?" demanded the man responsible for the interruption. I gave the number. Obviously it was not the one he wanted. "Ring off!" he ordered brusquely. At first I was just a little angry at the injustice of his attitude. Even now, after my anger has cooled, I cannot see but that I was the aggrieved person, if either of us was. Yet I hope that I would not in either circumstance have been guilty of his discourtesy. Face to face I could be discourteous and merely brand myself a boor, but anonymous discourtesy over the telephone would brand me both a boor and a coward.



MR. RICHARDSON GAZED ON THIS SCENE DURING HIS VACATION AND FILLED HIS SOUL WITH PEACE. HE'LL NEED IT DURING THE WINTER'S CURSTING DISTPLES.



HERE IS ACTION FOR YOU! A COY COMPANY IS IN THE SHOWING. BEING SHOWN AT ATLANTA'S WAREHOUSE AND BOND.



THIS IS HOW THE MAN WHO SUCCEEDS ON WASHINGTON CONSIDERS TO KEEP HIM FROM THE FLOOR.



OF JEREMY'S BIRD OF THE FINESTING DEPT IT CANNOT BE SAID THAT ON VESTING SHE TOLD AND VESTING DOES SHE SPIN.



MR. RICHARDSON WAS BORN IN THIS QUIET STREET IN WATERBURY VT. HE WENT BACK THERE ON HIS VACATION FOR THE FIRST TIME IN TWENTY YEARS.



THE LATE KING SOLOMON SEEMS TO HAVE VERY LITTLE ON HIS HALL. SOUTHERN DISTRICT MANAGER.



THE FEVERED FANS AT MILWAUKEE'S BEING TAKING IN THE BALL GAME A TO BUBBLES.

A Vacation Stencil

By C. L. Huyck, of San Francisco

SAN FRANCISCANS usually follow a predestined form of vacation. We don't need to go to the beaches, because there are beaches within easy telescope range all the year around. The neighboring counties provide plenty of picnic and camping-out places of which we avail ourselves over week-ends. A few of us go down to "Los" to check Herb's statement that the "lost angels" have 366 days of sunshine per fiscal year. But you will find that most of our people, year by year, vacation in the high Sierras, where falls the snowflake that makes the snow, that makes the lake that makes the flow, that makes the current that makes things go, in the land of hydro-electric.

To reach the Sierra resorts, we pass through a country that is laid out strip by strip like a piece of bacon; first the bay, then the marshes, then the hot valley with its grains and its orchards, then the rolling foothills, and finally the high peaks. From the salty tang of the coast we pass through the sticky heat of the valley, the dry heat of the foothills, where on a hot day one feels as though one were wrapped in cotton-wool, and finally, in the evening, as the setting sun is notched into a violet peak in the West, we snuff the chill pure air of the 7,000 foot level.

In the morning we stage, say, for fifteen miles up from the canyon until the forest thins out to scattered clumps of sentinel trees, and these in turn to chaparral and barren rock. We top the ridge at about eleven o'clock as the morning mists trail away and disclose a noble panorama of mountain and forest, creased across its width by the darker green of the canyon; with jagged snowy peaks jutting out on either horizon and fifty miles of martial pines parading between. There are lakes, too—scores of them, as though some giant "clad all in shining steel" as the Kaiser said, had spread his polished armor on the mountain tops.

About four miles from the ridge we reach a grove of silver birches, under which are tethered several fat little mules. There is Moses, who, like his namesake, leads the way into the Promised Land, and Pep, who has earned



One of the Reasons Why "Native Sons" Have Earned a Reputation as Talkers

his name by climbing over every rock in the path instead of going around it, and Methusaleh of the wiley side-long eye and moth-eaten coat. We jog along in a deeply rutted thread of a road, among big boulders and across an occasional lush green meadow, all starred with wild flowers of yellow, pink and purple, until at length flashes of sapphire and diamonds sparkle through the trees ahead. Issuing from the dry drowsy air of the woods, we stand on the shore of a lake, a lake so intensely blue that it would merge with the sky were it not for an encircling ring of trees. The breeze is clean and sweet and whips the water into little waves that slap briskly against the beach.

We find a boat here, embark, and row across, while the mules and their driver take the trail that continues along the slope around the lake at a height of several hundred feet. Glancing up after a time we see them strung out along the hillside, dwindled now to the size of Noah's Ark animals, the dust of their passage shredding through the furze and drifting slowly up the slant of the hill.

Later we go a-fishing, although until the sunset shadow falls across the water, it is a trifle too clear, and the trout whip about beneath the lines and guy us. We learn a canny way of packing our baskets, with medium fish on top, the big whoppers next, a layer of little fellows underneath, and a sizable flat stone at the bottom. Then, when we meet a brother angler, we permit him a discreet peek at the top two layers and cap his astonishment by asking him to heft the basket.

Such is life in the far, far West. The Power Apparatus Department purveys a little device known as a tungar rectifier by which batteries can be charged up over night and register as good as new in the morning. Two weeks in the Sierras wind up us Californians for the next fifty. It beats the rectifier.

Side-Lights Hot Ghosts

"Fann'em circuits?" exclaimed a rural customer. "Do they get that hot?"

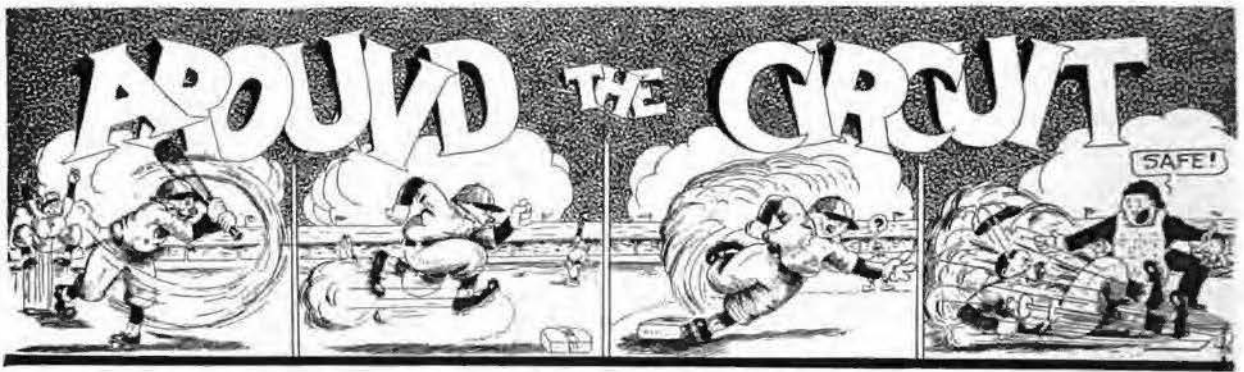
But it seems that "phantom" was meant.

Stops On Signal Only

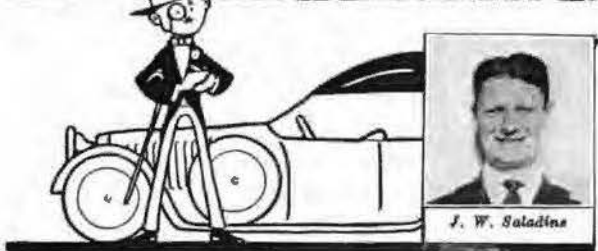
The following schedule is pasted to the desk of one of our younger set:

- 8:30 A. M. file tickets,
- 10:30 A. M. file acknowledgments,
- 11:30 A. M. file receipts,
- 12:00 M. Lunch,
- 1:00 P. M. pass invoices,
- 4:30 P. M. pull file,
- 4:45 P. M. find books for duplicate invoices.

This young lady doesn't take lunch; she "stops for meals," as the railroad timetables say.



FIFTH AVENUE



Say! Do You Know That Sign On Broadway?
Interhouse Correspondence
FROM Philadelphia

TO New York

"One of our customers was recently in New York and saw an electric lighted sign in the neighborhood of Times Square at Broadway and 42nd Street. He could not determine whether it was lighted with a white mazda "C" Lamp or merely had white caps in each lamp. We would greatly appreciate it if you would have someone investigate this sign and see just how it is lighted."

Ivins

Lighting Department

Fred Wille, of the Lighting Department, was immediately detailed to the job of finding the sign in Times Square. Up to a late hour before going to press Fred had discovered several things in Times Square, but says he can't decide whether the gentleman means the lamp-post on the corner of 42nd Street and Broadway, or the lantern marking the entrance to the Midnight Frolic.

"Aw! Spell It!"

Jack Price, our lighting specialist, was attempting to guide southern business into Western Electric channels. A concern buying materials for shipment south, had called him on the phone for some information on lighting, and deciding to place the order, asked where to send it.

"Send it to our Chattanooga house," replied Jack.

"Where?" asked the customer.

"Western Electric Company, Chattanooga," replied Jack again.

"I don't get it."

"Chattanooga," repeated Jack.

"Spell it," said the customer, in desperation.

"C-h-a-t-" began Jack, and stopped.

"C-h-a-t—" again a pause.

"C-h-a-t,—Oh, send it to New York!"

A Soft Answer Turneth Away Wrath

WE gotta new

OFFICE boy whom Irv Wills

OUR King of

ALL Office Boys

HIRED cause he looked like a

KLEANKUT young feller and

WORE a nice thotful look.

BUT IRV found that

CHILD Harold was very punctual about

BEING promptly twenty minutes

LATE every morning.

"IT'S gotta stop,"

DECIDED IRV, so swooping down on

OUR youngest as he

ENTERED at his usual time

IRV raucously roared, "Say,

YOUNG MAN, do you know

WHAT time we get in here in

THE morning?" and

WITHOUT a moment's hesita-

tion

CAME the answer softly, "I'm

DARNED if I really do know,

YOU'RE ALWAYS in ahead of

me."

MORAL

AND Harold is still Office Boy.

Caps Is Cats in Pittsburgh

George Sturcken, Central

Storekeeper, received the following startling wire a short time ago:

Pittsburgh, Sept. 3.

"Must dispose 15,000 Cats. Who can take them?"

(Signed) Nieman,

Western Electric Co."

George immediately wired back:

"Your wire Sept. 3rd, we don't carry them. Return to factory. Sturcken"

Keep Up the Good Work!

Since the Information Division made its little appeal on this page last month for newspaper clippings in which the Western Electric is mentioned it has met with a hearty response from the personnel of practically every house in the country. To those who heeded our first request we offer our most sincere appreciation. To those who figured that the other fellow would send it along anyhow, we repeat our call of a month ago. If you see the Company mentioned in the papers, cut out the article, note on it the newspaper's name and date, and send it along to the Information Division at 155 Broadway.

New Haven

New Haven Maintains the High Standard of Its Picnics

When it comes to using its organization, you have to hand it to New Haven. Last month we decided to break into the News, and what better way was there to accomplish that honor than to hold a picnic! Hence we picnicked! A real honest-to-goodness camp fire feast was planned at the farm of F. C. Griffing, our buyer. A truck load of baking apparatus was sent to the rendezvous and then we went to it. We figured Griffing would have enough of a job after we left his farm so we did not consult him when it came to buying the eats. Then, too, the experience was a good thing for our dashing beauties.

Fred Hugendubel acted as chef. His seven years of married life have evidently been spent right around the kitchen.

E. J. McGaffrey, the former Lehigh star, twirled for the C. & D's in the baseball battle they won from the A & B's. The score was only 18 to 18. Naturally the ladies who played on both teams did all the starring. Miss C. L. Thomas, center fielder for the C & D's, scored all the way from second on a short single. Ray Mason let two easy grounders get away from him but his four hits put him back in the Ping Bodie class. Fred Hugendubel tried to umpire but after four innings found out that he was considered to be an awfully good chef.

We had to finish our festivities early in the afternoon. The lighting department was the only outfit that did not come up to the mark and so we had to get home before dark, by the new "daylight time."

West Street Going Down!

E. Montchyk, of the Physical Laboratory, was bitten by the "Auto-Bug." He heard of a very good bargain in a Chevrolet car and arranged for a demonstration of it. To show that it was a good hill climber the demonstrator took him over South Orange Avenue and up into the Orange Mountains. All went well until it came to the descent.

They came down a road with a right angle turn in it. They approached it at good speed. The driver applied the brakes, but they didn't hold, and instead of making the curve they went through the rail fence and the underbrush and brought up with a jolt in a hollow. Montchyk didn't buy the car; he swears it wasn't in good condition. The radiator was pushed in, the front axle kinked, and the fenders were out of plumb. Somebody will have some fence to rebuild and there are several trees that will make good stove-wood for the winter. The junk-man will probably get the car. Incidentally, Montchyk escaped with a few scratches.

Boy Genius Discovered

He was green as grass—fresh from his first vacation after acquiring the sheepskin. His luck landed him smack in the middle of coin collector investigations. Here was a chance to see what one of the dingbusted nickel eaters looked like. Ensued the usual period of

doping out a way to make a nickel hit the quarter gong or at least bounce twice off the bell same as a dime. No go. Deep thought. Suddenly a bright idea. He grabs two nickels and shoots them down the slot one right after the other. Ding, ding. "Mystery is solved. Operator will think I dropped a dime."

CHICAGO



Stinging the Stingers

George Lounsberry, of the Sales Department, has discovered a new use for the W. E. Vacuum Cleaner. George lives out in the vicinity of the Des Plaines River where the mosquitoes germinate and develop for all Northern Illinois. He goes around the inside walls of his house each night with the cleaner and the mosquitoes find themselves incarcerated for night in the bag.

Long-Winded! What?

U. G. Goodman, of our Farm Light Sales Department, claims to have established a new labor output record. Mr. Goodman recently tested out 10,000 wooden advertising whistles in 5 hours 7¾ minutes. They were distributed later at the State Fair.

Choose Your Seconds!

Chicago employees are a bit peeved over the medals, crosses, palms and eulogies spilled over New York Distributing house employees because of their sales results this year.

"Honor to whom honor is due" is our slogan out here.

As a matter of fact, Chicago, which used to be rivaled by New York in sales, has now distanced the Eastern house. Chicago has led New York this year, much like the Twentieth Century pulls away from a gasoline launch on the barge canal.

Portland

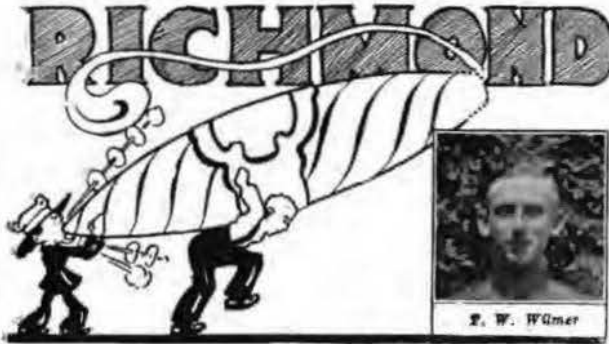
How Do They Get That Way?

A chap dropped into the local office recently and asked for a job. Upon his application blank he gave Milwaukee as his birth-place. Everyone took kindly to the lad, for who could come from Milwaukee and not know all about home brew! Alas for their dreams, however: his nationality appeared as "Italian and German."

Fakirs Predominate at This Picnic

Portland has also had a picnic. In fact, it was such a success that the committee has been urged to hold several annual affairs. The picnic was featured by the tug

of war in which the sales department appeared to be having a walkaway until it was discovered that its end of the rope was tied securely about a nearby tree. Sid Ward gave an exhibition of fancy swimming, but nearly drowned when Carson forgot to hold his head out of the water.



Wets Much in Evidence at Richmond Picnic

Picnic? I should say so! It was a picnic and circus and swim and shower bath combined. It's no wonder it rained,—they would have it on Friday.

We were scheduled to start at twelve o'clock. At eleven fifty-eight there was a cloudburst. Some practical joker on the committee had ordered a special car,—one of these summer cars with no sides, the top did no good, for the rain instead of coming down was going due east,—overdue if anything.

Before we reached Forest Hill Park the sun had come out and dried us out again. There followed a baseball game while the ladies spread out the lunch or rather banquet. Oh boy! that food did taste good. I might give you the menu but there is not room. Just take my word for it,—a real feed it was. Not a member was absent, not one left until all the food was gone. And then none could leave,—that is unless he was equipped with a motor boat. Another cloud had burst and the pavilion, like the street car, had no sides. Well it did not make much difference because every one had eaten so much that the athletic events which had been planned, would have been an impossibility.

There are some things that are not dampened, even by a cloudburst. The pep of this bunch is one of them. We had a lot of fun and we are going to have more fun at the picnic next year. Bathing suits will be worn then, and rain checks will be issued.

Current Events

TWO MULES KILLED

BY SHORT CIRCUIT

Ground Charged With Electricity—
Will Enter Suit for Damages

The above headline appeared in the Richmond Sunday Journal on August 29. Apparently being killed wasn't sufficient. The mules are going to sue for more damages.

Here's a New One

Louis Walker got a long distance call the other day. One of his customers gave him an order for one baseball

pitcher,—a red flag order. The pitcher was shipped out on the first train. Like all W. E. Products he gave A-1 service,—a three hit victory. You can't beat that. If you don't believe it, we'll show you the original order and a very complimentary letter from our customer.



A Salesman's "Treatise" On His New Territory

In the State of New Jersey, County of Camden, there is a CITY called Camden. For a number of years it was suspicioned that Camden was under the jurisdiction of the International Western Electric Company because the language and customs of the Camdenese are a bit different from those of their neighbors, the Philadelphians.

The town is a most industrious one and the Camdenese manufacture more talking machines, writing pens, licorice sticks, cork insulation, battleships, and salesmen's troubles than any other city in domestic territory.

We have hopes in this new country.

Vacation

Thru the winter Willie's shaving,
Day and night he's scrimping, saving,
All his spare cash putting by.
And his mind is filled with dreaming
Of green fields and bright suns gleaming,
Till the summer days are nigh.

Then with heart filled with elation
Starts he forth on his vacation,
Grip and purse filled to the brim.
Then around him trouble thickens—
Hotel keepers, bright-eyed chickens,
Bathed in smiles, all wait for him.

Little Willie—simple fellow—
Thinks he'll show no streak of yellow;
Keeps the pace up with the best.
And his dream of peaceful quiet—
Day and night seem like a riot;
He gets everything but rest.

Then towards home he wanders, sadly,
Tired, bent, and broken badly,
But with new thoughts in his dome:
From this on, no more vacation,
Henceforth he is on probation,
Next year he will stay at home.

—J. A. Z.

Summer has meant much to Philadelphians this year. We have had a wonderful year for business, but in between times, as it were, we've found sufficient time to enjoy ourselves in various ways—

Herm Kastner and Jim Segelken have stretched their usual fishing yarns by several new ones.

Quite a few of the boys have had to get stronger

glasses to lamp all the bathing beauties trotted out for their inspection at the seashore (and, Oh, Boy! We certainly have 'em around Philly). The 18th Amendment has been virtuously lived up to by every one, but quite a few "week-enders" have been known to quicken their pace when a perfectly innocent by-stander cast a casual glance at their hand baggage. The golf and tennis bugs golfed and tennised as never before; and some of the summer widowers "entertained at cards" quite extensively.

The girls had a busy summer. As we remarked previously, and we'll say it again, we have *SOME* girls. Several of them went and got themselves engaged, and one of them even picked out our Payroll Clerk—our handsomest eligible—Eddie Gaw. Some of the shattered hearts have not completely healed yet.

We have had quite a few additions to our forces in the past few months. Teddy Hopkins came back to the fold after helping Pittsburg keep its doors open; Paul Furness came all the way from Seattle to show Philadelphia salesmen that he can sell in any climate; Walter Conley is now our Sunbeam lamp man; Bill Kmetz is our new "Wire hound," and the new girls—Oh, Boy!

You oughta see the new girls!!!! As we said previously, and we'll say it again—oh, well, what's the use? Some New Yorkers may read this and come over to look 'em over, and they'd fall for the Big Town guys and we'd lose 'em. Lord knows they're too hard to get. So we won't say any more about the girls (that is, not now).

So taking it all in all, it's been a busy summer for this little suburb of New York.

the pavilion. Great interest was taken in this contest, which was won by Mr. W. E. Gathright.

An Electric Fan was won by Miss Ruth Bledsoe, who made the nearest guess to the time the official watch stopped. Her guess was 2.11 and the watch stopped at 2.10.

After dinner everybody turned out to root for the Western Electric Team in a 6 to 2 victory over the Southern Oakland Team. Both nines are in the City League.

Everybody had a fine time at this party, and the monkeys never had as many peanuts, or the elephant so many admirers, since the establishment of the Zoo, many years ago.

Coco Boils Over in Reply to Atlanta

dear Sirs

I got your letter askin for a Lis of my Assets and Liabilities now i tole you wen i sent in that order that i was keepin a resterrant and not a Genrul Store and i dont keep sich things as Assets and Liabilities on hand and besides if is did it aint non of your dam bizness how manie have i got no how. they was a feller nosing around here yesterday wot said as how his name was r. g. dun & company and he asted me how much money did i have and i-kicked him clear into the middle of next sunday. i tell you wot i wont have no meddlin in my bizness i am as good as any man and a damsite bettern some if you dont want to sell me goods wy go to h— please answer by next male.

your fren

Pierr Coco

ATLANTA

GEORGIA CRACKER

W. P. Hunter

No Back Orders at Atlanta's Barbecue

Our annual outing and barbecue, which was held at Grant Park on July 24, was the most successful and enjoyable of any we have ever held.

500 employees were present with their families. In the morning a ball game was staged between the "Fats" and "Leans." The "Fats" won, 6 to 5. Although Mr. H. W. Hall did some heavy swatting for the "Leans," he could not overcome the magnificent fielding of the "Fats." The latter used two balls most of the time. Max Morris of the Sales Department refused to play on the "Leans" because they would not allow him to use "three balls."

At 1 o'clock a most delicious Barbecue was served in

ST. LOUIS

The Dryboys ruined my drag in this town.

L. A. Schulz

All in a Day's Work

This is what a conscientious salesman's report would look like.

Traveled	863 miles
Samples Carried	6 trunks, 4 bags
Showed Samples	once
Sold Goods to	40 customers
Total amount of sales	\$5.54
Asked to take a drink (Coca Cola)	1236 times
Drank (?)	1336 times
Refused	0 times
Changed Politics	46 times
Flirted	7,863 times



Boston Stages Its Annual Tea Party

A special train took us to the Riverside Recreation Grounds, Saturday, August 28, for our annual picnic. Everybody entered the sports. There were contests for both sexes with prizes for the winners. In the evening those who had managed to keep a little reserve "pep" entertained on the dance floor and in the bowling alleys.

TO HOLDERS OF 4¼% FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN BONDS

The last interest coupon on the present issue of 4¼% bonds of the Fourth Liberty Loan is dated October 15, 1920.

These bonds may be exchanged on or after October 15, 1920, for ones having interest coupons to the date of maturity.

Bonds may be exchanged at Federal Reserve Banks; or if employees wish they may present them to the local Cashier who will arrange the exchange.

Now That You Have It, Use It

On November 2, for the first time in the history of the United States, the hand that rocks the cradle will mark the Presidential ballot.

The privilege of voting is possessed now by all American citizens of both sexes. But, it is not only a privilege. It is a duty. One cannot enjoy the advantages of citizenship in this, our country, without its responsibilities. Politically, the well-known buck cannot be passed in America. Election to office is strictly up to the people.

And who are the people? The other people we see on the streets, in the stores, at the movies? Not by a dinner pail full. The people are you, and me, and Bill Jones who works next to us, and Sally Waters of the Clerical Department—all of US.

The News holds no brief for any candidate. But the News does urge every Western Electric citizen—man and woman—to go to the polls and cast a ballot. The News cares not for whom you vote; it knows that the selection made by us and all the others like us will be the wise one. But don't stand around after election and say who you would have voted for if you had gone to the polls.

Vote for the candidate you consider the best. If we all do it, the best man has got to win.

New Western Electric House at Providence

In order to provide better service for those of our customers nearer Providence than Boston, we have opened a branch in the Rhode Island city. Mr. N. I. Allen who formerly covered the territory has been appointed Sales Manager. The new warehouse and sales office is located at 233 Harris Avenue, an ideal location for receiving and distributing freight. Spur tracks run right to the rear of the warehouse.

The new territory is very thickly populated and is one of the most important manufacturing centers in New England. The warehouse has two floors with a bright airy office located on the front corner of the building, first floor. The balance of the first floor space is given up to the storage of motors, wire, washing machines and other miscellaneous electric appliances and

supplies, all of which are easily delivered to trucks as there is a long loading platform which extends along the entire side of the building. It faces a very large yard where many trucks can be loaded at the same time.



This is the New Home of the Providence Western Electric Fan

The second floor is divided into two parts, with a passageway through the center. On the right are the regulation steel Western Electric stock shelves and lockers which contain broken package quantities and goods to be kept under lock. On the left are the standard package quantities of the same kind of materials. There is a dumb waiter running from the first to the second floor; also the regulation Western Electric Box rack and excelsior containers. The manufacturing industries in this locality are receiving us with a very cordial welcome. We look to a large volume of business in the near future.



Thomas De Rusha—40 Years



Back in 1880 the Western Electric Manufacturing Company needed an expert screw-machine man for a particularly difficult operation. Superintendent Lewis, through one of his men, heard of an operator with the Wilson Sewing Machine Company, who probably could do the work if anyone could. Mr. Lewis decided to try him. To-day he is still with the Company, although it is perhaps safe to say by now that his employment has passed the trial stage and has almost reached the status of a permanent position. Of course, from the caption and the photograph, you have already surmised that the man was Thomas De Rusha, so we may as well admit it cheerfully.

When Mr. De Rusha started, the Company's Chicago shop was located in a three-story building on Kinzie Street, with most of the manufacturing done in one large room. An ordinary screw machine operator at that time got \$1.25 a day, but in those days a dollar would buy a dollar's worth. As a little side-light on Mr. De Rusha's ability on the screw machine it might be appropriate to mention that he was paid \$2 a day when he started and raised to \$2.50 a couple of weeks later. After about six weeks on screw machine work, Mr. De Rusha took up work as a contracting foreman, continuing in that field for about 18 years. After the contract system was abolished, he entered the tool room, where he has worked ever since. Mr. De Rusha is an expert on jig work, which has been his specialty since 1907. In fact, it is almost a waste of time to inspect his work. He has not had a single jig returned to him for defective work in at least five years.

Which is certainly a record to make every one of the six stars on Mr. De Rusha's new 40-year service button glow with satisfaction.

J. Wragg—30 Years



Joe Wragg divides his time between two occupations, East Orange, and the tool designing art of which he is supervisor. At one time he was a master mechanic in the shop but from the moment they decided that Chicago needed a real live industrial to keep it going and opened the Hawthorne works Joe was listed as a member of the engineering group. Even that has failed to suppress his usually good spirits. In the News issue of May, 1912, Joe and his ability in technical literary work were fully discussed. His works, "The De-horning of the Hydraulic Ram" and "Scientific Multiple Macaroni Boring" are to be found in the library of every Western Electric engineer.

C. W. Ellithorpe—30 Years



Back in 1890 the tool room of the old Clinton Street Shops made an increase of 100 per cent. in the force it had at work on taps and thread dies. That 100 per cent. was C. W. Ellithorpe. Today, in the big Hawthorne tool room, Charley would have to be several times triplets to add 100 per cent. to any section of the work. But when it comes to ability as a tool maker he can come about as close as anyone to the century mark.

While a large part of Mr. Ellithorpe's Western Electric experience has been in the tool room, he has also given considerable service in other fields. For about seven months in 1906 he served as foreman of the Drilling Department. Again in 1907 he worked on the development of semi-mechanical equipment in the engineering model shop. In 1913 he acted as night general foreman at Hawthorne and later, when night work was discontinued, he spent about three months in the Hand Screw Machine Department. Since 1914, however, he has remained continuously in the tool room, where he is employed on one of the most expert branches of the toolmaker's art—punch and die making.

Charley took a nice trip to Cuba last winter. All right. Smile. We knew you were going to. But your suspicions are wrong. Charley took his wife and mother along, which proves it. And he also took a trip up to Duluth this summer, taking advantage

of the Company's new ruling, granting vacations on full pay to hourly rated employees. Nothing funny about a trip to Duluth, is there? Pshaw, we wouldn't have mentioned that Cuban trip if we had known it was going to affect you that way. Now, to change the subject. Listen!

Mr. Ellithorpe gets a four star service button this month.

J. Kunze—30 Years



Did you ever hear the story of the two eggs? It's too bad. Well, this is another story. One of Mr. Kunze's friends brought him a couple of live roosters in a box one morning for John's dinner the following day. That was before the H. C. L. Some of the boys in the shop tried to persuade him that one was a chicken but he wouldn't believe it. They sent out and got a couple of eggs and while he was away slipped one of the eggs in the box. When he saw the egg of

course he decided the other egg was put in the box and he decided he had two hens. He learned better when he got them home.

Mr. Kunze's first long pants and his job at the Western came at about the same time. He started in the shop at Thames Street working in the tool room. One of his jobs was making winding machines for the girls to wind coils on. He was transferred to the Model Shop a short time before the New York Shop was moved to Hawthorne.

M. A. Oberlander—30 Years



Martin Oberlander is one of those chaps who never seems to be busy. Yet, he never has been found wanting when it comes to the pinch. A real golf enthusiast, he thinks nothing of going about thirty-six holes on a Saturday afternoon and then hiking home to find out all about the latest in the hardware line. He has an auto but he still knows how to use his pedal extremities. To be frank, he is a dancer—one of the few dancers who still exists in this day of jazz. He shakes no

wicked hips but then recall that he is shy. Yup! so shy that we had to get all the dope about him from his acquaintances. He is General Supply Sales Manager, having charge of the disposal of all the staple lines.

W. Keener—25 Years



W. Keener began working for the company October 4, 1895, in the old factory at Thames and Greenwich Streets, graining lightning arresters. When the shop moved to new quarters at West Street he was transferred to the Drill Press Department, drilling ringing and listening keys. From there he was transferred to the Transmitter Department and was the first man who worked on the carbon polishing machines. When the New York Shop was transferred to Hawthorne, he was assigned to assembling work in connection with transmitters and has been doing same to date.

He is a model husband, doing all the shopping for his wife.

M. DeK. McGrath—25 Years



Twenty-five years ago this month, Maurice DeKalb McGrath joined the Chicago House as a draughtsman. Six years later he was sent to the Experimental Laboratory in the same city. In 1904, he made his first trip "overseas" for the Company, going to the Engineering Department at Antwerp. He was manager at Rome from 1909 to 1910 and then became Assistant Manager at Milan in 1911, after a brief sojourn back in the Sales Engineering Department at Antwerp. In

1915 he came back to the Engineering Department at New York. During the war, Mr. McGrath was an officer in the Signal Corps, leaving the service with the rank of major. He is now manager at Paris.

J. P. Sloan—25 Years

In 1895, when John P. Sloan interpreted Horace Greeley's advice as "Go to the Western, young man," stranding 2,500 feet of 200-pair cable was considered a good day's work. To-day the shops can easily turn that much out in forty minutes. Now, don't run. We're not going to swamp you with statistics about the 71,000 miles of wire the Cable Plant can make up into cable in a week, nor are we going to overburden your intellect by telling you how many times a year's output

would encircle the waist of Mother Earth. John quit trying to figure those things up years ago.

Mr. Sloan's first Western Electric job was on the twisting machines in the old Clinton Street Shops. Later he went into the Stranding Department and learned the work so well that he was put in charge of the repair section, locating and repairing faults in cable cores before they left the Stranding Department. From this work he went into cable inspection and then into his present department, the lead press room, as an operator on a rosin-core solder press. He is now assistant foreman of the department.

If you will release us just a minute from our promise not to quote figures we'll subtract 1895 from 1920 to prove to you that Mr. Sloan is entitled to a twenty-five year service button this month.

Miss Annie S. Knappman—25 Years

Talk about your self-made men. What about self-made women? Years before the modern educational authorities had begun to deliberate on extension courses and discuss the benefits of home study, Miss Knappman, the first member of the gentler sex to win the twenty-five year button at 195 Broadway, had demonstrated her ability to step along with progress. Coming with the company as a clerk in the Construction Department at Thames Street she got hold of a typewriter in the evenings and in a few months was rattling the keys in merry style to the edification of the Billing Department.

Continuing her studies she gradually acquired such a first-class knowledge of stenography that she was promptly shifted to the Purchasing Department and then when Ed Rockefeller needed a competent secretary about seven years ago Miss Knappman drew the assignment.

Miss Knappman was hired by Mr. Thayer himself when she came to our little gathering in 1895. That was long before the days of the personal examination. If there had been such a test in those days we're betting that Miss Knappman would not have been forced to wait until seven years ago to grab her present important berth.

J. F. Schmidt—20 Years

Sherlock Holmes looked up from the sheaf of papers he was perusing. "On the first of March, 1897," he announced, "John F. Schmidt took a position in the Western Electric Company's Clinton Street Shops. On March 17, 1900, he left. On October 16, 1900, he again returned, and on October 16, 1920, he will receive a twenty-year service button. What do you make of it, Watson?" "Well, Holmes," replied Dr. Watson, after a thoughtful pause, "considering that he left

on March 17 and didn't get back until October, I should say he must have celebrated St. Patrick's Day gloriously, since it took him seven months to recover." "Watson, your intelligence startles me at times," remarked Holmes sarcastically. "I would never have suspected that Schmidt was an Irish name. Perhaps, though you won't mind if I suggest an alternate explanation, which is that the Western is a good place to work and a man never knows it better than when he quits and tries some place else for a while. Elementary, my dear Watson. Ho, ho, hum. Paws me the needle, old chap."

Since Mr. Schmidt indorses Holmes' explanation there seems to be nothing for it but to pay the great detective his fee and go on with the account of John's Western Electric history.

His first work for the Company was assembling call boxes, police patrol boxes and similar apparatus. Later his department began making switches and circuit breakers, and he was put at that work. In 1908 he was transferred to the Hawthorne tool room, assembling commutators for power machinery. Eighteen months later, when the manufacture of power apparatus was discontinued, he was transferred to his present organization, the Telephone Power Board Department, where he has since risen to the position of section chief.

It doesn't take a Sherlock Holmes to deduce that John's new service button will carry two stars.

Albert C. Koeppler—20 Years

Nowadays when a man says, "My stenographer," you have visions of a peach-blow blonde with a skin of satin smoothness. But it was not ever thus. They used to shave and chew tobacco. Not the peach-blow blondes. No, no, of course not. Stenographers.

It was in those rude days that A. C. Koeppler joined the Western Electric Company at the old Clinton Street Shops as an expert at short-handing dictation and man-handling the typewriter. Later, realizing that he could not hope to compete for the boss' favor with a fair fairy, fluffy with femininity, Bert abandoned stenography forever and entered the Factory Engineering Department as foreman's clerk. After a little more than a year in the foreman's clerks organization he went into the General Shop Output Department. In 1905 he was taken from this work and made secretary to Superintendent H. M. Sage. Later he went back to output work and then into billing. In 1907 he moved to Hawthorne with the Switchboard Billing Department. He remained at this work, with a short interval at order editing, until 1915, when he was transferred to his present position in the Central Office Equipment Department of the Pricing and Estimating Division.

Mr. Koeppler is well known in Chicago musical circles as an accomplished pianist through his concert work a few years back. For several years, though, he has done no public playing, owing to lack of time for practice. However, when the mood strikes him, he still sits down before the keys and plays to himself and to the stars, so there is a real treat in store for the new twinkler to be added to the lonely one on his service button this month.

H. W. Shepard—20 Years

Back in 1900 a young tool-maker arrived in Chicago on his way east to take a job. He hasn't got there yet. No use dragging the Chicago River for his body, either, because he could swim like a fish. Neither is there any use in notifying the police of suspected foul play. On the contrary, fair play is what prevented his arrival in the east. He got a job with the Western.

H. W. Shepard was the man and the job was mechanical inspector in the old Clinton Street Shops. Parts with imperfections were referred to him to determine whether the faults would prevent the parts from working properly after assembly. While engaged in this work Mr. Shepard suggested various gauges which might be used to determine these facts automatically, and the result was that he was later put to work on gauge design. From this work he went into the tool room, on tool-making. Finally, in 1909, after several additional alternations between tool-making and gauge design, he was assigned to his present organization, the Tool Inspection Department, of which he is now an assistant foreman.

Besides swimming (which, you remember, saved him from the watery grave you had mentally prepared for him in the first paragraph) Harry's principal recreation is hand-ball, at which he is much faster than he was in reaching that eastern job. As you can compute from the two stars on his new service button, he is just 20 years late this month in meeting that eastern appointment.

G. L. Farrell—20 Years

Getting a noise out of an oyster is easy work compared to making George Farrell come across with an interview. However, George has friends, and friends are like rivers—they'll be damned if anyone can stop their mouths. So we learned lots of things. For instance, this: A couple of years ago, during a bad winter, George took a hard-luck artist into his home and helped him along. He proved to be a very easy fellow to help along, too. In fact, he not only got along,

but he got a longing for George's overcoat. One day he took his longing along and went a long way off—and George's overcoat went along; also some money that was in the house. It really spoils the joke to tell the rest of it, but George didn't lose anything after all—not even his faith in human nature—for the man came back a year or so later, apologized, returned the money and made good on the overcoat.

Mr. Farrell joined the Company at New York, taking up clerical work in the store-room organization. From the store-rooms he went into the output department, working at piece-part tracing, apparatus tracing and in various other capacities. In 1910 he was transferred to Hawthorne on output work. He is now head of the Jobbing Production Department.

John O'Brien—20 Years

You remember the story of the small boy who insisted that Ireland's chief product was copper, in spite of all his teacher could say to the contrary. "Why, Willie," she remonstrated at last, "why do you stick to it so stubbornly? Don't you suppose I know?" "Well, I know, too," grumbled Willie, "'cause I heard my papa say just last night that the best copper he ever saw came from Ireland."

Now that at once raises the question of whether the boy's father had seen John O'Brien or whether John is only the second best. Anyway, John's a good one. He has been a Western Electric police officer for many years, and he served on the Chicago city force before that, so he knows the police profession from crook to callaboose. Incidentally he sometimes does a little hero-ing on the side. Some years ago during the big Chicago blizzard, you remember, the News ran his photograph along with two young ladies he rescued from the deep drifts near the Ogden Avenue gate.

Mr. O'Brien is an authority on politics and politicians, and can tell you the record of practically every Chicago mayor and alderman for 30 years back, along with many inside facts that don't often get outside. When you want a little information along these lines some time, go out to Gate 26 and talk to him. Look for a police officer wearing three stars. That's John. And, by the way, only one of those stars is a police star. The other two twinkle on his new service button.

G. Thompson—20 Years

Those who attended the evening classes last winter and heard Mr. Thompson explain the intricacies of the automatic and semi-automatic telephone circuits feel that he knows the operations of a telephone system from the ground up.

Mr. Thompson started in the Installation Branch and was general foreman of the Installation Department for quite a few years. He went to Europe several times and did some installing in London, Paris and in Italy.

He also looked after the installation of the full automatic exchange at Queens, Long Island. For the past five years he has been designing circuits for the Machine Switching Branch and is now in the Current Drain Studies Section.



George Hamm—20 Years

The hero of this little tale isn't on the "hog," as one might suppose from his name and never was as far as we can find out, although he was in a bad way the past three months on account of having his appendix removed and having pneumonia at about the same time—a little lack of foresight on his part.

Mr. Hamm knocked at the West Street door when he was sixteen years old. He carried in his hand a letter of introduction to Mr. A. L. Salt. It took quite a little persuasion on his part to convince the watchman that he really should see Mr. Salt. As he is a convincing talker he was soon in Mr. Salt's presence. He started as a messenger, later was transferred to the Branch House Sales Department and from there to the Contract Sales. Then he went to the Production Branch of the New York Shop. When the shop moved to Hawthorne he was transferred to the New York Distributing House and was put in charge of the New and Changed Apparatus Section. When the New York House and the Engineering Department broke up housekeeping he was transferred to the Research Branch and was put in charge of the Service Section. Mr. Hamm was president of the Engineers' Club, the past year.



Miss Julia K. Monroe—20 Years

Julia K. Monroe entered the employ of the Western Electric Company at Chicago as a Stenographer.

She was hired by J. W. Johnston, present Treasurer, who was then head of the Employment Department. Mr. Johnston was just about to take up new duties in another department and Miss Monroe is believed to have been the last person that he hired in his capacity of Employment Manager.

He took time to give her a nice little fatherly talk on what a nice company the Western Electric was to work for.

Miss Monroe observed his words of advice and has held positions of trust and responsibility ever since.

After a time she became Stenographer to the General Manager, C. D. Crandall. Mr. Crandall died in about a year and then she did general stenographic work in the Sales Department.



Next she was made Secretary to H. A. Halligan, when he was Manager of the Chicago house.

In 1908 she became Private Secretary to W. P. Sidley, Vice-President and General Counsel, which position she has held ever since.

F. Peterman—20 Years

"Pete" was hired as a Stripper and went to work at Thames Street. Mr. Schiroll was his boss, and Mr. Nichols was the Superintendent. When the plant moved from Thames Street to West Street he came along and was transferred to the Japanning Room, then to the Wood Finishing Department. Pete is an expert letterer, and there is nothing in that line which he cannot do. He has always been happy in his work, being of a jovial disposition, and points with pride to his long service with us.

He has had so many experiences that it is pretty hard to have any stand out sharper than other, but he does remember the good old days when he tried to get Johnny Barchfield to go to the "Wine Stube" on Vesey Street. It seems that Johnny always had a pressing engagement to prevent his visiting the place.

Fifteen Year Men



O. C. Swanson
Hawthorne



A. C. Cornell
Denver



C. W. Robbins
Hawthorne



E. H. Nowak
Hawthorne



J. R. Butler
San Francisco



C. F. Hurlin
Hawthorne



G. Johnson
Hawthorne



G. Verber
Hawthorne



L. W. Klenk
Hawthorne



G. B. Flowers
Hawthorne



E. Dumroese
Hawthorne

Other Fifteen Year Men and Women

Croncy, A., Hawthorne, 6438.....	October 3
Grosvenor, J. F., Hawthorne, 6146.....	" 4
Nitsche, P., Hawthorne, 6384.....	" 9
Flinn, W. H., Hawthorne, 6346.....	" 9
Healion, Mae A., Hawthorne, 5934.....	" 10
Metcoff, M., Hawthorne, 6057.....	" 10
Peterson, A., Hawthorne, 5853.....	" 12
Nowak, E. H., Hawthorne, 6117.....	" 14
Rink, M., Hawthorne, 5935.....	" 19
Wiese, J., Hawthorne, 6305.....	" 22
Winkofski, F. A., Hawthorne 7764.....	" 25

War Activities Western Electric Company Employees

1. Number of employees who entered military, naval or other governmental war service during the war emergency, upon the furlough basis.....	6,066
2. Estimate of the number of employees who entered war service without obtaining a furlough, i.e., those who severed their connection with the Western Electric Company, Incorporated, entirely before enlisting.....	1,455
3. Number of employees specified under (1) above, who have returned to the service of the Western Electric Company, Incorporated, as of latest date available.....	3,876
4. Number of employees specified under (1) above, reclassified	
Army	4,675
Navy	1,259
Other	138
	6,066
5. Estimate of the number of employees specified under (1) above, who served in each of the following branches of the Army:	
Signal Corps—	
With Telegraph Battalions.....	27
With Field Signal Battalions.....	292
With Telephone Operators' Units.....	11
With Other Signal Units.....	279
Total with Signal Corps.....	609
With Infantry	1,721
With Artillery	824
With Air Service.....	270
With Other Branches of Army.....	1,251
Total with Army.....	4,675 4,675
6. Estimate of the number of employees specified under (1) above, in the Army who held the following ranks at date of discharge:	
Colonels	0
Lieutenant Colonels	5
Majors	8
Captains	38
First Lieutenants	68
Second Lieutenants	116
Non-Commissioned Officers	683
Privates	3,707
Total	4,675
7. Estimate of the number of officers and soldiers, specified under (1) above, who received promotion during their service with the Army.....	983
8. Estimate of the number of employees specified under (1) above, who served overseas: Army	1,872
Navy	318
Other	109
	2,299
9. Estimate of the number of employees specified under (1) above, serving in the Army or Navy, who were either killed or wounded: Army—Killed, 52*; wounded, 121. Navy—Killed, 9*; wounded, 12.	

* Includes the following reported as "Died": Army, 42; Navy, 7.

Semper Fidelis.

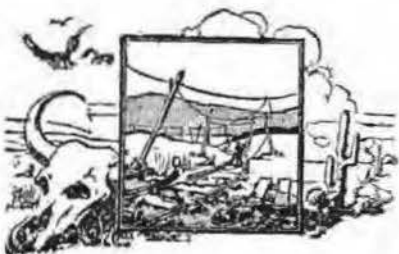
W. D. RUSSELL-20



Employees Who Were Decorated or Cited

DeForest Arnold, Captain, Consulting Engineer, Mentioned in report of Chief Signal Officer; D. B. Baker, Captain, Signal Corps, Croix-de-Guerre; Douglas Balsler, Captain, Distinguished Service Cross; W. E. Booth (not in M. S.), Working on Mechanical Design, Mentioned in report of Chief Signal Officer; O. E. Buckley, Major, In charge of research work, Mentioned in report of Chief Signal Officer; Mr. Clements (not in M. S.), Working on receiving circuit, Mentioned in report of Chief Signal Officer; A. A. Clokey, Captain, Signal Corps, Certificate from Commander-in-Chief for meritorious service; H. B. Cohen, 342nd Infantry, Cited and decorated; E. H. Colpitts (not in M. S.), In charge of development of experimental models, Mentioned in report of Chief Signal Officer; Leonard S. Colyer, Corporal, 104th Field Artillery, Two divisional citations for bravery; E. B. Craft, Major, Consulting Engineer, Mentioned in report of Chief Signal Officer; Chauncey Croll, Corporal, Sent to Italy with Signal Corps, Mentioned in report of Chief Signal Officer; A. M. Curtis, Captain, Signal Corps, Certificate from Commander-in-Chief for meritorious service; H. St. Clair Dalton, Ambulance Corps, Cited—Distinguished Service Cross; R. S. Edwards, Master Signal Electrician, 321 Field Signal Bureau, Croix-de-Guerre; Bradley J. Gaylord, Pilot, Air Service, Distinguished Service Cross for extraordinary heroism in action; Raymond Genicke, Pvt., Distinguished Service Cross; L. H. Germer, 2nd Lieut., Air Service, Certificate from Commander-in-Chief for meritorious service; Marc Grand, Infantry of French Army, Decorated for bravery—having been a messenger under extremely excessive firing; C. C. Graves, Sergeant, Inventor of Emergency Wire Connector, Mentioned in report of Chief Signal Officer; A. H. Griswold, Lieut.-Col., Signal Corps, Legion of Honor (French); R. H. Hart, 1st Lieut., Signal Corps, Certificate from Commander-in-Chief for meritorious service; Joseph F. Haskins, Lieut., Croix-de-Guerre; Charles Heimerding, Lieut., Distinguished Service Cross; M. Heising (not in M. S.), Working on transmitting circuit, Mentioned in report of Chief Signal Officer; J. C. Hubbard, Major, In charge of technical information of research and inspection, Historical officer of Signal Corps, Mentioned in report of Chief Signal Officer; John E. Jardine, Croix-de-Guerre; F. B. Jewett, Lieut.-Col., Signal Corps Consulting Engineer Distinguished Service Medal, Mentioned in report of Chief Signal Officer; Michael Kemorowski, Decorated by King George of England with the military cross, also Belgian cross; Daniel Manix, 129th Field Hospital, Cited for faithful performance of duty and bravery in action on October 1, 1918; M. R. McGrath, Major, In charge of inspection work, Mentioned in report of Chief Signal Officer; Mr. Newton (not in M. S.), Interphone Transmitter and Helmet, Mentioned in report of Chief Signal Officer; Mr. Nichols (not in M. S.), Working on Vacuum Tubes, Mentioned in report of Chief Signal Officer; J. E. Ranges, Sergeant 1st Class, Signal Corps Certificate from Commander-in-Chief for meritorious service; Hewie Robert, Captain, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France; Louis Santucci, 5th Machine Gun Outfit (Pilot) Italian Army, Decorated July 14, 1916 (Military Medal), for assisting in capturing town of Kulla Albany, Turkey, Decorated Nov. 29, 1918, with Italian Iron Cross for three and one-half years' first line service; W. E. Saylor, Captain, In charge of repairing lines, Mentioned in report of Chief Signal Officer; H. E. Shreeve, Lieut.-Col., Signal Corps, Inventor of Field Wire Marking Device, In charge of Research and Inspection Division, Distinguished Service Medal, Legion of Honor (French), Mentioned in report of Chief Signal Officer; M. H. Slaughter, Lieut.-Col., Signal Corps, Distinguished Service Medal; Louis Sorrow, Signal Corps, Distinguished Service Cross; H. M. Stoller (not in M. S.), Working on wind-driven generator, Mentioned in report of Chief Signal Officer; Chester H. Torgarden, Captain, Development Engineer, Inventor of Method of recording telegraph signals, Potentiometer, Rheostat Telegraph Relay, Telegraph Sounder, Mentioned in report of Chief Signal Officer; Eric Unmack, Lieut., Croix-de-Guerre; Mr. Van Der Bijl (not in M. S.), Working on Vacuum Tubes, Mentioned in report of Chief Signal Officer; Joseph Burda, Infantry, Cited for gallantry during two of the four major operations of the division; 16th Infantry; Monrad Bordenick, Infantry, Distinguished Service Cross; Jacob Dalbinaki, Infantry, French War Cross, Polish War Cross; George W. Gerber, Signal Corps, Citation from General Russell for meritorious service on July 9, 1919; George B. Gourley, Infantry, Cited because he took command of platoon and continued advance with very great gallantry, American Distinguished Service Cross, British Military Medal; Herbert K. Gustafson, Artillery, Cited for bravery at Remonville, France; James Jedlicka, Infantry, A Citation from Division Commander; Gustave A. Johnson, Infantry, Cited for gallantry and splendid performance at Muse, Argonne; Vernon Kagay, Infantry, Cited and placed on honor roll; Edward Lamb, Infantry, Distinguished Service Cross, Croix-de-Guerre, Military Medal (English); A. McQuillan, Signal Corps, "French Fourgier"; Pasquale Merra, Infantry, Cited for gallantry in action; Charles Mueller, Infantry, Written notice from Division Commander; Henry S. Polson, Artillery, Citation awarded by General Bell for part taken in action at Barre Court, France, November 3, 1918; James E. Powell, Infantry, One personal and fourteen regimental citations; Herbert Ritter, Signal Corps, Citation on Heuse, Argonne front; Elmer F. Schieffelin, Artillery, Citation from General Bell, Jr.; Frederick W. Schulz, Signal Corps, Cited for gallantry in action December 13, 1918, G. O. No. 94, Headquarters; Clarence Shedden, Marine, Croix-de-Guerre; B. L. Strom, Artillery, A citation from Division Commander; William J. Symons, Infantry, Citation Feb. 12, 1918, for saving men buried in dugout while under shell fire; Frank Tan, Infantry, Cited for entering dugout with three others and capturing 45 German prisoners; F. Traves, Artillery, 12 citations; 5 Army Orders, 1 Army Corps Order, 2 Division Orders, 4 Regiment Orders, British Military Cross, French Croix-de-Guerre, French Office of Legion of Honor, Italian Military Medal; W. W. Lowery, 2nd Lieut., Signal Corps, Cited by Commander in C. A. E. F. for meritorious service at S. C. Advance Supply Depot No. 1; O. Whitnir, 1st Lieut., Signal Corps, Awarded service rate of meritorious service by C. S. G. A. E. F. for work at S. C. Base Depot No. 4.

Semper Fidelis.



Cause — Starvation

Whether it's a broad-backed ox or a street car line, we've got to keep feeding it or the thing will lie down and die.

Bones whitening in the sun or a car track broken and grass-grown may lend color to the landscape, but they mark the loss of a valuable worker.

Let's decide first whether we need the worker. If we do, then surely it is a long-run economy to pay what the work costs and so make certain of continued service.

Thus, in our daily comings and goings do we need the street railway?

Some say "No, it isn't worth the cost." Others say "Yes, but the fare is plenty high enough."

There are arguments for and against, and obviously each case must be settled on its merits. But while talkers talk and investigators investigate, one pertinent fact remains—

For lack of resources to keep going, 450 miles of track have recently been abandoned, 608 miles dismantled and junked, and 4802 miles placed under receiver's management.

This is the interesting answer which fourteen per cent of our street railway mileage give to the question, "Are the people paying all that a car ride costs?"

Those who live along an abandoned car line have the chance to consider in a new light whether the street railway was necessary in their daily life.

For most of them, getting down to the office, the shops or the theatre has become an added expense in time and money. Their homes are less desirable in location, and therefore worth less.

Should the question of higher fares become a burning issue in our town, an eye to this side of the story will perhaps help us determine what is fair for all concerned.

Put the facts about the street railway plight fairly and squarely up to the public, and you are bound to build some favorable opinion.

This principle gives the key to "Cause—Starvation", a frank discussion of facts and figures in the traction situation.

(This is the fifth in the second series of institutional advertisements now appearing in the popular magazines.)

Published in
the interest of Elec-
trical Development by
an Institution that will
be helped by what-
ever helps the
Industry.

Western Electric Company

No. 15 So completely does this organization serve the electrical field that every time you call up your grocer, switch on a light, or take a street car down town, the chances are you are making use of Western Electric equipment.

ELECTRICAL HOUSEKEEPING

A department for homemakers

Edited by Mrs. June Strickland

Published and copyrighted by Western Electric Company

The Best Dressed Woman in her Set— on a \$7.00 per week dress allowance—

"The Western Electric Sewing Machine, whether you can afford more or less than the amount, will help to make your allowance go further."

I met her last winter at a women's club reception. I had noticed her the moment she came in, for the perfect taste of her costume—not in design alone but even more in those indescribable touches, which added such *tons* to her appearance.

It was the half envious chatter of two women sitting beside me in the crowd that informed me of the part that electrical sewing had played in her story.

It wasn't until some time afterwards that I learned to know her well enough to get the details of just how much her Western Electric Sewing Machine had helped her to earn that sartorial reputation among her friends.

Of course, I realize that a woman's dress requirements are in relation to her social activities, and that what might be adequate for one "set" might be totally insufficient for another.

But I think this little woman of whom I am writing is representative of a fair average among my readers. She lives in the suburb of a large middle-western city, and her circle is composed of young married people of average cultivation and refinement. I imagine the family incomes will range all the way from two to ten thousand a year, and the social life centers around church activities, a modest little country club, and an occasional tea or dance or card party.

But let her tell her own story just as she wrote it down at my request and with my promise that in publishing it, the privacy of her name would be respected.

"Some time ago," she writes, "my husband and I resolved that we would apply the budget system to whatever we spent—so much for rent, so much for food, so much for amusements. Under the item 'clothing,' four hundred dollars for the year fell to my share, which meant that I must keep my expenditures at an average of about \$7.70 per week.

How she did it.

"I set out with a will to stay within that limit and I have found that, not only is the amount adequate for my necessities, but I am actually wearing better quality clothing than when I depended entirely upon the ready-made stores." But the only thing that made this possible was my Western Electric Sewing Machine, for it works so easily and quickly that I really enjoy making many of the articles I used to buy at top-notch prices.

"The clothing itself is much more satisfactory, too, because when you make your own things you can adapt the design and style of expensive ready-made clothing to suit your own individuality. Isn't it true that the secret of many a modish dress or gown often lies in the trimmings—apparent details like a plaited silk cuff, a tucked sleeve or a wrist band edged with lace? The importance of these extras is shown by the greater cost they bring to a ready-made dress. So I was especially glad when I learned that the Western Electric machine has a complete set of attachments—ruffler and shirrer, hemmer, tucker, binder, edge-stitcher and under-brader—to add those finishing touches to my clothing that really mean correct style.



Table showing how one woman is dressing well on \$7.70 a week.

Western Electric SEWING MACHINE MADE THESE:

Quantity	Article	Total Cost
2	House dresses	\$ 3.00
2	Afternoon dresses	19.50
1	Street dress	15.50
4	Waists	12.50
2	Petticoats	7.80
4	Camisoles	1.25
3	Underwear	4.00
5	Night dresses	1.00
		\$90.15

BOUGHT READYMADE:

2	Suits	\$100.00
2	Shoes	24.00
2	Hats	18.00
8	Stockings	13.00
5	Gloves	6.90
Handkerchiefs, veils, coats, etc.		18.75
		\$182.65

Total for 39 weeks - \$273.00
(or \$7.00 a week)

The saving of you over the weekly average will cover the extra for the remaining 13 weeks.

You can carry the Western Electric Machine to whatever room you have a mind to sew in.



"With a foot pedal sewing machine, I know the work would have been too much for me, but sewing by electricity is different altogether. With a motor to do all the hard work and not so much as a belt to adjust, there is only the pleasure of fashioning the material into the waists and skirts and undergarments one is always needing.

"On a Western Electric one can sew all day without ever a thought of fatigue, and as for speed, well think of making a house dress in a single morning or a street dress in a day!

See where you please.

"And there is such a difference in convenience between the clumsy old pedal machine that must stay in one room,

"How can the dress like that be these days, on her husband's salary?"

"Makes 'em love it, my dear, on a little loan of an electric sewing machine."

always in the way when not being used, and the portability of the Western Electric. Now I can sew whenever I please, on our breezy little porch in the summer, or on winter evenings in the living room with my husband, for sociability's sake. Any table makes a perfect stand, and in its handsome case the machine is as easy to slip as a suit-case, and just as easily put away out of sight when not in use.

"Never once has it been out of order either, which is more than I can say for the machine I used to own. Another remarkable thing about the Western Electric is that with all its convenience and speed and smoothness of operating, it costs no more than some of the pedal type machines.

"But getting back to my dress allowance, as the table of figures will show, for \$90.55 I have made enough dresses, waists, petticoats, underwear and night gowns for nine months—and please notice that many of these articles will be good enough to wear next year too, for second best.

"So I am well ahead of my budget for the year, having spent in the first thirty-nine weeks only an average of \$7.00 a week. This leaves me an ample margin out of my \$400 total, to take care of an evening dress and a winter coat.

"Of course, it means some careful planning as to too many things do not wear out at the same time, and I'll admit that some of my friends have more clothes than I have. But I feel sure that what I lack in variety is more than made up in quality and individuality, and when my husband tells me I'm the best dressed woman he knows, even granting his partiality, I feel very satisfied with the results of my electrical dress making."

The Western Electric Dishwasher and Electric Vacuum Table is useful always.



The light weight of the Western Electric Vacuum Sweeper makes it easy to handle.



Let me send you this book on how to do your work more easily and quickly.

Write Western Electric Housekeeping Dept., 95 Broadway, New York

The Western Electric Washing Machine has several points of difference.



In electric dress, too, women are beginning to find there's a difference.

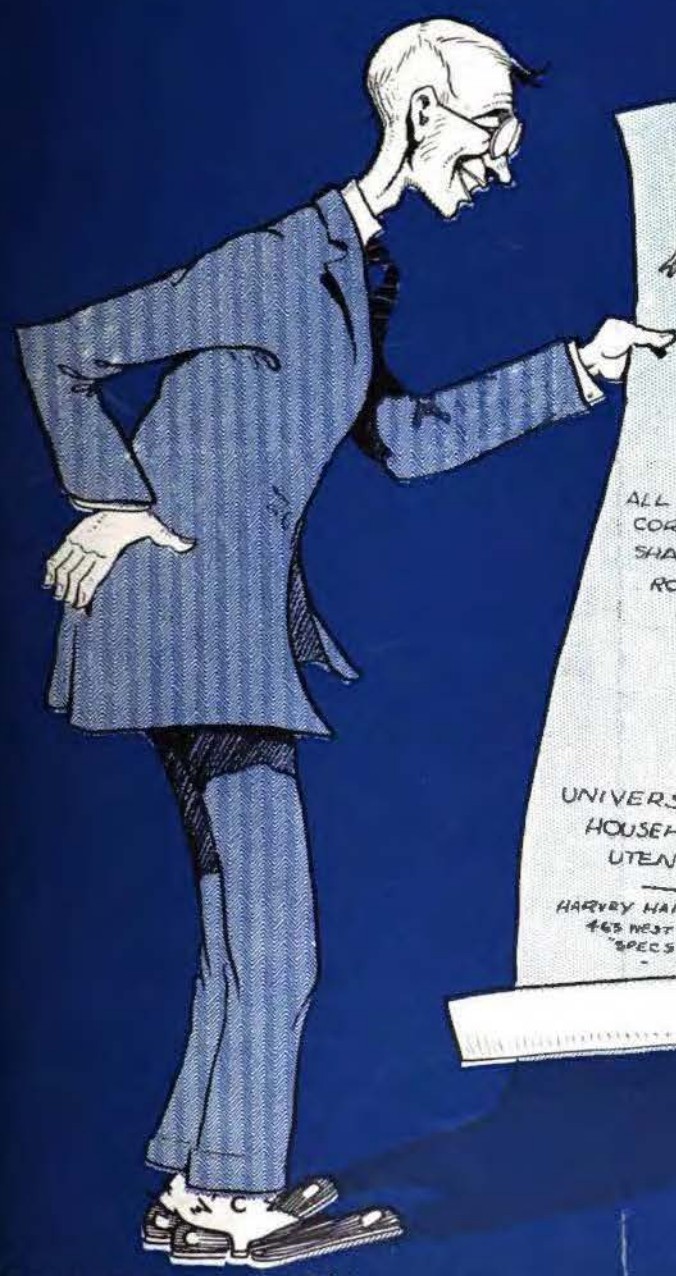


This advertisement appears in current issues of women's magazines.

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TECHNOLOGY DIVISION
NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

Western Electric News



Vol. IX No. IX.

November 1920.

In this Issue "Humanizing the Engineer" by Tuck

VGA

ELECTRICAL HOUSEKEEPING

A department for homemakers
 Edited by Mrs. June Strickland
 Published and copyrighted by Western Electric Company

What four women did with the money saved by a Western Electric Washing Machine

I have been calling at homes where Western Electric appliances are used, to get for you first hand information on just what a woman gains by letting electricity do the housework. Added comfort, convenience and leisure is the verdict everywhere. Money saved, too—as with the Western Electric Clothes Washer which does the hardest work a housewife must face. Then with the washing out of the way, most women will choose to do the ironing themselves in order to save the \$2.00 to \$4.00 a week in laundress's wages.

Here are the results of four typical interviews.

The 1st Woman used to depend on a laundress, but now she does the work herself—electrically.

"It was seven and a half years ago that I bought a Western Electric Clothes Washer in preference to all others, because it is the wooden cylinder type which is so easy on the clothes.

"During the first year, with wages at \$1.75 a day, I saved \$91. Then wages went up and during the next 48 weeks I saved \$2.10 a week, or a total of \$100.80. Wages went up again and during two years and four weeks I saved \$2.50 per week—that is, \$260.80. During the next 104 weeks, \$1.10 per week, or a total of \$322.40. During the next year and a half I saved \$260.00. This made a total saving, after paying for the machine, of \$944.80. I have just applied this amount to a first payment of one thousand dollars on our little home. The monthly payment on the ten year mortgage exceeds what we would pay in rent by \$13.00 per month, but this difference will be paid from the savings made possible by our washing machine. Of course I now do all the ironing, but with my electric iron I don't take more time than I used to, helping the laundress when we depended on the stove to heat our irons."

The 2nd Woman employs two maids and formerly had a laundress two days each week.

Upon my next call, I found a bright-faced, happy little woman loading a sedan with three frolicsome youngsters.

"What have I gained by having a Western Electric Clothes Washer?" she repeated after me. "Well, for one thing, I think it deserves the credit for our having this car. "You see, with such a big family, we used to find it necessary to have two maids, and a laundress two days a

week besides. So we couldn't afford a car. But the cook said if we would get a washing machine, she would far rather do the laundry work herself than wait on a laundress. And actually the \$7.00 to \$8.00 a week saved pays for the upkeep of the car and leaves something over."



bother of emptying the washer with a bucket."

The 3rd Woman does all her own housework, including the laundry.

"I wanted the Western Electric Clothes Washer first because the machinery is entirely covered and there is no danger from it when the children are playing around.

"As to what I did with the money saved, since I always did my own laundry work I cannot say that I saved any specific sum each week. But I have saved \$30.00 or \$40.00 a year from washing my blankets, bedspreads and small rugs which I used to send to a public laundry. I have certainly saved my time and strength



too, and in doing so have been able to make most of the clothes for the family. And they don't cost a third as much as when I bought them ready-made, and wear fully three times as long.

"With the money saved from making our clothes, I bought a Western Electric Sewing Machine and a Dish-washer, and now I am saving for an Electric Ironer. I already have a Western Electric Iron."

The 4th Woman employs one maid and formerly had a laundress one day each week.

"You've come in time to get an enthusiastic response from me," she said, "for we have just returned from a trip to New York, and every cent was saved during the past three years through my purchasing a Western Electric Clothes Washer. Now I don't need a laundress any more, because my maid runs the Washer quite willingly, and I help her with the ironing.

"Tell your friends", she added, "to be sure to get a Western Electric Washer. It is well made and easy to operate, and my husband says we can always depend on that name—Western Electric."



At \$3.10 a day, the present average rate of wage for a laundress, it will take less than a year for the Western Electric Washing Machine to pay for itself. And indeed, with wages constantly going up, through not needing a laundress you will save more and more each week. At the end of five or six years it is safe to say that a thousand dollars will have accumulated to your credit—and a thousand dollars to spare will go a long way toward satisfying some longing you may have cherished for years.



The Western Electric Dishwasher and Kitchen Table is useful always.



The Western Electric Sewing Machine makes ironing a pleasure.



Let me send you this book on how to do your work more easily and quickly. Write Western Electric Housekeeping Dept., 16 Day Street, New York.



The light weight of the Western Electric Vacuum Sweeper makes it easy to handle.



In electric irons, women are beginning to find there's a difference.

This advertisement on the washing machine is now appearing in the women's magazines



Thanksgiving

(With Reverse English)

A certain wit was asked one day:
 "What makes a man a pessimist?"
 To which he gave reply, in short—
 "It's living with an optimist."
 As cynical as it may sound,
 That epigram is true indeed,
 Each day brings with it ample proof
 To all of us who run and read.

For instance, there's the chap who reads
 The weather forecasts and believes;
 And when they say "continued fair"
 His rain protection home he leaves.
 The pessimist does otherwise;
 He keeps umbrella—rubbers, too,
 Both home and at the office, and
 Wards off la grippe, sore throat and flu.

But coming nearer home, we have
 The salesman, optimist-in-chief,
 Who'd promise anything next week
 To add an order to his sheaf.
 But somewhere in a factory sits
 A man who has been there before;
 He adds a fortnight on and keeps
 A customer from getting sore.

Though it be radical withal,
 Though there be lack of precedent,
 Give thanks and sing a hymn of praise
 To pessimists from Heaven sent.
 Crape hangers—call them that or worse
 At least, they keep this mundane sphere
 From going off tangentially
 On its poor old terrestrial ear.

W. A. Wolf

Western Electric News



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VOLUME IX

NOVEMBER, 1920

NUMBER

Humanizing the Engineer, a Study of Outside Limit Mater

By "Tuck"

HARVEY HAINES maintains that he is an engineer by birth and insists that he was born with a slide-rule in his hand. He claims to have received engineering training from babyhood, having been raised on a formula. He knows that he showed a faculty for exactness from the beginning because he has heard his mother tell repeatedly that her Harvey always left exactly three-quarters of an ounce of milk in his bottled at each feeding and that if the temperature of it were over ninety-eight degrees he refused absolutely to touch it. She complained that he didn't allow a tolerance of even one degree. Having acquired a taste for bottle goods so early in life it is not surprising that, when at college, he specified that a "schooner" of the ancient beverage shall be contained in a vessel of glass three inches minimum inside diameter and not less than six inches high, that the bottom of the fluid shall not be over one inch above the surface resting on the mahogany and that the foam thereof shall not be over two inches from the top of the glass.

Having acquired a reputation for being exact, on coming to the Western he was assigned by the wise Kidd of the Employment Department, to that group where talent is more precious than platinum,—he was added to Gilson's collection of Specification "Nuts." Besides carrying on a pyrotechnic correspondence with the boys at Hawthorne, he wrote M specifications—M meaning mass, for mass production; D specifications—D for damned, because they cover special apparatus which is the same as standard apparatus except (and here is where the D applies) that it is just a little different: KS specifications for apparatus purchased from outside firms—KS meaning Kan't Squirm, because they pin the manufacturer down so tight that he can't wriggle out of any of the requirements.

At twenty-seven Harvey had not yet assumed the role

of the anxious one who carries the weekly ransom with which to appease the daylight brigands at the corner store. No, no, none of that for Harvey. The wrinkled brow and the round shoulders were not for him. He lived in the hall-room of an old-fashioned hotel on Bank Street; the "Glazed Grabaterias" claimed his night and morning and Kinsley's Beanyer De Luxe provided his one "square" a day. At times the life of "hash-grabber" grew irksome and Harvey had visions of a home-cooked dinner daintily served by an attentive wife, but after a first-class dinner at an uptown restaurant this mirage vanished.

But one day, while wrestling with the operating and non-operating requirements for relays, Harvey's "frame" began to shake with chills and his lamps to ache with fever. As the "flu" was rampant the doctor ordered him home and to bed. If he obeyed how was he to answer the gastric call to rally at the steam table? A delayed payment of room rent had caused the severing of diplomatic relations between Harvey and his landlady. He couldn't ask favors of her now. On his way out of the office he met his former room-mate, Herbert King, who was now wearing a team bridle with blinders, and he offered to carry Harvey's meals up to him. The first day, when Harvey's appetite had dropped from the peak of full-load to the valley of no-load and seemed likely to vanish in the land of zero, Herbert was on the job. But on the second day, when his appetite had begun to ascend again, Herbert failed to appear. Harvey waited and waited; he did more waiting that day than all the waiters in New York. He wasn't a good waiter, either, because he swore—he swore at King, at the landlady, then at himself—and good waiters never swear, at least not while waiting. In quiet moments the apparition of a dainty tray of victuals came to haunt and to taunt him, the attentive wife sat beside his bed, a soft.

His hand smoothed his forehead, then it all vanished. He was alone. Why wasn't he married? His existence seemed empty now.

At seven-thirty, when he had given up all hope—when he had resigned himself to a slow death by starvation—his wife arrived. Edward Caine, as the great little examiner, came to say that Herbert's wife had suddenly been taken sick and that he would act as Harvey's dumb-waiter, so the patient's fast was broken. But merely satisfying his alimental cravings did not restore him to equanimity. He had felt the need of companionship and each day of solitary confinement enforced this need upon him. By the time his recovery was accomplished he resolved to pick himself a wife.

Quite naturally, the man, who in his irresponsible days at college had specified the exact dimensions of a glass of beer, and who since that time had written hundreds of specifications on E, B, C-Ds Relays and as many on "Crooked Shephard" Keys and "Generally Damned Transmitters," would be as specific when it came to such an important event as the choice of a mate.

Harvey, true to his mania for exactness, started a synopsis of requirements.

Specification for Household Appliances
Harvey Haines
New York

Specification KS-9999
Issue 1

UNIVERSAL HOUSEHOLD UTENSIL

General: This specification covers the information for the selection of a wife.

Harvey Haines shall reserve the right to reject anyone who fails to meet the requirements called for in this specification.

Description: This apparatus shall be obtained from the Engineering Department of the Western Electric Company, 463 West Street, New York.

It shall be approximately five feet six inches high, maximum width not to exceed one foot eight inches, minimum weight 110 pounds, maximum weight 130 pounds.

Exact column dimensions shall not be required, but columns shall be of sufficient bulk to avoid danger of collapse in times of stress and shall be so constructed as to enhance the esthetic value of the structure.

This apparatus shall possess the following qualifications in the degree stated:

Beauty of face.....	5
Beauty of form.....	5
Financial ability.....	5
Love of home.....	10
Love of children.....	10
Neatness.....	10
Amiability.....	10
Culinary ability.....	15
Health.....	15
Truthfulness.....	15

All exposed surfaces shall be free from artificial finish.

All rough surfaces shall be ground

smooth and all corners and angles rounded off.

Installation: No trial installation shall be required.

Marking: No nameplate shall be applied. For purposes of identification the article can be marked with flat iron, rolling pin, or other handy household tool.

Tool-made Samples: None required.

Demand: Uncertain, depending on the life and efficiency of apparatus.

"Great!" exclaimed Harvey, as he finished reading his "spec." and laid it aside. A few hours later he read it again. "Gee, that's rotten!" he murmured. There were so many things to look out for, he felt, and he thought of the wrecked homes and misspent lives recorded in fact and fiction. He must study; he must observe. He must study woman in her natural state and also after she has been subdued to domesticity. He resolved to call on his married friends and to get better acquainted with the girls at the office.

By the end of the week Harvey was back at his desk with a new zest. After being pronounced harmless by the Medical Department he took a turn around the building. Yes, there were girls and girls, he thought as he passed Benton's "Chickery." "Bevies of them," he murmured, as he passed through Miss Merry's "Flapper Preserve," and "Flocks of them," he mumbled, as he passed Miss Gilmartin's "Peep Ranch." He felt like a Sultan with an Empire to choose from. He had never

realized how many there were—and what a variety! They were all shapes and sizes, all shades and colors—except ebony.



At times the life of a "hash grabber" grew irksome and Harvey had visions of a home-cooked dinner daintily served by an attentive wife

Harvey went back to his desk which was piled high with work. There were letters to answer — some were sarcastic “jack-ups” from L. S. B.—and specifications to write, so he requested a stenographer from the Hall of Clatter. While awaiting her arrival he took a notebook from his desk and wrote on the cover, “Notes on Women.” Now he was ready. She soon came—a new one—a brunette and rather plain, but fairly good to look upon, he thought, except—here he hesitated—her face shone like a polished russet apple. “An oily skin,” he mused. There was no artificial finish, that was certain.

But perhaps it would be better if there were. But she was poised, pencil in hand waiting for him. He started in; he dictated letter after letter, “spec.” after “spec.”; she thought he never would finish. At last he was done, she sighed with relief and started to rise—it was nearly noon.

“Just a moment,” said Harvey. “What is your name, please?”

“A-a—Miss Waverly.”

“Do you—a-a—cook?”

“Do I cook? Oh—a-a—yes—that is—a little,” she replied, blushing perceptibly.

“A little? What, for instance?”

“Oh—a-a—I make a cake occasionally—generally ‘Devil’s Food.’”

“Devil’s Food—that’s interesting,” he tapped on the edge of the desk with his pencil and laughed, hoping to ease the situation. “Do you like that sort of thing—a—cooking?”

“Why—a—yes,” she rose and started to edge away.

“May I have that stuff by four, please?”

“I’ll try,” she answered, and fled like a scared “springer” in front of a rattling “Lizzie.”

Such a funny man—funny place, this Western, she thought, where stenographers are expected to know how to cook.

He entered the following in his notebook: “Miss



Mrs. King's hair was stringing around her face and there was an end sticking out in the back that struck a false note

Waverly, brunette, oily skin, makes ‘Devil’s Food.’ Change ‘spec.’: *All exposed surfaces shall be free from artificial finish except that the facial projection, in the case of oily brunettes, shall be lightly dusted with rice flour.*”

Later in the day Harvey was forced to go to the files for some correspondence. As he approached, Miss Jones came forward. “Such lips!” murmured Harvey. “Rosebuds! um, better yet.” He told her what he wanted, and when she returned with the folder she leaned across the tier of filing cabinets and he saw—could it be possible? He turned away disappointedly, and Whittier’s lines ran through his head—

*And thy red lips redder still
Kissed by strawberries.*

“No, not strawberries,” he mumbled, “a lip stick, Gee?” When he reached his desk he jotted down in his notebook: “*The presence of red lacquer on the mouth-piece shall result in summary rejection.*”

The next afternoon, when the letters and specifications requested for four the preceding afternoon came back, he was hardly able to recognize them. Had he dictated that mess or did it belong to somebody else? He looked up the subjects and case numbers; sure enough, they were his. He took them back to the Transcription Department.

“I wrote them just as you dictated them, Mr. Haines,” Miss Waverly said.

“But you didn’t. They’re nothing like I dictated.”

“They are.”

“They are not.”

“Well, I—I hurried—and—and I’m not used to being contradicted and—and humiliated and—and—” she broke down sobbing.

Harvey gathered up his letters and slunk back to his desk. He wrote in his notebook: “*The headpiece shall not be constructed wholly of ivory, but neither shall it be so light that it has a high hysteresis loss upon low values of excitation.*”

That evening Harvey went out to the Bronx to call on Herbert King and his wife. She had recovered from her illness. When he arrived Mrs. King was just washing the dinner dishes and Herbert, like a good husband, was wiping them. Harvey was invited out to the kitchen and told to make himself at home.

Mrs. King's hair was stringing around her face and the coils on her head were all awry. There was an end sticking out in the back that struck a false note—it may not have been false—but it looked so to Harvey. It was something to be guarded against so he made this mental note to be entered in his notebook later: *"The coils shall be firmly attached to the coil rack and no switch shall be connected thereto."*

After the dishwasher had performed her task, Herbert and Harvey withdrew to the living room and Mrs. King busied herself in freshening up her toilet.

"Let's go out to the movies after the wife gets fixed up," said Herbert. "What do you say?"

"All right. Where'll we go?" replied Harvey.

"There's Theda Bara at the Plaza."

"I don't care much for the 'vamp' stuff, do you?"

"Suppose we see Mary Pickford at the Pleasant Hour?"

Mrs. King came in with her coils all in place and the false end hidden away.

"How would you like to go to the movies, dear?"

"Fine! Theda Bara's at the Plaza."

"We thought of Mary Pickford—"

"Oh, Mary's so babyish—Theda is so—so adventurous—I'm simply crazy about Theda."

"How about it, Harvey?"

"It's all the same to me."

"Theda it is, then."

Harvey made another mental note: *"This device shall not be of the interrupter type but shall follow the impulse of the master selector."*

Harvey met Vera Jones in the hall one day; he was attracted to her in spite of the lacquered mouthpiece. He smiled at her and she returned it; he halted and she halted.

"Nice day," he observed.

"Lovely," she answered.

"Say, h-how would you like to see 'Beyond the Horizon'?"

"There's a lot I'd like to see on this side of it, I'll say."

"No, the show, I mean."

"Oh! Is it a movie?"

"No, no, it's a drama—of life."

"Nothing doing on the talk stuff. There's just one show

in town for me outside of the movies."

"What's that?"

"'The Follies.' They tell me that's a real show—jazz—jokes—girls—and they say the costumes are simply g-r-and!"

"I'm afraid your tastes are somewhat perverted, Miss Jones."

"Indeed! No more than yours, Mr. Highbrow," she snapped. With that she turned up her nose and passed on. Harvey looked after her and shrugged his shoulders, then he jotted down in his notebook: *"Spring temper not wholly objectionable but the device must be pliable enough for adjustment to a reasonable 'follow.' Articulation shall be clear but volume low."*

Nevertheless, Harvey adjusted himself to a reasonable "follow" and made his peace with Vera by taking her to "The Follies." Between the kicks of the chorus and the "cracks" of the Side-Splitters' Union, when the lights were turned high, he noticed that her blond hair was several shades darker at the roots and he decided that she had arrived at blondness via the drug store. On returning to his room that night he made the notation: *"No objection to brushed brass finish on 'top-piece,' but oxide process shall not be applied."*

Harvey not only questioned every stenographer to whom he dictated, but he also extended his investigations to the Correspondence Files, the Specification Files, the Blue Print Files, the Library, and to any department where girls were employed. To bare the quivering soul of a stenographer or a file clerk was a daily occurrence with him. His research was relentless.

If a girl's average came up to seventy-five per cent, she was considered eligible, if not, she was scratched. Harvey appended a sheet to his specification on which he kept a list of the candidates and his findings.

Finally the choice lay between Martha Waverly and Vera Jones.

Harvey found, during his investigation, that Martha had other qualities which fitted her to play opposite him in the alternating, three-phase, serio-comic tragedy, "Matrimony," besides the ability to make "Devil's Food." She was an accomplished juggler of the aluminum-ware, he found, on being entertained at dinner in her home. She listened sympathetically to detailed accounts of his ambitions and of his failures. If he was late it passed unnoticed, except, perhaps, for an observation on the unreliability of transportation.

It was different with Vera. She was far more interested in the brevity of skirts and



"The Follies." They tell me that's a real show—jazz—jokes—

the width of eyebrows "they" were wearing than in anybody's ambitions. He had been unable to find out anything about her housekeeping abilities. While he rang her door-bell as often as he did Martha's she usually met him with the suggestion that they see one of her favorite movie stars in the latest release. If it wasn't that, it was a trip to Coney or a walk through the park. If he was late, she let him know the full extent of her peevishness. When he attempted to ascertain her familiarity with questions of household engineering she turned him aside with a joke or "Now you're talking shop, Mr. Haines." But Harvey, like all relentless researchers, refused to give up until he had complete data at hand.

Harvey and Vera had dinner at the cabarets quite often, he hoping that she would, in return, invite him to her home for dinner so he could learn whether or not she was on speaking terms with the cook book, but Vera preferred the more romantic atmosphere of the restaurants. One evening, when they were trying out a new one, Harvey settled back in his chair with a satisfied air, "That was a good dinner," he said, "almost as good as Miss Waverly can cook."

"Can she cook?"

"Yes—Miss Waverly is a fine cook—they have to travel some to beat her."

"Indeed!" Vera's eyes narrowed. "Maybe you think that I can't cook."

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"You just come to my house Sunday. I'll show you what I can do."

Sunday rolled around and with it came Harvey. Vera met him at the door, all smiles. Her cheeks were rouged and her hair marcelled. She wore a little apron about the size of a dinner plate, decorated here and there with sprigs of something-or-other and trimmed around the edge with "real Irish" although it was purchased at a French shop. But this living picture symbolizing the art of the kitchenette was lost on the practical Harvey, who looked entirely to results.

They sat on the settee and Harvey was subjected to a deluge of chatter. Vera excused herself every few minutes to make hurried trips to the kitchen. Harvey was sure she must be taking a very active part in the preparation of dinner. In fact, she told him that she made

the cake, the salad and the pudding, all by herself.

Vera's five-year-old brother, Thomas, came in to get acquainted, and later her father. Harvey learned that he was an electrician and soon they were busy discussing Western Electric products; by the time dinner was ready they were fast friends.

The substantial part of the dinner vanished and they were nearing the dessert. It was good and Harvey had eaten heartily; he felt called upon to compliment somebody.

"An excellent dinner, Vera," said Harvey.

"Vera?" queried her father.

"Vera tant took," put in little Thomas.

"Thomas!" reprimanded Mrs. Jones.

"Daddy thayth tho—he thayth thye tant even make toffee."

"Thomas!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, "that will do."

Vera's face colored.

Now the dessert came along, fig pudding with whipped cream, and cake—the cake that Vera baked.

"Fine pudding, Vera," said Harvey.

"Yes," laughed Mr. Jones, "that man Heinze puts out some good stuff. Don't know what the women would do without him."

Vera colored again and sputtered something incoherently. Harvey was disappointed; there seemed to be a conspiracy between Mrs. Jones and Vera to misrepresent Vera. He thought of Martha, who had never attempted to deceive him; her stock soared above par.

"And the cake is good, too," said Harvey.

"I—I didn't bake the cake," admitted Vera.

"But you said—you said—"

"Oh! I was just kidding—you mustn't take me too seriously. I say a lot of

things in fun—you know what I mean."

"Yes, I know," said Harvey. He knew that she had lied to him—deliberately—and that was one thing he couldn't and wouldn't tolerate in a wife. He made up his mind then and there to marry Martha Waverly. Of course, he couldn't make his departure immediately after dinner. That would be too abrupt. Vera suggested a walk through the park; Harvey complied reluctantly. She danced and capered along laughing and joking, but Harvey maintained a cool reserve through it all.

When they returned to the parlor Vera lit one bulb in the floor lamp. Harvey took his seat on the settee;



While waiting on the corner for the car Harvey slowly tore the "spec" into small bits and dropped it into the gutter

Vera went to the piano—instead of jazz she played one love song after another. She had a good voice and Harvey enjoyed the music. Finally she went to the Victrola and put on a violin record, "The Venetian Love Song," then she sat down beside him.

"Isn't that beautiful?" she murmured.

"Yes," breathed Harvey.

Suddenly the lamp went out and they were in total darkness except for a shaft of light from the street lamp that shone across the room. As it was impossible to distinguish the outlines of the two in the corner, what transpired cannot be related. About an hour later the front door opened a short way.

"Good night, dearest," said Harvey.

"Good night," replied Vera.

There was a prolonged silence, then a resounding smack.

"The a—a—the ring—" said Vera.

"Oh, yes—the ring—" replied Harvey. "What kind would you like?"

"A solitaire, of course—and—that is—in—in—"

"Yes, yes, in what?"

"In—in a platinum setting."

"Yes, honey, we'll look at them tomorrow at noon."

"All right—good night."

There was another pause—the silencer was used this time—and Harvey came down the steps.

While waiting on the corner for the car he drew the "spec." from his inside pocket, slowly tore it into small bits and dropped it into the gutter.

And Vera, passing her father's room, called out: "Pa, you'll have to fix that switch you put in the settee; I had to punch it three times before the light went out."



Read This and Get the Thrift Habit

Company Announces an Employees' Savings Plan

THE Western Electric Company, Incorporated, announces a plan whereby employees may instruct that a part of their salary or wages, be deposited in any banks designated by them.

This plan will enable employees systematically to lay aside each week or month a definite amount, which they may wish to accumulate for investment, or for any other purpose.

Under this plan the employee merely fills out a form indicating the amount to be deposited, and the bank in which the deposit is to be made. Each month the Company will forward a check to the bank covering the amount the employee has designated for deposit, from his salary or wages, and the bank will credit the amount to the employee's account.

The account in the bank will be in the employee's name, and he may at any time withdraw all or any portion of the amount to his credit, subject to the bank's regulations. The employee will have the custody of the bank book showing deposits, and should the bank's rules require that said book be presented when deposits are made, the employee shall deliver the same to the Company's local cashier on or before the last day of the month. If the employee has no account at the bank designated, it will be necessary for him to open one before deposits may be made under this Plan.

The employee may start or cancel the arrangement at any time, and may increase or reduce the amount to be deposited by filling out a new authorization form.

Any employee who wishes to take advantage of this savings plan should apply to his immediate superior, or to the cashier, for an authorization form.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY, INCORPORATED.

Industrial Champions of Chicago—That's W. E.

Hawthorne Operating Branch Baseball Team Now Wearing a New 1920 Model Victory Wreath



Chicago Industrial League
Baseball Trophy

In the September issue the News showed the Operating Branch baseball team as the champions of Hawthorne. Meet them again as the champions of Chicago. If winter would only hold off a few months longer we might get a chance to run them again as champions of the world and challengers of the universe, but as it is we've got the coal shortage to worry over.

Six other teams tried to prevent our boys from harvesting the industrial championship of Chicago, but only one of the six succeeded in doing anything effectual to prevent it. That was the Sawyer Biscuit Company team, which took a game away from us on September 18.

Hawthorne's first game was on August 25, when we knocked the packing out of the Independent Packing Company, 11 to 12. As the score indicates, both pitchers were rather liberal with hits, but George Daes, our pill propeller, had a little the better of the argument, aided by his team-mates' ability to punish the Packers' pitching at critical times.

The score stood 10 to 10 when the enemy opened his attack in the ninth. George handled most of the attackers nicely, but one of them tied a tour-of-the-world ticket to an out-drop and circled the bases. Our boys came to bat with an 11-to-10 score against them and a 100 per cent. fighting spirit in their favor. Herb Thompson slammed out a single and things began to look interesting. To sustain the interest "Pep" Kovelinka stepped to the plate, called on the patron saint of "Babe" Ruth, banged a bender and the game went Western, 12 to 11.

The Elgin Motor Car Company's team was next on the Hawthorne boys' visiting list. The Elgin Company was giving a picnic at Delwood Park on August 28 and it looked like a good chance to make our boys furnish most of the picnic. The Hawthorne team readily accepted the invitation, but we are grieved to report

that they repaid their hosts' kindness by annexing the game 6 to 3. The Elgins trotted forth the biggest pitcher in captivity—six feet, seven inches tall—but our giant-killers refused to be impressed. Hauser, our David who opposed their Goliath, had the Motors spinning their wheels up to the ninth inning, when two errors behind him gave them traction enough to pull home with three runs.

On September 4 the Western Electric hope-wreckers tried their winning ways on the Carson, Pirie, Scott & Company team, collecting 9 runs to their 5. "Bonnie" Dundee slanted the sphere for us during the first three inning and received rather unkind treatment from the department store sluggers, but after Knack took over the twirling in the third, the storekeepers were unable to show any more goods for the rest of the day. A feature of the game was Herb Thompson's carousal with

the clouting club. Herb applied the T N T to a couple of the Carson pitcher's twisters and blew each of them so far into the beyond that it didn't get back until he was reposing safely on third base. Both hits came when they helped fatten the count, too.

As a family affair, we hate to report the little tiff with the Chicago Telephone boys on September 11. Almost every time they tried to connect with Knack's line they found they had the wrong number. A couple of scattered scoreless hits were the best they could nick Knack for. Meanwhile our boys kept the circuits busy and called home 14 times. If the Tel. boys hadn't been industrial brothers of ours, of course our unkindness wouldn't have seemed so unkind, but perhaps they'll remember what Cain did to Abel and realize that we really were rather gentle with them after all. Although we will admit that this brotherly stuff can be overdone.

Well, here comes our punishment. On September 18 we were scheduled to eat up the Sawyer Biscuits, but some practical joker had filled them with pepper and we couldn't down them. Fred Griesbaum was on the delivery wagon for the bakers and he certainly did wield a wicked wing. Knack pitched good ball for us, too, but things were not breaking right for our boys that day. Six errors and an inability to out-



"Herbie" Thompson (left), captain, and D. G. Scranton (right), manager of the Chicago Industrial Baseball Champions—(That's W. E.)



Here they are—Chicago Champions. Back row (left to right): Heideman (c.), Kubecek (3b.), Dundee (p.), Hude (1b.), Hauser (p.), Thompson (s.s.), Capt. Kovelinka (r.f.), Mokate (sub.), Munson (sub.). Front row: Havelcek (2b.), Hornburg (1f.), Knack (p.), Daes (p.), Tansey (sub.)

guess Griesbauni at the pie-tin cost us the game, 4 to 0.

And now let's talk about something pleasant. October 2 found Hawthorne tied with the Independent Packing Company for first place. The packers were to play the Carson-Pirie boys, while our warriors faced the Barrett Company team. The Barrett battlers manufacture tar products when they are home, and they started in determined to knock the tar out of us. It took 11 innings to induce them to change their minds.

In the ninth they had things 7 to 6, when Hude hopped a swift one and rode three bases. He brought in the tying run before the fielder who pulled down "Pep" Kovelinka's long fly could get the ball in to the home plate. The score remained 7 to 7 for two more innings and then the Barretts' center-fielder obligingly presented us with the game by dropping two flies in succession.



The Barrett boys, who accommodated our boys in the deciding game

Incidentally, we had to do some juggling to stay in the game at all after the ninth. During that inning Big Bill Heideman, the Hawthorne back-stop, was led to make some pertinent and impertinent remarks concerning the umpire's eyesight when that official failed to see four of Knack's benders cut the plate. As a result of the personalities Big Bill was invited to remove himself from the scenery and Hawthorne was left without a catcher. In the emergency Knack donned the big mitt and George Daes was moved in from second to serve the slants for the rest of the game.

Meanwhile the packers and the store-keepers played a close game, which went to an 11-11 tie in the ninth inning. Then one of the Carson-Pirie boys marked four bases on an inshoot, shipped it to distant scenes, and the Western Electrics were champions of Chicago.

Hawthorne Folks and Fancies

By Cal VanCal

IT is always our neighbor's phonograph that annoys us. We can never see anything objectionable about our own. A consideration of that fact usually keeps me from unkind criticism of other people's habits, but to-day Tom Choor came near making me break my rule. I stopped to get some information from Tom this morning and was unfortunate enough to select a time when his speech was impeded by half a bale of fine-cut tobacco. Not only that, but I unintentionally cut him off from first aid by sitting down between him and the cuspidor. However, there was a waste-basket on the other side, and we were soon in the midst of our conversation. A few minutes later one of the stenographers came over to recover a paper that had been prematurely thrown into the waste-basket. It was not a pleasant job for a woman. And yet Tom is a fine fellow and a perfect gentleman in most particulars.

"Brownie" Smith says he doesn't dispute the fact that peaches are spoiled by working, but he has had no reason to suspect that that is what ails his pretty stenographer.

I hate to see a boil on a man's neck, but my repugnance is usually mollified when I stop to consider that he probably hates to have it there worse than I do. Similarly, perhaps, the unfortunate owner of an ossified intellect deserves sympathy rather than sarcasm. A few days ago "Buck" Callahan, who has the desk next to me, was rushing himself toward nervous prostration in an endeavor to get things moving on an urgent job. In the midst of his hurried telephoning he called up George Fid and was answered by the non-committal "Hello" of some young woman. "Is this 3780?" asked Buck. The young woman admitted it. "Let me speak to Mr. Fid, please," he requested. "Mr. Who? Mr. Pease?" she inquired. "No, no," exclaimed "Buck," "Mr. Fid. F-i-d, Fid." "Mr. Ide?" she guessed. "Fid!" corrected "Buck." "Not Ide—Fid." Then, thinking he must have the wrong number after all, he added, "Whose telephone is this?" "Whose telephone?" she repeated, "why, this is Mr. Fid's telephone." "Well, is Mr. Fid there?" asked "Buck." "Why, yes, he's here," replied the girl. "Did you want to talk with him?" "Heck, no!" shouted "Buck," "I just called him up to shake hands with him!"

"Paging Mr. Jones"

AS the giant *Imperator* of the Cunard line backed out of her pier and headed down North River for The Narrows and the open sea on a recent transatlantic voyage, a deep penetrating voice boomed out of nowhere.

"Steamship *Imperator*, ahoy—Paging Mr. Jones, Mr. Mathes—Mr. Jones, Mr. Mathes—"

Very clear it sounded—sounded like business.

Passengers looked at one another askance. Some wondered if a conscientious prohibition enforcement agent was about to nip in the bud a crafty plot to violate the three-mile limit of this Great Sahara country of ours.

"Paging Mr. Jones, Mr. Mathes—Mr. Jones, Mr. Mathes."

The voice might have been that of a bell hop heard in a metropolitan hotel lobby. There was only one difference. It was intelligible.

Perhaps this Mr. Jones and Mr. Mathes were great captains of finance and a last minute reason had arisen for keeping them ashore, some passengers thought. Other voyagers, permitting their imagination to wander as it willed, guessed that some active press agent was at work.

But the voice itself—the giant's voice—where did it come from?

The big Cunarder had just straightened out and was slowly getting under weigh down the river. Across on the Jersey shore were the Holland-American and Army transport piers. Off the port were the Southern Pacific piers, and behind them, across a full half-mile space of water loomed up the Engineering building of the Western Electric at 463 West Street.

Tugs snorted and puffed, a specially chartered bay steamer with a score of people aboard, each armed with a whistle and clatter-box, were noisily bidding adieu to friends on the big ship. Officers of the liner were bawling out orders.

Continuously the whistle of the *Imperator* belched forth its challenge for a right of way, its due as one of the largest and most majestic of ocean leviathans. The waterfront clanged and thudded its customary noise and

confusion. And still the "Giant Voice" boomed out, "Paging Mr. Jones, Mr. Mathes—Mr. Jones, Mr. Mathes." Nothing seemed able to drown it out.

Dr. S. W. Stratton, Director of the U. S. Bureau of Standards, cocked his ear, listened carefully and smiled. He has seen the imaginations of Jules Verne and H. G. Wells outdone in the development of the war-racked world these last five years.

Seemingly, having located Mr. Jones and Mr. Mathes, the "Giant Voice" changed its resounding bell-hop chant.

"Bon voyage, Mr. Jones and Mrs. Jones. Good trip, Mr. Mathes. We hope your trip will be pleasant."

By this time scores of passengers had collected in

curious groups to locate the "Giant Voice."

"Just a minute, Mr. Jones, we will play you something," said the "Giant Voice."

"It's Apple Blossom Time in Normandy," clear and sweet, drifted over the ship.

"Good Lord, I'm about to pile this ship up on the rocks of a cabaret," the veteran pilot thought.

Then "Mr. Jones," who by the way is R. L. Jones, Transmission Engineer of the Western Electric, explained that it was only his colleagues bidding him farewell from the West Street laboratories.

The "Giant Voice," set up in the tenth floor window of Mr. Jones' office, consisted of one of the perfected loud speakers developed by Western Electric engi-

neers. It was a part of the apparatus used successfully at the Republican and Democratic conventions last spring.

Amplified a million times, the voice of one of the engineers had carried distinctly to Mr. Jones and other passengers aboard the big liner, above the din and confusion of New York's busy waterfront.

The loud speaker had never been tried before under such conditions, and the success of the experiment is recorded in a letter of Mr. Jones from England, as follows:

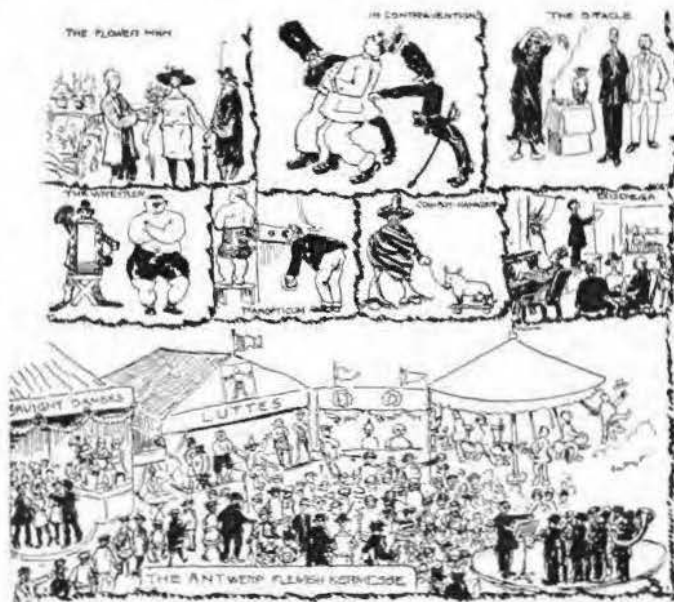
"The farewell from the 'Giant Voice' on the West Street roof was entirely unexpected and it did thrill us. We received all the messages in spite of interruptions."



Antwerp Stages a Kermesse and a Graduation

DURING the late summer, the Antwerp House held a Flemish Kermesse for the benefit of the widows and children of the employees of the company who died during the war. The large wood yard which is situated just outside the city was loaned for the occasion, and aided by a contribution from the Belgian Military authorities of several of the huts that had seen service on the Flanders Front, the volunteers, recruited from the local office and shops, managed to build up a score of stalls. The scene of festivities rivaled the liveliest sort of an American country-fair with its flags, flowers, lanterns, merry-go-round, fortune telling chamber and its movie show.

The most interesting feature was the lively gathering that assembled. Boxers and wrestlers vied with clowns, giants and dwarfs. There was even a body of Gendarmes who managed to put most of the spectators in the lock-up sometime during the afternoon, their fines playing a big part in boosting the receipts. Beer and wine could be obtained in abundance, but, strange as it may seem, it was the soda fountain and pastry shop that did the most business. The total profit obtained amounted to over 7,000 francs, a figure which has never been equalled in any previous charitable enterprise at Antwerp. Over 6,000 people attended, not a single employee failing to take part in the fun.



First Class of Belgian Apprentices Graduated

The Technical School which is maintained by the Antwerp House has graduated its first class. Recently it celebrated awarding seven prizes to the outgoing class and five others to the young men who lead the minor courses. The commencement was attended by practically all the Belgian organization. Those on the platform were Manager J. S. Wright, Assistant

Manager A. D. Whipple, G. Deakin, Chief Engineer, S. Van Mierlo, Student Supervisor, E. B. Manley, Shop Superintendent, H. Verdonck, Head of the Service and Maintenance Branch, and F. Van Genechten, Head of the Planning Branch. L. Van Dyck, Head of the Clerical and Production Branch addressed the graduates.

Since its establishment the School has been flooded with applications for matriculation. Antwerp parents have shown a marked interest in the enterprise and are extremely

anxious to list their sons among the students.

The seven graduates who finished the four year course are Alfons Zwisers, Frans Van Wallendael, Leopold Jacobs, Alfons Van Eeckhoven, Edgar Sette, Leopold Meermans, and Pieter Van de Ven. The other five prize winners are Hendrik Huybrechts, Frans Verhoestraeten, Jozef Oostrvogels, Constant Fontine, and Arthur DeSmet.



The strong arm squad at the Antwerp "Kermesse" who managed to squeeze 7,000 Francs out of its victims for charity



Antwerp displaying to Los Angeles that the "movie city" is not the only place where local color gets its innings

Apple-Pie and Information Clerks Both Need Crust

By Mildred A. Nichols, of the Advertising Department

WHEN Sterling Patterson of the News sends a polite note as a reminder that such and such an article, promised in a rash moment, is due—why life in the same office with him is rather harrowing until said article is in his hands. His note says that he'd like a few recollections of my "information room" experiences.

The information room is a thing of the past in my young life, but I'll admit that some of the queer things that happened there are still very vivid to me.

It was impressed upon me by the powers that be, that the keynote to success in that room was COURTESY in very large letters—and courtesy in this case meant being able to answer intelligently and pleasantly any questions that were asked.

The word "Information" over the door was most misleading. I, in my innocence, thought that it meant general information concerning the many electrical appliances in the room, or information as to what room Mr. So and So occupied and why and when he occupied it. But the public thought otherwise. They took it at its broadest meaning and acted accordingly, and quite often it seemed to me that my name should have been Miss Information. Sometimes "courtesy" almost expired, but generally a sense of humor or plain ordinary woman's curiosity saved the day.

One day a man came in and demanded all particulars about wiring his garage. He wanted me to tell him just how to do it. He was most impatient and very much disgusted when I had to admit that giving him catalogs and putting him in touch with the right man was the extent of my intelligence. Said he, "thought this this was supposed to be an information room," and I had to apologize courteously for not being able to wire his garage—though I did add (and not in an undertone) that if I had half the knowledge that some people thought the word information over the door meant, I'd be president (of the W. E., not the U. S. A.).

Another day a middle-aged couple came bashfully and fearfully into the room. They were from the country and this was their first trip to the big city. Their only friend in New York was a man who had boarded with them during the few months he worked in their home town. They hadn't seen him for ten years—and had forgotten his initials, but he worked for the Western Electric, and would I please find him? Unfortunately, he had a name very common in the Western Electric. For half an hour, or more, I talked with every man in the Company by that name, asking if he were the man

who had boarded with the Joneses in Hopkinsville in 1908. Some were nice about it, some were not. But I found him, and a reunion was planned. Then the visiting couple asked me so many questions about New York that I felt like an animated guide book. After an hour or so, they departed. I saw wife tug at hubby's coat tails and whisper something—whereupon he fished in his pocket and, offering me a quarter, wanted to know if that would pay for my time and trouble. I refused (courteously) and explained (courteously) that the Western Electric paid me for being courteous. Sometimes I think that if it hadn't been for my annoying New England conscience I might have made money in that room.

If things turn out as they do in the best sellers, I am going to have a fortune left me as a mark of gratitude. You see, I helped a man find his long-lost brother. They had been separated during the San Francisco earthquake and, as far as I could make out from his story, it had been sort of an "Evangeline-Gabriel" affair ever since. The older brother would always arrive on the scene just after the younger brother had departed. The day he came into the information room he was pretty much tired out and discouraged. Told me his story and said that he had one last clue and if it didn't prove successful, he'd give up. He'd heard that his brother was with the Western Electric Company, but it was only a chance rumor. Naturally, a story like that interested me, and I thoroughly enjoyed sleuthing by 'phone. Strange as it may seem, we located him. By that time I was just as excited as the man himself, and when I heard the greeting over the 'phone I

almost dissolved into honest-to-goodness tears. He was so overjoyed he couldn't talk, and as I'm never affected that way I took the 'phone and made arrangements for the meeting. Of course the man was grateful and I felt quite like a heroine for once in my life. It really was like a page from O. Henry.

Speaking of awe-inspiring individuals reminds me that I soon found that it was the easiest thing imaginable to tell which visitors were men who really held responsible positions and which were the ones who thought they did. The former were always naturally courteous without a trace of pomposity and the "I am king" air—the others weren't. There are exceptions. F'rinst, you can always tell a Harvard man, but you can't tell him much.

Of course I could tell lots of real interesting things that happened, but I'm still with the Company and would like to stay on for a while longer so—"nuff sed."



School's Out, Fellows!

How Some of the Hawthorne Shop Men Spent Their First Vacation on Full Pay

MOST industries do not give their hourly-rated employees vacations at full pay. When they not only pay a man for all the regular hours he works but also pay him time and a half or double time for every bit of overtime work he does, it seems no more than justice that he should finance his own resting time.

However, in spite of the logic of this contention, our Company this year put through a ruling, granting two weeks' vacation on full pay to hourly rated employees with ten years or more of Company service, and one week's vacation for those employed five years or over, but less than ten years. From one point of view this seems like a radical departure, but on the other hand it is strictly in line with the Company's various other evidences of consideration for its "family."

As tending to indicate whether the Company's policies are appreciated, it is interesting to note that 3,357 persons on the Hawthorne pay-roll were affected by the new ruling. This number, of course, does not include the numerous weekly and monthly-rated employees with more than five years' service, since they have for many years received vacations on full pay.

Believing that all Western Electric people would be interested in hearing how some of Hawthorne's long-service employees passed their first Company vacation, the News has prevailed upon several of them to give their experiences.

W. Barker, of the Drill Press Department, Amy Lowellizes on the subject in the following enthusiastic free verse:

"Oh, Boy! Two big weeks' vacation, the first one I have had in my whole life—that is, a real vacation to be paid for it. Of course, I would do a little fishing, so I set out and bought myself two fishing poles, lines and hooks. Now off to the Des Plaines River to get enough fish for the whole family.

"The fish were there all right. They kept me busy putting on fresh bait. And, believe me, it was nearly as hard to get worms as to get fish, the ground being so dry for want of rain that finding worms was about like digging for oil.

"Four straight days at the Des Plaines River got me nothing. I got twice as much the next day fishing in Lake Michigan—that is, nothing, too. The sixth day I tried the Des Plaines again.

"After feeding the fish for about five hours, and using most of my bait, I felt a little pull at the line. Yes, I had hooked my first fish. (What a grand and glorious feeling.)

"To prove I am not a real fisherman, I'll tell you the truth about it. My prize was a sun-fish, all of three inches long! After drowning the rest of my worms to no purpose, I took my week's catch home and gave it to the cat.

"But anyway I got the air and the rest, and all peppered up for work again."

Thomas De Rusha, of the Hawthorne Tool Room, who has been a member of the Western Electric family for forty years, is also fond of fishing and apparently he knows a place where it is still possible to get some of the old-fashioned bait. He writes:

"The only real vacation I have had in a long while was spent at Fox Lake. Friend wife and I left August 2 for two weeks' rest and recreation. We were met at the station and carried over eight miles of bumpy country road in 'the car that made walking a pleasure.'

"We had a glimpse of the lake before going in to dinner, and both proved very satisfactory. (The lake and dinner.)

"For the first day we loafed and took life easy, but after acquainting ourselves with the lake we tried our luck at fishing. Fish as a rule are very unaccommodating about committing suicide in August, so we had little luck, but enjoyed it just the same. Hot weather and rain kept us off the lake a good deal, but the time we did spend on it was fine. The total catch of fish was six pickerel, four black bass, and fifty others of varying sizes.

"As a postscript, I might add that while the weather was dry, the drought did not extend to certain hostelries along the shore. Send stamped and addressed envelope."

Another of our toolmakers, S. Dlyewski, utilized most of his vacation in visiting various manufactories in the vicinity of Chicago. Incidentally he suggests a possible solution to the housing problem.

"When the vacation notice was posted on the bulletin boards," he writes, "everybody was delighted. The lucky ones who own their own homes at once began planning trips, and the unlucky ones in the clutches of profiteering landlords began to plan a sweet revenge, based on finding another house and leaving Mr. Landlord gnashing the enamel off of his false teeth. It was a good idea, but it had one fatal defect—other houses were not to be found. And the Hawthorne people, who have looked into the prices of building materials, know at least one good reason why.

"Now, everyone who owns real estate near the Hawthorne Works knows that good clay is abundant in the soil throughout this district. It occurred to me that this fact might furnish an answer to the high cost of building material, since terra-cotta can be made from clay and it is a beautiful and very desirable building material.

"Consequently, during my vacation, I took the opportunity to visit various terra-cotta factories to see whether home production of the product would be possible. I was somewhat surprised to find that the models and tools they use are of the crude, home-made sort, so that anyone could reproduce them.

"On a large scale the work is carried on as follows: "Clay is thrown on a carrying belt, by which it is conveyed to the elevator, which lifts it to the mill. There

the clay is ground, after which it falls to the mixer and is mixed. Trucks then carry it to the molding department, where it is shaped into various forms in molds. After drying, these pieces are sprinkled with enamel and sent to a furnace, where they are baked. They are then ready to be used for construction.

"Everything is made in a simple way. The furnaces used in the process are small and are built very simply. The molds in which the clay is pressed are made from plaster of Paris. That's all there is to terra-cotta."

Mr. Dylewski also visited the International Harvester Company works, the South Chicago steel mills, the Gary steel mills and several smaller factories.

O. Zanteson, of the Heavy Punch Press Department, was another philanthropist who spent his vacation showing the fish a good time. Mr. Zanteson and his wife spent a week at Paw Paw Lake, Michigan. He says:

"We both like fishing very much, so one morning we started out for the lake, prepared to make the job easy for the next fish census taken. Before we reached the water, however, we were stopped by an inquisitive stranger.

"Have you got a license?" he asked.

"Sure," I said, "but it's home, framed."

"Pshaw," says he, "I don't care a whoop about your marriage license, but you can't fish in this State without a fishing license. If you try it I'll have to arrest you."

"The result was that we had to go back to the city for the license, which added another dollar to the high cost of living. Not only that, but we fished off and on for a couple of days, apparently without the fish realizing that we had a license to catch them, for not a single one bit. But the worst of it was that we never saw the warden again after that first day. I think the State of Michigan still owes me a dollar's worth of fish.

"The second week I spent working in the garden and around the house. I feel a hundred per cent. better since I came back, and I think that I can put in another twenty-one years of service with the Company."

Stanley Buckowski, of the Drill Press Department, apparently got full measure of enjoyment from his two weeks' rest. He declares:

"I just can't help it; I've got to let you know how good it feels to have a vacation after one never had one with pay.

"After eleven years of steady work I got my vacation. I went to Long Island, New York, to visit my sister, whom I had not seen for fifteen years, and I surely had a fine time. My vacation days with her were spent swimming, fishing, and auto riding.

"I came back four pounds heavier than when I left, and I certainly feel more like work now—all full of pep, and I am here to prove it, too."

Mr. Magers, of the Punch Press Department, is another vacationist who came back with a punch. Mr. Magers writes:

"In my twenty-seven years of service with the Western Electric Company I really never had what one would call a vacation. My first opportunity came when the

Company granted vacations to shop employees with more than five years of service.

"The first week the idea of being off was very new to me. I really didn't know what to do with myself. I worked around the house and took several trips to the Chicago parks in the car.

"The second week I got more experience and took a trip to Kankakee. I spent two days out there, visited the Western Electric branch, also took a trip to the insane asylum grounds, visited some of the Kankakee beaches, parks, etc.

"I came back feeling a better man with more pep and ambition, feeling fit to repay the Company with another twenty-seven years of service."

Charles W. Ellithorpe, another of our toolmakers and, incidentally, a thirty-year service man, spent his vacation fishing in Squirrel Lake and other neighboring lakes in north central Wisconsin, with occasional motor trips to various places of interest. One of these was the Lac Du Flambeau Indian Reservation.

"An Indian village nowadays," writes Mr. Ellithorpe, "is like almost any other small woodland village. Buildings and supplies are supervised by the Government. The commissary store had a large variety of goods, from Texas onions to ice cream and soft drinks. We bought several birch bark baskets at an average of about \$1.25 apiece. These baskets are made in the Government schools by Indian pupils. The Government buildings cover about ten acres."

Another automobile trip by Mr. Ellithorpe's party was to Duluth and its companion city, Superior. He continues:

"A river keeps Superior in Wisconsin and Duluth in Minnesota. Duluth is the larger city and the more picturesque, being on a rocky, sloping shore of Lake Superior, with a natural formation of sand, about three blocks wide and five miles long, reaching out at right angles into the lake. This forms the city's playground and bathing beach.

"The road we took back to camp ran through Mellen, Hurley, Ironwood, Bessemer, Gogebic, and Watersmeet—fine roads and fair farming district, fields of peas being thrashed for the canners—until we reached the vicinity of Ironwood and Bessemer, where trainloads of red iron ore leave the mines and great hills of waste red rock make mountains for future geologists to ponder over. From Bessemer to Watersmeet we ran through stretches of virgin timber, with a few lumber camps, settlements far apart and fine roads, making fifty-five miles an hour at times. From Watersmeet to Eagle River the roads are fair and the scenery fine. We turned west at Eagle River, as our camp was about forty miles to the west.

"The following day we spent picking berries. There were lots of red raspberries and a few blue berries, but that is slow work when board is \$25 a week plus. So the week end found me back home, waiting for the whistle on Monday morning."

The Old Guard, the Old Garden, and the H. C. of L.

The Hawthorne Club Garden Section Cuts the Cost of High Living

A CORN on the toe is a source of grief and lamentation, but corn on the ear!—Oh, Blue Jay! Come off of that, you tender little corns. Yum, yum! Sweet Golden Bantam, spread with rich golden butter, sprinkled with a little salt and freckled with a few grains of pepper! Excuse these blots on the page. The thoughts are enough to make anyone's mouth water.

You see, while out just now after some facts on the high cost of living we happened to interview several of the well-fed, healthy and happy members of the Hawthorne Club Garden Sections and they didn't seem to know anything about the subject. They had been living principally on delicious corn and peas and beans and lettuce and cabbage and tomatoes and squash and spinach and land knows what all in the way of real food, fresh out of their own gardens, and it hadn't cost them a cent. Why, just to hear one of those men describe his usual summer bill of fare raises an appetite that couldn't be satisfied for twelve dollars and thirteen cents in the Loop.

The Club had to go quite a distance from the Factory for ground this year, since the work of converting the Richmond tract into a big athletic field made necessary the abandonment of that ground for garden purposes. However, after considerable effort, the officers secured the Gage farm of 12 acres, owned by the City of Chicago and located about three miles west of the Works at Twenty-second Street and Home Avenue. This was laid out in 242 plots of 2,000 square feet each, marked by stakes and numbered for identification. A charge of \$1 a plot was assessed to cover the cost of plowing, harrowing and staking the plots.

Spring and early summer this year were decidedly discouraging to gardeners. Weeks of cold rain delayed the planting season and retarded early growth. However, most of the Hawthorne Club gardeners are now old-timers at the sport and they set to work with a will to show Mother Nature who was boss. To encourage this commendable spirit, the Garden Section offered nine cash prizes for the plots kept in the best

condition throughout the season. Inspections were made by the judges at intervals of about two weeks. Each judge inspected a certain number of plots, exchanging places with some other judge for the next inspection, so the final results were a real average of all their opinions. The prize winners were:—A. W. Johnson, Dept. 6305, first (\$15); H. Brahm, Dept. 6302, second (\$10); C. S. Reiter, Dept. 6460, third (\$7.50); A. M. Blust, Dept. 6607, fourth (\$7.50); E. C. Higgins, Dept. 5903, fifth (\$5); C. S. Yakley, Dept. 6654, sixth (\$5); M. Brady, Dept. 5353, seventh (\$4); F. Pohl, Dept. 7397, eighth (\$3); W. Gimmelbine, Dept. 6702, ninth (\$3).

Honorable mention was given to A. Kottan, Dept. 6164; P. Nielsen, Dept. 6702; J. G. Cureton, Dept. 6412; H. Bates, Dept. 6321; G. J. Brojtte, Dept. 6113-K; P. Lynch, Dept. 6220; S. H. Dearing, Dept. 6618; J. Jansky, Dept. 6335; L. R. Laffer, Dept. 5724-A; D. Kirby, Dept. 6220; L. Ciangi, Dept. 5736; R. Goodson, Dept. 6649; F. W. Kirk, Dept. 6702, and J. Messina, Dept. 6321.

Now, just to show you that these were not the only winners, here are a few

representative cases showing the returns some of the other members got from their plots:—

C. N. Frazee, Dept. 6072, off of four plots gathered 46 dozen ears of corn, a bushel of beans, three bushels of beets, three bushels of carrots, two bushels of onions and two dozen crookneck squashes.

N. Jacobazri, Dept. 6736, cultivated seven plots. They produced a bushel of corn, eight bushels of tomatoes, twenty pounds of cabbage, six bushels of lettuce, two bushels of radishes, two bushels of beans, twenty-five pounds of peas, a bushel of beets, two bushels of carrots, three bushels of onions and two bushels of small squash, besides ten pounds of potatoes (which are very difficult to raise around Chicago), and some garlic, Italian cucumbers and melons.

F. Tegmeyer, Dept. 6917, massaged one plot and collected six dozen ears of corn, two bushels of tomatoes, a bushel of beets, a bushel of carrots, a bushel of onions and three dozen large peppers. Class, eh?



Hawthorne Club Gardeners lined up to halt the H. C. of L. Left to right they are: Messrs. Brady, Neumann, Yakley, Pohl, Johnson, Jr., Brahm, Blust, Johnson, Sr., St. John, Jr., St. John, Sr., Walsh, President of the Garden Section



Pop St. John on somebody's pop corn. Son St. John on the watch, all right. We'll apologize, but we have our suspicions just the same.



First and second prize winners for the best kept plots—A. W. Johnson, Dept. 6305, first (at right), H. Brahm, Dept. 6302, second (at left)



A CLOSE FINISH IN THE WOMEN'S 60-YARD DASH, MISS HOFFMAN (I-I) AT THE EXTREME RIGHT WAS THE WINNER



HOOPS MY DEAR! A SPECIAL RÔLE . . .



SWEENEY(OPERATING) COPPING THE 220 YD. DASH.



EVER SEE A POTATO RACE? THIS IS IT.



HALF MILE RELAY GRABBED BY THE TECHNICAL TEAM.



IXI TEAM WINNING THE WOMEN'S RELAY.



LARSON(C S & P) TAKES FIRST PLACE IN THE MILE.



The Meat of the Meet

A Non-technical and Non-committal Account of How the Inspection and Installation Team Took First Place on Hawthorne's Big Field Day



Up in the clouds
over Hawthorne's
stacks

IN track suit, plain or dolled up for the street, a winner is a winner every time. When Hawthorne girls go in to cop a meet, men's chances aren't worth a Russian dime.

Which wretched wrestling with the Muse is by way of stating that in the big Hawthorne track, field, and novelty meet, as in every other argument, the women once more had the last word. The Inspection and Installation team took first place with a total of 82 points, 42 of which were contributed

by the once called "weaker sex." The Clerical team finished last and every one of its 21 points was brought home by the girls. Moreover, the only first place captured by the Production team surrendered to the women's battalion. Goats for women!

The Inspection and Installation girls showed a good margin of superiority in nearly every contest they entered. They competed in nine of the eleven events for girls and women, taking points in all of them except the accuracy ball throwing contest. In the other eight events they got six firsts, three seconds, and three thirds.

The enthusiasm and skill of the Hawthorne girls so impressed Martin Delaney, athletic director of the Chicago Athletic Association, who refereed the meet, that he secured their services as a special feature for the big Dairymen's Convention, held at the Chicago Stockyards, October 7 to 16. Our girls appeared October 9 in a 50-yard dash, a hoop race, a relay race, a high jump, and a three-legged race, and their work was much appreciated.

But to get back to Hawthorne.

Six teams were entered in the meet, which was held Saturday afternoon, September 18. They represented the Clerical Branch (C), Contract Sales and Plant (C. S. & P.), Inspection and Installation (I. & I.), Operating (O.), Production (P.), and Technical (T.).

The afternoon's excitement opened with an explosion. The Cable Plant girls and the girls from the Repair Department and offices of the General Merchandise Building exploded the fallacy that women can't play a really good game of indoor ball. In spite of brilliant playing the Cable Plant team went down to defeat by a score of 6 to 3.

The Events

After the ball game a number of things began to happen in a number of places. Field, track, and novelty events followed one another in rapid succession. Anyone determined not to miss anything at the meet had to work his eyes harder than a bald-headed man at a burlesque show. Luckily, though, we can report it one event at a time, so that you won't have to be triplets or even twins to get it all.

Now, don't stop reading because you think this threatens to become technical. We're going to explain the events so clearly that when we are through experts won't recognize them. Since that puts you in a class with the experts you can now throw out your chest and read on with the satisfied assurance that nobody knows any more about the subject than you.

We'll begin by explaining the tug-of-war: In this sport five men take a grip on one-half of a rope and five more clamp to the other half. Then the five men on the first half pull against the five men on the other half—or vice versa, if you prefer. We're not going to argue about this thing.) Anyway, they pull, five in one direction and five in the opposite direction, and after a while one five pulls the other five across the reference line, or the rope breaks or something. Four teams tried it at the meet. The Technical team landed the I. & I. boys in the preliminary pulls. Then the Techs yo-heaved the Production team into camp in the finals, while the I. & I. fought the C. S. & P. to a draw. Deles, Johnson, Schultz, Carter, and Manney comprised the winning Technical team.

Now let's amend our description and put five women at each end of the rope. That slight change is all that is necessary before reporting that the Clerical girls won over their only contenders, the Production girls, proving that the pen is mightier than something or other. The winning team was composed of Misses Fink, Muraska, Kurhajec, Donaus, and Stanhlaka.

Next came the shot-put. A shot-put is rather hard to explain logically to you, because they really don't put the shot any place—they throw it. You will readily understand that with a shot weighing twelve pounds more than a two-year-old feather, this pastime scarcely classes as a light occupation. However, the rules governing the event are simple: The contestants hurl the big ball as far as possible into the uttermost hither, and the one who throws it the hitherest is the winner. Mackey (T.) took first with a throw of 41 feet 2 inches. Sweeney (O.) was second, and Maggio (T.) third.

A running broad jump is just taking a run up to a line and imagining there is a 15 or 20-foot mud-puddle the other side of it. They measure where you land and the man with the biggest imagination wins. Sweeney (O.) took first with a jump of 18 feet 10 inches. Maggio (T.) was second, and Pacelli (P.), third.

A running high jump is similar, only you don't need so much imagination, because they give you something to jump over. Stastny (T.) won this event for the men, clearing the bar at 5 feet 6 inches. Fivek (T.) took second, and Maggio (T.) third. Miss Hoffman (I. & I.) broke the former Hawthorne women's record and took first in the women's event at 3 feet 11 inches. Miss Matrona (T.) was second, and Miss Ridgeway (C.), third.

A pole vault is about the same as a running high jump,

except that you have a pole to swing up on before you jump over. If you get a long ways up it stings your feet, and if you don't it stings your pride. It's very exciting, especially when the pole breaks. Colby (I. & I.) went 10 feet 8 inches above Hawthorne real estate and took first place, leaving second to Maggio (T.) and third to Miller (T.).

The 120-yard low hurdle is a mean trick. They get you to enter a foot race and then put little saw-horses all along the track and you have to jump over them or bump your shins. Sweeney (O.) took first in 16 $\frac{1}{5}$ seconds. Colby (I. & I.) finished second, and Maggio (T.), third.

Now we are going to give away a technical secret. A 100-yard dash is nothing but an ordinary foot-race. They call them "dashes" up to about 220 yards, and then they begin to call them "runs." Contrary to what you might expect, the short dashes are not called hyphens. What we started to tell, though, was that Sweeney (O.) took first in the 100-yard dash and set a new Hawthorne record of 10 seconds for the event. Stastny (T.) crowded him all the way and finished a very close second. Weiss (T.) took third.

Hawthorne boasts some dashing young women, too. In the 60-yard even for them Miss Hoffman (I. & I.) led the field and covered the distance in 8 $\frac{1}{5}$ seconds. Miss Payette (P.) took second, and Miss Vylinalak (C. S. & P.), third.

The girls under sixteen years of age also had a chance to show their speed, but only three took advantage of it. They finished: Miss Buckley (C.), first; Miss Evans (T.), second; Miss Groh (C. S. & P.), third. The 220-yard dash for men resulted in another first for Sweeney in 25 $\frac{4}{5}$ seconds. As in the 100-yard dash, Stastny (T.) and Weiss (T.) finished second and third, respectively.

Only one contender lined up for the 220-yard dash for boys, so the race was called off, with a first-place allowance of five points to the C. S. & P. team, which produced the lone sprinter.

A 440-yard foot-race is getting too long to be called a dash, so to avoid calling it a race they call it a "run," as we said before. Now we don't mind telling you that 440 yards make a quarter of a mile, although track authorities will go to any length to keep that terrible fact from you. Olsen (C. S. & P.) ran the distance in

one minute and one second, taking first place. Foreman (I. & I.) placed second, and Koist (O.), third.

Some people claim that a miss is as good as a mile. We don't like to contradict anybody, but we know it's a blamed sight easier to go amiss than to go a mile, especially to do it faster than a walk. Larson (C. S. & P.) went the mile in 5 minutes and 1 second, taking first place. Foreman (I. & I.) came in second, closing up a big lead but failing to catch Larson on the stretch. Christensen (C. S. & P.) finished third.

The same three men fought for the honors in the cross-country run, about 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles, comprising two laps around the eighth-mile track and once around the outside boundaries of the Big Hawthorne Works. Foreman (I. & I.) took first; Larson (C. S. & P.), second; and Christensen (C. S. & P.), third.

Now we come to another puzzling thing about track nomenclature. When one person goes the whole distance in a 220-yard foot-race it is called a dash, but if four people run in succession as a team, covering one-fourth of the distance, the event at once becomes a relay race. In an endeavor to clear up the mystery of when a race becomes a race, instead of a dash or a run, our reporter interviewed numerous authorities. None even attempted an explanation except the miscreant who opined as follows: "Well," he said, "you see there are four times as many people in the relay race as in the dash. Therefore, there is more competition and they have to relay race." Leaving his mangled remains on the track our reporter hurried away in time to see the I. & I. women take first in the 220-yard relay race for

women, with the C. S. & P. team second, and the Production team third. The Two-I team was composed of Misses Tesarek, Hoffman, O'Donnell, and Graff. Miss Tesarek, who ran the first lap, was pocketed and finished third, but Miss Hoffman overcame the handicap and finished first in the second lap. The other two girls easily maintained the lead in their half of the race. The time was 34 $\frac{2}{5}$ seconds.

The men's relay was a half-mile event. It was taken handily by the Technical team—Weiss, Nelson, Vosen, and Stastney—in 51 $\frac{2}{5}$ seconds. The I. & I. boys finished second, and the Operating team third.

A few years ago it used to be that women had no legs. Limbs, perhaps; but legs! Such vulgarity! Now, how-



"Babe Ruth" Behnke, the cable plant home-run hitter of the Women's Indoor Ball League, tries to bean the babies in the accurate throwing contest

ever, judging from a "three-legged race for women" scheduled on the program, they must have three. Of course, our reporter being a modest man, could not peek and so verify this for himself, but the conclusion seemed unavoidable until he talked to a bold bad friend of his. Then the mystery was explained. It seems that two women stand side by side, close together, and tie their adjacent—(Gee, you'll have to print this in red type, Mr. Printer. We're blushing like everything.) Well, legs, then. (Whew, we're glad that's over!) Anyway, they tie their adjacent legs together and each two girls run in the race as a sort of Siamese twins unit. It sure is a case of "watch your step." The Switters sisters, of the Production team, finished in first place. Misses Hoffman and Graff (I. & I.) were second, and Misses O'Donnell and Symyck (I. & I.), third.

Some one who had seen a centipede perform the feat of running without tangling itself up in its maze of legs, conceived the idea of the straddle-pole race to show up man in his foolish claims of superiority to the lower animals. In this race five adventurous athletes straddle a long pole and try to keep off each others corns long enough to stagger across the finish line. If any of the five falls off the team is disqualified. Only two teams were out for this event, the Technical and the I. & I.'s. The Two-I's, by keeping both of them on their feet, came in winners. Cobelli, Quigley, E. N. Spurling, Frank, and Huieinga composed the winning team.

In the old days, when it was possible to get full of hops and still stay within the law, a sack race was not such a difficult feat, but nowadays whenever a man wins one he lays himself open to the suspicion that he has been violating the 18th Amendment. The contestants submit to the indignity of having a sack slipped over their legs and tied around their waists.

After that they are let loose on a track and invited to beat each other to the finish line. The technique of the game is simple. You can imitate a grasshopper, a kangaroo or a Mexican jumping bean, as you prefer. Eric Spurling (I. & I.) bagged the first place, in his beautiful burlap bag. He was hotly hopped after by his brother, Dewey Spurling (T.), who fell during the race, but came near to winning in spite of that mishap. Vosen (T.) jack-rabbitted into third place.

Back in "the days of real sport" we all knew how to roll a hoop, so it is not necessary to explain what a hoop race is, but if you haven't entered once since you were twelve you may have forgotten how hard it is to keep a hoop in the straight and narrow path. Keeping a

mouthful of smooth-tread peas on the end of your knife isn't a circumstance to it. However, in spite of the difficulties, a large number of Hawthorne girls entered the contest—so many that two elimination runs were necessary. The final roll was called by Miss Graff (I. & I.), who crossed the line first in spite of a collision that delayed her shortly after the start. Miss Alyce Switters (P.) finished second, and her sister, Miss Frieda Switters (P.), third.

When we speak of the potato race, please don't jump to the conclusion that we are about to discuss the Irish question. That is a job for debating clubs—good strong ones, made out of blackthorn wood. What we want to tell you about is a novelty athletic contest. Rows of potatoes are laid at regular intervals along the course where the race is to take place. The contestants run to the first potato, carry it back behind the starting line, then get the second and carry it back, continuing the process until all the spuds have been gathered up. At the present price of potatoes it is a very aristocratic sport. The Hawthorne contest was for women only. Miss Ridgeway (C.) took first place; Miss Symyck (I. & I.), second; and Miss Tesarek (I. & I.), third.

The inaccuracy of a woman's aim is an ancient sub-

ject for ridicule. Many a man is still paying life insurance premiums merely because the missus always misses. But it begins to be evident that future husbands will have to develop an uncanny ability at dodging if the species is to be saved from entire extinction. At least, the Hawthorne girls in the accurate baseball throwing contest knocked over the doll babies in a way that forecast a short life and a scary one for future friend husband if he presumes to dispute who is head of the household. Miss Anderson (C.) made the best score, with Miss Hanzel (O.)

second, and Miss Martin (C. S. & P.) third.

The distance throw for women furnished considerable of a surprise. All the throws had been under 140 feet and the judges and spectators were grouped just outside that distance watching the balls light, when Miss Ginsberg came up for trial. She moistened her hands, took the ball, stepped forward a couple of steps and, whizz—the judges and spectators craned their necks and swung on their heels like a Fourth of July crowd watching a skyrocket go over. The throw was 191 feet, and easily gained Miss Ginsberg (I. & I.) first place. Second went to Miss Nash (I. & I.). Miss Payette (P.) took third.

Perhaps that long-eared female in the comic supplements whose name is Maud might be able to throw horse-



THIS GROUP OF RETIRED EMPLOYEES WERE GUESTS AT THE MEET
 Top row, from left to right:—C. Carlander, G. F. Gehrke, L. R. Puffer, L. Leahy, E. Van Ranst, J. F. Nelson, and F. R. Jeschke
 Bottom row, from left to right: J. J. Ludwig, W. E. Lindsay, L. Dillon, L. E. Oehring, A. Lindblad, W. S. Maloney, and B. W. Wilmott, who entertained the Pensioners

shoes as well as our Hawthorne girls, but we doubt it. The horseshoe pitching contest resulted in first and third place for the I. & I. teams and second place for the Technical girls, who drew a bye in the finals and only had to meet the winning I. & I. team. The contest between the two I. & I. teams in the finals was one that would have made history if it had been played behind the Lonesome Corners General Store. With 21 points necessary to win, Misses Ginsberg and Terryn took a lead of 20 to 6. Then Misses Nash and Bielenberg got down to cases and forced the score up to 20-20. Miss Nash, the last to throw for her side in the deciding inning, next contributed a "leaner," which looked as if it ought to win the contest. However, Miss Ginsberg of the other team refused to be discouraged. "Watch me knock that one down," she remarked, and she did, leaving her horseshoe cuddling up to the stake for the final score.

In the men's horseshoe pitch the I. & I. again ran strong, taking first and second, the first team (Nielson and Bradza) beating the second team (Hartle and Lange) also by a score of 21 to 20. The Operating team took third.

A wheelbarrow race is a good square 50-50 event. One man wheels the other over half the course and then they trade places and the former passenger furnishes the gas for the rest of the course. Like the boy hired by the circus to put his head in the lion's mouth twice a day, the passenger has a very easy job. True, he is likely to be dumped out and to have one of the other wheelbarrows massage his spine, but luckily new skin doesn't

cost as much as new clothes. Besides he can take revenge by spilling the other man when his turn comes. The Technical team (Heyke and Vosen) rolled over the line for first place. C. S. & P. captured second, and I. & I., third.

List of Events	Branch				
	Tech.	Oper.	Cler.	Prod.	I.&I. C.S.&P.
Tug of War (Men)	5	3	..
12-Lb. Shot Put	5	3
Running Broad Jump	3	5	..	1	..
Pole Vault	5	4
Run. High Jump (Men)	3
Run. High Jump (Women)	3	..	1	..	5
Tug of War (Women)	5	3	..
120-Yd. Low Hurdles	1	5	3
110-Yd. Dash	4	5
440-Yd. Run	..	1	3 5
220-Yd. Dash	4	5
220-Yd. Dash (Boys under 16 yrs.)	5
1-Mile Run	3 6
Cross Country Run	5 4
220-Yd. Relay (Women)	1	5 3
1/2-Mile Relay (Men)	5	1	3
60-Yd. Dash (Girls 16 and under)	3	..	5	..	1
60-Yd. Dash (Women)	3	5 1
Horseshoe Pitch (Men)	1	6
Horseshoe Pitch (Women)	3	6
Sack Race	4	5
Wheelbarrow Race	5	1 3
Straddle Pole Race	3	5
Ball Throw—Distance (Women)	1	8
Ball Throw—Accuracy (Women)	..	3	5	..	1
Hoop Race	3	5
Bait Casting	8
3 Legged Race (Women)	5	4
Potato Race (Women)	5	..	4
Total Points	64	27	21	22	82 37

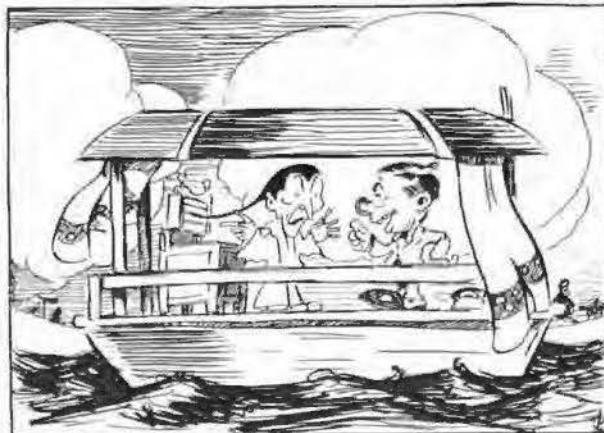
Junking for the Western Electric

"HUBBY, have you seen my curling iron—that new electric one I got last week?" No—it is not Mrs. Bigcash, of the Useless Arms, who is interrupting her lesser half in his usual Saturday night search for the proverbial collar button. It is no less than Madame Hi Nee, of the Washee Flats, 21 Canal Avenue, Somewhere in China.

Yes, this is just what you can probably expect as a result of the trip of the house-boat which the Western Folks in Shanghai are preparing for a tour of the Celestial Republic. A junk, one of those Chinese naval apartments which enables a good portion of the almond-skinned race to beat the high cost of landlords,

has been purchased by the China Electric Company. It is being equipped with practically all of the latest labor-saving devices which are to be found in American homes for a tour of the canals and rivers of China this winter.

It will be used to bring home to the Oriental estate owners the possibilities of supplying their own power, light and heat by using the same type of farm light plants which have been so universally adopted in the rustic regions of the United States during the past few years.



The boat is scheduled to make a trip of about 5,000 miles. Its wares will be shown in a territory populated by more than a hundred million Chinese, most of whom are absolute strangers to anything electrical. It will carry a complete line of household devices, including motor-driven sewing machines, vacuum cleaners, irons, washing machines, and the labor-saving electrical apparatus which American

farmers are now using. A staff of expert demonstrators will make the trip and show how easily electricity may be introduced locally by means of farm light plants despite the marked absence of electric power companies.



PERCY BRIDE OF LOS ANGELES RECEIVES HIS WIFE FROM THE DEPARTING BOAT



GRAND PLANT OF PEACOCK REFINERY, LAUNCHED BY SISTER TAYLOR AT 10 P.M.



IN A MOUNTAIN, WEST OF ANGLETON, ST. PETER'S TELL A HAPPY TALE FROM THE LATE CITY



TAYLOR IDENTIFIED BY NEWS BACK TO HIS OWN HOME



ASSOCIATED IN ISLAND BY NEWS TO BE THE NEWS BACK OF ASSOCIATED THIS WEEK



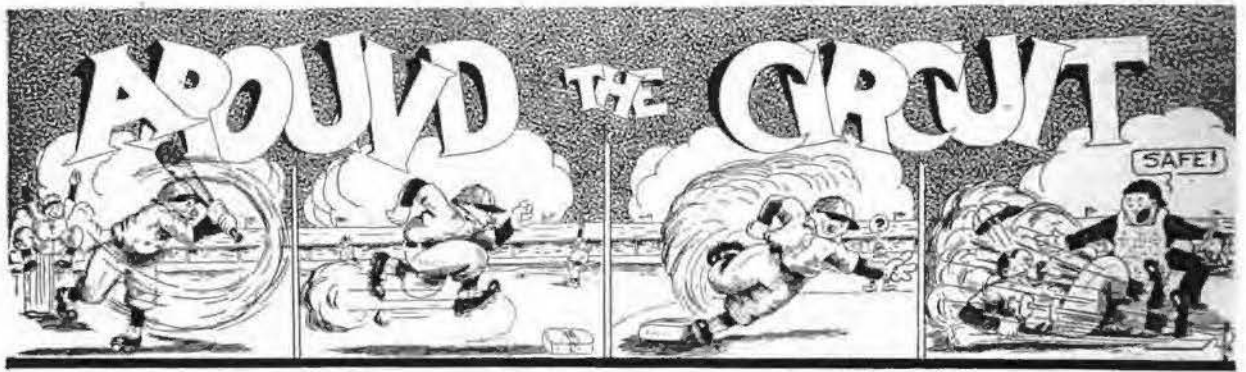
THE PICTURE OF ST. PETER'S TELL A HAPPY TALE FROM THE LATE CITY



EMERSON'S THREE WIVES AND THE FIRST OF THE WIVES, ANTHONY, PETERSON



THE WIVES AND THE FIRST OF THE WIVES, ANTHONY, PETERSON



Dear Editor:

There wasn't nothing in the last News because I didn't write nothing. I was so busy sending out them new stem winding price books that I didn't get no time to write you like I should ought of. Anyhow, Mr. Morgan, whos picher you put on the Seattle space every month—space waz good last month—wasn't in either, so that ought to of been quite a relief to most of the readers, like the feller who had a cold in his head was a relief to have something in it.

A lot of thing happened out here which is pretty near history, thay are so important, like Mr. O'Reilly getting married and going on a honeymoon and taking his wife along, and Bill Sanders which is the head of the Service Department marrying Mildred Sparks which was our filing clerk. Now when Bill don't want his wife to find him, all he's got to do is to get in the file room because she never could find nothing in there, and Larry Brown he ups and quits us. Larry he is in the lighting business down in California, which should ought to be a pretty good thing on account they need a lot of light shed on 'em down there if what we hear is right. Bob Lidgate, which is our stock maintenance man, he gets tired early last spring and got a leave of absence so he could go to Alaska. He didn't get back until a couple of days ago and brung a bear skin with him what covered a bear what was over seven feet long and musta been a strong one—anyhow, he smelled strong when we opened the package. We got a exclusive article on Big Game Hunting in Alaska, by Robert Lidgate, illustrated by photos taken in the wilds of the Arctic Circle by the author. You can start advertising this, because if he don't come through I'll write it anyhow. You know. "Order your copy of the News in advance" and everything like that.

We got a feller out here what if he lived in Geo. Washington's time Geo would have had to admit that he had him beat. He wouldn't tell no lies to nobody which makes him a good husband but kinda poor as a business man notwithstanding he is on the Power Apparatus Specialists job with Ed DesCamp. He is a cyetalian or

something like that and his name is Angus McKechnie. He got started on his vacation kinda late this month and went on a fishing trip with Mrs. McKechnie. Like all these swell fishers he promised a lot of the fellers some fish he caught. He didnt have no luck all week but he had to make good so Saturday afternoon he meets a kid who had caught about thirty pounds of trout on a bent pin and the kid sells out to him. Angus takes the fish and when he gets back to the Hotel he calls the wife out. Fine says she—Did you ketch 'em? No, says Angus, take em one at a time and throw em to me so that I can tell the next feller who asks the truth.

Now Mr. Cooley what is sales manager here is different, he was with the McKechnies and his luck was as worse or worser he sends a post card to Mr Michener saying that the fishing is fine and he will ship a few nice fresh trout he caught. Then he called up the butcher shop at Index and told the butcher to ship about six pounds of fresh trout to Mr. Michener and send him the bill. This is what happened. The fool butcher he gets the order mixed and Henry Bloom our shipping clerk says Mr. Michener there is a c.o.d shipment of smoked herring out here addressed to you from Index. When Mr. Cooley gets back he explains it like this. The trout was fresh when he caught em but on account of the forest fires all around Mt. Index by the time he got em to the Xpress Company they must of been kinda smoked and the way he told it Mr. Michener looked like he believed it until he found the box marked herring. Which reminds Mr. Cooley of Mr. Kelley's unregenerated days before this here prohibition hit these parts.

Mr. McCain, what was one of Mr. Kelley's salesmen at our Tacoma warehouse, got so good they brot him in here to Seattle to be Household Specialist which he now is and he got a good one pulled on him the first day he hit the job. Old John Foss which is our best dealer in Bremerton was kicking on account of a dishwasher what leaked, Mr. Davis please notice. Says Mac, we are back of those machines. Yes, says John, so far back you won't never catch up. Mac has thought of a lot of swell come-backs since, but he didn't have nothing ready when John got that one over.

Ole Bill Fritz our warehouse foreman says—America mighta won the broad jump at the Olympian games, but Europe getas a lot more action outa hops.

The good die young—some of the young dye good but I seen a lot of old timers of feminine persuashun what tries to dye young but don't get by.

—Herb, the Orfs Boy.



The Usual Post Season Alibi

While the Western Electric Baseball Team did not win first place in the Telephone Society League it can boast of being the only team to beat the champions, New Jersey. They also beat the Westchesters, who tied Jersey for first place. New Jersey was defeated 10 to 9 and 14 to 7, Westchester 15 to 8 and 12 to 5.

The Western Electric Team's standing of fourth place is attributed to the fact that it was impossible to play the same men in all the games. However, here's to success for the team of 1921!

Basket-ball Season On

The West Street Basket-ball Team has started practice and will be on its toes for the opening game of the Telephone Society League. It is being managed by J. F. Cole and G. Matthews. Among its members are some of the best players to be had in these diggings. Their hats are in the ring to all-comers.

In all probability the games will be played on the Telephone Society Court. The managers of the team request that all members of the Engineering Department interested in the sport attend the games and give the players their heartiest support. Anyone desiring to play on the team can communicate with the managers.

Death of A. Akin



A. Akin died at his boyhood home, Princeton, Kentucky, on September 16th of pernicious anemia, after two years' of illness. Mr. Akin possessed a sunny and genial disposition which won many friends for him throughout the organization, who will

feel the loss keenly.

After completing an Engineering Course at Kentucky State University in 1905, Mr. Akin took up the Student Course at Hawthorne, which was completed in 1907. He was then transferred to the Physical Laboratory at New York, where he made an exhaustive study of contact metals, becoming an authority on the subject. He was transferred to the Apparatus Design Branch in 1914 and was put in charge of the electrical and mechanical design of relays, cords, cables and electro-thermal apparatus.

Brains—Where the Sales Department Get Them

At the outset let it be understood that it is not the intention of the writer to start anything. Far be it from that. Further, lest there be any misunderstanding, he

is a member of the Engineering Department (a fact which may not be readily apparent from what follows). What, then, is the object of it all? Search me.

Comes a bright day at West Street with seaplanes droning over the river (also some droning indoors). Not that the aircraft have any positive relation to the day's work; merely that they give one an excuse to look out of the window and moon a bit only to be awakened by one of the genus operators plugging in on the line and causing the bell to tinkle. (Ours jangles.) So glimmering go fancy thoughts and this end of the line listens to a suggestion from none less than the editor-in-chief that the News wants to run an article on a certain change in organization. The subject of the change being a friend of ours and, keep it dark, an ex-member of the board of editors, there is nothing left to do but to write the required essay and save as much of the poor fellow's face as possible. For, be it admitted, he's made an awful switch, from West Street to 195 Broadway.

The story came about like this. The demand for telegraph apparatus is abnormally large at present. This applies particularly to printer-systems such as the one handling traffic between New York and Hawthorne. Naturally, with this condition facing the supplier, he should study service conditions so that the apparatus which he manufactures will be best suited to the needs of the traffic. Such study, however, demands a person thoroughly acquainted with the field of telegraph communications. That means that he must know the various types of instruments, the circuits over which they work, and the nature of the business and the codes employed. A pretty big order when you come to look it over.

Since it is the aim of the Western to give the best possible service to its customers, the Sales Department cast about for a telegraph systems expert who would meet the qualifications just mentioned. Of course, the Engineering Department is just the domain for explorations of this kind in view of the fact that at West Street there is a Telegraph Systems Development group. So a delegation from Broadway came over to the river front, looked around, said something to the denizens of the twelfth floor sanctums and waltzed off with P. M. Rainey to act in the capacity of Sales Engineer. It will be Mr. Rainey's duty to survey the field and recommend the equipment to do the required work.

Well, the act relieved the strain on the hoisting cables as had none other since the day a vice-president had to get off "B" car so that the old lift would lift.

It's sort of tough on P. M. that he was picked as the object of this dissertation, but don't forget this: the fact that he was picked gives you something to ponder. Think it over a bit, look at the men and women up the line wherever you may be and you'll find that many of them started in positions apparently unrelated to those they now hold. All of which goes to show that *you* needn't pine and sigh and feel hopelessly stay put any more than they did.



Doughty Golfer Wins Dough

*'Twas a balmy summer ev'ning
And a goodly crowd was there
Encamped around the club-house
To await the doughty pair.*

THIS story could have been written along those lines. In fact, it could have been sung to the tune of "John Brown's Body," but figuring a verse for every hole and considering that ninety holes were played, well—here's the story:

Marcus Curran and a friend named Clark Powell came skipping into the clubhouse, arm in arm, one evening after a grilling afternoon on the Country Club golf course. A friend remarked that they were getting too old to be chasing around under the hot sun like that and of course everybody laughed. Curran and Powell tried to think of a cutting reply and finally offered to bet a few million bucks that they could play ninety (90) holes in one (1) day. They found plenty of takers, in fact it seemed as though everyone wanted a chunk of that bet.

The day of the match dawned bright and clear shortly after Curran and Powell reached the first tee. With the first streak of daylight Curran shot his first ball. By ten o'clock a good-sized gallery was following them around and both players were showing excellent form. After playing thirty-six holes they stopped for lunch and a shower, and then began the long hard journey after the other fifty-four.

No need to tell in detail, of how the gallery dropped off one by one, of how the caddies were changed three times, or of the final 18th hole (in other words, the 90th) when both players holed out under bogey. But as Curran and Powell pranced gaily up to the clubhouse, a cheer went up such as has never been heard before or since at Omaha.

Nobody knows just how much they won. We do know that Curran blossomed out a few days later with the finest set of clubs in these parts and that he is driving a brand-new Oldsmobile.

*And the folks who lost their money
Watched them "divvy" up the pot,
For the whole world loves a winner
And the loser is forgot.*

Another New York Telephone Society Smoker

Ten big vaudeville acts, oodles of cigars, cigarettes, and tobacco for the old Jimmy pipes are the main attractions offered by the Telephone Society, Inc., for its first smoker of the season of 1920-21. The smoker will be held on the evening of November 19 at Kismet Temple in Brooklyn.

Judging from attendance records at last year's smokers the clans from Manhattan Island, Long Island, and New Jersey will tax the capacity of the house and the "S. R. O." sign will be working overtime. It's going to be a big show.



Who's Going to Fill It?

THE W. E. Team for the third season has won the golf championship in the Utilities Golf Association at Chicago. The final matches were played in October at the Beverly Club.

This means that the large silver cup which has reposed in Manager Cullinan's office, on consignment, all this year will now be Western Electric property for good and all time.

Those who participated in the final contest, and who have also upheld the W. E. flag during most of this season, follow:

Culp	110
Frick	125
Nabors	86
Austin	98
McEwen	95
Fredbloom	81
Speer	91

Patent Applied For

E. B. Dawson of Allegan, Michigan, one of the customers of our Grand Rapids house, walked into that office the other day to discount some bills. When the time came to dig for the old check-book, he stuck his hand in his pocket and fished out an envelope which looked very familiar. It was one of the heavy manilla envelopes with the blue printing used by us to enclose the packing slip of a shipment. It had been tacked on a box which had been sent to him and had been carefully removed. He says it carries his money, all right.

Gus on the Wing

Sales Manager "Gus" Schwenck of Grand Rapids has just returned from a four-day trip with the wholesalers of Grand Rapids. They chartered a special train and lived a sleepless life through the territory between Grand Rapids and Detroit. At each town an American flag was presented to the school children. Schwenck was on the program for one speech and presentation, and he got away with it in such fine style that they made him come back the next day and do it all over again.

Another Flyer a Casualty

Here follows the most important matrimonial news that has emanated from the Chicago house since George Hull Porter took the count:

Ere this number of the WESTERN ELECTRIC NEWS is printed William M. Goodrich, erstwhile "Bill," Western Electric Salesman, formerly high-flyer for Uncle Sam. Man-about-town, Chicago house poet-laureate and WESTERN ELECTRIC NEWS scribe, will be a Benedict. Bill was married October 14 to a Chicago girl.

Next in news importance to the above is the announcement that T. J. Rider, Jr., of the Sunbeam Company, will step off soon. It is said that Tom already has his flat rented.

This leaves only one desirable man unattached among the older set in the Chicago Sales Department, viz. Bill Weiss. Bill is going to buy a car, join a country club and take up golf next spring. So it does not appear that the family will be all married off here for some time yet.

Milwaukee And Still They Picnic

Did it ever happen to you that you thought it would be pretty nice to have a little picnic; and you asked the boss whether it would be O. K. and he consented with an enthusiastic grin; and you started planning the games and races and how many sandwiches a person could eat after three ice cream cones and two and one-half spurts from the bubble fountain had preceded them; and everything is all set for Tuesday, the eventful day, with nothing to worry about but the weather—and then on Sunday it rains and Monday it dittoes and then on Tuesday the sun bursts forth and heralds one of the most beautiful late summer days—Oh, boy, isn't it a g-r-a-a-and an' glorious feeling?

Such was the beginning of the first annual picnic held by the employees of the Milwaukee house. When the joy-seekers left for Grant Park, South Milwaukee, a beautiful part, ideally situated on the shores of Lake Michigan, the expressions on their faces were that of a salesman who had just landed an order for twenty-four carloads of washing machines.

The first event on the program was a hotly-contested indoor baseball game between the office force and the stores department. The office force won by a 9 to 5 score, mainly due to the faultless fielding of our Sales Manager, the wonderful batting eye of the two Miss Roses, and the usually highly efficient performance of the Service Department, which composed the batteries.

A. J. Ackerman

The writeups led us to believe that we had bit off a bigger chunk than we could chew. To make a long story short, our gang of warriors went out and trimmed them to the tune of 10 to 1. Incidentally, our pitcher hurled a no-hit game. We thought Cleveland and Brooklyn were second raters in comparison, but we haven't challenged either of 'em yet.

We are in a class with St. Louey and the Windy City when it comes to baseball, and if it could possibly be arranged a series of games between the three of us would be mighty interesting. We hope, however, that some of the other houses challenge us anyway. Here's hoping that's not an idle hope.

Ball Players Get a Feed

A few weeks after taking over the Northern Electric Company we had a big banquet, with all of the trimming, to commemorate the event and to get better acquainted with the new people who came with the business. The banquet was held at the Leamington Hotel. We had soup and everything. Everybody was watching someone else to see which spoon they should use.

It Listens Well

A customer of ours up in North Dakota wanted prices on receivers. He inquired if we could furnish him one that could be used on the right ear. We wrote back and told him that one of the advantages of the *Western Electric* receivers was that they could be used on either ear. We got the order.

Convincing!

There was a dinner at the Lotus Club in New York not long ago, attended by the District Managers and many officers and executives of the Company. The most interesting thing about the dinner, with the possible exception of the food, was the fact that the average age of the nineteen men present was forty-five years, while the average service with the Western Electric Company was a little more than twenty-one years.

If that isn't pretty sound proof that the Western is a good place to tie to, the News will buy you a dinner!



H. J. Ketter

A Defi for Chicago and St. Louis

WELL, for us, I guess, the baseball season is over, but it isn't our fault, because we were taking on all comers after winning the pennant in our division of the Commercial League. Competition was unusually keen, and by virtue of victories over all other division champions in the city we won the right to play the highly touted Winnipeg champions.



J. W. Saladine

Robinson Crusoe at Fifth Avenue

Robinson Crusoe was no more startled to find footprints in the sand than were members of the Credit Department to find the print of bare feet leading from the Credit Cage, and, as in the case of Devoe's well-known hero, it happened on Friday.

One credit hound has advanced the theory that it was an immoral risk attempting to break into the moral

class. Mr. Rice was of the opinion that some creditor might have been trying to get an extension of time on his account. The scrubwoman, however, solved it by explaining that No. 5 feet didn't go into No. 3 shoes when working for the Credit Department and the job had to be done shoeless.

New Honor for Chicago

If our readers, both gentle and "ruff" will turn to page 28 of the October News they will see under the appropriate heading "Chicago" a loud wail over the medals, crosses, palms and eulogies spilled upon New York because of their sales results this year.

After careful consideration, we have decided to follow Chicago's slogan and give "Honor to whom honor is due." To make up for our medals, crosses, palms, etc., we bestow upon Chicago the Croix de Goof. The citation follows:

"For a brave effort to keep ahead of an advancing enemy,—partly spoiled by an outburst of peevishness."

Living in Brooklyn Made Him What He Is To-day

Fred Leggett has just moved from Brooklyn to White Plains. A few days ago at the District Managers' Conference, he said he couldn't remember the number of his house and had forgotten the name of the street on which it is located.

"How do you get home, Fred?" somebody asked. "Well," said Fred, "I get off at the station, I look around until I see a square which contains a fountain. I then turn to the left, walk two blocks, where I meet a traffic cop; I know that my house is one block behind the cop."

What would happen to Fred if the cop should get a day off, we shudder to think.

Laconic—What?

A few months ago Jack Portley went back to his boyhood haunts in Ireland. Before he departed he promised to let us know how he found conditions on the other side. Probably the most graphic account of his impressions abroad is the following extract from one of the messages he sent back to Fifth Avenue: "I didn't get to France, but I have reached Ireland." Enough said!

**Fortieth Street
Wanted—A Barometer**

Heard at the switchboard in a conversation with a customer:

"Is Frost (city salesman) there?"

"No. Would you like to leave a message?"

"What are the names of some of the others at Fortieth Street?"

"Clark, Lyons, Storm—"

"Storm, that's the one; I knew it had something to do with the weather!"

D. D. Loomis



**WESTERN ELECTRIC
EMPLOYEES
STICK
TOGETHER
ENCOURAGE
RESOURCEFULNESS
NOW.**

**EACH ONE THAT
LEARNS
EFFICIENCY
CAN
TURN
RECKLESSNESS
INTO
CAREFULNESS**

**COME
ON.**

W. A. Means



Golfers Get Short Shrift from Shorty

It sho' is funny why some managers play golf only once. Naw, sub, I ain't mentionin' no names, but there is a clement of golf which hab done got into some people heah. There is some which admits they is good and some which is going to be a dark hoss when they starts, cause they is practicing down in the country in de pasture before dey will let folks see 'em. But I don't see how some folks gets so crazy bout dat game. I is seen 'em go out and knock a ball and go look for it and den drop another one and hit it and go look for it and dey cuss and dey swear and den dey come back and dey say it wuz all because dey didn't have no back spinning machie. It is got so now dat you is got to say if you is gwine to be a member of de baseball bunch or whether you is to join de golf gang. I maintains dat if dey ever do come to blows dat de golf gang's gonna win, cause it mus be harder to hit a golf ball, small as it is, than a baseball. De baseball bunch say tho that dey can't lose, cause dey is seen some of de golfers strike out twice before dey got a hit—and de strikeouts don't seem to count.

Memphis

Some Real Colored Advertising

Not long ago we received an inquiry from a lady of ebony color who said that she was suffering from spinal trouble, and thought that her spine should be rectified. She wondered if we had any electrical device we could recommend.

To show how quickly and ardently we follow up inquiries, in hot pursuit of prospective business, we gave Ott Chandler a tip that there was business in the air. Ott, being the type of salesman that can spot a cash customer as far as a hobo can read a free lunch sign, hied himself immediately to the scene, and in a salesman-like manner, with lots of accompanying hot air, secured the dusky lady's order for a Mercury Arc Rectifier.

Our customer was really appreciative of our efforts, and has just written, submitting pictures of before and after taking, implying that all her spinal aberrations have been dissipated, and her spine rectified.

Room for a Slot Machine

Colored owner of a 15 DC Power & Light Outfit: "I'se declares dat dis ya plant o' mine jes wont wurk, I done tried mos' everthing I recollectyuns."

Mr. Powell, Power & Light Specialist on the Job: "Have you looked at your spark plug, the gap should be adjusted to the exact thickness of a dime."

Colored Owner: "Yas, sur, I'se done jest dat very same thing, sur, but not possessing no dime I done used two nickels."

L. A. Schulz



Broadway on the Basket-ball Court

Broadway never got an opportunity to meet the West Street Baseball team or that of Fifth Avenue, but if either of those organizations feel still inclined to boast of their athletic prowess, the question can be decided upon the basketball court this winter. L. V. Mulvaney, the Tris Speaker of the downtown nine, has gathered together the makings of a fast quintet to represent 195 Broadway in the basketball world, and is anxious to hear from the rest of the WESTERN family.

Among the players who have answered the first call for the team are Hernandez, Schreiber, Wildung, and Horn. Manager Mulvaney is anxious to put out a first-class quintet and wants to hear from all lovers of the court sport.

Breathing Is Easy Again

When the District Managers were dining recently with some of the Company's officers and executives at the Lotos Club, J. W. Johnston, the official holder of the purse strings, took the occasion to say at the close that he had always felt very close to the Sales Department. He had been in the past, he said, of some assistance in getting business. He had not been called on as much this year as in past years, he said, and he, therefore, had written a personal note to all of the District Man-

agers asking them to drop in and see him when they were in New York.

"Good Lord!" breathed Harry Goodell at this point. "I've got one of those notes. You certainly have taken a load off my mind. I thought I was going to be arrested."



A Monody

The nightmare of the gang is near
When the wintry days are here,
What is this we dread and fear—
THE INVENTORY.

Casting figures day and night
'Neath the sun and pale moonlight,
Always wrong when most is right—
THE INVENTORY.

We forget the happy home
With it through a maze we roam,
With bleary eyes and muddled dome—
THE INVENTORY.

E'en in slumber still it seems
Spectral lights with baleful gleams,
Spoiling all our sweetest dreams—
THE INVENTORY.

Leads us an unhappy life
Keeping us in constant strife,
Gets me in wrong with my wife—
THE INVENTORY.

Making night and day seem one
What care we for moon or sun,
With its task still left undone—
THE INVENTORY.

In our meals three times a day
With us at the "movie play,"
All the actors seem to say—
THE INVENTORY.

When this life of toil we shake,
And to heav'n our way we make,
Its one bliss is where we take—
NO INVENTORY.

The Philadelphia Installers Wake Up!

The September News was too much for our Philadelphia installers, so they promptly organized an Athletic Association, and with C. S. (Doc.) Wiley as captain and manager, formed a baseball club known as the Western Electric A. A. Of those who reported, the following have made good and are playing regularly: Sinclair, pitcher; McDermott, pitcher; Griffiths, catcher; Paris, third base; Butkis, shortstop; Burchacke, second base; Cassidy, first base, pitcher; Neal, right field; Wiley, right field; Goldenberg, center field; Schanbacker, left field.

We also intend to enter the realm of soccer and basketball.



The Pest Still Wields a Nasty Tongue

IT WAS the 10:30 A.M., recess and the Office Pest, his arms filled with bundles, was returning from the little confectionery store across the street.

"You look like Robinson Crusoe making another trip from the wreck," I remarked. "I've often heard Eddie Rockefeller mention our 'bread-and-butter' lines, but I always thought he was speaking allegorically."

"Just a little nourishment for Dolly's dames," the Pest answered, as he parked on my desk, successively, four cakes of chocolate, three packs of gum, a grewsome looking purple pie, a bag of cakes, and two pints of milk. "They'll probably starve between now and lunch if they don't get these eats."

"But did you hear the bawling-out that Bud Lacey got over at Emeryville the other night?" the human bulletin-board continued. "They were opening the new shop building with a dance and some vaudeville furnished by the Binkley circuit, and a friend of Bud's was up on the stage doing stunts."

"'Last Friday,' he says, 'when Bud and I were at the ball game—'

"'Last Sunday, you poor sap!' yells Bud from down in Row D, 'make it Sunday; my boss is here.'"

"Everybody laughs at Bud, and even Mr. Berry, his boss, smiles a pale little smile. Then he writes something on his cuff with his fountain pen."

"The guy on the stage apologizes." "Well, anyway," he goes on, 'Bud took me home to have dinner with him and his wife.' 'She's a great little pal,' Bud says, 'some little queen, too; and buh-lieve me, she knows who's king around the joint.'

"'We got home rather late,' says the guy, 'and there was a dame waiting at the head of the stairs.' 'There's the little pal now,' says Bud.

"'Where've you been all afternoon?' she says, in a voice with icicles hanging to it, and then, zam!—she pastes Bud with a rolling pin.

"The guy says he knows Bud is king in his house, all right, because he's seen him crowned there.

"And there was another feller who got into trouble over that Emeryville party. Jim Russell wanted to go, but he lives over in Mill Valley and his wife worries about his coming home in the dark.

"'Stay with me, then,' says Mr. Miskelly, the traveling author. (That's his real name, honest.)

"So Jim phones his wife: 'I'm going to the Emeryville dance, and don't bother about me, because I'll stay all night with Miskelly.'"

House Warming—Emeryville Plant

The completion of the new addition to the plant at Emeryville, which has been in the course of construction for the past six months, was celebrated by a fitting fete of merriment and mirth on Thursday evening, September 23.

The spacious pavilion, which is soon to be the scene of animation of an industrial nature, was started on its career of housing activity with festivities of a more carefree kind.

The entire ceiling and walls of the new building were decorated with flags and streamers and presented a kaleidoscope of color that brought forth comments of admiration from the delighted throng.



The housewarmers cease their festivities to pose. No wonder the movie magnates like California

Employees from the three Bay City houses, San Francisco, Oakland, and Berkeley, gathered early with their families to the tune of 800 people, and were started off on an evening of joy and jazz by a home talent entertainment, following which Emeryville's famous Ragomaniacs took charge and for the remainder of the night dancing "was indulged in by all."

Refreshments were served and the committee in charge, just to show how they felt about it, distributed door prizes to a few lucky guests. The success of the affair was demonstrated during the closing hour when the assembly en masse demanded that the event be repeated before a wonderful dance floor becomes the berth of bunches of benches, which is an alliterative way of saying "where there is Youth, there must be Jazz."



Their own poster



Emeryville's new addition. No; this picture was not taken by daylight. It is always bright here

SERVICE AWARDS

L. Grundell—30 Years

"Spavino wins," says the announcer, and a tall, lean man walks over to the bookie who had accepted his \$10 on the 25-1 shot. "On Snail Pace," he remarks, and the bookie records the bet at the prevailing odds, 12 to 1. Again the hoofs thunder. "Snail Pace wins," cries the announcer. Once more the tall man approaches the bookie. "On Wheezer at 20 to 1," he directs. Again the thudding hoofs. "Wheezer wins," shouts the announcer, and for the third time the tall stranger refuses



his winnings. "Put the whole \$60,000 on your 10 to 1 shot, Glacier," he remarks nonchalantly. They're off! They're at the stretch! They've finished. The announcer rises. "Lady Belle wins," he says, and Leo Grundell is still working for the Western. But all that happened years ago and the boys in the Subset Assembly Department ought to have forgotten it before now. Anyway, let's change the subject.

Mr. Grundell started to work for the Western at Clinton Street in November, 1890, assembling subsets. He has remained in the Subset Assembly Department ever since, and, needless to say, he can follow a subset circuit much more accurately than he followed the ponies on the day he came so near breaking into the millionaire class. Mr. Grundell is now one of the department's section heads.

To avoid wearying your arithmetic, we'll subtract 1890 from 1920 for you and find that Leo gets four stars on his new service button this month.

J. H. Longley—25 Years

When we say that J. H. Longley knows all about jacks, we mean to include jack-rabbits. John even knows what it's like to be shot for one, although he doesn't recommend that experience as necessary to a thorough understanding of telephone jacks, which are his speciality.

Mr. Longley started to learn about jacks when he took a job at Clinton Street in 1890 in the Jack Assembly Department. Two years later he quit long enough to act as a target for a friend who was out hunting jack-rabbits with him. A bullet through the left lung and a long exposure to cold while his friend went for help came near ending John's history right there, but he fooled the doctors and rejoined the Western in November, 1895. Since that time he has been in the Jack Assembly Department continuously with the exception of several months in 1918 and 1919, when he helped rush out radio sets for the Government.

Mr. Longley lives in Des Plaines, Illinois, which is a long ways from Hawthorne, but it gives him a chance to have a garden, raise chickens and enjoy long walks in the open, and, after all, that is the life!

As John's second Western Electric start was made a quarter of a century ago, he gets three stars on his service button this month.

H. W. Harman—25 Years

Meet H. W. Harman, who is twenty-five years older than he was when he was that much younger than he is, and entitled to hobnob with Hennessy, Martel, Brainard, Burt Jamison and other three-star celebrities.

Mr. Harman joined the Company in 1895, starting at the Albany Street store. Shortly after was delegated to head off possible complaints from foreign customers.

He succeeded in this, at a time, too, when criticism of American methods was caustic and incessant, and won many friends for our company by the original and skillful ways devised for safeguarding merchandise in transit.

H. W. is the one who showed C. E. Cone how sunbeam lamps, manhole castings, bar solder, inner globes and guy clamps might be packed for export in one case and delivered in Iquique (sometimes pronounced as I-ke-ike) with the contents unbroken and not even creased.

Harry has packed lots of boxes for mule-back transportation, but what Thirty-sixth Street and Staten Island longs for is a chance to see him packing those boxes on the mule.



C. S. Voorhees—25 Years



Twenty-five years ago this month, C. S. Voorhees joined the forces of the W.E., throwing his lot with the cashier's department in New York. For five years he helped to keep tabs on the finances of the local organization until April, 1900, when he was selected to do the estimating on switchboards. As a sort of side-line he also took care of the correspondence which was exchanged with the American Bell interests. In 1906 he found a new set of duties, this time doping out the prices for the telephone apparatus specialists. Mr. Voorhees was appointed Assistant Telephone Sales Manager in November, 1908. Eight years later he broadened out his sphere of activity, becoming Assistant Contract Sales Manager. Charlie has as many friends as there are people who know him, and they all hope he'll stick around for another 25 years.

D. L. Young—20 Years



There is an old English song that starts off something like this: "On Richmond hill there lives a lass more fair than Mayday morn; her charms all other girls' surpass—a rose without a thorn." Now, we won't go so far as to assert that that is the reason Dave Young chose Richmond Hill, Long Island, as a place of residence, but we do know that Dave lives there and that the place is famous as a chicken-raising resort. (We use the word "chicken" in its academic and not in its slang sense, however.) Having now got Dave to blushing furiously, we'll proceed to tell you a little about him while he is tongue-tied with embarrassment.

Mr. Young started as an installer in the Eastern District back in 1900. From that point on his history is like that of the lad in Mr. Longfellow's "Excelsior" poem—onward and upward (except that nobody has ever found Dave with cold feet). He is now general foreman of the New York District.

As his principal occupation is providing means to let other people talk, Mr. Young doesn't indulge in surplus conversation himself, but if you can read the stars the two on his new service button will tell you his length of service as plainly as he could.

C. Monzin—20 Years



Those who attended the Hawthorne Products Show last year will remember Charles Monzin as one of the demonstrators at the woodworking exhibit. Charley has been engaged at woodworking during most of his long service with the Company, and what he doesn't know about the game would never be missed in any demonstration.

Mr. Monzin started in 1900 at Clinton Street in the Wood Shops, where he remained until 1902. The next year he spent in the Milling Machine Department, operating a metal and hard-rubber saw. Since 1903, however, he has been located continuously in the Woodworking Departments. Charley is an expert on subsets and his work requires the operation of a lock-corner machine, a jointer, a hinge-gainer and a cornering machine. However, it took half an hour for us to find out what all these contraptions are, so we won't try to explain them to you in this short space.

Charley drives the car that recently produced the break in the high cost of driving, and he enjoyed his first full-pay vacation this summer, burning up gas on a long motor trip.

His Western Electric service is two stars old this month.

W. F. Hosford—20 Years

If W. F. Hosford ever gets tired of being a superintendent at Hawthorne, he can probably get a job in the rifle squad of our police department. He gathered some fine experience for the job while carrying a heavy army rifle to and fro on Chicago's South Side streets when he was called out as a member of the Illinois Reserve Militia to tighten up Chicago's black belt during the race riots last year. One guess as to whether he re-enlisted this fall.

Anyway, there has been no "soldiering" about Mr. Hosford's Western Electric career. He began as a shop clerk at Clinton Street in November, 1900. By 1903 he had worked himself into a job in the Shop Output Department as a "chaser." Later he was entrusted with laying out and following special work through the shops. In 1909 he entered the Engineer of Methods Department, becoming its chief in 1914, following a few months' service as engineer of layouts during the final assimilation of the New York Shops by Hawthorne. In March, 1918, he was made Assistant Technical Superintendent. He assumed his present position as Technical Superintendent last August.

Mr. Hosford used to be a shining light on the Hawthorne tennis teams, but most of his tennis nowadays is played on a golf links. Outside of that, his principal sport is gathering service stars. He secured his second this month.

E. C. Blatter—20 Years



The slowest animal outside the turtle family is supposed to be a messenger boy, but somehow or other they "get there just the same," like the wingless insect celebrated in the comic ditty our mothers used to forbid us singing. For example, take E. C. Blatter:

Back in 1900 the Clinton Street Shops hired a messenger boy answering to the name of "Gene." Nobody except the Payroll Department knew that he had another name, but on the pay slips he was listed as Eugene C.

Blatter. When he wasn't messing around at messenger work, Gene kept his eyes and ears open to such good effect that he was transferred to the Shop Order Department and put on layout work in March of 1901. After some three years in this line of work, Mr. Blatter was transferred to the General Shop Output Department on production work. His next move was to the Switchboard Service Department in 1907. After a short period in the Switchboard Production Department and the Raw Material Order Department in 1908, he entered the Billing Department in June of the same year. In January, 1919, he was transferred to the Pricing and Estimating Division, where he is now chief of the Correspondence, Scheduling and Report Section.

Besides being a baseball fan second to none, Gene is a gymnast of no mean ability, but the two stars he wears on his new gold button are for neither accomplishment. They simply mean "twenty years in the Western Electric family."

G. E. Toohey—20 Years



Before the Eighteenth Amendment got in its knockout wallop we wouldn't have expected any printer to set up G. E. Toohey's first Western Electric job without making it look like a pi-line—at least, not right after pay-day. You see, George started at New York in the statistical—the statistical—oh, pshaw, the stat-is-ti-cal department.

Luckily, before his tongue became hopelessly entangled trying to tell people what his job was, Mr. Toohey got away from this early entanglement and took up what we call American Bell work, because nobody has ever been able to find any title to even approximately describe the job. Anyway, it's a man's-sized position and George fitted into it so well that he's been kept there ever since. He is now located at Hawthorne and his title is head of the American Bell Instrument Department.

We might tell you about how George stalled his car twice in the same mudhole on the same afternoon, or how he offered to take some meat home for Frank Cox one time and got on the wrong train, leaving the Cox family to slow starvation, or how he plays pool—but, no; "Cap" Merrick says the least said on that point the better. So we'll close by merely stating that Mr. Toohey receives a new two-star button this month.

J. Klinka—20 Years

How can you tell when a man's trying to kid you? We were talking to Joe Klinka about gardens the other day and he told us about a new vegetable he raised last summer. He says it's called a "sheeny potato." It grows like a vine, looks like a potato, and tastes like a nut, according to Joe, so you see it's a pretty complicated vegetable. Probably it is called a "sheeny potato," because if you soak it with a raisin it becomes a real He-brew, but we didn't let Joe explain that far because we had a sneaking suspicion that maybe he distinguished a nutty flavor about us. So we can't vouch for the potato. However, here are some facts we can guarantee:

Mr. Klinka laid the foundation for this write-up back in 1900 by

taking a job in the old Clinton Street Woodworking Department. With the exception of four months in 1915, when the Production Branch borrowed him to analyze woodworking specifications, he has always remained in the Woodworking Departments. He is an expert trim sawyer, which to any woodworker means that he is one of the most highly skilled men in the trade.

Five years from this month Joe will get a twenty-five-year service button, and by that time we expect to have figured out whether or not he was kidding us about those Yiddish spuds.

W. J. Cuddy—20 Years



Were you ever an accountant? Bet you were. You know, in the evening along toward the end of the month you light your pipe after dinner and get out a piece of paper and a stub of a pencil, then you sit down and start to figure out what you did with all your money that month. You figure and figure, but you can never get it to come out just exactly right. Well, when you do that you are an accountant. That's Mr. Cuddy's job, only he makes it come out right.

He started in the Statistical Department of the New York Distributing Department. Later he was transferred to the Clerical and Purchasing Department of the New York Shop, then he went into the Expense Accounting Section and because he did a good job he was put in charge of the Plant Accounting and Records. When the New York Shop moved to Hawthorne he went back to the New York Distributing Department but he still hung on to the Plant Accounting and Records. When the Engineering Department and the Distributing Department came to the parting of the ways he went into the Accounting Department of the former. He has recently been transferred to the Special Studies Group of the Investigations Division.

E. Growney—20 Years



If you have a longing to rise in the world, see Mr. Growney. He'll take you up. He is the amiable operator of elevator "C" at West Street. He says his life for the past twenty years has been full of ups and downs but he is happy and contented nevertheless. Probably it's because they can't keep him down. Unlike the sun he rises and goes down more than once a day and he never sets.

Miss Rose Henzler—20 Years

If you have heard the moral censors rave about Aphrodite, minus nightie (also, some say, minus tighties) you have a faint conception of what an inspector says when he finds bare wires in a telephone cable.

Twenty years ago Miss Rose Henzler started in saving souls by removing all temptations to profanity from the path of the cable inspectors. In other words, she took a position as an operator on the paper insulating machines in the old Clifton Street Shops. To-day she is employed to train new operators, so we need not bring forward further proof of her ability to do a good job of wire covering.

Miss Henzler has always remained in the Insulating and Twisting Department, where she has risen through the positions of subsection chief and section chief to her present position of technical clerk and instructor, which she assumed the first of this year.

No one would tell us any of Miss Henzler's foibles for publication, so we are forced to conclude that she must be a Rose without a thorn. But, anyway, there are five points on each of the two stars on her new service button.

F. S. Ruland—20 Years



Did you ever go twenty years without once getting hot under the collar and wrathful at everybody and anybody that came in contact with you on the job? We answer no for you without waiting for your reply. However, we do know a man that has that reputation. He's been twenty years with us this month and we are printing his picture so you can all take a look at him.

In November, 1900, "Gus" Ruland started his career in the Stock Department at West Street. In 1901 he shifted to the old Murray Street store, selling behind the counter for a year. Nineteen hundred and two saw him back in the Stock Department, where he remained until 1912. He then shifted to the Sales Department as editor. In 1918 he moved to Syracuse as Stores Manager. In 1920 he was shifted back to New York and there he will complete this month his first twenty years of ever-reliable service—without having once lost his head—which, we rise to state, is some record.

J. F. Bishop—20 Years



Anyone with patience enough to make a balky insulating machine behave ought to have patience enough to manage a wife, but J. F. Bishop is still a handsome bachelor, for all that. Maybe he thought he didn't have patience enough for both jobs, or perhaps his own explanation is the correct one: "You see," he says, "I never had nerve enough to ask a girl's parents and I never saw an orphan that I liked." Anyway, we'll let it go at that and proceed with John's

Western Electric history.

Mr. Bishop began as a machinist at Clinton Street, where he helped build many of the twisters and insulating machines now in use at Hawthorne, besides working on the cotton and silk insulators for the London Shops. Later he was made machinist in charge of the shop insulating machines, and of course he knew their tricks and their manners perfectly. In 1908 he was transferred to Hawthorne, where he helped build the first set of black-wire insulating machines used in the works. In November of that year he was transferred to the C. R. & I. tool-room at his former work of looking after insulating machines to see that they cut up no capers. He has remained at that work ever since.

Refusing to profit by John's good example, the star on his service button takes unto itself a mate this month.



J. F. Foy
N. Y. Distributing



C. E. Thorn
N. Y. Distributing

Other Fifteen-Year Men and Women

Stanton, H. B., Atlanta.....	November 1
Marquart, G., Hawthorne, 6417.....	" 6
Edelman, O., Hawthorne, 6118.....	" 18
Kostka, F., Hawthorne, 6303.....	" 14
Willig, C. G., Hawthorne, 6084.....	" 16
Gary, Nellie, Hawthorne, 7393.....	" 23
Arbutnot, S. W., Hawthorne, 6036.....	" 24
Krocker, C., Hawthorne, 6315.....	" 24
Gibbs, W. F., Los Angeles.....	" 1
Gough, E. A., New York, Engineering.....	" 21
Van Tubergen, G. W., New York, International.....	" 20
Pullen, Ethel M., New York, 195 Broadway.....	" 20
Brown, L. J., San Francisco.....	" 14

Fifteen-Year Men and Women



G. Johnson
Hawthorne



C. D. Jamison
Atlanta



C. H. Newman
Hawthorne



J. Volak
Hawthorne



G. V. Dougherty
Philadelphia



F. A. Anderson
Hawthorne



W. White
West Street



J. C. Field
West Street



L. B. Stark
West Street



C. E. Palka
Hawthorne



G. L. McKay
Philadelphia



D. E. Harden
Hawthorne

Ten-Year Men and Women

Wallace, M. R., Boston.....	November 17
Schmidt, W. M., Cincinnati.....	" 10
Kurdys, Bessie, Hawthorne, 6826.....	" 1
Kablas, F. J., Hawthorne, 6157.....	" 2
Podmajerski, P., Hawthorne, 6338.....	" 2
Young, L., Hawthorne, 6377.....	" 2
Delaney, J. A., Hawthorne, 6615.....	" 2
Culler, W. M., Hawthorne, 6117-A.....	" 4
Walther, W. P., Hawthorne, 6300.....	" 6
Unger, S. E., Hawthorne, Inst.....	" 7
Breveckis, J. S., Hawthorne, 6846.....	" 8
Wrobel, J., Hawthorne, 7683.....	" 8
Grant, C. S., Hawthorne, 6820.....	" 10
Schultz, O., Hawthorne, 6460.....	" 11
Terdina, F., Hawthorne, 6301.....	" 14
Heidemann, W. F., Hawthorne, 6302.....	" 14
Pistillis, S., Hawthorne, 6372.....	" 14
Levine, S. N., Hawthorne, Inst.....	" 14
Mitchell, F. M., Hawthorne, 6375.....	" 15
Larson, Agnes M., Hawthorne, 6319.....	" 17
Bloom, Polly, Hawthorne, 6326.....	" 19
Brown, W., Hawthorne, Inst.....	" 21
Collins, W., Hawthorne, 6386.....	" 22
Kucera, J. J., Hawthorne, 6337.....	" 22
Brown, Joe, Hawthorne, 5786.....	" 22
Schaefer, S. J., Hawthorne, 6312.....	" 23
Bouchard, A., Hawthorne, 6654.....	" 24
Witt, Alma, Hawthorne, 6820.....	" 26
Landmesser, E., Hawthorne, 6460.....	" 28
Welch, J. E., Hawthorne, Inst.....	" 28
Kramp, L., Hawthorne, 6324.....	" 29
Hately, Francis, Hawthorne, 6325.....	" 29
Levora, Mae, Hawthorne, 6326.....	" 29
Thielen, J. M., Hawthorne, Inst.....	" 29
Gnadt, Meta, Hawthorne, 6320.....	" 30
Olmstead, G. N., Kansas City.....	" 30
Curran, P., New York, Engineering.....	" 2
Calome, R., New York, Engineering.....	" 4
Hokanson, C. E., New York, Engineering.....	" 7
Noble, R. E., New York, Engineering.....	" 7
Bendernagel, W. H., New York, Engineering.....	" 9
White, C., New York, Engineering.....	" 14
Riley, E. J., New York, 195 Broadway.....	" 21

HAWTHORNE-POLE-MEET



C'MON, FELLAS! SPEED UP! WE'RE AHEAD SO FAR

HEAVE TO, CAPTAIN THERE'S A MAN OVERBOARD

NO WONDER THE POLES ARE OVERTHROWING THE BOLSHEVIKI. HERE'S WHAT A SINGLE POLE DID IN THE STRADDLE POLE RACE.

NO SIREE! NO MARRIED LIFE FOR ME!

NO GIRL OUGHT TO ENTER AN ACCURACY BASE BALL THROWING CONTEST IN LEAD YEAR

WOMEN'S TENT

WONDER IF SOME SMART ALECK IS TRYING TO MAKE FUN OF MY FIGURE

THAT HORRIBLE DOUBT

SAY, WE LEFT A FEW SHALL WE GO BACK?

NO, NEVER MIND. THIS IS PLENTY

IF JOHN SWEENEY (OPER) AND MISS EDITH HOFFMAN (I+!) EVER ENTER THE BURGLARY PROFESSION IT WILL BE CONSPIRACY IN RESTRAINT OF TRADE

BRAND NEW

THE REASON SEARS DIDNT ENTER THE POLE VAULT.

GREEN WHISTLE 10¢ A DRINK

THIS KID MUST HAVE LEARNED TO WHISTLE FROM AN IRISH COP.

WE'LL MATCH OUT A WINNING TEAM FOR THE CLERICAL AND INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS BRANCH THIS TIME SURE

MISS TALBOT

MISS CWHOP

HEIN RICH

LAWLOR

THE TEAM

BOTH OF 'EM

OH, GEORGE, LOOK! THEY MUST BE ALLOWING THEM TO FISH IN THE RESERVOIR NOW

VACANT FLAT

OH, WELL! SOME PEOPLE WOULD EVEN THINK BARE RUTH CARRIED A BAT TO BEAT CARPETS.

YOU MISUNDERSTOOD ME, MADAME. THE AGE LIMIT IS SIXTEEN - NOT SIXTY

GEE! THAT MUST BE FATHER TIME'S MOTHER

60% DASH FOR GIRLS UNDER 16 TRACK 2

MISS ANN TIQUE WAS TOO OLD EVEN TO STAY IN THE HUMAN RACE



Could you use 3 hours more a day?



A Western Electric lamp post outside means an up-to-date farmer inside.

"The chores and odd jobs around my farm took about three hours a day, before I got an electric power and light outfit. Of course, if you know where to get all the farmhands you need—at \$2.00 a day—this letter won't interest you."

Thomas Bell

Editor's Note: Mr. Bell is a farmer near Darlow, Kansas.

As a rule we farmers don't give much thought to the value of our time. But we suddenly realize that time is worth money, when milking the cows or mixing the feed keeps us from bigger jobs, out in the fields.

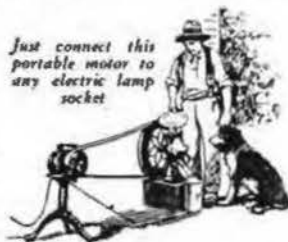
"Last year I made up my mind that I would look for a farm plant with power enough to do real work. The one I picked was the Western Electric Power and Light Outfit, and please notice that putting the word Power first in the name describes the outfit very well. It is powerful. But I'm not going to praise it up to the skies. I just want to describe this outfit and the

work it is doing for me, and let you judge whether it would suit your needs too.

The battery lasts longer

"It is the 'tapering charge' that makes the Western Electric battery last so long. The charge doesn't strain the batteries, because as they fill, the current gradually slacks up by itself. These batteries are powerful too. They can run my portable

Just connect this portable motor to any electric lamp socket



motor for hours and hours on a single charge. Or they can operate ten electric lamps for thirteen and a half hours.

"Then there is the generator, built for endurance and hard work. In fact, it will run such a combination as an electric iron, twenty lamps and a one-sixth horsepower motor just as long as you keep it going.

"With the batteries and the generator working together, you just add the capacity of both. That explains how I can use electricity to milk the cows, separate the cream,

churn the butter, turn the grindstone and pump water.

The powerful engine is a big help

"The Western Electric Outfit has an extra size engine, with a pulley all ready to be hitched up to a lot of the machinery I used to turn by hand. So taken all in all, you can see how I save at least three hours a day for work in the field. And in these

times when farm-hands are so few and far between, it is mighty important to have this dependable help that my electric power outfit furnishes."

A farmhand you can always depend on—Western Electric Power and Light



The Western Electric Vacuum Sweeper cleans your house quickly and easily.

Western Electric Power & Light

Makes the Battery last longer

Western Electric distributors in your neighborhood:

(Names and addresses of distributors will be listed here)

For territory still available write to Western Electric Company

Write to the nearest Western Electric distributor for booklet SL-6.



The Ironer with a Ruffler



AT LAST!

*The ironer that even irons
ruffles*

FOR years reports have come to us of women's disappointment when they found that electric ironers stopped short of doing ruffles and collar-bands.

So our housekeeping and engineering experts put their heads together and designed a machine that does practically all the ironing.

The result is this Western Electric Ironer with a Ruffler.

There is just one model—many models confuse—one, simplifies selling. One model is sufficient if it's made to cover all needs. The Western Electric Ironer is!

THIS ironer has many other special features: It is safe—all moving parts are enclosed. Convenient—can be operated from either a sitting or standing position. Handy—has both a foot and a hand control. Accessible—hinged feed board—easy to reach clothes. Practical—tilted receiving board prevents clothes from slipping to floor. Easy to clean—third position of hand control throws shoe far back from roll.

THE Ironer is ready to take its place with the other Western Electric Appliances that have made good with dealers and women the country over.

Everything from the proper design and special features to the last word in advertising and sales helps have been worked out to make this ironer the fastest and best seller in the live dealer's shop.

Get in on this attractive proposition!

Western Electric

(The first announcement of the new Western Electric Ironer. Similar advertisements are appearing in current issues of electrical papers.)

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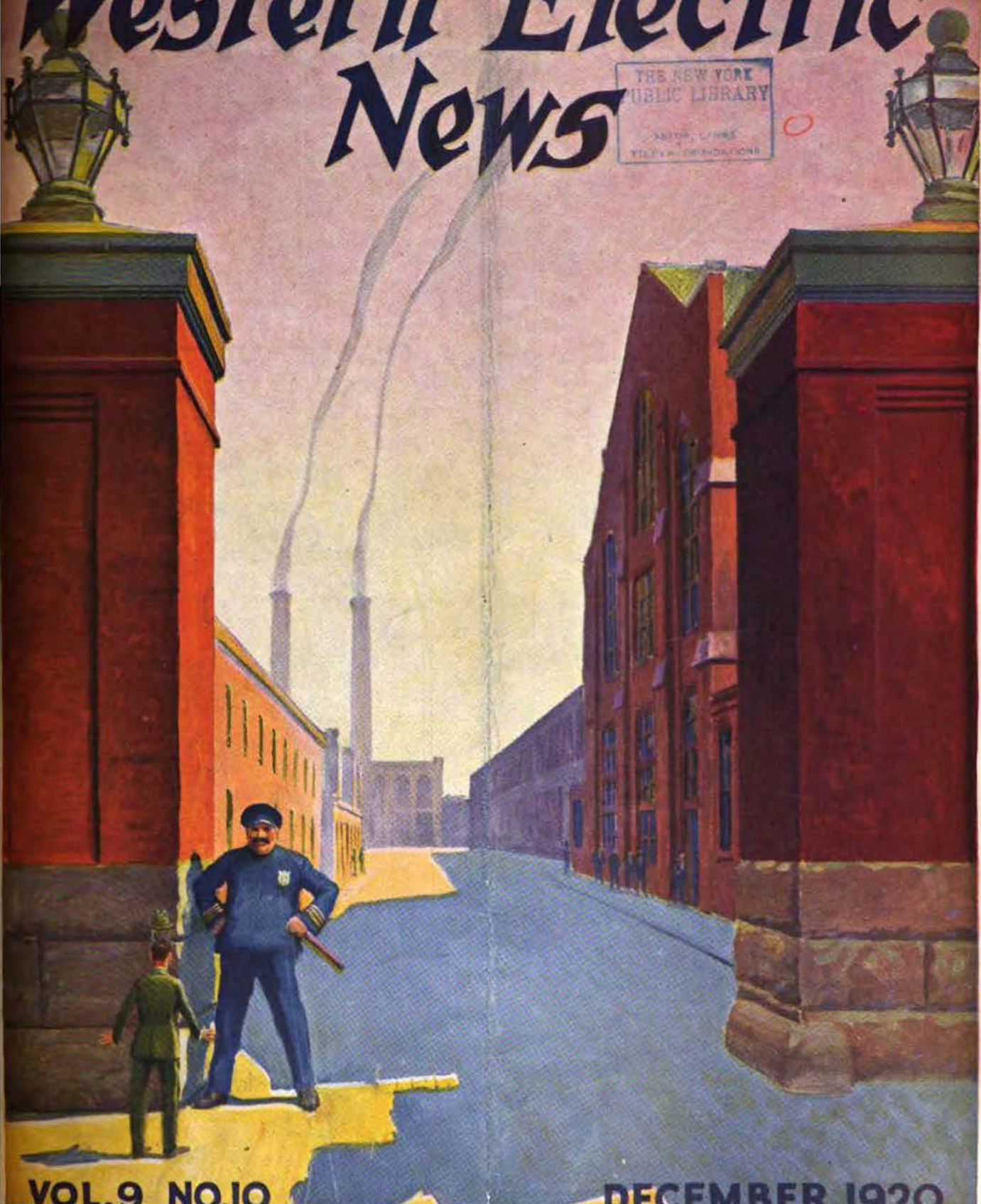
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TECHNOLOGY DIVISION

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Western Electric News

THE NEW YORK
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ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS



VOL. 9 NO. 10

DECEMBER 1920



Crack o' doom any day in the year

Middy—the sky suddenly overcast—a storm breaks in darkened fury—click, click go the electric switches all over town—lights twinkle cheerily in office, shop and home.

A scenario you'll recognize. It's being played somewhere every day. The storm is the villain, threatening inconvenience and danger, while in the nick of time the Electric Light Company steps in and saves the day.

But it is not by chance that this public servant can take care of the abrupt daytime demand, rising in a few minutes from almost nothing to full capacity. Such an emergency was anticipated in the very design and construction of your Electric Light Company's plant.

There are boilers specially devised to meet sudden calls for steam—stations interconnected by a network of wires, so that one can help another—generators built at great cost to carry an overload for hours.

Meanwhile, to report the approach of trouble, the Electric Light Company keeps in constant touch with the weather bureau and maintains its own lookout.

Thus there is ample warning to stir the fires into new life and to bring extra generators and transmission lines into action, so that we may have light when and where and how we want it.

But if the engineers did not make ready before the actual need, a storm would be a time of darkness and fear. The stoppage of business might prove the least of the harm resulting.

Or if, on the other hand, the method of being prepared was to keep the entire plant going at full blast at all times without regard to demand, the waste in operation would lead to increased costs and ultimately to increased rates.

It is by applying economy to the solution of emergency demand that the central station protects the subscriber's dollar at the same time that it safeguards his service.

Published in the interest of Electrical Development by an Institution that will be helped by whatever helps the Industry.

Western Electric Company

No. 17 *Visualize a catchy name hidden by you, with each of its 1000 signs displayed in letters and information on electrical devices and materials. This will give you some idea of the successful activity of this Company in serving the public's electrical needs.*

PEOPLE speak of the public utilities as "they," "those men." If it were only "we," how that friendly little word would ring as a symbol of good-will and united interest!

It is not generally realized that the utilities being in great part to the people nor that the well-being of master and servant rises or falls together. Hence our attempt to show this interdependence and to promote something of the "we" sentiment towards the utilities.

(This is the eighth in the second series of institutional advertisements.)

THAT the Electric Light Company shall carry on a twenty-four hour a day service, rain or shine, is taken quite as a matter of course. Subscribers have no opportunity to know the preparations—hours, days, even years ahead—which central station engineers make to assure light in time of storm.

Hence our story, which takes the reader behind the scenes to see just how an emergency demand is anticipated.

(This is the seventh in the second series of institutional advertisements now appearing in the popular magazines.)



"Help! The ship is sinking!" "What do we care? It doesn't belong to us."

Look what's happening to your ship

Yes, it's yours. Instead of "ship" read "public utility"—perhaps even the Telephone or Electric Light Company in your town.

Rates at low tide have stranded it on the rocks, while a surging sea of costs for labor and material breaks over its smoke-stack high.

Whether you're a stockholder or not, through investments by your trust company and insurance company you are part owner in the public utilities. So you are protecting your own money when you see to it that they have a high enough rate to keep going.

These public servants are necessary for your safety and convenience, too. For if electric service were forced to shut down, picture the result—

No street cars running. Telephone communication suspended. Factories idle. Homes deprived of electric light. Theatres and "movie" houses closed. Increased fire risk. Streets unsafe at night.

Even now the Electric Light Companies and Telephone Companies are unable to supply service to hundreds of thousands of applicants. Lack of funds stands in the way of adding equipment to extend the lines.

The reasons for such a condition are different in different places, and each case must of course be settled on its merits.

After all, though, it isn't a question of fairness or generosity to the Companies so much as a matter of self-interest to you. "How can I assure myself good electric service?"—that is your problem.

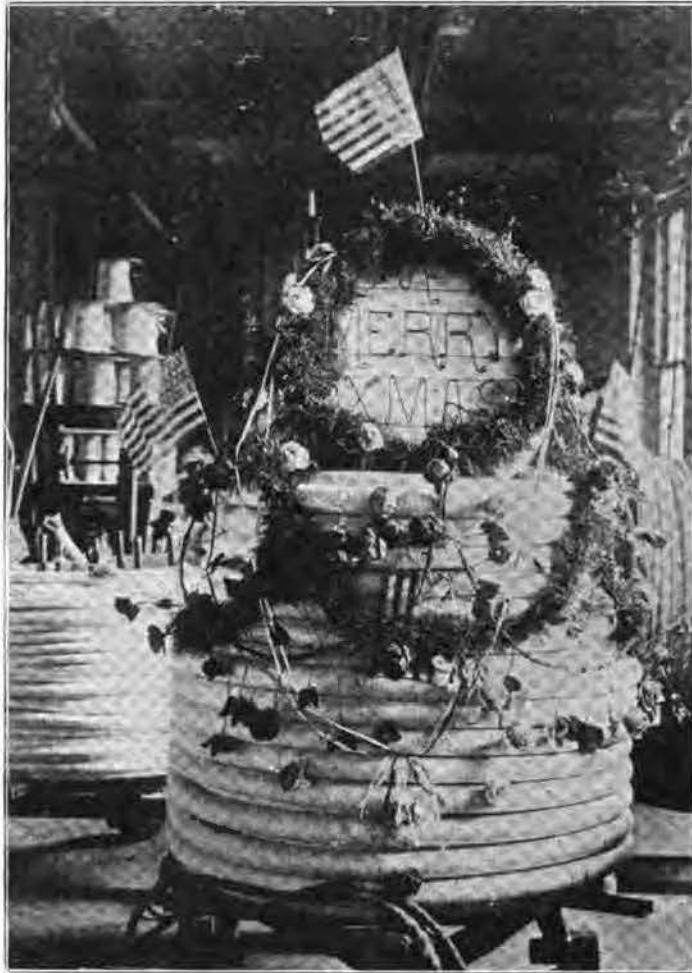
Your law-makers and public service commissioners take their authority from public opinion. And public opinion divided by the population of your community is you.

Published in the interest of Electrical Development by an Institution that will be helped by whatever helps the Industry.

Western Electric Company

No. 18. *Whenever electricity is called on to render its multitudinous services—in office or home, in city or country—Western Electric, through its 66 branch houses, makes the distribution of electrical products more convenient and more economical.*

A Christmas Time Cable Photographed
- in the old Clinton Street Shops Chicago in 1896.



Hawthorne's Christmas Greetings.

- A WESTERN wish of long ago which passing years renew :-
May this year's Yule-tide be a merry Christmas time to you.
May friends and fate and fortune smile; may joy be overflowing,
And may your path be sheltered safe from evry ill wind blowing.
- A WESTERN wish, sent far and wide to all our far-flung clan:-
May this year's Christmas time bring cheer to evry maid and man.
May health and happiness be yours, long years with laughter lighted;
May all your rights grow righter still and all your wrongs be righted.
- A very merry Christmas, then, without a hint of gloom;
A New Year bright and happy as an orchard full of bloom -
We send this message winging out to reach the farthest rover;
From those of us at Hawthorne to the rest of us all over.

Western Electric News



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VOLUME IX

DECEMBER, 1920

NUMBER 10

The Greenhorn at the Gates The Tale of a Virgin Visit to the Hawthorne Plant

THE Katydid," observes Noah, the Definer, in his well known volume the *Dictionary*, "is an arboreal green, long-horned locustid insect."

Succinctly put, isn't it? Now Noah is a dependable person. Tucked away somewhere in the voluminous pages of his book, there is just the phrase that fits each sensation. Until we consulted him, we were not sure what we felt like when we first walked up to the main gates at Hawthorne. Now we know. We felt like a katydid; we felt green, impressively green, conspicuously green—in short, "arboreally green."

Flip back a page and look at the cover. The artist has caught us just as we reacted at the moment. There is no getting away from it. The place is impressive.

Yet, despite its impressiveness, combined with the verdant tint which we seemed to wear as a sort of aura, we began distinctly to experience a sense of pride. After all, we were a part of this gigantic city of industry. Here was where most of the world's telephones—the instruments which "made a million people neighbors"—our telephones were made. Here lived and worked and played, the people who actually made the things we sold; those articles, about which, with truthful pride, we could say, "They are made primarily to last. Quality first, you know."

With such thoughts swelling in our manly bosom, a feeling of cordiality toward the good-natured blue-coated Jinn who guarded the portals crept over us. We felt like slapping him on his broad back and referring to him as Bill—(not that we knew whether he had been christened William or Clarence or Frederick. We mean

Before he saw the error of his ways, the writer of this article was a journalist. Now he works in one of the General Departments at 195 Broadway. He is a layman—as far as technical things go. As he describes himself, he is "still a sower of words and a reaper of epigrams." To our mind this is what makes the story of his first visit to the Hawthorne Works so interesting. We believe our readers will agree with us.—Ed.

to say, our sensation was one of intense friendliness.) Disregarding the shower of buttons which resulted from the altered condition of our chest, we

strode toward the watchman. It was a great moment!

"Bill," said we in that hoarse whisper employed by press-agents when addressing newspapermen as "Brothers," "Bill we've just dropped in from New York to pay a little social call on Jim Bancker."

The facts are that we had, at the time, not even met Mr. Bancker. Nevertheless, so expansive had become our mood that we believed that to call him anything but Jim would have been positively unchristian.

As someone before us has so aptly put it, "Pride goeth before a fall, or the swollen dome precedeth the tumble." When the glittering eye of the guardian of the Gates was fixed upon us, the inexorable truth of this copy-book motto, was borne in on our consciousness. The St. Peter of Hawthorne performed the equivalent of shaking his mitred locks, and opened his mouth to speak. While words came from him, our chest deflated and we appeared to shrink until we could have with ease, worn a silk hat and walked under a snake.

"Young feller," boomed St. Peter, "Mr. Bancker ain't in the habit of holdin' no pink teas of a mornin' at Hawthorne. And what's more, he ain't in the market for no life insurance nor yet for gold bricks."

To a reformed journalist, who had turned Westernite, this reference to life insurance was the most unkindest cut of all. With an humble and contrite heart we stated our business. It was simple enough. Our boss had suggested that when we were in Chicago on other business, we would better go through the plant in order to get

"Western background." As our background up to the point of our Western allegiance had been furnished by what John Kendrick Bangs calls the easiest profession in the world ("Literature," he once said, "is merely the selection of the right words from one's vocabulary and the placing of them in the proper sequence.")—as such had been our background, we were only too glad to avail ourselves of the opportunity to take on a coating of technical shellac.

The becoming humility with which we, on the second attempt, presented our case worked well for, after a mysterious telephone conversation, we were presented with a slip of paper bearing certain cryptic symbols, and told to go to Gate 12. We will omit a description of how we oriented ourselves, mapped out a compass course, and after a walk in the open air of sufficient length to one accustomed to the mole-like existence of New Yorkers to seem appalling, gained admittance. It is enough to say that eventually we reached the office of Reed Calvin, the Assistant Editor of the News, and were taken under his wing.

Armed with much cheerful advice from this gentleman, as well as a special pass signed by Mr. Bancker (which proved an universal "Open Sesame"), we started on our tour.

Our chaperon had warned us before we started through the Cable Plant that conversation would be no more possible to us than it would be to a couple of handcuffed Hebrews. Yet, we were scarcely prepared for the roar that smote our ear-drums as we entered the winding room. (We believe that is what one calls it—where those thingumbobs whirl around while covering wire with insulating paper). It was a perfect torrent of sound; a Niagara of Noise. It was astounding. The plant had seemed so quiet from outside—a sort of electrical Deserted Village. Of course, we knew that people were in there—some 20,000—and that work was going forward. But we had pictured a hum from electric motors—the buzzing of the industrial beehive. This tumultuous clatter which we actually experienced almost took our breath away.

Incidentally, as we passed from room to room, and gradually saw the cable grow from a single wire to its



A corner of Hawthorne from the air

final bulk, as strand after strand was added, it seemed to us that we had walked at least 811 miles. By the time we entered the room where the cable receives its final lead sheath, we were dog-tired. We tried to hide the fact from Calvin. He knew, you see, that a portion of our career in the employ of our mutual Uncle Sam, had been spent in the capacity of drill sergeant—that creature of fabled tirelessness. Convinced then, that once our fatigue was discovered, the hard and hollow laugh would be handed us, we strove to appear as blithe as the proverbial lark.

But the lead-squirting department was to prove our undoing. The strain of dodging every time the gigantic traveling crane overhead began to move (a circumstance which caused the utmost amusement to the fellows who worked in the place) was the ultimate straw. Calvin caught us as we tripped over our tongue. He accused us point-blank of being worn out. We denied it feebly. We have never ceased being thankful that he did not take our denial seriously. We must have looked as if we had spent a couple of days in the trenches. And yet, we had merely spent an hour walking through an excessively noisy building.

It is needless to say that by this time our sense of direction had died a natural death. Calvin was leading the way and we followed mutely. He had muttered something about lunch. Our gratitude was pathetic, because we knew that at last we would have a chance to sit down.

Passing the two great gas tanks (which we learned are part of the system used to supply more than 384,000,000 cubic feet of gas, the amount annually used by the plant in the heating and baking ovens and various other manufacturing processes) we entered another building and climbed some stairs. A delectable odor met our nostrils; delectable, we say, because we had only to close our eyes in order to imagine ourselves seated in the park on Riverside Drive, while a breeze straight from the Edgewater Glue Factory fanned us. But we were just stopping at one of the chemical laboratories to pick up Chemist Frost and take him along to lunch.

A short walk through the grounds, the beauty of which impressed us since we realized that only a few short years before this grass-grown, beflowered park had been a



How the works look from 2,000 feet above it

muddy prairie, brought us to the restaurant building. The trees and flower-beds in front of the hospital building struck us with particular favor. At last we were able to do that for which our poor feet had been for the last hour beseeching,—namely, to take a load off them and be seated. For some twenty minutes we rested gratefully, while we were treated to as fine an exhibition of billiards as one could wish to see anywhere. A man named Stone, who is listed on the payrolls as a “roofer” but who is generally known as the local Willie Hoppe, was making the ivory balls cut up something terrible. They positively ate out of his hand. He could call them by their first names and they would sit up on their hind legs and beg. When we point out that he is good enough to have had the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company present him with a cue made especially for him, you will realize that the boy is there like the well known rubber duck.

The crowd had begun to pour into the building by the time we had had our fill of billiards, so that it behooved us to secure seats at once if we did not want to eat in the catch-as-catch-can division on the floor below. Now, we had been paying for meals in a Chicago hotel at rates that unquestionably made Jesse James roll over in his grave with envy. (Those same rates made our boss turn purple, incidentally, from a different sentiment when we vouchered them upon our return.) What we beheld was a choice of foods which would have caused the heart of the most meticulous epicure to leap with joy, while the right hand column of the menu was the source of equal delight. We never lunched so well for so little money. Even the people who ate there every day admitted the restaurant was “Fair enough”—and we leave it to anyone who knows how familiarity applied to food breeds contempt, if that is not praise indeed.

With the inner man attended to and a cigarette glowing, we forgot our aching feet for a while and asked if we could not see the rest of the plant during the afternoon. The laughter that greeted this sally would have been worth thousands of dollars to Charley Chaplin.

When Calvin had recovered his reason, he began to beat us to a pulp with the bludgeon of statistics.

“Do you mean to tell me,” he said, “that you have been with our Company a year and yet don’t know that more than 20,000 people work at Hawthorne? That the factory covers 211 acres? That the floor space in the buildings is something more than 8,500,000 square feet, or eighty acres? And that the floor space has grown since 1905, when the first group of buildings was erected, at the rate of three acres of floor space per year? Why, it would take you a week to walk through every department without pausing to look at anything!”

Our feeble moan for help had been heard. He stopped.

With a good deal of kindness, he asked us if we felt up to looking at anything else that day. Now, of course, when a man puts a thing up to you in that fashion, there is nothing to do but call on the reserves and become a glutton for punishment.

“Lead on, MacDuff,” we paraphrased, “And damned be he who knows not when he has enough.”

It was fortunate that, in consideration of our enfeebled state, Calvin led the way to the shipping department. (The Merchandise Department, we believe, is its proper title). The processes here were simple enough for us to follow. We saw box after box scientifically packed, sent on ball-bearing rollers by gravity to the nailing machine, there nailed securely in a jiffy, and then sped on, once more by gravity rollers, direct to a waiting box-car. When we had watched the flow of packing cases for a while, we were not surprised to learn that more than 295,000 tons are thus handled annually, nor that 15,000 cars are required each year for shipments in and out of the factory—an average of more than 50 a day.

By the time we had stood upon our protesting pins for another hour, we were moved to misquote the sergeant in *French Leave*: “Hell hath no fury like a human’s corns.” With “every move a picture” and “every picture telling a story,” we crept to the elevator for the long ride back to our Loop hotel. Confidentially, we don’t mind admitting to you, that the first thing we did upon reaching our room was to soak our pulsating pedal extremities in cold water; while the second was to hit the familiar hay for a solid twelve hours. Verily, the forced marches of Hawthorne are some strolls—especially when one is, through lack of practice, inept at hiking.

We were prepared for the worst when we reached the Works the following morning. It was just as well, for that is precisely what had been prepared for us. We were scheduled to hit the high spots at high speed. From shop to shop we leapt. We scurried through assembly room after assembly room; paused at interesting inspections; whirled through the switchboard wiring department; skirted the glass blowers stronghold; rushed through the automatic screw machine shops and the tool-makers place of business; flew through the power plant and the printing shop; romped through the saw-mill and box factory, and wound up in the foundry. Incidentally, we lunched and indulged in a couple of interviews with some of the executives. On the whole, we were about as busy as a one-legged man on a tread-mill.

To a layman, such as we unblushingly admit ourselves to be, the thing was marvelous. Before the punch presses, we were as fascinated as a twelve-year-old boy with his first bicycle. And the automatic screw machines—why, the way those darned things drip oil and finished screws seems almost like Black Magic to us. When your mechanical ability is limited to telling the difference between a spark plug and a cylinder—and not always being absolutely certain about that—such things do impress you.

By the time we had reached the switchboard wiring department, we were in that state of awe which does not allow the closing of the mouth. We suppose it is one of those things that is simple if you know how, like chess to that nine-year-old Polish boy wonder, Jestschessky—or whatever his name is. But to us, it looked as if you took about 80,000 nails and drove them into a pine board

about six feet square until you had none left. You put them in wherever they would look nice. Next, you took several bales of silk covered wire and twisted and turned it, until you had created a spider web to your liking. When this was finished, you decided that the sort of game you had been playing was foolish anyhow, so you hid the whole thing behind a young piano, with holes instead of keys, and called it a day. Now when we stop to consider that in reality, each nail, each wire has a definite place to go and a definite function to perform, our brain reels. After we had witnessed this thing, our kindness to telephone operators became without parallel. She plays the blamed instrument, and it looks to us, in view of our recently acquired inside knowledge, as if it were a job demanding more patience than Job ever dreamed of.

The power plant was almost as interesting. The way those automatic stokers revolved, spilling coal into the ever hungry maw of the furnaces, was astounding. And the statistics, too, to which we were at this point once more subjected were an indication of the enormity of the plant. The factory actually consumes 100,000 tons of coal a year. You have probably just paid your own coal bill. Suppose you had to pay for this. It brings out the perspiration. The plant boilers generate 100,000,000 pounds of steam each month. And the power and light requirements eat up 2,500,000 kilowatt hours of electricity each 30 days.

We would have liked to have stayed longer in the printing shop. There was something which, with our salad days spent as a newspaperman, we understood. But we only hesitated, and consequently were lost. The box factory was the next in line. Here, too, as well as in all departments, we found rigid inspection. Planks had to be of a certain thickness and a prescribed length. Each box had been scientifically planned so that not only the article which it was to contain could be properly packed but the final nailing on of the top could be accomplished in the quickest possible time.

Feeling like one of the Continental soldiers at Valley Forge, we reached the foundry. The first thing we saw, naturally, was a trip-hammer which was giving its attention to a cylinder of hot metal. Although an inanimate thing, it reminded us of nothing so much as of a cat playing with a mouse. First, it would tap the cylinder daintily, affectionately—then it would whang down on top of it—Wuf-f-f!—with a blow of something

like a ton. The beast could, we were told, strike a blow of forty tons—a kick we take it, which in comparison makes a Texas mule seem like a canary.

The rest of the place, with the exception of the ovens, was occupied by a lot of glorified mud pie makers. There is just one difference between making mud pies, and being a moulder. One is easy, and the other is as difficult as can be. We have, in years gone by, been a successful manufacturer of mud pies, but it takes a great deal more skill than falls to the lot of the average man to be a successful moulder. As for building up a mould with that little toy spoon they use, after the form has been pulled out, we are convinced we could not learn to do it in years of intensive study.

Only two more places were shown to us during the rest of our sojourn at the Works but we will never forget them. They were the Black Wire Plant, which we could not begin to describe, and the Rubber Plant. We followed the rubber from its raw state to the finished product—telephone receivers, mouth-pieces, and so on. They combed it and squashed it and rubbed it and washed it, adding here a chemical and there a chemical, until it finally looked like great slabs of chocolate candy. Then they stuck it into special receptacles and cooked it, with the result that an irregular receiver or what not was produced. This was peeled, then polished—and there you were—nice, shiny, and new.

When we tendered our thanks, our special pass, and our good-byes we had to admit to ourselves that we had missed that technical veneer for which we had hoped. Perhaps, we had no right to expect it. We should scarcely expect a split infinitive to mean anything in the life of a carpenter, for instance, if we pointed one out to him; yet, it is a considerable factor in ours. But what we had gained was a sense of the splendor and greatness of our Company which will stick with us, we suspect even after they have patted our face for the last time with a spade. It is awfully easy, far away from our productive center, not to realize what a great place we have in Hawthorne nor how many regular people there are in it.

And so, you people who have not yet seen the Main Plant, when you have the opportunity to visit it, pull on your seven league boots and leap to it. It will be like nothing you have ever seen before; and for a very good reason. There is nothing.



Patent Department Produces Perfect Party

Process Should Be Patented Say Those Present

PERHAPS this comes to you as a distinctly new thought, as something incongruous. You may have come to think of the Patent Department as a group of sour faced men, who, tucked away in their little corner at 463 West Street, arbitrarily decide that you ought not to do that which you very much want to do. Perhaps you rankle over the time when you approached them bearing the tender child of your brain only to be told that it was the perfect image of an invention of the vintage of 1870. In your heart you knew that the Patent Department was not responsible for the existence of that old patent, but somehow you always laid it up against them and set them down for a bunch of crabs. But you were wrong. They are regular fellows and they had a great big regular time at their annual banquet at the Hotel Commodore on November 4, 1920.

A southern gentleman entering the hotel lobby in the course of the evening, and hearing the uproar is reported to have asked how long these Republicans were going to keep up their fool election celebration.

The east ball-room which was purchased for the occasion presented a composite picture of a Mardi Gras

festival and a wild day on the stock exchange. Twelve tables, each set for six, occupied the center of the room, leaving sufficient space around the edge for a very sporty golf course; while one end of the room was entirely given over to the bulls and bears. Here was a stock exchange board where from time to time were posted quotations for a list of securities that would have given an ordinary stock ticker the lockjaw. Fortunes were lost and won with startling rapidity.

Above the din arose the loud lament of one, who in a frantic attempt to ward off financial ruin had missed two of the best courses of the dinner and returned to his table only to find it looking like old Mother Hubbard's cupboard. J. A. Hall won the stock exchange contest with \$55,000 profit and one extra ice cream to his credit. E. R. Little won second, and G. E. Folk won third.

In the golf contest all bets were off. The one who should have won was so completely vamped by a vision in ruffles and talcum powder as to be thrown completely off his game; while W. F. Hendry who can't play golf at all, and is proud of it, won first prize. H. A. Halligan won second prize and E. B. Craft third. To make it easier for the guests the members of the Patent Department refrained from competing in this contest but contented themselves with a little contest all their own, which consisted in guessing the heights and weights of the guests. W. E. Beatty proved to be the champion guesser; J. C. R. Palmer was second and E. L. Mueller third.

In addition to an elaborate professional entertainment there were speeches by Vice-President Sidley, President DuBois, Chief Engineer Jewett, and General Patent Attorney Folk of the American Telephone and Telegraph Co. You ought to have heard the nice things they said about the Patent Department. D. C. Tanner, General Patent Attorney of the Western was toast-master.

It is understood that an application for Letters Patent has been filed in the name of J. G. Roberts, Assistant General Patent Attorney, to cover his new

and improved method of getting people together and giving them a good time, and that a patent will issue in the near future. The reduction to practice was more than successful, and demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt that this invention represents an important step in advance in the art of entertainment.



GREETINGS!

The NEWS takes this opportunity to thank its contributors for their efforts during the year. The NEWS has shown a steady improvement, and there is no one responsible but those who have written for its pages. More power to your pens for 1921. We will make it the best year yet!—Ed.

New Philadelphia Instrument Shop Described with the Aid of the Dictionary

Youngest Western Electric Infant Speaks a Strange and Complicated Tongue



F. W. Willard
Superintendent

At last the Philadelphians know who is going to occupy the factory at 1601 Glenwood Avenue. It seems that the Western Electric Company has moved into it and opened up an instrument shop. To be more strictly accurate, perhaps we should call it a precision electrical instrument shop, and add that it also

makes radio telephone equipment, or, to be less high-brow about it, "wireless" telephone equipment.

However, we defy anyone to describe the precision products without being high-brow. For instance, they make what they call a "thermionic manometer." (A

colored preacher who could swing words like that would be a bishop inside of a week.) As nearly as it is possible to explain the contraption to any ordinary human being, unencumbered with a scientific education, it is a device for measuring the amount of nothing inside of something full of emptiness, if you follow us. It is said to be capable of measuring a vacuum of one - one - hundred - thousandth of a millimeter of mercury, which comes so near to being completely airless that it would make the inside of an incandescent light bulb seem as drafty as a suit of beeeveedes in a blizzard.

Then there is the vacuum thermo-couple for measuring very small currents. That consists of a sensitive millivoltmeter connected to a small glass bulb. The bulb contains a resistance element, which is heated by the passage of the current to be measured, and a thermo-couple, which is in turn heated by the resistance element. According to the habits of thermo-couples, it promptly gets its voltage up at such treatment, and the millivoltmeter measures the extent of its resentment. Since the voltage is a function of the heat and the heat is a function of the current passing through the resistance element, it is easy to see that the device furnishes

a means of measuring the minute current traversing the resistance element. Or is it? Anyway, the instrument is a very pretty little thing, and it does the trick very nicely, whether you and I understand just why or not.

We might exhaust your patience and use up our dictionary in a vain attempt to describe the numerous other fearsomely named apparatus that the Philadelphia shop is about to pour forth upon a patient world, but perhaps it would be safer to finish this account with a few words we can all understand.

The new instrument shop is located about a block from the North Philadelphia station of the Pennsylvania Railroad. It occupies a four-story building, containing about 60,000 square feet of floor space, and will employ about 900 people. It reports to the general manufacturing organization at Hawthorne, through F. W. Willard as superintendent.

D. A. Wallace, formerly chief draftsman at Hawthorne, is in charge of the shop, with the title of assistant superintendent. With him are:—J. Redmond (over instrument work), R. F. McIntyre (in charge of relays, coil winding and assembly), W. Teichtler (inspection of relays), T. W. Erickson (instrument shop inspection), A. L. Shepard (clerical, pay-roll and employment) and C. G. Laline (shipping and stores).



D. A. Wallace
Asst. Supt.



The building now occupied by the New Philadelphia Instrument Shop



Hawthorn Tree in Second Childhood

Perhaps you won't notice anything particularly strange about this early spring photograph of a hawthorn tree in the hospital grounds at the Hawthorne Works. However, if the photograph was labeled with the actual date when it was taken, October 26th, it might look a little unusual to you. Deceived by Chicago's exceptionally warm fall this year, the tree decided to do its spring-time budding early. Palm Beach papers please copy!

West Street Becomes Electrical Mecca

Famous Engineers from Foreign Lands Make Pilgrimage to Our Laboratories

MORE than seventy-five delegates to the preliminary International Communications Conference visited the Western Electric Company engineering laboratories in New York City October 21. The visitors, most of whom were accredited from the Governments of the nations associated with the United States in the World War, expressed amazement at the scope and magnitude of the research and development work in the communication field shown to them on the trip throughout the big West Street building.

The entire afternoon was devoted to the entertainment of the distinguished visitors. Preceding their arrival at West Street, the delegates had been the guests of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company in the morning at the New York Long Distance office in the Walker-Lispenard building, and at 195 Broadway where demonstrations were given of long distance and radio communication, carrier current telephony, and cipher printing telegraphy.

The visiting delegates under the escort of President Charles G. DuBois of the Western Electric Company arrived at the West Street building at 1 p.m. and were conducted to the offices of Chief Engineer Frank B. Jewett who had arranged for luncheon to be served on the eleventh floor.

While luncheon was being served the visitors were entertained by music from a loud-speaking apparatus located on the roof of the building. Brief descriptive speeches in English, French, Japanese, and Italian, outlining the uses and details of construction of the loud-speaking apparatus were made and heard distinctly by the delegates. Part of the apparatus used so successfully at the Democratic and Republican National Conventions was employed in this demonstration.

At the conclusion of the luncheon, Dr. Jewett welcomed the visitors and explained that because some of the laboratories were too small to visit in large numbers, the visiting party would be divided into small groups and conducted by various members of his staff. The visitors who inspected the laboratories were:

F. J. Brown, Assistant Secretary British Post Office; Senzaburo Kageyuma, Inspector General, Imperial Department of Communications; M. Broin, French Post and Telegraph; Walter S. Rogers, Department of State; Major General H. K. Bothell, British Military Attache, Washington; Commandatore N. Mirabelli, Italian Royal Ministry of Posts and Telegraphs; Colonel Marquis Vittorio Ainari di Bernezzo, Italian Military Attache, Washington; General Ferric, French Military Telegraph; Captain Y. Uyeda, Imperial Japanese Navy, Naval Attache, Washington; Rear Admiral Andrew T. Long, U. S. Navy; Rear Admiral W. H. G. Bullard; U. S. Navy; Brigadier General Collardet, French Army; Colonel Bardoni, Italian Ministry of War; R. A. C. Sperling, British Foreign Office; Commander L. Robinson, C.B.E., Royal Navy, attached to British Admiralty; Ushigoro Kojima, Engineer, Imperial Department of Communications; Kozaburo Sugino, Secretary, Imperial Department of Communications; Lieutenant Colonel B. C. Gardiner, C.B., British Admiralty; M. Poulaine, French Post and Telegraph; Major General George O. Squier, Chief Signal Officer, U. S. Army; Colonel Edgar Russel, Signal Corps, U. S. Army; Captain J. A. Echaverrri, British Air Ministry; Commander Hattori, Imperial Japanese Navy; Major Shosuke Takagi, Imperial Japanese Army; Lieutenant Robin, French Navy; Jean Canivet, Commander Raineri Biscla, Italian Ministry of Marine; Commander S. C. Hooper, U. S.

Navy; Brigadier General D. E. Nolan, Director Military Intelligence, U. S. Army; Lieutenant Colonel Machworth, C.M.G., D.S.O., British War Office; H. Mudge, C. B. Edwards, British Radio Telegraph Department; F. W. Phillips, British General Post Office; Toyokichi, Engineer, Imperial Department of Communications; Lieutenant Commander E. W. M. King, British Royal Navy; M. de Lapradelle; Van S. Merle Smith, Third Assistant Secretary of State, U. S. A.; Captain George W. Bicknell, Military Intelligence Department, U. S. Army; Commander A. Hoyt Taylor, U. S. Navy; Dr. L. W. Austin, Navy Department; Lieutenant Commander Craven, U. S. Navy; Lieutenant Commander Gramel, U. S. Navy; Dr. Walter W. McLaren; Charles G. DuBois, President Western Electric Company; Vice President Guernsey, American Telephone and Telegraph Company; James S. Alexander, Director of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company; George L. Sullivan and H. L. Davis of the General Electric Company; B. Gherardi, Vice President, American Telephone and Telegraph Company; E. J. Nally, Radio Corporation; Meade Burnett, General Electric Company; O. B. Blackwell, American Telephone and Telegraph Company; W. H. Nance, Radio Corporation; Mr. Rorty, American Telephone and Telegraph Company; S. S. Crocker, Radio Corporation; A. H. Morton, General Electric Company; H. H. Adams and S. H. Day, General Electric Company; Mr. Falk, American Telephone and Telegraph Company; Marchese Di Targiani; Captain S. W. Bryant, Signal Corps, U. S. Army; Dr. T. Nishioka, International General Electric Company; Dr. W. Wilson, Western Electric Company; R. V. L. Harley, Western Electric Company; H. C. Snook and S. Kawamoto, Western Electric Company; H. E. Shreeve and J. H. Sailliard, Western Electric Company; Dr. O. E. Buckley; F. H. Leggett, C. E. Pruyn, Western Electric Company; Mr. Galletesi, J. Mills and P. L. Tea, Western Electric Company; J. B. Harlow, Western Electric Company; W. W. Andrews; Mr. Smith, New York Times; Mr. Nichols, New York Evening Post; W. E. Wickenden and F. R. Hinkie, Western Electric Company; J. P. Maxfield, Western Electric Company; A. F. Dixon, Western Electric Company.

When the foreign communication experts and military and naval representatives began the tour through the laboratories they thought they had seen all the electrical wonders of the world.

They had spent a day inspecting the huge plant of the General Electric Company at Schenectady, N. Y.

They had visited the big wireless stations of the Radio Corporation at New Brunswick, N. J.

They had witnessed remarkable demonstrations by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company of long distance and wireless telephone conversations at which they marveled.

But many of the demonstrations to which they were treated in the West Street laboratories indicated to the visitors research and development work in the communication field, which, they themselves admitted, rivaled the imagination of man.

Many of the laboratories ordinarily closed to visitors were opened to the visiting Conference delegates. Chief Engineer Jewett had issued instructions to display all the Engineering Department experimental wares that could possibly be done consistent with the protection of the Western Electric Company's interests.

Much interest was shown by the visitors in the demonstration of the properties of the plebeian Rochelle salt crystal. A. M. Nicholson who has charge of these experiments explained that such a crystal when properly treated and mounted has the property of converting vibrations and stresses into electrical impulses. In proof of this fact he reproduced phonographic music with the crystal acting as a reproducer and conversed over a

circuit in which the only electrical transmission medium was a crystal. By means of an amplifier and sets of head receivers the delegates were enabled to hear the conversation.

Perhaps not more than five of the visitors knew, or had thought of the possibility of the human heart's generating electricity. It was proved to them in one of the laboratories. It was not only demonstrated to their complete satisfaction, but the impulses so generated were photographed and each visitor carried away with him a photographic record of his own heart beats.

The demonstration was carried out by placing the tips of the fingers of each hand in shallow trays of salt water connected in circuit with a voltmeter. This in turn by the various changing current generated from the heart beating, operated a small photographic apparatus which recorded the variations of current visibly on a tape.

So far as could be determined Major General George O. Squier, Chief Signal Officer of the United States Army, was possessed of the best behaved heart among the Military and Naval officers in the party. His only rival for a perfect score was the Japanese Naval Attache from Washington, Captain Y. Uyeda. The photographic records of the heart beats of these two men showed practically perfect heart action in so far as regularity was concerned.

One group of the delegates was led into the "tropical" room, where tropic conditions as to temperature and humidity are reproduced for testing apparatus which is to be used in equatorial regions.

"Whew," commented Lieutenant Colonel Gardiner of

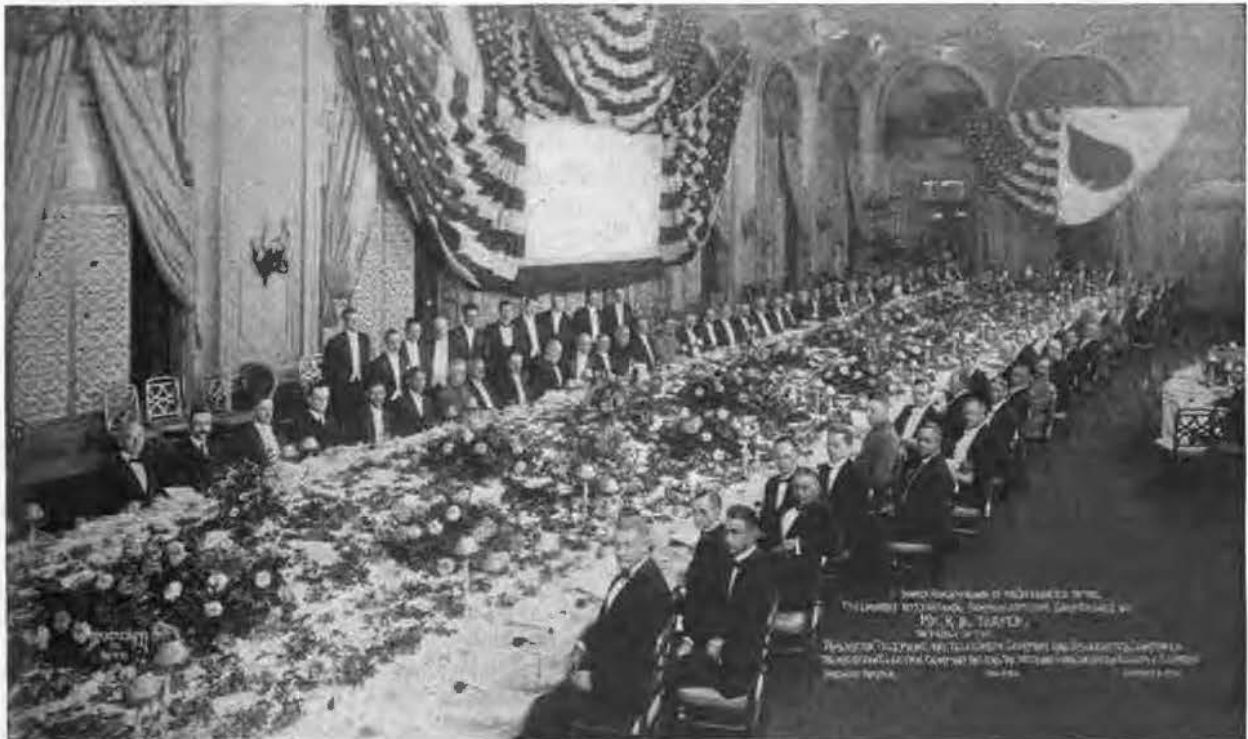
the British Admiralty, "everything here but mosquitoes and alligators."

To show the range in temperature that sensitive communication apparatus must be constructed to withstand, the visitors were hurried from the tropical room into the Arctic testing room. Here they were confronted with a temperature which reached 50 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. The only realistic touch lacking was icebergs and the midnight sun.

It was the operation of the oscillograph, by which the sound waves of the human voice were projected upon the screen in a darkened room in wave lines varying in amplitude and shape for the different consonants and vowels, in which the visitors expressed unusual interest. The apparatus was developed by the Transmission Department of the Engineering Department to aid in voice quality and transmission study. It was a demonstration which none of the visiting delegates had ever seen before, and, seasoned technicians and scientists as most of them were, they paid their homage to the inventive genius of Western Electric engineers in fashioning and developing such a marvelous creation.

From a practical standpoint the machine switching laboratories probably attracted the greatest interest from the visitors. For within the next few years it is planned to install this humanized machinery for the mechanical switching and transfer of calls between telephones in many of the foreign countries represented. Various demonstrations and explanations of the machine switching apparatus were given.

"This machinery is more than human," commented one distinguished visitor as he watched the selectors.



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Climbing the Nippon Alps

By A. E. Holstedt, Hawthorne Engineer, Temporarily with the Nippon Electric Company, Our Allied Japanese House

A PARTY of five of us had planned to climb some of the higher peaks of the Nippon Alps, but when the day for the trip arrived all had backed out except Dr. Axling (an American missionary) and myself. We two went to Matsumoto by train and then rode thirteen miles in a Ford to Shimajima. From there on it was to walk. We started out at two in the afternoon on the fifteen-mile tramp to the Kamikochi Onsen (Hot Springs), a route which led us up the deep gorge of the Shimashima-dane, over the Tokotomoto Pass, and down again through the Kamikochi Valley, which lies between two of the three main ranges of the Alps.

It got dark before we reached our destination, but the guide we had taken with us from Shimashima had a lantern in his pack (one of the usual paper lanterns) so we were able to travel through the forest with no more discomfort than an occasional step into a water hole in the path, and finally at 10:00 P. M. we arrived at the Onsen.

For the next day the guide had announced a schedule that called for stopping at the Alps Hotel, part way up Yaridake, the peak we were headed for, and continuing the climb at six o'clock the following morning, which would bring us to the top about ten. Dr. Axling had, by much questioning, learned from him that the view from any of the mountains was never good after nine. And yet he planned to get us there just too late. Further questioning disclosed the difficulty to be that if he took us any farther than the last hotel he would have to carry a little food for us, besides tending a fire all night to keep us warm in a cave, which was the only other shelter on the mountain. However, we finally persuaded him to take us up to this cave, where we arrived at seven in the evening after a long, hard climb. Here we were within view of the summit, with but one hour of sharp climbing to do in the morning.

We had left all streams and springs behind long ago, so we had to melt snow for drinking water, or just eat the snow. I couldn't see anything that looked like fuel for miles around, but the guide went out and presently came back with a load of green scrub pine. The smoke this made would have driven us out of the cave if it had not been so cold outside. I soon discovered that if I got down near the floor the smoke could be endured. Yet we had pretty sore eyes in the morning. The floor of the cave was wet and dirty, so I tried to sleep balanced on a thin board about six inches wide, and as near the fire as I dared to get. Needless to say, I didn't get any sleep. Dr. Axling had a much better bed. His board was wider by several inches and long enough, too, if he pulled his knees up close enough to his chin, but he said he didn't sleep, either. He declared that it must have been indigestion from the bacon grease he used on the bread at "supper." I saved my indigestion until morning and brought it on by eating a slice of bacon, without anything else, when we breakfasted at 3 o'clock.

We started for the top again at 3:30 when it was light enough to see our way over the snow just above. By the time we had crossed this snow patch, it was light enough to pick our way over the rocks.

That last hour's climb was a heart-breaking job, probably harder on account of the sleepless night. The way became steeper and steeper, and as we panted on, each cliff that towered over us looked like the top. Time after time as we topped a point we found another higher and steeper just beyond. We had to stop and rest more and more often and it got to be discouraging always to find another peak waiting for us every time we scrambled to what we thought surely must be the top. At last we reached the pass just below the peak of Yari. The sun was coming up fast and we saw that we couldn't make the summit before it would show itself, so we stopped there to watch the sunrise.

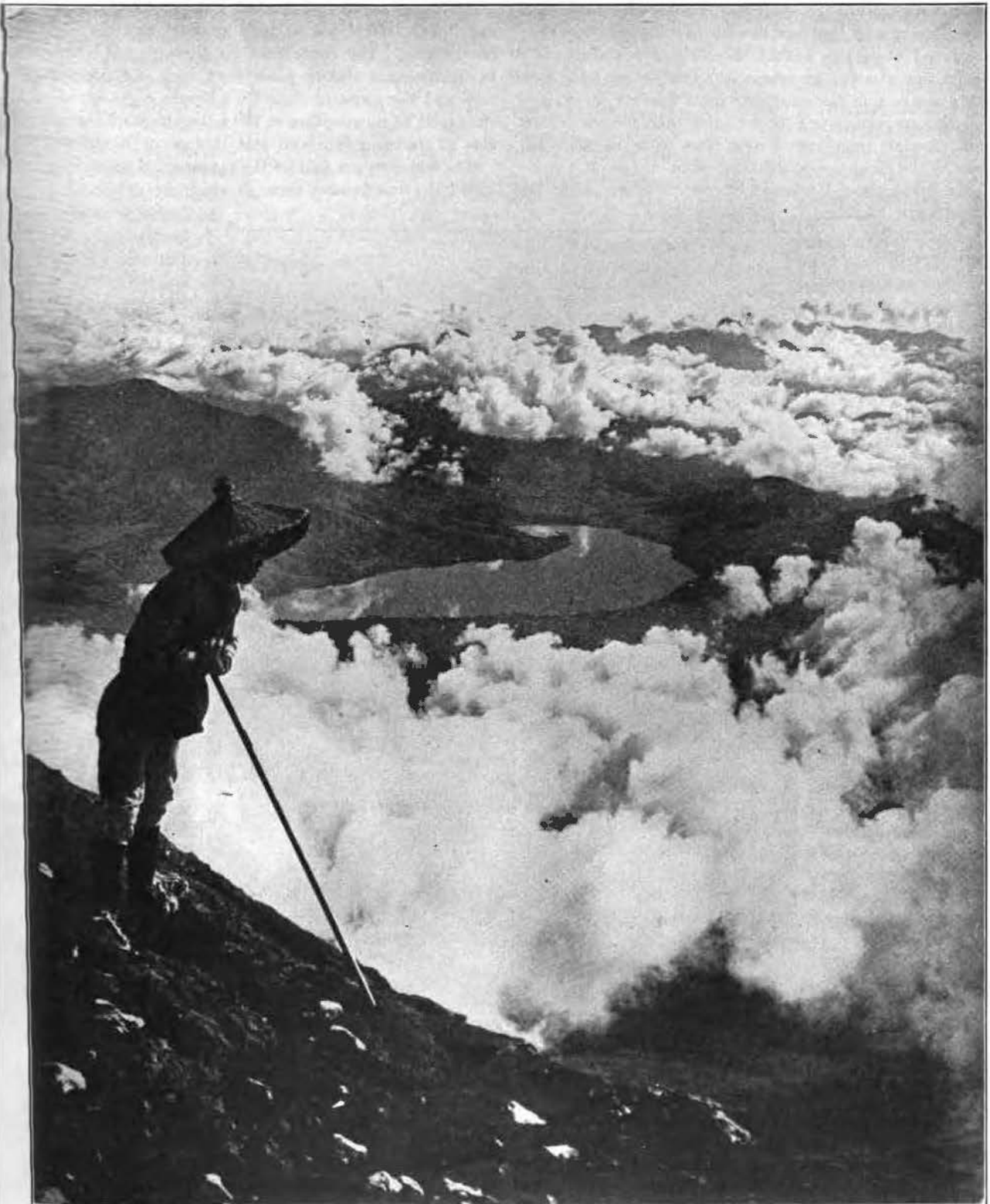
It certainly was a glorious sight. The deep valleys on either side (Yaridake is on the middle one of three main ranges) were entirely free from clouds, and the serrated sides of the mountains with the alternations of snow patches and rock slides and green slopes were a wonderful sight in the changing colors of the sunrise light. Beyond the outside ridges, east and west, was a sea of clouds as far as the eye could reach—no clouds above our elevation, but all considerably lower, so that the effect was exactly like a great sea of silvery waves. Over this the sun thrust its orange colored rim, and it gave me the impression of a great eye peeping over to see what new tricks we poor human insects might be up to.

After the first glory of the sunrise was over we started the short but strenuous climb to the summit. It was almost straight up, and in one place we had to pull ourselves up by a knotted wire that had been put there for that purpose.

By this time I was so exhausted that I had to stop every few feet to gasp and gulp for air. I couldn't seem to get enough air. My knees were trembling from fatigue, but the worst was the impossibility of getting enough air. When I finally got to the top I had to lie down flat on my back and pump air as fast as I could. My heart pounded so that it shook my whole body.

After what might have been twenty or thirty minutes I commenced to feel better, and got up to enjoy the view. To the east and west the sun was now shining down on the sea of clouds. Straight eastward the upper part of Mt. Asame showed itself like an island in the sea. Toward the southeast another island turned out to be Mt. Fuji. Far to the west another reef showed. This was said to be the mountain range bordering the Inland Sea, five hundred miles away. To the north and south the sharp ridges of the Alps stretched away into the distance.

As the sun rose higher and higher, the mountains around us presented constantly changing beauties of



Looking Down on a Sea of Clouds in the Nippon Alps

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color and shape. With each new angle of the sun, the peaks and ridges, canyons and slopes took on a new and different appearance. I tried for a while to absorb all of the beauties of these changes and not miss anything,

but after a time I found that it was too much for me. The constant thrill brought actual physical fatigue, and it became necessary to sit down and confine my attention to one direction.

Looking toward the southwest, I could now see several mountain ranges that had not been visible before. They stretched away one behind the other for a distance I would not attempt to estimate. The nearer ones were quite distinct in the sunlight, those farther away in a purple haze, each one a deeper color than the one before, until the last ones were a deep blue, with the silver billows of the cloud sea as a background.

As I sat there I became interested in watching the little wisps of mist rising from the valleys just below me. As each new ravine or canyon is penetrated by the sun it sends a wraith of mist hurrying upward, twisting and stretching like some ghost straining to get as far as possible from the earth during the daylight hours. The fanciful and changing shapes of these little clouds, with patches of shadow chasing after over the mountain slopes, simply capture the imagination and lead it into all sorts of fairyland. It was restful to give way to this after the almost oppressive grandeur of the sunrise.

We couldn't afford to leave while the view was so good, so stayed on the mountain top until 9:00 o'clock. Then the mists commenced to roll in from the other side of the outside ranges, and the view was spoiled. Just as we were starting down two parties of Japanese came up. They had let the guide run things, and came just too late for the view. We had to wait for them to get up, as there was only one place where the rocks were passable, and there was room for only one man at a time.

The climb down was almost harder than going up—more danger of losing your foothold. However, after we got below the peak proper, it was easy. Over the snow I sat down and coasted on my feet. For the rest, it was uneventful, but pleasant. We thoroughly enjoyed the walk back through the forest, tired as we were.

The following day we climbed Yake-no-take (the Burning Peak). It is not as high as Yari and not a very hard climb. The route took us through dead forests, where the once stately pines were torn and twisted, or here and there reared their bare trunks high in the air, the result of an eruption in 1914 that blew off the whole side of the mountain and sent it down into the valley.

The whole upper half of the mountain is honeycombed with holes and fissures through which steam and sulphur

fumes are constantly hissing. At the top are several larger holes, where the roaring of the steam and gases is so loud that it is impossible to hold a conversation if you get too near. In one place, the sulphur comes up and runs over the rocks. The people gather this sulphur and sell it. The guide wouldn't let us stay long, as he said that if the wind should change and send the fumes our way, they would suffocate us.

From there we went down a slightly different route and stopped to eat lunch by the side of Lake Taisho. This is not much of a lake now, but gets its fame from what it once was. It seems that a previous eruption of Yake produced a dam in the valley and formed the lake.



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"Yake-no-Take," the "Burning Peak," is a volcano that is very much alive

This was about eleven years ago, and for a few years there was a beautiful mountain lake, but the eruption of 1914 in turn filled up most of it and left only a shallow pond.

Mt. Yake is very much alive, and has erupted more recently than any other volcano in Japan.

The trouble I had climbing Yari had worried me, as I couldn't decide whether it was heart trouble or just plain indigestion, so the only way to settle it was to climb a harder one and find out.

Hodaka Mountain is a little lower than Yari, but much harder to climb, as it is steep and rocky all the way. We climbed this one on the fifth day, starting at 8:30

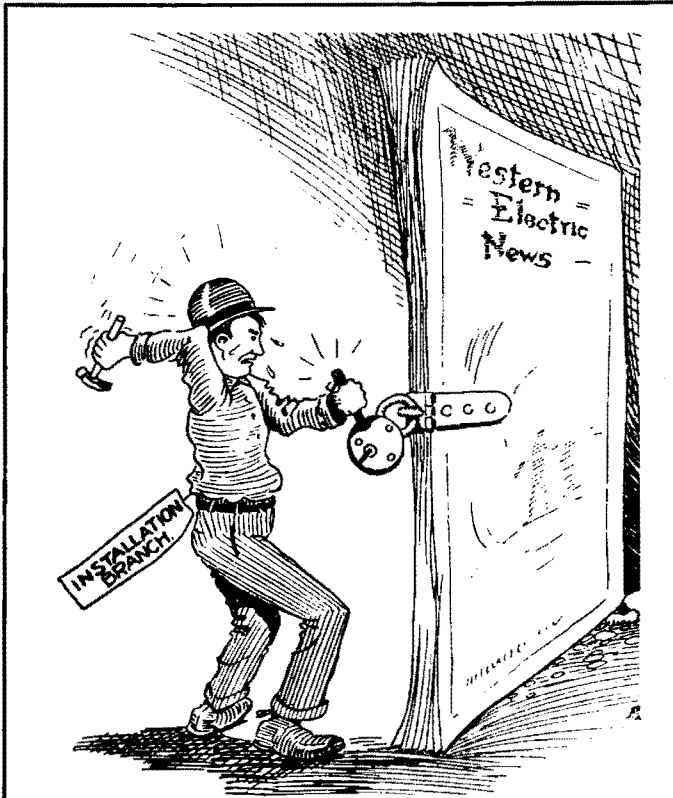
A. M., and I wouldn't give a good deal for that climb. In addition to the wonderful scenery, it proved the old heart to be O. K. I never felt better in my life when I got to the top of Hodaka. This peak is about 10,000 feet high. The altitude of the valley where the hotel is situated is variously estimated at from sea level to 8,500 feet, but whatever it is, we made the entire ascent in five and one-half hours, and my ears were ringing from the rapid change of altitude, but my heart was in first class shape. "Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling?"

The view was much the same as from Yari, except that we didn't get there in time for the sunrise. We stayed on top until the mists obscured the mountains on either side, although the guide was very nervous for fear of rain. It didn't seem to me that a little rain would be so serious that it should prevent us from enjoying to the limit the wonderful scenery, but we were soon to find out.

We had only just started down when it commenced to rain. This made the rocks so slippery that the descent became really dangerous. We could no longer trust to friction of shoes or waraji on the smooth rocks, and had to search at every step for little projections or crevices that would afford a foothold and to test each foothold before trusting our weight to it. Many times the smaller boul-

ders would start to loosen under the hand or foot, this partly because the rain made them more than ordinarily treacherous. You may believe that it gives a person a sinking sensation at the pit of the stomach when this happens, especially when one false step would not only send you to your last accounts, but the loosened rock would be sure to crush someone below you in the trail.

We traveled down in this way for about two hours, with the rain driving in our faces. As the rain continued, the guide explained to Dr. Axling that it was not only the difficult climbing that worried him, but the fact that we were in constant danger of a rock slide coming down on us, since the rain often loosens the rocks and starts a big avalanche. The words were not out of his mouth before we heard a rock start, the noise getting louder and louder as more and more rocks began to let go, until in a minute it rumbled like thunder and sounded as though enough rocks were rolling down the side of the mountain to bury a small town. It did not take long to decide that the slide was not in our gully, but about a quarter of a mile away. If it had been in ours, this tale would never have been written. The guide told about a party of Japanese who were caught in one last year, and were either buried so deep or ground up so fine that they left no trace.



"Open Sesame!"

You'll pardon, Mr. Editor, this evident intrusion? We're bashful in our every act, so hence the great confusion. We do not seek the calcium; our modesty can't stand it— But something in us says:—"Speak up! Speak up, now; I demand it."

We read of things that happen in New York—or maybe Chi, Or business jaunts to Nela Park or, better yet, Shanghai; Or chatter of the office help in places never heard of; But our vast throng, in prose or song, we never hear a word of.*

We do not boast of flat-top desks, with dictaphones to sing in; Expense accounts, regardless of the business that we bring in. We do not savvy discounts, nor the defects of a pole— But when it comes to I.D.F.'s, we knock 'em for a goal.

It's I.D.F.'s and M.D.F.'s and C.R.F.P.'s, too, That mingle with the B.F.P.'s and R.R.'s of our crew. They chant of P.B.X.'s—they are pickings for our bunch: Why, we stick in an armful of the things while out to lunch.

We sing the while we're laying in a row of answering jacks, And cabling's just as easy—merely sew, strip, butt and wax; We do all this in joyous mood and loudly clamor, "More!" While filling vats of storage batts. with H₂SO₄.

We envy not the rest of you, who, in your own home city, Play golf and then wind up your car, a-shining nice and pretty; For we are never victims of a grouch from oversleeping. (No gink will ever sleep too much in "Rooms for Light-House-keeping"!)

We see your looks of wonder. You inquire: "What the Heck Propels your tongue? Say, don't you know you're dead above the neck?"

You blithering Pollyanna, what's the object of this tale, And who are you and what's your game in cluttering up my mail?"

We'll cast aside our modesty and tell you, if we must, But please excuse our blushes, for we're just a trifle fussed. This whole broad country knows us now, so we should give a dang If the News discovers us as, well—the Installation Gang.

F. H. Becker, Detroit

* But, we'll take all of this kind of stuff you can ship.—Ed.

Hawthorne Up in the Air

EVERYBODY knows that the "hooch-hounds" playground in Chicago is Clark Street. But wouldn't you be surprised to learn that they have just taken a few "stills" at Hawthorne? It was no easy job either. They had to make an aerial attack on the plant to get the goods; and when they had shot the place for several days they found the "stills" were far from satisfying. But the real movies they got were fine.

Yes, Hawthorne has gone into the film game from the air.

A squadron of former army aviators and a few camera men whose patience should merit them the Croix de Job have got the reel dope on the Works. In all their busiest war-time days, we don't believe they ever tackled an enemy which gave them such a battle before it submitted its face for the film rogues' gallery.

Four different attacks were made by the air men be-

fore they were able to hit the target. We understand from the Motion Picture Bureau people who were directing the S. O. S. in this campaign, that like the German offensive "everything proceeded according to plan."

The spoils are now in the hands of the aforesaid Bureau, being tinted and titled,—a reel that will make Burton Holmes turn green with envy.

Lieutenant Akers of the Atlas Educational Film Company led the film forces against Hawthorne. During the war he was an aviation instructor. Now he is trying to teach a lot of balky places of interest how to pose for an interested public. We don't begrudge him the pastime. Hawthorne will never win

any film star popularity contest if they let the camera men and aviators vote.

Four hops, the last being made at the lowest possible altitude, were necessary before the film was complete.



All Set "To Shoot" Hawthorne from the Air

Hawthorne Golf

THE final event of the Hawthorne Golf Club's program for this season was played at Harlem Golf Course, one Saturday recently. M. E. Kelley and H. Rautenbusch lost to H. J. Bedard, this season's Hawthorne champion, and C. G. Stoll, runner-up, in a "best ball" match. The final score was 2 up. The play was followed by an enthusiastic gallery who, no doubt, will profit by the masterly golf played by these four experts.



Hawthorne's 1920 Golf Champion H. V. Bedard (at right) and Runner-up C. G. Stoll (at left)

The Club has had a very successful season. Membership has increased and the turnout for the various matches was very good.

A large number and a wide variety of prizes were given out. M. E. Kelly won two cups, one for the Spring Handicap and the other for the Mid-season Handicap. H. J. Bedard won the Hawthorne Championship Cup. In addition to the three cups the season's prize list totaled ten dozen golf balls, seven clubs, five medals, two

subscriptions to the *Golfer's Magazine* and one golf ball marker.

Dubs at the game had just as good a chance to win some of the prizes as the better players had. The Blind Bogey tournaments gave everyone a chance. In these events it was just a case of choosing the right handicap.

Some of the players showed so much real ability in choosing their handicaps, that it really didn't make much difference how they wielded their clubs. If they can't win fame as golf experts, they have always the alternative of amassing wealth as fortune-tellers.

However, please do not conclude that there are not plenty of real golf players at Hawthorne, especially if you think well enough of your own game to risk real money on it. The erroneous conclusion has embarrassed many a good golfer—financially and otherwise.



C. G. Stoll and H. V. Bedard Tee off for the "Best Ball" match at Harlem course

Titillation of the Cerebrum or Researching Among the Beans Reveals a Nut

By "Tuck"

"THE greatest problem with which the Western Electric Company is now confronted is that of shortage," said Mr. Scratcha De Ivory presiding at a meeting of the Plutophysical Society. "Many materials which they have depended on for years have vanished from the market as completely as that effervescing, amber-tinted fluid"—(The speaker's voice was drowned by moans and groans, but order was finally restored without calling out the police reserves). "Substitutes have been found for many things for which it was thought no substitute existed. Take, for instance, the dollar bill. Who, of you, would have dreamed in 1914 that a substitute would be found for the dollar bill. Not one, I venture. And yet, in the year 1920, we have it—a two-dollar bill. But there is one thing for which there is no substitute—and that is ideas. We must have ideas or the development of the telephone must stop. Dr. I. Pheelyerbean, of the Research Branch of the Engineering Department, will read a paper this evening on the detection, germination and extraction of ideas. I take pleasure in introducing Dr. Pheelyerbean."

"Gentlemen and Engineers: It is indeed a pleasure for me to meet with you this evening and to acquaint you with some of my research in the production of ideas. When it was decided to develop a Wireless Signalling Device for communication with Mars there seemed to be a dearth of new and vigorous ideas in the Engineering Department. I was asked to study the situation and to develop, if possible, apparatus which would assist in the production of new and original ideas which could be applied not only to the development of this contrivance but also to the general development of the telephone.

"In the first place, ideas germinate in the bean. This bean grows on a stalk varying in height from five to six feet, when mature. The top side of the bean is covered with a growth of silky fiber resembling the tassel found on Indian corn or maize, the color varying from blond to jet black. These beans cannot be harvested in the ordinary manner, but the stalk and the bean must be transported to the region where the ideas are needed.

Many of these plants are delicate and require considerable care to keep them producing.

"The department where these plants are received is under the supervision of Mr. Kidneybean. As some beans seem to be sterile, their function appearing to be of a purely ornamental nature, and as others do not produce the kind of ideas needed in our work, it is necessary to cull them over very carefully, selecting the ones best suited to our purposes and casting the others out. The old-fashioned notion that it is possible to estimate the kind and quality of ideas existing in the bean by the shape of the shell has been discarded as being about as practical as trying to determine whether a fluid contains wood alcohol by the shape of the bottle. Mr. Kidneybean is now using a scientific device known as the idea detector, of which I am the inventor.

"The idea detector consists of a metal band, known as the bean-band, which fits over the top of the bean and presses two very sensitive detectors over the holes in the sides of the bean. These detectors are provided with soft rubber rings which serve as insulators, shutting out all "hot-air" or "bunk" generated in the immediate vicinity. These detectors are connected to a bank of repeaters which amplify the noises in the bean a



"I Take Pleasure in Introducing Dr. Pheelyerbean."

million times, and then to a pair of receivers which fit over the attendant's head. In this manner the rustling of growing ideas may be readily detected. The quality of the ideas may be determined by the pitch of the sound. That is, the higher the pitch, the higher the rate of vibration and the more abstract the ideas. In this way the bean plants are sorted and sent to the various departments according to their needs.

"When it is necessary to invent a piece of telephone apparatus a promising bean is selected and placed in the germinator, a very ingenious device, and I might add, also of my invention. The stalk is bent at its middle joint and placed upright in the frame. A device or tapering cabinet, resembling an enlarging camera is placed over the eyes of the bean and a photograph of the apparatus to be improved or the conditions to be eliminated,

reproduced on a glass plate, is placed in the large end of the cabinet. As all is dark within the cabinet, except for the light entering through the photograph, you can readily see that all the details are brought out clearly and as all outside influences, such as—say dainty ankles, are shut out there is intense concentration within the bean.

"There is also a flexible metal band which fits around the bean and which can be tightened up by the means of a screw in the back if it is found necessary to put pressure on the bean. This is, in the vernacular, 'Putting the screws on 'em.' The frame is also equipped with an automatic booster consisting of a lever with foot on it operated by an electric motor so that the foot strikes the seat of the frame one hundred and seventy-five times a minute. We have found this speed to produce the desired results except in a very few extreme cases, when it was found necessary to increase the speed a trifle.

"On either side of the frame are two phonographs on which are placed records filled with stimulating phrases, as for instance, 'We've got to get it out!' (repeated five times) 'Drawings have got to be in the Model Shop tomorrow!' (repeated ten times) 'The A. T. & T. Co. wants a promise!' (repeated seven times) 'Hawthorne wants manufacturing information!' (repeated twenty times) etc., etc. After a few hours of this, I might say, ah—heroic treatment—the idea detector is applied and if it shows indications the germinating treatment is stopped, if not it is continued until results are obtained.

"After the idea has started to grow the germinating treatment is stopped. If left to develop at its natural speed the period of gestation might be prolonged for months, and in some cases for years, which would be high-

ly unsatisfactory for industrial purposes. We, therefore, employ an accelerating treatment to quicken the process. This consists in placing the bean-stalk back in the germinator frame and applying the booster attachment and the phonographs, repeating the treatment every hour for a short period, this is continued for a day. The bean is then placed in solitary confinement and at regular intervals the cloister is visited by Section Heads, Division Heads, Branch Heads, and if the case be particularly difficult and outcome of sufficient importance by an Assistant Chief Engineer, who all demand progress and exhort the bean to produce. After a period of supreme effort the bean will, as a rule, give vent to a wild cry of exultation, which is a signal that the new idea is born."

"The next step is to extract it from the bean. This must be done in order to prevent distortion by contact of the idea with the ego. The extractor which I have developed, after several years of thought and experiment, has a bean-band similar to that used on the idea detector except that the detectors are many times more sensitive. These detectors are connected to a larger bank of amplifiers which boosts the input current to 150 watts, or enough to run a high power light, and then to the Phantasmograph, which projects the images held in the bean upon a film which may be developed in the usual way and preserve.

"I consider the Phantasmograph the greatest invention of the age and sincerely believe that it will be the means of greater advancement during this century than any since the beginning of the world. I should be pleased to go into detail explaining the various theories involved but owing to the patent situation that will be impossible



There Was a Moment of Silence, and Then—B-I-I-am!

at this time. Perhaps at some later date I can devote an evening to a discussion of the development of this wonderful device.

"For my lecture this evening I have replaced the photographic contrivance with a stereopticon arrangement which will project on the screen, you see here, the image held in the bean. I should like to get a volunteer from among you to come up to the rostrum so I may demonstrate the various steps in the development of ideas.

"Will somebody please volunteer to assist me? Just raise the hand. ——— Nobody? Well! It's absolutely harmless, no pain or discomfort. We're wasting time. Would you consent to come up, Mr. Hi Brow? I'll not take any rabbits out of your pockets or break up your watch. Thank you. Just take that chair.

"Mr. Hi Brow is from the Research Department and we all know that his bean is full of ideas and theories, but just to demonstrate this apparatus I shall proceed as though we knew nothing at all about him and will apply :

"Yes, there is a very distinct hum of rather high pitch denoting that Mr. Hi Brow's ideas are to a great extent abstract. Occasionally there is also a very high pitched note which, I would take it, denotes that he has some ideas that are quite transcendental."

"Now, I shall not take up your time this evening by trying to germinate any new ideas but will just place Mr. Hi Brow in the germinator to show how it operates. This concentrating device goes over the eyes, the pressure band goes on the bean in this manner and the booster operates as I demonstrated a while ago. I shall not start up the phonographs as I am sure that you are all familiar with these stimulating phrases."

"We will now demonstrate the Phantasmograph. The detectors fit on the bean like this. Now we are ready—I will turn on the current. Ah! there we have the images

held in Mr. Hi Brow's bean." (Dr. Pheelyerbean, taking up a pointer, steps to the screen.) "Those Greek letters show him to be quite a mathematician. The repetition of this letter (π) would indicate that he is very fond of Pi, not in the common sense, of course. Then here is an idea for an iron dust core for coils. That is simply a case of magnetic adhesion. And the idea of making insulating tubing of macaroni treated with caoutchouc is simply a new application of two very well known materials.

"Now, Mr. Hi Brow, see if you can't think of something new and original. Try to think of something—ah—ah—something ver abstruse." (There was a moment of silence, and then—B-l-lam! the Phantasmograph exploded with a report like a clap of thunder, pieces flying all over the room.)

"Ah—ah—," said Dr. Pheelyerbean, recovering, "I—I'm very sorry that this accident happened to-night, but Mr. Hi Brow must have been thinking in the fourth dimension and, of course, no instrument made of mere matter, which is confined to three dimensions, be it ever so well constructed, could stand such a strain."

The News correspondent was successful in securing a picture of the ideograph, which appeared on the screen for an instant just before the explosion, and here it is:

BOREALIS HOOCH

Made in a Minute

Dissolve a cup of granulated microfarads in the juice of one dozen coulcombs.

*Add: 1 Box Undulating Currents
3 oz. Pulverized Electrons*

Stir with electromotive force, then set in a warm place for 30 seconds to ferment. Distill 30 seconds in vacuum tube by use of high frequency juice and strain through hybrid coil. Drink immediately.

Which shows that highbrows are human after all.



They're Winners

If you'll follow us from left to right, beginning with the back row, we'll name eleven good reasons for the pleased grin that Big Jim Hottat is doing his best to keep under cover. But before we start perhaps you'd better know that the illustration shows the Cable Plant girls' indoor ball team, which won the season's championship in the women's league at Hawthorne, repeating their performance of last year. Now let's go:

Back row (left to right): Miss Jennie Juranek, c. f.



(Capt.); Miss Ruth Talbot, Chairman of Women's Athletics Committee; J. J. Hottat, Manager; Miss Minnie Tuma, r. f. Second row: Miss Elsie Komorous, c. Third row: Miss Minnie Beilenburg, l. f.; Miss Marie Hanzl, 1st b.; Miss Clara Nash, 3d b.; Miss Libbie Mirovsky, 2d b. Front row: Miss Emma Behnke, l. s. s.; Miss Mae Kotelansky, r. s. s.; Miss Barbara Prucha, p.

In winning the Hawthorne championship the Cable Plant team also won a handsome silver trophy donated by A. G. Spalding & Brothers.

It's a Long Way to Tipperary, But, Oh, You Starved Rock

Being a Mixture of English, Irish and Uncle Sammish to Introduce an Account of a Hawthorne Camera Club Trip, at Which Two of Our London House Representatives Were the Guests of Honor

By T. G. Spencer, Asst. Supt. London Cable Plant, and R. A. Miles, Asst. Chief Inspector, London Plant

WOULD you two fellows care to go to Starved Rock with the Camera Section of the Hawthorne Club?" was our first cordial welcome to the rites, misdeeds and mysteries of another section of Hawthorne activity. To tell the honest truth, we both felt just a little bit dubious and after our experience of a dry country, the Rock did not sound particularly inviting; and how far our own misdeeds would be filmed, lay open to considerable doubt, especially as we understood that the party would be mixed. Anyhow, the invitation was very tempting, and remembering the proverb so well used in our little country that "A faint heart never won a fair lady" we decided to accept the invitation so kindly offered, and jumped right in. Whilst realizing that we are rushing into print, we will endeavor to give our impressions of the trip as best we can, and details of our experiences as carefully as we can, without creating sufficient evidence for a libel case.

Beginning at the very commencement of the trip is essential, since it will greatly help us to explain why we slipped back so far from the distant dignity which serves to protect two innocents abroad.

Arriving at the rendezvous two hours before the appointed time after traversing devious routes, and observing further portions of Chicago beautiful, gave ample leisure to study the characteristics of one's future fellow travellers.

At this stage we have to admit that our courage began to ooze out of our shoes when we noticed that the male sex would be in the minority and it then became a question of carrying out our intention or turning tail. The Goddess of Decision, however, arrived at the critical moment in the guise of a fair and well known member of the staff, who luckily was acquainted with one of us, and who from that time on took us literally under her wing, which enabled us to feel like distant relatives and matters livened up when we, the club, and the special cars at last got away.

A sudden stop provided the first piece of excitement and we were treated to an inspiring 100-yard sprint by President Montgomery after the Club's banner, which had a strong desire to return to Chicago. Merely an incident, however, which speedily became o'ershadowed when we struck a rock near Willow Springs and lost a wheel (luckily from the trolley arm only) which

served as an excuse for delay until we got away again.

Apart from these little incidents, the journey so far was delightful and some wonderfully pretty country was seen, in the background of which were the great hills of stone and rock, which marked the course of the Chicago Drainage Canal, and which are a series of wonderful monuments, to the industrious and persevering nature of the American people.

After the parties had been safely piloted past the United States Country Club at Joliet, and an interesting view of the big steel works had been taken, a quick change into other special cars, and further speedy manœuvres on the part of several members of the party, found us comfortably seated for the second stage of our journey, almost two of the family circle, and certainly close relatives of the Camera Club.

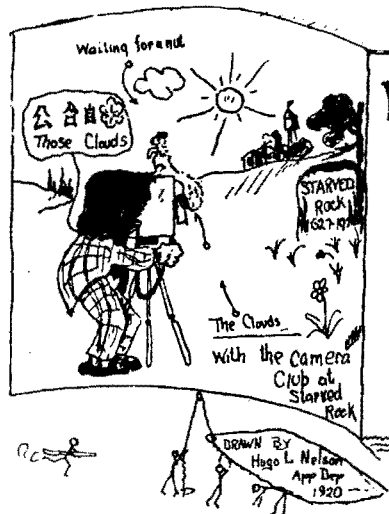
Everyone by this time got thoroughly pally and matters warmed up into several fierce arguments until we became enveloped in a real Irish atmosphere, from which we luckily escaped with nothing more than a few new ideas on this much discussed question.

After a wonderful journey through the Illinois River Valley, and a view of a beautiful sunset, we finally arrived at Utica.

By this time it was quite dark, but the "distributing department" got busy, and we were conducted in a very short time to our respective quarters. It is rumored, but not yet confirmed, at the time of going to press, that several young and beautiful maidens had to make a personal appeal to the local Baptist minister for shelter for the night. Suffice it to say that we believe Christianity once more rose nobly to the occasion.

The needs of the inner man (and wo-man) now required urgent and prolonged attention. Sustenance was not procured without a struggle. Rumor also testifies that the strict rules which are laid down for conduct and precedence in Round's Restaurant were ignored on this occasion, but we were lucky to obtain early morsels from the fatted calf. Whether it was the accent, or the value of a smile has not been recorded but whatever the recipe, it seemed to work.

All cravings at length being satisfied, and shopping and other necessary orders for lunch on the morrow being settled, the next vital need was amusement. Several search parties, after diligent work, at last located a dark



and tortuous stairway leading to the local cinema (i.e., "movie house" *cit.* Funk and Wagnalls Dict.). Seating accommodation: 49 adults, 8 minors; price of admission uncertain, name of film unknown or lost during the ensuing scramble. The orchestra being on strike (as usual) several vocalists supplied the incidental music, particular emphasis being paid to the Scotch portions of the picture, much to the delight of the natives of Utica and Irish members of the party.

Finally we reached the pretty little home of Host Wiley, and were made so comfortable that the sound of the whistle at 6.00 a. m. (we know not in which time) did not appeal to us a little bit. However, the Camera Club had brought us out, and intended to see that we got value for our money.

The next exciting contest was the scramble for breakfast between the flies and members of the Camera Club, which resulted in another victory for Hawthorne, after which we packed in the local motor omnibus (F. & W. dict., *cit.* "jitney"), and so to Deer Park. All hands agreed that it was a charming and interesting spot and it was then that the Camera fiends really began to open fire. It makes one wonder whether it pays to run a drug store and expose a sign thus: "DEVELOPING, PRINTING, Etc." Photography in the numerous deep gullies and canyons is not easily accomplished, but let us hope all the photographs come out!!

A good word here for the novel and most useful system employed, which serves to direct visitors along the trails. Altogether, we found the Park a highly interesting and remarkably pretty place.

Having performed the disappearing trick with the contents of a well-laden luncheon basket, steps were taken to obtain official photographs of the whole party (F. & W. dict. *cit.* "Bunch"). A few of the party will not appear in the pictures—how, why, and wherefore is left to abler pens and tongues. They will swear they did not hear the whistle, and at least did not know the way, but Mr. MacSweeney, who, by the way he fired off films, must have been in the Machine Gun Corps, is prepared to



Part of the 115 Members of the Hawthorne Camera Club on the Starved Rock Trip



Some of the Rock Formations in the Starved Rock District

guarantee that the missing ones were both comfortable and happy.

After rambling through more beautiful places, an electrical storm and heavy shower caused our thoughts to turn to our mode of transportation and return to Utica. Luckily the rain lasted merely a short time, but as everyone was getting tired the omnibuses got busy and soon had the Camera Club back in their quarters at Utica.

We decided to take the road, and thoroughly enjoyed the walk (F. & W. dict. *cit.* "hike") back home—WHY? Well, it's quite enough for us to state that we reached Utica in time to start out again for the ball-room at Starved Rock. There we were initiated into the mysteries of the Irish One-Step, U. S. A. Waltz, President Wilson Fox Trot, Harding Side Step and the Cox Shimmy (whatever that may be). What's the matter? We took the names from the card, so they must be O. K. Who were our chaperons? Their names are recorded in the archives of the Camera

Club and repetition is monotonous anyhow.

Finally, however, we arrived at our comfortable quarters, after a most ideal Sabbath day, and when Host Wiley had completed the interesting account of his descent from a truly Scottish family, we took 100 per cent. out of his comfortable bed. But, oh! what a difference in the morning! and didn't President "Monty" long for an hour with the hammer and the horn. Are they dead or merely asleep? Finally, the inexhaustible President succeeded in getting his flock on the move and then:—breakfast, flies, groups, hike, ukulele, snapshots, Starved Rock; or was it only a dream after all? No! it was very real, and having reached Starved Rock Hotel at the hour of 10:30 A. M. we proceeded by devious routes therefrom to the Rock itself, visiting French Canyon on the way, where camera fiends again got to work on the luckless bunch.

Here's another bouquet for Illinois. The prominent situation of the rock, washed by the waters of the river, makes it an ideal spot for the happenings which took place so long ago. It is a grand and fitting reminder of the country rendered so vivid to the youthful English



Starved Rock Looking Toward the Illinois River. On the River Side There Is a Sheer Drop of 110 Feet to the Water Front

mind in the works of Fenimore Cooper in his tales of the Indians. The view from the summit is magnificent. The ravines and forest paths were a delight and a source of never-failing wonder to us coming from overseas.

Having visited and enjoyed the views from such prominent landmarks as Lovers' Leap, Eagles' Cliff and others, we passed to a spring at the base of Pulpit Rock. Some of the more adventurous spirits proceeded to scale this, numerous snapshots were taken, the wonderful views were enjoyed and several surprising sermons served to speed the passing hour until some meddler suggested returning to join the remainder of the party with the whistle.

However, good fortune smiled again and Horseshoe Canyon and a convenient boat-landing were at length reached. Thoughts of returning to Utica on foot were not pleasant, but Messrs. Velie, Ford, Jitney and Company accomplished the impossible and we reached Utica in time to hear that the indefatigable President had delayed the special train for the benefit of the lost ones. It was then we felt of some account outside our own country. Packing, hurried food and drink, farewells and all the paraphernalia of departure, and finally, entrainment for Joliet saw us once more in the heart of the family circle.

The return trip enabled us to reciprocate the kindly feelings extended to us throughout. Details are not permitted by the Editor owing to considerations of space,

but suffice it to say that those in the know thoroughly approved our methods.

In this way the time passed all too quickly and pleasantly until Joliet and finally Chicago was reached, when the family circle broke up and scattered by various ways to their several homes, there to ponder on the delights and comradeship of the Hawthorne Club.

Two pilgrims had other thoughts in addition. They thought of their feelings of two days before and marvelled how it was possible to crowd so much pleasure in so short a period, for so many real friendships to be formulated, and lastly, how it was possible for such fine country to exist in any other land but England.

So here's to the Hawthorne Club in all its fine activities, to the lasting good it has done, and with best wishes for its continued success in the future. May it continue to flourish and serve to provide the best and most efficient cement for the departmental stones of the structure of the Western Electric Company at Hawthorne.

And we hope, whenever any other comrades from the International houses visit this country, and whatever function of the Hawthorne Club in general, and the Camera Club in particular, is happening during their visit, that it be included in their schedule. In this way they will not only gain knowledge and absorb the business atmosphere of Hawthorne, but also the good fellowship and fine spirit of its people.



Distributing Houses Organization

Wider Separation in Future Between Contract and Supply Business

The business of the distributing houses has been growing very rapidly during the past few years and has reached such large proportions that careful consideration has been given to improving the form of organization so as to keep pace with this enlarging volume.

The two main lines of business, viz.: (1) the service for telephone companies under standard contracts, commonly referred to as A and B business, and (2) the jobbing of electrical supplies, known as C and D business—seem to have characteristics sufficiently different to justify some further degree of separation in organization.

To a considerable extent the merchandise stocks for these two lines have been kept physically separate. It is planned now to make them completely separate beginning with the inventory taken as of December 31. As rapidly as possible thereafter the warehouse forces at each house, up to the Store Manager, will become two separate departments, and it is hoped that this can be completed by early spring. Separate books for the two lines of business will be opened as of January 1. Further departmentalization by these two main lines of business will be given consideration after the changes above described have been successfully carried out.

Newcomers Attention!

Western Electric Bond Offer Extended to Include Company Newcomers

The Board of Directors of the Company has approved an extension of the plan to enable employees to purchase Western Electric 5-year 7% convertible gold bonds. Under the arrangement they have just announced, those who have six months or more continuous service by December 1, 1920, are eligible to acquire their quota of the securities. The original plan limited the opportunity to employees who had at least one year's service to their credit.

The new offer is also a boon to those who subscribed under the original plan last June. Individuals who subscribed to less than their allowance at that time may take additional bonds now, provided the total face value of their holdings in the issue does not exceed \$100 for each \$300, or fraction, of their annual rate of pay at December 1, 1920. It is specified, however, that in no case can the total face value of any one person's subscriptions exceed \$3,000.

Statistics covering purchase of one \$100 bond—

Subscription price of bond.....	\$98.50
Interest charge at 5% per annum on unpaid balance.....	4.75
Total charges	\$103.25
Bond interest credited.....	12.25
Net amount paid by subscriber.....	\$91.00
Less accrued interest for October and November, 1922.....	1.16
Net cost to subscriber.....	\$89.84

	Average Investment	Return	Period	Rate per Annum
While paying	\$45.96	\$8.66 (a)	28 mos.	9.8%
After payment to April 1, 1925	91.00	17.84 (b)	28 mos.	8.4
Entire period	70.21	26.50	51 mos.	8.9

(a) Includes \$1.16 accrued interest for October and November, 1922, which will be received by bondholder April 1, 1923.

(b) Includes \$1.50 difference between subscription price (\$98.50) and par value (\$100.00).

Repair Shops Put Their Heads Together

Distributing House Repair Chiefs Meet in Hawthorne

SAY did you hear about it—what? Why the Conference at Hawthorne of the superintendents and foremen of the Distributing House Repair Shops. What is a repair shop? Well—Thompson says it is a place where they think they fix up the apparatus returned by the Telephone Companies, but where they really fix it so it can't be used again.

But say, it was some conference for the first one. Mr. Twichell started it off with a paper on "Supervision" and then Mr. Kennedy told us what our relations to the Telephone Company should be. He was followed by Mr. Toohey, who talked about our relations to the A. T. & T. Company.

Say did you hear about Segelken? Well he met Heiney at Harrisburg and sent Heiney to bed before they reached Pittsburg, making a date to have breakfast with him next morning. Next morning Heiney couldn't find him. Jim says his car went a different route, but Freer told me in confidence that he walked in from Pittsburg. Don't tell Dunn, because Segelken may have vouchered his railroad fare.

We went through Hawthorne Works. Believe me, its some walk. I am trying to figure out now how I can voucher a pair of half soles. Jack Kasley furnished the guides, and what they didn't know they found out for us.

Oh, I forgot—on Tuesday night we went to see "Aphrodite." McDermott thought he was the original little farsighted boy and brought field glasses with him. But Stanley Moore was most popular—he had a telescope.

Thursday night we bowled at the Illinois A. C. Say,

you know LaRue—well I heard him kicking to the "boss." You know he only read one paper and was allowed just two-thirds of the time set aside for discussing, and he was sore; I don't blame him. Twichell said that if he wasn't satisfied, he could go home and hold a conference of his own. It made him so mad that he went out and rolled the high individual score of the evening.

On Friday Mr. Dietz gave us a short talk on "Employment." He was followed by Johnson, who read a paper on "Clerical Methods," and then by LaRue on "Preanalyzation." Preanalyzation you know is finding out before you do it what you are doing, so that when you are doing it you will know what you are trying to do. In the afternoon Twichell lectured on "Cost and Expense." Mr. Gleason closed the conference with a talk on "The Job Ahead of Us," which we all took home with us as an inspiration for better results.

As a finale we staged a shop dinner at the Great Northern Hotel. We had a chance to meet many of Hawthorne's executives and found out they were regular fellows. Kennedy seemed to be very popular with the entertainers. Who is Kennedy? Oh! he is the fellow who promises to give you stuff when you don't want it. J. W. Dietz was toast-master and he tried to be smart and find out what we had learned, but Twichell told a story which showed him up and I guess he won't try anything again when Twichell is around.

However, it was a great conference. The papers were good and all the fellows entered heart and soul into the discussions. We went home with a broader conception of our jobs.



CONFEREES—CONFERENCE DISTRIBUTING HOUSE SHOPS EXECUTIVES

Lower Row (Left to right)—C. H. Coffman, Supervisor's Staff, Hawthorne; H. M. Ehrhardt, Supervisor's Staff, Hawthorne; Thos. Wray, Supervisor's Staff, Hawthorne; L. A. Schmidt, Des Moines; A. S. Moore, Supervisor's Staff, Hawthorne; M. D. Heiney, Baltimore; D. F. Kolberg, Minneapolis; C. A. Brizzolara, Supervisor's Staff, Hawthorne.

Middle Row (Left to right)—W. H. Bossenberg, Chicago; W. F. Rowald, Emeryville; J. M. LaRue, New York; W. J. Segelken, Philadelphia; J. S. Thomas, Boston; R. D. Freer, Pittsburg; E. Twichell, Supervisor Distributing House Shops, Hawthorne; J. D. Kennedy, General Merchandise Manager, Hawthorne; F. De C. Thompson, Engineering Inspector, New York; W. P. Hunter, Atlanta; O. F. Stuart, Supervisor's Staff, New York; E. C. McDermott, Engineering Inspector's Staff, New York.

Top Row (Left to right)—J. F. Johnson, Supervisor's Staff, Hawthorne; B. F. Raidart, Supervisor's Staff, Hawthorne; R. W. Erdman, Supervisor's Staff, Hawthorne; W. F. Smith, Detroit; F. G. Hoefler, Cleveland; O. C. Hagen, Denver; F. J. Koch, Dallas; H. H. Clark, Oklahoma City; J. G. Milks, St. Louis; J. B. Marston, Los Angeles; G. E. Toohey, General Merchandise Department, Hawthorne; D. McIntosh, Supervisor's Staff, Hawthorne; J. A. Reiners, Supervisor's Staff, New York; J. H. Hellweg, Assistant General Merchandise Manager, Hawthorne; C. Brazelton, Supervisor's Staff, Hawthorne; F. W. Berry, Supervisor's Staff, Hawthorne; T. E. Moon, Supervisor's Staff, Hawthorne; G. H. Donaher, Pittsburg, Chief Inspector; H. Erickson, Omaha; E. K. Wilson, Supervisor's Staff, Hawthorne.



THE LARGEST CROWD THAT EVER VISITED HAWTHORNE, MEMBERS OF ASSOCIATION OF RAILROAD ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS ARE OUR GUESTS.



M.A. OBERLANDER—SPIRIT PICTURE TAKEN BY SID. GREENFIELD.



QUESTION—WHERE DOES S. L. RODGERS THE OMAHA BARD GET HIS INSPIRATION?



SID GREENFIELD, M.A. OBERLANDER & JAKE 'ZIT' POWERS AT THE AMERICAN ELECTRIC RAILWAY ASSN. CONVENTION AT ATLANTIC CITY.



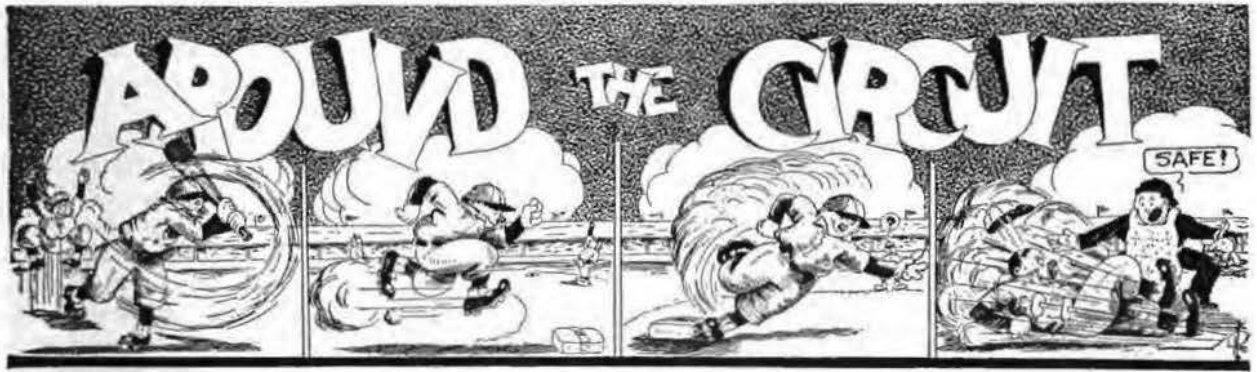
THE EVER SMILING A.H. NICOLL SAN FRANCISCO TEL. SALES SPECIALIST.



WEST STREET'S CRACK BOWLING TEAM—L.TOR STANDING W.L. FILER, H.C. DIEFFENBACH, C. DUSHECK, — SEATED A. PRUESMAN, C.L. MABEY MGR. AND E.L. MUELLER.



CINCINNATI DOLLS UP AND PUTS OVER A REAL OLD FASHIONED HALLOWEEN PARTY.



Volstead's Buddy at Chicago

NO wonder the business of the Chicago House continues to increase and our customers overwhelm us with compliments. Mr. Golden Ruel is now working in our Service Department.

Sales Talk

A customer of our Grand Rapids House knows mighty well that we appreciate his business. A letter was dictated "in connection with a previous order." You people who are familiar with a typewriter, know the relative position of the letters "C" and "V". Well the typist hit the "C" and the letter got out to the customer as "a precious order."

Some of our salesmen think orders are _____, just now. Fill in the blank space to suit your own temperament if you are a salesman.

Goodbye Alibi

The latest civic improvement to be announced of interest to all employees acquainted with this neighborhood is the plan for a new \$6,000,000 Post Office terminal to be built on the west side of the Chicago River within a block of the Chicago House. Work will start at once and it will take 18 months to complete the building.

Railroad Engineers Storm Hawthorne

"The largest crowd that ever visited Hawthorne."

That was the comment of Assistant General Superintendent, J. W. Bancker, on the visit to our factory recently, of the Association of Railroad Electrical Engineers.

The trip to Hawthorne was one of the closing features of the convention of Railroad Electrical Engineers held in Chicago during the latter part of October.

The delegates left the Auditorium Hotel in "Sight-seers," arriving at Hawthorne at about 1 P. M. Appetites were whetted up a bit more by a short stroll around the grounds and then the crowd, consisting of 146 delegates, Western Electric Salesmen and other

special guests sat down to a luncheon of porterhouse and other elementary embellishments.

The Hawthorne Club orchestra and several vocalists entertained the guests as they ate.

Following the luncheon, Mr. Bancker made a short speech to the visitors. All, then, went out on the green and were "shot" for a group picture by the Hawthorne photographer.

The visitors were next divided up into small squads and escorted through the works by Western Electric guides.

One of the railroad men from St. Louis saw his own order for cable in the course of manufacture and wondered when he would get his next look at it.

The expedition to Hawthorne was in charge of George Hull Porter, Manager of Railway Sales, assisted by Otto Danielson of the Chicago Railway Sales Department. Otto guarded the cigars. George was very much in evidence and Otto very much in demand while the smokes lasted.

There were also other special Western Electric features in connection with the Convention. Along with other electrical supply manufacturers and dealers, this Company had an exhibit set up in the Auditorium Hotel. On one of the nights, the delegates were taken out to see a special demonstration of Western Electric flood lights in three Pennsylvania Railroad freight yards. On another night, our Lamp Department gave a special dinner to delegates. Several Western Electric Salesmen from houses handling railroad business, attended the Convention.

Et Tu, Brute

In newspaper parlance, when an article of any special interest appears exclusively in only one paper in a city, it is known as a "Scoop."

So this story is a "Scoop" on the Hawthorne column News correspondent.

Capt. C. S. Merrick, head of the Stock Division of the General Merchandise Department is the leading character—the "piece de resistance" of the story.

On his vacation last summer, spent at Pine Lake, Wisconsin, the "Captain," assisted by Commodore Wellington Jones of the Standard Oil Co., put on a farcical play entitled "Reincarnation."

The two leading characters as mentioned above, represented themselves as doctors, selling medicine with wonderful remedial qualities. Even Julius Cæsar was revived and reincarnated. In the picture the renowned



Captain Merrick—the reincarnated Julius Caesar

Cæsar is impersonated by Captain Merrick. He is being drawn about in his 20th Century (International Harvester Co.) chariot by two slaves. This picture, by the way, has never been shown in public before and was obtained secretly by the Chicago News Correspondent from the Captain's archives.



Where There's a Will

Sometimes we have our doubts about the methods of certain of our sales force in their mad rush for business and we haven't made up our mind yet about the case we describe herewith and to wit—

Our motor specialist (Bill Burr) had been calling on a customer over in Ironton for some several months off and on but couldn't get any business—not even a pleasant smile. So one day, a few weeks ago, he announced that he was on his way to Ironton again. He carried a suspicious looking black bag and his face wore a determined look (regular Bolshevik stuff). He reached Ironton and went direct to the customer's plant and was in the General Manager's Office seated for about five minutes when—blooey—terrific explosion, etc., and in comes the Chief Engineer and reports "the plant has blown all to pieces"—what would he do. Bill takes out his order book and gets the General Manager by the coat collar and says "calm yourself, leave this to me." Then he borrows a suit of overalls—calls up Cincinnati and reports where he is at and that he won't be back for ten days. He telegraphs and telephones to all points of the compass. Several W. E. Houses made emergency shipments from stock, including Chicago, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Dallas, Atlanta and Omaha. Schenectady came to his rescue also, with the result that the plant was going again within two weeks and Bill was once more on his way.

MORAL—You'll have to buy from him eventually, so why not do it when he calls on you first time.

Get Your Tickets Early

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Rider were in town for a week a short time ago. All the hotels were crowded and things looked bad for them for a while. Then we got our official hotel fixer on the job with the result that they were quartered in one of the nicest rooms in town overlooking the Grand Theatre. They were able to see the stage and the orchestra and entertained their friends in their room several evenings. They got the best the theatres afforded gratis. That's the way we take care of our friends.

Columbus Breaks Into the Big League

WE opened a branch office and warehouse at Columbus, Ohio, October 1st. From this new location we will serve some thirty counties in Ohio, all of which can be reached more economically and in shorter time than from Cincinnati.

Columbus is the State Capital and the last census gave it a population of about 248,000. It is the logical point from which to reach all the northern and eastern parts of our Ohio territory.

R. E. Moore is Sales Manager and R. Hills is Stores Manager.

Columbus is our second branch warehouse, the first one having been opened at Nashville, January 1st, last.

"Lead Us Not Into Temptation"

Mr. Waldron of the General Department was in town one Saturday in October during the Latonia race. He was persuaded to attend. He bought a Racing Form. On the way to the track he picked his horse for the first race. He got there late but his choice had come in first. He and his escorts (G. H. Moss of Habirshaw Co. and your correspondent) put a little bet down on each race after the first. The escorts broke about even, but the Major playing his own hunch picked five winners out of six and would have had the sixth (a long shot) except for an accident. In this case he put three bets on one horse "to place" and two other bets on another horse "to show," and picked 'em both. The aforesaid escorts were old timers at the game. The Major was seeing his first races, but you can't make them believe but that he ought to be the official handicapper.



Columbus house, two months old today

Special Correspondence

The Western Electric members of the local Telephone Society were in charge of the evening's program of the regular meeting of that society, Thursday evening, November 11th. After witnessing the impressive Armistice Day parade that marched past the general office building of the Telephone Company the members adjourned to the renovated auditorium on the tenth floor of the building where President Clarence Rader introduced Mr. J. P. McQuaide as chairman of the evening's doings.

Mr. McQuaide modestly announced a series of moving pictures—a screen visit to wonderful Hawthorne, Tokyo, Japan, and the gathering of poles in the forests of the frozen North. It proved to be one of the most interesting meetings of the year. A rising vote of thanks was extended to Chairman McQuaide and his co-committeemen.

—W. G. BETTY, Editor,
The Cincinnati Telephone Bulletin



A peek into the Columbus house

"Sauce for the Gander"
Mr. Dietz, of the Educational Department at 195 Broadway, periodically sends out articles of real educational value and which indeed are of interest.

Harry Michener, chief of staff of the clerical and stores department, receives all of them. In one of the recent issues Mr. Dietz points out the obnoxious use of the words "attached hereto."

When Harry received this special letter from Mr. Dietz he gave it a casual once over and immediately decided it good food for his lieutenants and buck privates. He therefore attaches a memorandum to the article as follows:

"Attached hereto is Bulletin CS-9 of August 6th which Mr. Dietz of the Educational Department has sent us. Will you please pass this around and let every one in the organization read it. It appeals to me as an exceptionally good article."

It will be noted that the "attached hereto" habit still lingers with Harry stronger than the Dietzian appeal.



J. J. Latocki



C. W. Tucker

Splitting Her Volt

Recently a customer sent in an order for an 1815 American Electric Heater pad for 32 Volt service. The service department, ever anxious to render service, wrote the particular customer to the effect that stocks were exhausted in the 32 Volt but that privilege had been taken of substituting on the 110 Volt, concluding with "We trust you will not be inconvenienced through the substitution."

Probably the customer was more exasperated than inconvenienced.

H. C. L. Hits Butte

Heard in the inner sanctum of the Sales Manager while conferring with commander-in-chief:

"Wow, will you look at this—dinner 'ighteen dollars"—and the S. M. hands over a swindle sheet from Butte to the C. in C.

"Must have been eating gold fish," retorts the C. in C.



The Dragon Hotel,
Dragon, Utah

An Osculator

"TING-A-LING-A-LING," jingled the peace disturber.

"Hello," answered the busy engineer. "Have you the correspondence on case 222222?" asked a feminine voice.

"What's the subject of the case?" "Investigation of an Osculator," came the answer.

"No, no," laughed the engineer, "I'm sure I have nothing like that. I have a case here on the Investigation of an Oscillator, will that do?"

"Why-a-yes, that's it," stammered the voice.

SALT LAKE CITY
The Heart of the City

MR. J. D. SPARKS of the Salt Lake House is sometimes called the "cowboy salesman." Oh, no, he doesn't wear chaps and ride a wild bronco. He wears a neat business suit and drives a Buick car. But he certainly gets into the

cowboy country in search of customers for Western Electric quality products.

On one of his recent trips he drove over miles of sagebrush country on his way to the metropolis of Dragon, Utah. At last he came upon a few shacks, a store and a Ford. Bringing his car to a stop he asked the sheriff the way to Dragon.

"Stranger," said the sheriff, "you're right in the heart of the city!"

Behold, on page 25, a snapshot of the "modern" hotel! The middle door opens into "Jimmy" Spark's suite!



"There Ain't No Such Place"

ONE of the members of our Credit Department said that his idea of paradise is a place where everybody pays bills on time and nobody orders anything.

This reminds one of Kipling's "Gunga Din," where he says: "Where it's always double drill and no canteen," because it's so different.

Minneapolis House Wins City Baseball Title

The Western Electric nine has won the 1920 amateur baseball championship of Minneapolis. Coming through their last game in slam-bang fashion, the W. E. players shut out the strong Northeast Merchants in the contest that gave them the city pennant. The score was 6 to 0.

Earlier in the season the Western Electric team had clinched the leadership in their own particular circles and had followed it up by grabbing off the Commercial League Title. The Northeast Merchants had been sailing along in like manner in their chosen sphere until they ran afoul of the W. E.'s.

A few weeks ago the new Minneapolis champs gave further evidence of their man-eating ambitions by trouncing the hapless Transconas, the title holders of Winnepeg.



Go to the Head of the Class, Fred

THE other day, we were reminded of Fred Leggett, who in the course of a certain speech, referred to the "September morn cocktail."

"How do you make it?" inquired a thirsty member of the audience. Mr. Leggett kindly explained. "Peel a little peach and add water," said he.

Probably a Record of a Blurb

"I hear two voices," said our stenographer, returning a defective record. Boy, page Sir Oliver Lodge!

But as she spelt "cheap" as "cheep," we are undecided whether it was a bird of a record, or a record of a bird.

Pollyanna Stuff

Miss Johnson, who, among other duties, distributes our pay checks, wears a bluebird pin. Mr. Maeterlinck was right; the bluebird *does* bring happiness.



That Election

ON the morning after,—the election, interest was diverted, for a little while at least, from States and figures, by this announcement posted on the bulletin board—

NOTICE

The employees of the Western Electric Company are cordially invited to assemble at First and Broad Streets at 1 P. M. today to watch Sergeant King push Ex-Sergeant Sale, to Eighth and Broad Streets, in a warehouse truck.

This being in payment of an election bet between the above mentioned parties.

Of course, we cannot say for certain, but we are told that the warehouse force spent most of the morning in decorating the truck—a veritable throne on wheels it was. Lunch was a secondary consideration—the whole W. E. Company was on Broad Street at the stroke of one. From the crowds which stopped, stared, and smiled, we should say that most of the city had also been invited.

Traffic was held up, automobiles banked at every crossing for the Traffic Cops gave Sergeant King the right of way at every turn. And if they had not been laughing so much they might have arrested him for speeding,—that boy did move. It is rumored, unofficially, of course, that there was a bearing burned out because the truck did not have forced lubrication.

It was a great day—Here's what a Richmond newspaper had to say about it. There is one mistake,—it said *slowly*.

ONE PUSHES FOR COX

OTHER TAKES A RIDE

At least one election bet was paid today. At 1:30 o'clock this afternoon the crowds on Broad street saw a man slowly pushing another along in a small hand truck. One wore a placard which said: "I Ride for Harding." The placard on the other said: "I Push for Cox."



"Excuse Our Dust"

WE admit that we move fast in New York, but we didn't realize the pace was as fast as this:

Miss Samuels who has charge of our switch-board in the Buffalo office was trying to get Fifth Avenue in a hurry. Long Distance reported that all the lines at the Western Electric Company, Fifth Avenue, were busy. Just ten minutes after the first message Long Distance reported that the Western Electric Company had moved from its quarters at 151 Fifth Avenue.

Alarm Clocks on His Sox?

Harry Hall and Harry Goodell, at the recent District Managers' Conference in New York, were telling this one on Ed. Wallis, of San Francisco:

Ed. is a great one for promptness, and in an effort to make sure that he would be on time to all the conferences of the District Managers, he went through some curious rites with his watch. Of course, everyone knows that the difference in time of several hours which exists between New York and San Francisco is rather confusing. The daylight saving in New York did not make the situation any simpler.

At any rate, what Ed. Wallis did to his watch caused him perfectly innocently to get up at 4 o'clock in the morning in order to be present at a 9 o'clock conference. If there hadn't been a clock in his hotel he would have thought the darkness was merely a little smoke blowing from the New Jersey factories.

City of Baby Carriages Celebrates Another Lusty Arrival

THERE is a new baby in New York's family, — Syracuse has grown so large and lusty that the desire for another toddler in the New York family was overwhelming. Incidentally it had been noticed that up to that time New York and Chicago had exactly the same number of branch stores and, of course, New York wants

One Fella

I thought you'd like to know that I've arrived here safely so I'm sending you this little line to say that everything is fine. Now come to see me, won't you try? Mother sends love and so do I.

BROOKLYN, N.Y.

Born **DECEMBER 1st, 1920.**



as Stores Manager. George Krenning is from the West but speedily lived this down when he came to New York in 1916. He fussed about the office, getting what Mr. Dooley called "an eddication" until he was made a salesman and sent to Connecticut to prove it. Just as he was getting started, the Navy claimed his attention for the



G. C. Krenning, Mgr.

to lead wherever possible. Result: Birth of the Brooklyn House on December 1, 1920, making six branch stores under New York's banner.

The building is located at 505 St. Marks Avenue and contains 20,000 square feet of floor space all on one floor, except the office, which is on the mezzanine floor at the front of the building. For this

period of the War, but upon his return to the selling fold, the war having been won in so far as Pelham Bay Naval Station was concerned, he was so successful with at least one line that his middle name was changed from Clarence to Cord, because of the ease with which he closed large lamp cord orders. He will fill the chair as Manager of Brooklyn



A. S. Webb, Stores Mgr.

reason the Fifth Avenue office force was most carefully canvassed so that the Brooklyn organization chosen therefrom would have the correctly high-minded characteristics which can operate efficiently in the rarefied atmosphere of a mezzanine.

The Management of the new "che-ild" has been placed in the hands of Mr. G. C. Krenning as Manager and Mr. A. S. Webb



Born this week—the new Brooklyn House

most acceptably, if they make it large enough, for George will be as big as Ox Porter some day if he does not stop growing.

Mr. Webb came with the Company in 1906 and has been through, over and under the ropes until he knows the whole works. He has the advantage of being a Brooklynite, having lived there all his life. This knowledge will be a great asset.

A Western Electric Birthday Surprise Party

All his life Thomas De Rusha has read in books of fiction about men being struck speechless—(even fiction writers do not ever go so far as to have a woman affected that way)—but he had always assumed that such things never happened in real life, any more than the other things in the book. In short, Mr. De Rusha was a skeptic and he didn't care who knew it.

Now look at the illustration for a moment and see Thomas De Rusha, skeptic, making his speech of acceptance when his friends gathered together in the Hawthorne

Tool Room on October 16th, while John Lane handed him a gold watch, inscribed:—"Presented to Thomas De Rusha by friends on his 40th Anniversary at the Western Electric Company, 10-16-'20." Listen closely and you can hear exactly what Mr. De Rusha said—nothing. But everyone in the audience, watching his face, knew

just what he wanted to say—and couldn't. As you can see from the picture, it was quite a party. A ten-piece orchestra, composed of fellow-workers in the Tool Room, greeted Mr. De Rusha's astonished ears when he returned to his department after a trip to the Cable Plant, which had been arranged to give the con-

spirators a chance to prepare for the surprise. Further entertainment consisted of vocal solos by Miss Catherine Quinlan, Bernard Doyle and James Waters, accompanied by Miss Catherine Crowe at the



piano. Then Mr. Lane made a very neat presentation speech and Mr. De Rusha answered what you heard him say a moment ago. And hereafter, when the hero's tongue cleaves to the roof of his mouth, Tom De Rusha, ex-skeptic, will remark:—"Shake hands, old top. I know just how you feel!"



Western Electric Families

No. 1.—The Hornburg Family; Five Members with the Company

Left to right:—F. A. Hornburg, the father, (20 years with the Company; Clara; Alma, engaged in clerical work, General Merchandise Branch, Hawthorne; Emil, in Jobbing Department No. 3, Hawthorne; Elmer, Harry, Arthur and Herbert (not working for the Western yet). The photograph was taken several years ago. Some of the younger members of the family have grown considerably since then.



SERVICE AWARDS



W. F. Reed—20 Years

Well, Philadelphia has one real admirer! Just imagine starting in that very active metropolis twenty years ago and then getting away for a few years only to come back to the land of the Quakers and still be able to grin about! We are just trying to show you the sort of an optimist we possess in W. F. Reed.



In 1900 he threw his hat into the W. E. ring when he joined the Philadelphia installers. Shortly afterwards he was sent out on the road and for five years was classed as specialist on multiple cable and pneumatic tubes. Mr. Reed was at Cleveland for a while but decided to return to his first love. In 1909 he showed up among his old surroundings in the City of Brotherly Love.

Mr. Reed's particular hobby is the photo game. He has been snapping pictures for the Western since 1902.

W. A. Titus—20 Years

Since "Doc" Titus is our principal source of facts, near facts and manufacts about other members of the Installation Branch who are featured on the Service Page, we dare not tell what we really know about him, much as we should enjoy that pastime. (Doesn't it beat all how the worst criminal always purchases immunity?) So, to keep our pencil from straying into forbidden fields, we'll put it to work recording "Doc's" Western Electric career.



Mr. Titus began as an installer in New York on the 27th of December, 1900. By June of 1901 he had risen to the rank of foreman. In 1908 he was made an assistant general foreman at New York and in 1904 he served in the same capacity at Baltimore. He became chief installer at Chicago in December, 1905, and two years later was made assistant superintendent of installation. In 1909 he returned to New York as eastern district superintendent of installation, remaining in this position until 1916, when he was transferred to the installation methods department at Hawthorne. He was made chief of the installation training division in June, 1917. His duties have recently been extended and his present title is chief of the installation personnel division.

Being full of good nature and good ideas, "Doc" is tagged for membership in about every committee that ever commits anything around Hawthorne. In addition, he is a member of the Company's general educational committee.

Mr. Titus will wear 20 years' worth of service stars to committee meetings hereafter.

W. Oest—20 Years

The next time you dine at the Woolworth-Castoria and find an angle worm in your drinking water, don't bawl out the poor waiter. He isn't to blame, because Walter Oest has been fishing in the Croton Reservoir again. And Walter isn't to blame, either. Fishing is a disease with him. And we're not to blame, either, if we are perpetrating a libel against New York City's water supply, for if Walter hasn't fished in the reservoir it's only because he hasn't had a chance yet. From



which a suspicious person might Sherlock the deduction that Walter likes to fish. Being thus cleverly cornered, we'll admit that fishing is his principal hobby, aside from working. Now, we absolutely refuse to stand sponsor for his alleged record as a fisherman, but we are perfectly willing to back his record as a workman.

Mr. Oest took up Western Electricing as a business in July, 1900, when he entered the switchboard wiring department of the old Clinton Street Shops. About four years later he went "on the road" as an installer, his first location being in St. Louis. He has remained with the installation branch ever since, with the exception of a leave of absence from March, 1909, to August, 1910. During the rest of the time he has kept busy, climbing from installer to foreman, from foreman to general foreman and from general foreman to his present position—eastern district superintendent of installation.

Your arithmetic may not subtract 1899 from 1920 and get 20 for an answer, but if you will take due account of Mr. Oest's leave of absence you will see why his two-star button is due this month.

E. H. Carlson—20 Years



You can't "kid" Henry Carlson and get away with it. Even superintendents have tried it and failed. Some one, for instance, called him up about the time his 15-year service button was due. "This is Mr. Rice," said the voice, "Come into the office, please. I'd like to see you." "All right," said Henry. Then he hung up and forgot about it. He knew very well Superintendent Rice wouldn't be calling him up about anything. However, the "kiddier" was persistent. He called up again. "This is Mr. Rice," said he, "Why don't you come in?" "Be right in," said Henry, and forgot the matter again. About half an hour later Henry's boss came over to him. "Say," he remarked, "Mr. Rice wants you to come into his office for your service button. He says he called you twice and you said you'd be right in. What's the idea? Are you trying to 'kid' him?" "O-O-Oh!" owed Henry, as the light began to dawn. "So it was Mr. Rice, after all. No, I wasn't trying to 'kid' him. I thought he was some one trying to 'kid' me."

And now, to cover Henry's embarrassment, let's change the subject and talk about his Company history—

Mr. Carlson started in the Clinton Street Shops at key inspection. After about six months of this work he took up "chasing" work in the general shop output department. In 1907 he transferred to the apparatus order department and from there to the supply department at Polk Street. His next move was into the new and changed apparatus department, where he has remained since 1909. He is now head of the switchboard and switchboard apparatus section.

Henry gets his 20-year button this month. And we'll bet eleven cents and a broken pen-knife that he'll believe his telephone this time.

F. M. Carlin—20 Years

You've probably heard of the little colored lad who refused to go to the big circus, in spite of the alluring posters that proclaimed: "The Greatest Show on Earth—Sept. 1." "Hm!" snorted Rastus contemptuously. "Greatest show 'cept one! Ah's gwine to wait foh dat udduh one, den." Now, Frank Carlin differs from Rastus in that he takes them all in, without exception. Hold on, though. There is one exception. That one took Frank in. Back in 1907, that was. There was a small country wagon show sheriff-saled in York State and Frank just couldn't resist the temptation to buy it, so that he could go to a circus free whenever he wanted to. His nephew took charge of the show as manager. Frank wisely stayed with the Western. He's out of the circus business for good now, although he declares there is good money in it. Moreover, he can prove there is, for he put it in. But in the meantime (as the cartoonists say)—

Mr. Carlin, after eight years experience with the Bell Telephone Company of Philadelphia, joined the Western as a foreman in that city on December 7, 1899. In 1908 he was made general foreman of New York State and later went to Connecticut in the same capacity. In July, 1915, he left the Company on a leave of absence, returning a year and eight months later to his present position of division foreman at Philadelphia.

Mr. Carlin has just accepted a new two-star service button after being assured that neither star was a circus star or at all temperamental.

T. J. Dolan—20 Years

Just to show you that the way to keep young is to belong to the Western Electric family we might mention that T. J. Dolan, who gets his 20-year service button this month, is the same Tommy Dolan who has helped make things hot for opponents of the machine departments' indoor ball team of the Hawthorne league in recent seasons. Aside from playing ball and watching ball, Tom doesn't care what he does, just so it's talking ball.

This Western Electric fan first blew into the Company at Clinton Street in 1899, in the accounting division. From then on he had rather a wide experience, working in the store-rooms, the cable departments, the power apparatus departments, the generator department and the metal finishing department before entering the

hand screw machine department in May, 1915, where he has remained ever since.

Although Dolan started in 1899, various breaks in his service make his 20th Western Electric birthday fall on the 21st of this month, so he will get his new two-star button as an advance Christmas present.

Miss Delia Burke—20 Years

One of these days the News is going to invade the Advertising Department's Moving Picture Bureau and kidnap one of their most beautiful he-dolls to go out and ask the ladies for their pictures when we want to publish them. The combined pulchritude of the present board of editors doesn't seem to make any more impression than a five-cent tip at the Blackstone. The latest lady to turn us down is Miss Delia Burke, who did it very nicely, but none the less effectively. Therefore, readers and readerses, you will have to be contented with a verbal picture of Miss Burke's Western Electric career, in place of a half-tone reproduction of her countenance.

Miss Burke joined the family at Clinton Street, in September, 1899, when she took a position in the magnet wire department as an inspector. She remained at that work until 1907, when she was put at enameled wire inspection. Two months later she took a 15-months' leave of absence to visit her native country, Ireland. On her return she took up protector and terminal strip inspection at Hawthorne. Since 1909 she has been inspecting switchboard number plates and keys.

Perhaps on her next Western Electric birthday we may be able to get Miss Burke's photograph. Liberty poses on the dollars with stars around her head, so maybe Miss Burke won't feel so lonesome now that she can face a camera with two stars on her new service button to keep her company.

A. Thompson—20 Years



One of the touchiest jobs in the hand screw machine department is profiling switchboard plugs. It involves grinding and setting tools to such a nicety that the parts of the finished plug shall not be more than one to two-thousandths of an inch over or under size. Working to a limit of plus or minus .001 inch or even to the wider limit of plus or minus .002 inch allowed on some parts of the plug requires an honest-to-goodness operator, than whom there is none more honest-to-goodnesser

than Alfred Thompson, the gentleman at your left, one of the best plug profilers in the Hawthorne hand screw machine department.

Mr. Thompson came with the Western in 1900 as a hand screw machine operator in the old New York Shops. His very first job was on fiber fuses. In August, 1909, he was transferred to Hawthorne with the first 20 men moved from the New York hand screw machine department. He has been in Department 6336 ever since.

When he first moved "west," Mr. Thompson lived a couple of blocks from the Hawthorne Plant in what was almost a virgin prairie, and he utilized the opportunity to raise chickens on a large scale, but in recent years he has been compelled to curtail his activities as a poultryman owing to the rapid growth of Cicero. However, a service button with five or six stars takes no more room than a one-star button, so Mr. Thompson expects to continue raising Western Electric service stars at the rate of one every five years. The two he gets this month form the nucleus for a fine flock.

W. Carroll—20 Years



On a misty, moisty morning when you're late and out of sorts, having had a fair but heavy weight standing on your pet corn all the way from Two-hundred-and-something Street to Fourteenth in "de sobvay" and you just can't wait until you get up to your desk to start something. You step on Elevator "A" and are greeted with "Good mornin', sir,"—everything is changed. Just take a good look at that man. That's Mr. Carroll—and they say he's always like that—bright

and cheery.

Mr. Carroll started as a porter and in 1904 was made operator of elevator "O" in the Cable Plant, which he operated between the hot place and—a much cooler place, it being part of his job to go into the ovens with the temperature up around 260° to pull out cable, then go up on the roof for empty reels. He thinks he would make a good movie actor because five reels would be nothing for him. In 1907 he was made a watchman and in the same year was promoted to the front elevators, where he has lifted most of the officers of the Company. They like to be raised, too. He says Mr. Salt's favorite method of signalling the elevator was to kick against the shaft door until the car arrived. Mr. Carroll enjoyed

his first vacation during the past summer and says vacations on pay are a mighty fine idea.

J. O. Vickers—20 Years



Worked eight years for the same boss and never criticized once. How is that for a record. J. O. Vickers, Watchman at the Chicago House, claims it.

Mr. Vickers will get his 20-year button in December. He has been a watchman ever since he entered the employ of this Company. So far as is known, he has never missed any time off.

Mr. Vickers will get his 20-year button has a good honest face that he ought to be proud of, but the picture, which appears in connection with this article, is the first one taken of him in 30 years.

FIFTEEN-YEAR MEN



A. L. Perry,
Fifth Avenue



L. Wierman,
Hawthorne



G. H. Lyons,
Installation



W. de Witt, Jr.,
Hawthorne



H. H. Magers,
Hawthorne



J. Petersen,
Hawthorne



A. H. Vorwan,
195 Broadway



E. Pietzuck,
Hawthorne



M. Lynch,
N. Y. Distributing



C. Rau,
Hawthorne



O. M. Meyers,
Hawthorne



R. E. Magnuson,
Hawthorne



E. Solger,
Hawthorne



C. G. Holmberg, Jr.,
Hawthorne

Other Fifteen-Year Men and Women

Table listing names and department numbers for 'Other Fifteen-Year Men and Women'.

Table listing names and department numbers for 'Other Fifteen-Year Men and Women' (continued).

Ten-Year Men and Women

Table listing names and department numbers for 'Ten-Year Men and Women'.

Table listing names and department numbers for 'Ten-Year Men and Women' (continued).



Hawthorne Club Representatives Chosen

Members of the Hawthorne Club chose their departmental representatives at the annual election on November 5th. Following is a list of the successful candidates:

Detailed list of successful candidates for the Hawthorne Club, including names and department numbers.

WISHING YOU A MERRY ONE

THE MODERN CHRISTMAS BELLS.



TRY IT AGAIN WITH SOMETHING LOOSE, MY DEAR!



WHERE A HALF A PAIR IS A PEACH.



A XMAS GIFT THAT HAWTHORNE WOULD APPRECIATE (TRACTION COMPANY PAPERS PLEASE COPY)

AUGUST MAKES UP HIS MIND TO ENROLL IN THE HAWTHORNE EVENING SCHOOL CLASS IN ELEMENTARY ELECTRICITY NEXT TERM



“My first job was to build a shanty”

“WHEN I got out of school,” said the old grad,
“I went around all primed to discuss equilibrium of moments or to lay out a high tension system between New York and Chicago.

“But the first thing the boss set me at was to build a shanty. That had me stumped. It didn’t seem fair. I’d never had a shanty course at college.

“Still I rolled my sleeves up and started in. At first the thing wouldn’t ‘jell’ at all. The joints didn’t stay put. The roof sagged in the middle.

“But I went over my plans and reasoned out the why and wherefore of the trouble on a common-sense basis. I stayed with that job till I had it licked.

“Then I suddenly realized that the biggest thing I had learned at college was not the bits of specific information, but something of much more importance which these had taught me—the ability to think.”

* * *

No curriculum can include everything you ought to know. Its business is to show you the principles which underlie all knowledge.

So if your ambition is to become a man’s size engineer or manufacturer, you must start now to get at the heart of your problems. Visualize how those basic laws can apply to other and vaster work.

Then you’ll be ready for whatever new demand comes along, and when your big opportunity comes to carry out some of your visions of great achievement—you’ll find the going easier.

* * *

The electrical industry needs men who can see far and think straight.

Western Electric Company

Wherever people look to electricity for the comforts and conveniences of life today, the Western Electric Company offers a service as broad as the functions of electricity itself.

*Published in
the interest of Electrical
Development by
an Institution that will
be helped by what-
ever helps the
Industry.*

This is one of a series of advertisements appearing in college periodicals with a circulation among engineering students.



Wash day reduced to an hour or so. The Western Electric Clothes Washer gives the busy housewife more time to herself.



Cleaning with a Western Electric Vacuum Sweeper is as rapid as it is easy. Just a few minutes needed to brighten up the rugs.


 A Christmas Gift of innumerable extra hours for rest and pleasure throughout the year. What could you choose more fitting in its sentiment?



Think of making a street dress in a day or a house dress in a single morning. No wonder the Western Electric Sewing Machine is so popular as a saver of time and labor.



While the Western Electric Dishwasher is washing and drying the dishes, the housewife can go about the rest of her work and gain that much time.

Western Electric
 - a name to depend upon

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Western Electric News



R. S. Conroy
VOL. 9 NO. II

JANUARY 1921



ONCE a year, about this time, most of us determine to turn over a new leaf with the new season. We go about it in various ways: stop smoking for a week; give up cussing until something happens worth cussing about; resolve to take exercise systematically.

Our lives, we say, are open books; but some of the pages are glued together. We welcome the opportunity to start a fresh, clean sheet. Usually we embrace this chance by swearing off everything under the sun on the first, and swearing on again with a vengeance a few days later. In a couple of weeks our spotless page is blotted.

Now, if we made only one resolution and *stuck to it*, we would be getting somewhere, wouldn't we? One promise kept is worth a dozen broken. Here is a suggestion for 1921. Back away from your job, and take a good look at it. Observe it as if it were a thing quite new, as if you had just been assigned to it and it was up to you to show 'em. We'll wager you'll find a lot of improvements you could make, a lot of ways in which you could better your methods. Criticize yourself on your own job, instead of Bill Jones on his.

A good idea? Try it and see.



Ring Out the Blues!

'Way up in the spectrum there lingers a hue
 That's commonly known to us plain folks as blue;
 And just to the right, we might also remark,
 You'll find deep-toned indigo, gloomy and dark,
 Beyond and between there are still other shades
 With flossier names used in arts and the trades,
 But blue—be it azure or ultramarine—
 Is the hue that we'll take as pervading the scene.

"Pervading the scene," though a high-sounding
 phrase,

Describes fairly well how the prevalent haze
 Of dismal blue fog has insidiously slipped
 Into business and home, until people seem hipped
 On the notion that now the whole world's on the
 blink;

Because, some will claim, you can't get a good drink,
 While others cry "Ruin!" since folks have switched
 back

To cagier methods of spending their jack.

Don't be a blue sheep with a vision so small
 That into the pessimist ranks you will fall.
 Don't swell the blaas-blaaaing that's heard here and
 there,

It only makes bluer the blue in the air.
 Keep straight in your mind that the old U. S. A.
 Is not going blooey nor into decay,
 In spite of calamity-howler and gloom—
 The chronic false prophets of impending doom.

If you've been considering something worth while
 For a New Year's resolve (as is always the style),
 Here's one that will help to dispel all the blues
 And tint things once more with bright roseate hues;
 Talk faith and prosperity—morning, noon, night—
 Whenever there's someone who'll listen, in sight;
 Just radiate hope with abundant good cheer,
 And you'll be assured of a Happy New Year.

—W. A. Wolf.

Western Electric News



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VOLUME IX

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NUMBER 11

So This Is the Forest Primeval! A Tale of Poles and Pictures, in the Land Where the White Cedar Grows

By Charles W. Barrell, Director of Our Motion Picture Bureau

THERE is no forest in the United States more necessary to our national well-being than the forest of telephone and telegraph poles which stretches in unbroken continuity from the shores of Passamaquoddy Bay in Maine to the Olympic Peninsula of Washington. The existence of this vast plantation of "sticks," like many other commonplace wonders of our civilization, is too apparent to be appreciated. No poet, prophet or government statistician has ever devoted time or talent to an exposition of the telephone pole's virtues, so far as I have been able to trace. Yet the story of the growth, gathering, distribution and transplanting of these hardy trees of speech is a veritable saga of romance, touched with the highlights of hardship, adventure and the lure of the open air.

I was not always so well supplied with information regarding the picturesque attractions of the pole industry as the foregoing paragraph might suggest, however. It was not until I was called upon one winter's morning by P. L. Thomson to sit in on a joint conference with George F. Hessler, Manager of the Line Materials Department, that the unusually interesting phases of the work began to grip my imagination.

"What we need," declared Mr.

Hessler, "is a series of motion pictures which will visualize all of the processes which go to make the perfect pole from the time the timber cruiser sets out to explore a virgin tract of forest up to the time that the finished product is delivered to our customer ready to be set up and harnessed with wires. Even the people in our own organization, who are selling poles every day, haven't a clear-cut idea of the amount of time, care and money needed to produce the stock they are handling, and it's up to us to educate them, as well as the buying public, if we demand the best results."

"I check with that, George," responded the Advertising Manager, who had been polishing his pince-nez vigorously. "We've got the facilities and can turn out the films. When shall we start production?"

"Let's see. Things are now in full swing up in the woods in Northern Minnesota. I've talked the proposition over with Mr. Kirkpatrick of the National Pole Company, and he's agreed to cooperate in every way possible. Do you think we could get on the job inside of a week?"

As both gentlemen turned their heads questioningly in my direction at this juncture, I began to do some rapid-fire calculation.



Snowstorm study of the author

"Give me until tomorrow afternoon," I said, "to get in touch with Jimmy Goebel, and if his camera has survived the trip he's just made through the Wind River county of Wyoming, I think we'll be able to get away by Friday."

For once my calculation proved correct, and less than three days later Goebel and I climbed aboard a fast train for the west, well supplied with winter clothing, moving picture and still photographic equipment, film stock, testing apparatus, cedar pole data, magazines, smoking tobacco and optimism. Neither of us had ever had occasion to visit the northern cedar country before, but we felt that our ignorance of this little-known land might prove an advantage, as we would be less likely to overlook the interesting bits of local color that a more familiar hand might discard as commonplace. Furthermore, Mr. Hessler had arranged to have Mr. E. A. Hubbard, General Auditor of the National Pole Company, join us at St. Paul to act as pilot and counselor, so we felt that we could well afford to let events take their natural course. In this, as it turned out, our conclusions were not badly drawn.

As a schoolboy, pouring over a thumb-marked copy of "Michael Strogoff, the Courier of the Czar," I long ago evolved my own mental picture of the steppes of Siberia. This visualization came back to me with a vividness that seemed almost familiarity when I looked out upon the rolling, snow-covered plains of Northern Minnesota from the cupola of a Northern Pacific freight caboose one glowering afternoon some four days from the time we had left New York. In every direction, almost as far as the eye could reach, thousands of acres stretched away to the horizon—acres of stumps and and burned over stubs of trees, cedar, spruce, and white birch, the desolate fragments of the great virgin forest that covered these plains when Napoleon bartered the vast territory included

in the Louisiana Purchase to the struggling American Colonists for a little ready cash to carry on his military adventures. The sight was one to give a forester nightmare. What the axe and saw had spared, fire, the destructive demon that follows every railroad into a wooded country, had wiped out. Only the occasional shack of some intrepid homesteader relieved the general sense of desolation. Still, I knew that large tracts of virgin cedar yet existed in this part of the country, and as our train rocked and jolted on through the gathering twilight, a dark fringe away to the north and west began slowly to define itself into trees.

"Yes, them is cedars," the giant freight conductor replied to my inquiry. "Not as many as they used to be fifteen years ago when I first took this run out of Bemidji, but still enough to set up a good many miles of telephone lines. There's the water-tank in Kelliher, too,—" he pointed straight ahead over my shoulder—"end of our run, and one of the big pole yards of the north. You'll find a lot of pictures to take around there."

After the desolation and monotony of the afternoon ride, Kelliher proved indeed a pleasant relief—a sturdy little community of about a thousand, dominated by a big water tank to which icicles fully twenty feet long clung with a tenacity that spoke volumes for the climate. Dogs harnessed to sleds in approved Klondike fashion sped gaily by us with their loads of schoolboys and groceries as we packed our own luggage gingerly down the ice covered road to the hotel. A shock awaited us at this hostelry—but a pleasant shock it may as well be admitted at once—for we found the place well supplied with electric lights, steam heat and bath-tubs, while the rates as I recall them, ranged from two dollars a day, downward.

The big yard camps of the National Pole Company, as well as the local offices, are located



Left—There are no prosperous barbers in the woods. Center—The "Twentieth Century" of the cedar wilds. Right—The champion pie baker of Northern Minnesota

just on the edge of the town, and at the suggestion of Mr. Hubbard we walked out to the latter place to make the acquaintance of the men whose work we had come so far to picturize. News regarding the purpose of our visit had preceded us, and we were made welcome by Sam Dalgaard, the "walking boss," and Charlie Larsen, the veteran office manager, who immediately extended us an invitation to dine with them at the camp.

A woman cook presided over the culinary destinies of the broad, low-roofed shack of rough timbers to which we were presently conducted, and after a zestful thirty-minute encounter with the products of her handicraft, we were unanimous in pronouncing her administration a success. One significant note which drew our attention as soon as we sat down at one of the long tables was a neatly lettered sign on the wall reading: "Silence Is Golden." The fifty-odd diners present seemed to have observed it also, for while their enjoyment of the steaming dishes before them was quite audibly expressed, the verbal statements which arose above the clatter of knives and forks seemed confined strictly to the business in hand.

"It's one of the oldest rules of the woods," Mr. Hubbard replied to my inquiry, as a squad of flame-faced huskies at the adjoining table pushed back their benches and began to file out, "no talking during meals. The cooks won't stand for it. Claim it would drag the meals out so long they'd never get caught up, once forty or fifty men got to bullying one another and arguing at the table. The lumberjacks see the point and don't kick against it, either. A good cook has more influence around a camp than the boss, any time. Why, in the old days, I've seen a cook bounce a lumberjack right outdoors into a snowbank for trying to start an argument at the table. And the other men sided in with the cook, too, and wouldn't let the fellow with the loose pin in his jaw come in again until he'd promised to eat without talking. Yes, sir, all arguments around camp have to be settled outdoors—or in the bunkhouse. Then they can cut loose."

I nodded comprehension, and proceeded to raid a nearby pan of doughnuts without further comment.

The ensuing evening was spent at the office and company store, loading and testing our cameras, talking over possible locations with the walking boss and incidentally rounding out our personal equipment with the purchase of shoe-packs, extra woolen socks and mittens.

It was about seven-thirty the next morning when we met Sam Dalgaard, according to appointment, at the office. His sleigh, hitched to a team of shaggy-coated horses and filled with hay and blankets was standing at the platform, and it did not take us long to load our

baggage and climb aboard. I thought that the two suits of underwear, three pairs of socks, extra sweater and sheepskin-lined army coat that I wore would suffice to keep out the cold without utilizing all of the blankets that the walking boss was urging upon us, but Sam pointed to the thermometer which hung by the office door, and when I read the mercury's verdict of thirty below zero, my deference to his judgment became abject.

"I've telephoned for Henry Graham to meet us at camp No. 3," Sam announced as we started out of the yards on a sharp trot. "He's driving in from Gemmell, and will show you around that new tract we're opening up just over the line in Koochiching County."

The morning was one to remember long. Every bush, stump, tree and shack that we passed had become coated during the night with an inch or more of frozen vapor, and when the rising sun illuminated this, the effect was indescribably brilliant and arresting. Goebel said it reminded him of the icing on a wedding cake that had been charged with electricity. I suggested that we stop and photograph some of the bejeweled trees as soon as the sunlight was strong enough, but sad to relate, the phenomena was as evanescent as a rainbow, and had completely disappeared by the time the sun cleared the tree-tops.

Mile after mile we sped along the wide, level roads that criss-cross the forest almost with the regularity of city thoroughfares. Right here I could stop and write a page or two about these wonderful highways that penetrate the home of the northern cedar—how they are blazed by the timber cruiser, cut to uniform

width by the clearing gang, "swamped," packed during the first snowfall of winter by great gangs of men who frequently tramp thirty miles a day at their laborious task, then "rutted" by heavily loaded sleds, and finally iced and frozen so that permanent tracks are formed, into which the runners of the big steam-drawn pole-sleds fit as snugly as the wheels of a trolley car fit the steel slots in a city street. I should prefer, however, to refer the readers of the News to the pictorial record of most of these processes as they are shown in "The Land of the White Cedar."

Two or three times we were held up by trains of poles and pulpwood drawn by these remarkable little bull-terriers of the traction world, the steam caterpillar engines which are built to haul from 500,000 to 600,000 pounds over the roads. But the interruptions were always welcomed, and we took full advantage of their photographic possibilities.

It was late forenoon when we arrived at Camp No. 3. Henry Graham, woods superintendent extraordinary, was already on the scene, and greeted us warmly.



A moving picture camera was a new and interesting phenomenon to the big woods superintendent



Pole train leaving the haunts of the timber wolf



A sled trip across the Steppes of Siberia holds no terrors for the veteran of a Minnesota winter

Imagine William S. Hart with a full face burned the color of ancient mahogany and three hundred pounds of harveyized bone and muscle evenly distributed under his wearing apparel and you have a fairly accurate portrait of Henry Graham—one of the most remarkable characters now living in the north woods. Born in New Brunswick of Irish parents, Henry has spent his entire life within sound of falling timber, working his way west with axe, saw and canthook through Maine, Michigan and Wisconsin to his present home on the Canadian border of Minnesota. Although well into middle age, when I saw him last, there was not a gray hair in his head, and I am convinced that

he could take the average athlete of the type, say, of Battling Levinsky, and literally break him in two, if the occasion warranted, as easily as a broomstick. They say that twenty-five or thirty years ago he hung up some records at falling, and river driving that no lumberjack in the country has bettered. In any event you feel he has behind him a background of practical achievement that makes him the logical 'big boss' of the district. Yet his rule is an easy and good-natured one—quite incongruously so to the notion of the Eastern innocent, fed up on highly-colored fictions of the Berserker breed of blood-guzzlers who rule the woods with raucous voice and steel-studded sceptre.

It is perhaps chiefly due to the care he has used in picking men of this type to carry out his own broad-gauge policies of forest administration that has given James C. Kirkpatrick his present commanding position in the American timber market. Being himself a man of unusual physical proportions, Mr. Kirkpatrick seems to have acted instinctively upon the theory that brains and bulk achieve

the best results in the production of cedar. In any event, I never come into contact with an organization where a better spirit of good fellowship and productive coordination prevailed. The Kirkpatrick Clan deliver the goods because they understand their leader and take a personal pride in putting over the campaigns which he lays out.

To hundreds of husky pole-makers he is known by the characteristic title of "Uncle Jim."

Moving pictures were a new and interesting adjunct of the pole industry to Henry, and he took up our problems with a zest that pleased and flattered us extremely. Within half an hour we had secured his agreement to act as technical director of woods operations and leading man in

several of the important scenes he had suggested. That he proved an unqualified success in both capacities, I am willing to leave to the unbiased judgment of those who will view the film. In passing I would say, however, that whenever Henry Graham tires of the peace and quiet of his northern Minnesota home, I know where he can earn a substantial salary in the production end of the motion picture business.

Tom Mix or Bill Hart should welcome him with open arms.

During the days that followed we put in many strenuous hours under Henry's guidance. But it was all child's play to him. Sometimes when Goebel and I would find it difficult to make headway through the snow-banks with the seventy-odd pounds of equipment that goes

to make up a moving picture outfit distributed between us, Henry would happen along, and snatching the double load from the shoulders of both of us, lead the way with a laugh while we floundered behind him like heavy-footed pups in the wake of a Great Dane.

Naturally observant, the snow-covered floor of the



Jimmy Goebel declares that his camera acquired a pronounced "Polish" accent on this trip



Imagine William S. Hart burned the color of ancient mahogany and weighing 300 pounds, and you have an excellent picture of Henry Graham, one of the most remarkable characters in the northern cedar woods

forest seemed an open book to him, and he was continually pointing out to us the tracks of the various animals that had been abroad—beaver, mink, wolverine, rabbit, bear, wolf and porcupine—he knew their habits and eccentricities in a way that I sincerely envied. I wish I were able to tell you here of the old beaver who founded a village on a tract of cedar that Henry was getting out, and the trouble he had to prevent the grizzled gnawer and his tribe from flooding the whole district and spoiling several months' work—but that, as my Lord Rudyard says, "that is another story."

At the end of our first day's shooting under Henry's inspiration, I found myself pretty much all in. The sun-glare from the snow had added a blinding headache to a few aching muscles, and I sought the friendly support of one of the bunks in the camp store with a sigh of relief, hoping to steal a nap before dinner.

I had hardly adjusted my pulsating brow upon the blankets, however, when I heard my name passed in a lively whispered conference between the store-keeper, Henry, and Sam Dalgaard. Sam finally stepped over and suggested that I change to the bed at the back of the room. I acted on the suggestion—but without enthusiasm. Later on in the evening I asked Henry why

Sam had been so insistent upon my changing beds. "Why, you see," he replied, "an Indian died of small-pox on that bunk a couple of days ago, and Sam just remembered that they hadn't changed the blankets since."

If it is true, however, that germs cannot live long below the freezing point, there was small danger of any of us being contaminated that night, although every one of the four bunks in the room were doubly occupied. For after the fire died out, about midnight, I got up to locate my wool helmet and inadvertently looked at a thermometer on the wall. It was three below zero!

During the days that followed, however, we were too steadily and interestingly employed to mind the cold. And don't believe it if somebody tells you that you must have sunlight to take pictures. We got some of our snappiest action and best effects while the snow was falling. The completed film contains practically every important phase of the work connected with the gathering, sorting, handling and distributing of northern white cedar poles. It has passed the joint board of censorship made up of Western Electric and National Pole Company officials and should be ready for general release by January 15.



Hawthorne Facts and Fancies

BILLY SKOLDER would feel sick for a week if he had to watch a policeman shoot a dog. Knowing Billy as I do, I have a hard time to keep a straight face sometimes when he enumerates the cruel and unusual punishments he would like to watch meted out to the profiteers. However, in principle I agree with Billy perfectly and even have a few pet punishments of my own thought up. I was down in the Tool Room yesterday afternoon and Billy and I spent a very pleasant half-hour mentally lowering the cost of living by feasting our imaginations on profiteers boiled in oil. Since then I have been thinking the thing over and I have begun to wonder whether the two of us had our fingers on the real culprits after all. My doubts started when I tried to figure out where all these profiteers could have sprung from so suddenly.

Since human nature has been the same as far back as history reaches, it seems certain that we must have had some of these profiteers with us for a long time—perhaps even longer than that. In fact, when I began to think back I had no trouble at all recalling numerous instances of painfully efficient profiteering that were practised on me years before we learned to call profiteers by such a mild name.

Apparently, then, the present banner crop of grafters must be due more to the soil than to the seed. I fear, too, that Billy and I have both helped with the plowing. Billy's wife wears a new fur coat and silk stockings. (My wife told me about the stockings.) And a few months ago I allowed a suave salesman to persuade me that I would rather have an Extravagant Eight than

my modest assortment of Liberty Bonds. I learn that the girls employed to make those silk stockings for Billy's wife could have been used to considerable advantage in the shoe factories. It is barely possible, too, that the 10,000 men working on Extravagant Eights were not as great a help as they might have been in relieving the freight tie-up last summer. However that may be, I know that there was a great enough shortage of necessities to get my family to bidding against Billy's family for a supply of them. And, of course, when we started clamoring for some one to take our money our cries did not go long unheeded.

Understand, now, I am not excusing the profiteer. He is all that you say and more. My point is that he is the result of conditions—not the cause of them. High prices start somewhere else. If I bid up the price of the farmer's machinery by hiring men to make me an automobile when he needs them to build him a reaper, I must expect to pay more for bread. And if the men remaining in the farm implement factories profiteer on the labor shortage by delivering half a day's work for a day's wages, the price of bread will take another big jump. Also I must expect some enterprising middle-man profiteer to take full advantage of the situation. Nobody has questioned my industrial diagnosis, but still I'm not nearly so sure as I was. In spite of all the great and weighty truths Billy and I uttered regarding profiteers and the high cost of living I am beginning to suspect that we would have helped more in solving the problem if we had put in that half-hour on our jobs.

—Cal van Cal



Northern white cedar poles starting on a long journey.



Grabbing a close-up



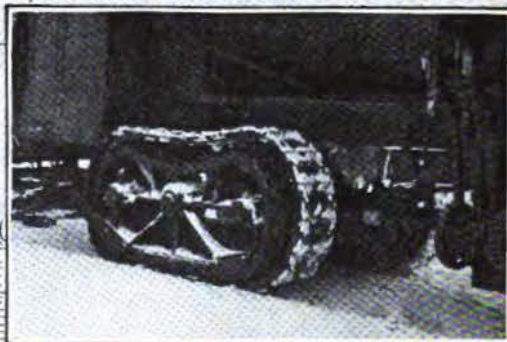
First office of the National Pole Company in the Kelliher district, northern Minnesota.



Jimmy Goebel, our cameraman demonstrated the wisdom of talking through his hat - at thirty below zero.



Millions of feet of Cedar pole stock have passed through this inspector's mittens.

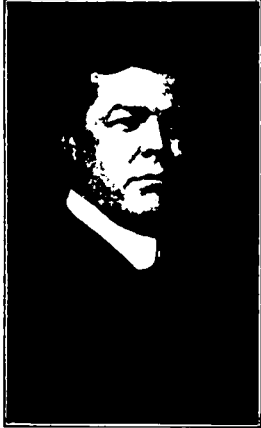


Caterpillar tractor capable of pulling 500,000 pounds of cedar poles.



The picturesque Ice Traction System of the cedar country

To all Western Electric men and women throughout the world:



President DuBois

AS we come to the end of the old year and the beginning of the new and "take account of stock," as the saying is, we men and women of the Western Electric Company may justly feel some pride in the past year's work and a renewed confidence in our joint ability to meet the problems of the coming year.

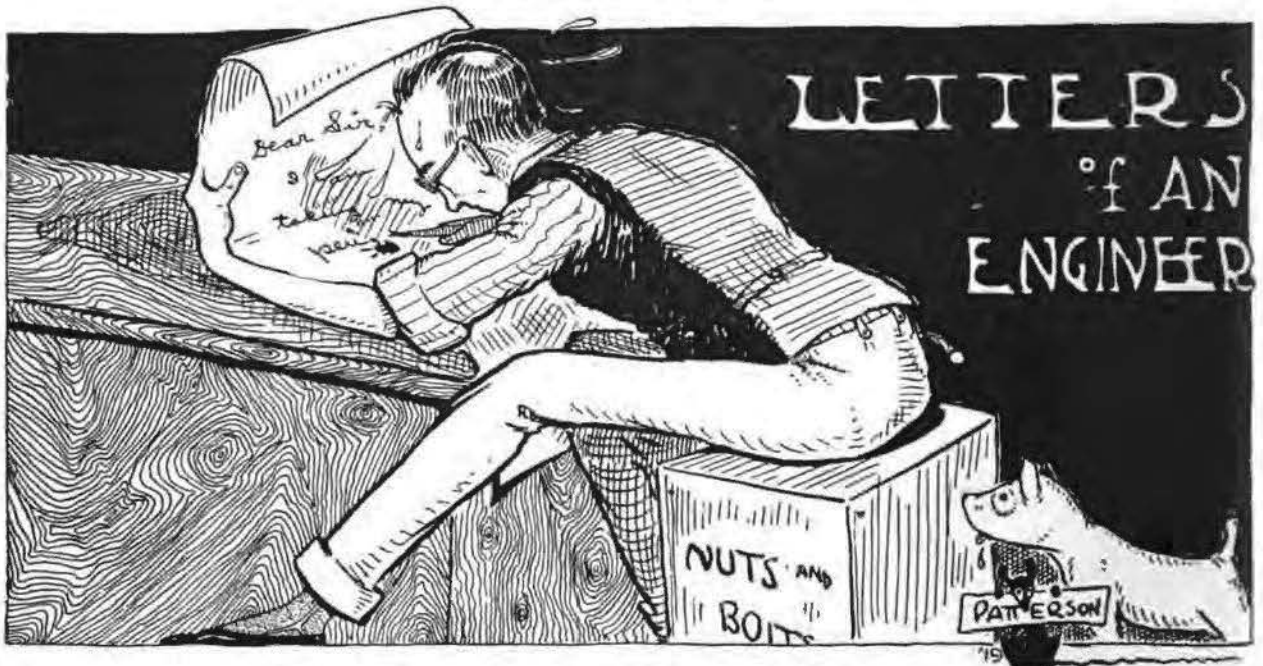
Never in our long history have the difficulties of doing our work been so great and yet never have we accomplished so much. Starting the year with more unfilled orders than ever before we encountered at the very start a breakdown of the country's transportation system and serious shortages of essential materials. In spite of extraordinary efforts it was not possible sufficiently to overcome these conditions until Autumn, but by unprecedented activity during these last months we have on the whole year exceeded our original expectations. Every man and woman in the Company has contributed something to this desired result. But it is to be remembered that our individual efforts could never have produced it had there not been a spirit of generous co-operation throughout the entire organization. If we continue to play the game together in a spirit of loyalty to each other through 1921 as we have in 1920 no difficulties can daunt us and no goal can be beyond our reach.

It would be rash to prophesy what the next year may be like with the many uncertainties and perplexities that prevail at this time in general business conditions. We do know, however, that our Company has a large volume of unfilled orders which means that we have work to do. For this we have reason to be thankful. I am sure I only voice our united purpose when I say that we will all give the best that is in us to make 1921 a banner year of efficient service by our Company.

That the New Year may be for all of us in our Company relationships full of the satisfaction that comes from doing our job well together, and that it may bring personal happiness, health and prosperity to each and every one, is my earnest wish.

Yours very truly,

C. G. DuBois



Mr. F. A. Katchem, Gen'l Sales Mgr.:

Havin a few minits to spare from the inrush of fachuous complaints I'm goin to rite you informally jest like I used to rite to Stole. What gits me riled up is that I git a complaint that makes me think that our hole sitem has gone Bolsheviki but when I git down to fax and git it all ferrited out I find that its only the hellucinashuns of an over exercized imaginasun and if yure feller had lade down his order book and stuped to examine the thing hissself when the complaint cum in there woodn't a been nuthin fer me to investigate. So I thot I'd rite you a letter giving a few horribull examples and see if we coodn't git things straitened out between us cause I'm waistin lots of time and we're spendin money a shippin samples back and forth across the countrie fer nuthin.

The first thing that got my gote wuz a complaint about a cuple of bearins from the 15 D. C. power and light outfit. This here is the gaff the District House sends me with em:

"The plant had been in operation practically a year when these bearings for some cause or other cracked and began to give trouble.

"You might be interested in turning them over to the Inspection Department and determine if possible the cause of the trouble. The customer claims that the plant has given excellent service up to this time and has always been kept well lubricated."

Now Katchem, it woodn't take no expert meckanick to see that ile had been mitey scarce around that there masheen at sum time er uther. Grooves wuz cut

in them bearins a sixteenth of an inch deep in sum places. It aint no wonder that they cracked and gave truble; you'd crack, too, and give truble if you ever got that hot. But what gits me is why does a feller have to send bearins like them two thousand miles to find out what's the matter with em? Wuz he blind? If he coodn't tell by lookin at em he oughter be sellin baby ribben er lonjeray. I bet that there farmer's laffin yet bout how he put it over with them well loobricated bearins.

Next wuz a vacyum cleener that woodn't take up rav-lins missplaced harenets and the like. The furst thing we done wuz to flop er over on er back and take a look at er brush—yure feller mite a done the same thing. One look wuz enuff! We took the brush out and after baking it fer a cupple a days to kill any live stock that mite be livin there, we had its pickcher took as the ateth wunder of the world. This party don't want a vacyum cleaner—what he needs is a rake.

Then a feller rites in and says he is sendin a cleener brot in by one of his customers which has been in use about thirty days. He raves as follows:

"I am told this machine is not an isolated case but according to our repairman he has had frequent cases of just such trouble.

"Will you be kind enough to write me about this particular case after you have had this vacuum cleaner examined so I can have our shop men get the same view point regarding this particular machine?"

Frum this here letter, Katchem, what do you think is rong with this pur-tickler masheen. It aint a contagus deezeeze cause it aint isolated. Well, we



"The motor is too noisy. It woke the baby!"

never found out whether it had appendiceetis er adnoids cauze it wuz lost in transit. We rote back and asked the feller what aled the masheen. What do you think he said, Katchem? He sez, "I dont know what the defects of this machine were so you may consider the matter closed." Can you beet it! And they had "frequent cases of just such trouble." The shop men's vew point remaned unchanged, poor fellers, and so did mine, by gosh!

Another guy rites in February that they're havin lots of truble bout noizy vacyum cleeners—six out of ten is too noizy, he sez. Its purty hard to tell by a letter jest how noizy a moter is so we told him to send us one. We rote that bird a letter evry mouth fer a noizy moter and it wuz September before he cum across, still six out of ten wuz too noizy.

Then what d'ye think he sent us? A vacyum cleener

masheens wuz maid at the same place ours wuz and this feller had to admit that ours wuz as good as any. He had been missinformed, he sed, but after the smoke all blowed away he wuz good enuff to cum across with this:



"Is there money in vacuum cleaners?"

"Mr. Dofunny did a fine job with our customers who were somewhat disgusted and left with everybody in town sold on Western Electric Sewing Machines."

Why is it, Katchem, that engineers has got to go out and sell everybody on our sewin masheens? That there looks like a salesman's job. Er is salesmen jest to take orders?

Then there wuz another complaint cum in which runs as follers:

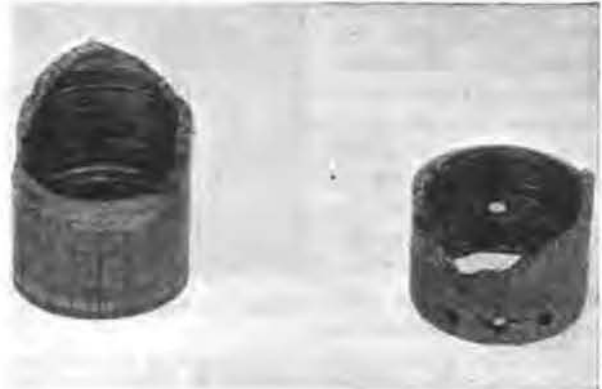
"We are sending you a vacuum cleaner which for some reason will not take up the dirt. It seems to be a vacuumless cleaner and doesn't even make enough

wind to fill the dust bag. Perhaps you will wish to turn it over to the Inspection Department to find out what the trouble is."

Well, we run it and sure enuff the dust bag didn't fill up, so we took it off. What d'ye think we found,



The brush which should have been a rake



A "well loobricated" end bearing from a 15 D. C. power and light outfit

that had been dropped and the fan case wuz bent in so's the fan rubbed against it!

Then cum a letter from a District Manager. It wuz a long, sad story. Bizness wuz "shot" and all becuz the woodwurk on our sewin masheens wuz punk. When they wuz set along side of our competitors masheens they stacked up "like a rubber collar long side of a pure linen one" before the lawndry has had a whack at it. He wuz a ruff rider and went strong. He had investigated it personally, he said, and "woodn't accept the grade of woodwurk we wuz puttin in our masheens in a kitchen chair" and a lot more bunk. The bosses wuz all stirred up and had us dancin around here on our toes. We put all the Sherlock Holmeses we had on the job and even sent one of em out to this complainer to straiten things out. We found that the woodwurk fer our competitor's

Katchem, stuffed in in the connection where the bag fastens on the fan case? A roll of bills—fives, tens, twentys—that there cleener must a been used in a bank. Beleeve me, Katchem, us engineers has been havin sum time fer the past week. See what yure fellers mite have got if they'd a been enterprisin enuff to do a little investigatin. Mebbe its a good thing they didn't cuz you mite a been one District House shy. Guess they woodn't of enjoyed it like we did, anyhow, cuz salesmen is used to havin a good time on other people's money.

Yures fer to Katchem, sellem and keep em sold.

Perry Dernem Quinsby.

A whale, according to a news item, has recently been caught near San Francisco. The price of California sardines is now expected to drop.

The Hawthorne Club Savings, Building & Loan Association Is the Latest Move of the Works' Progressive Organization

A Brief Description of the Association, How It Works and What It Accomplishes

LOVE may laugh at the locksmith, as per proverb, but not at the landlord. In these days a landlord is no laughing matter. So when man proposes, Peachine no longer disposes with: "Will you always love me as much as you do now, George?" Nay, not so! (If you'll permit us to wax poetical on the subject.) Peachine is pretty, but practical. "Tell me first, George," says she, "have you got a place to live?" "Well," stammers George, "you see, I was thinking maybe—that is, we lived in tents in the army, you know, and really it isn't half bad. When you get used to it, of course, I mean." "George," says Peachine, severely, "you don't love me or you wouldn't ask me to live the life of an Eskimo." "Well," George murmurs, "it's an ice life." Whereupon you surely can't blame her for bursting into tears, and there's another wedding postponed on account of wet grounds.

No, sir. The landlord is no joyful jest these days. There are only three ways to get ahead of him: Die, break into jail, or marry his daughter. Each has its drawbacks. Suppose a man's a Christian Scientist and can't find a disease to die with? And all the best jails are filled with friends of the administration already? Of course, that last proposition doesn't sound so bad in the abstract, but if you are in love with Peachine it is the least possible of them all. Looks as if the landlord couldn't be beaten. He's holding a full house and we have only a pair. Shall villainy triumph? Must Peachine die an old maid? Is there no way of beating the game?

"There is," answers the Hawthorne Club. "Make it a game of solitaire. Be your own landlord."

Now advice, like other medicine that is good for you, is generally easy to give but hard to take. However, the Hawthorne Club sugar-coats its advice with practicality and gives full directions for taking on the box. And here is the practical plan to beat the landlord game:

As a result of an exhaustive study of the housing situation undertaken by the Club some time ago, two organizations have been formed, one to develop plans looking toward a lowering of costs for persons desiring to build; the other a financing organization on the build-

ing and loan plan. The building organization is now engaged in perfecting the details of its plans and a fuller account of its activities will form the subject of another and later story. To-day we are concerned with the other branch.

A few months ago the State of Illinois granted a charter to the Hawthorne Club Savings, Building and Loan Association for a period of ninety-nine years. The charter is a perfect specimen, with all the "whereas-es" in the proper place and with the correct seasoning of "aforesaid" and "hereinafter mentioned," but perhaps you understand English a little better than legalese, so we'll try to set forth the aims and objects of the association in the mother (and mother-in-law) tongue:

From a savings viewpoint a building and loan association is a communistic banking business with the loans confined to first mortgages on real estate and with the

profits going to the depositors. However, mere saving is not the main object of the plan. Its principal aim is financing the purchase of homes. Let's see what advantages it possesses over negotiating a loan in the usual way.

Suppose for the sake of argument that you have been able to find just the house you want and that the price is only \$4,800. The owner is willing to sell for \$3,800 cash and let you pay the rest "like rent," which means that you

pay a certain amount of the principal each month, besides interest at six per cent. on what you owe him. Of the \$3,800 cash, we'll have to supply you with \$1,800 worth of Liberty Bonds that you bought with your savings during the war, for you will find yourself able to borrow only about \$2,000 from the bank on a first mortgage (about 45 per cent. of the value of the property). This mortgage you will have to renew every three or every five years. (The provisions vary.) Renewals used to cost 1 per cent. in commission (or \$20 in your case). Just now, with money able to earn more in stocks, etc., than the legal 6 per cent., the usual charge for a mortgage renewal is about 3 per cent. This allows the investor to get what amounts to an average interest of 7 per cent. on his money with a three-year mortgage. So your renewals every three years will cost you \$60 each. Also, in case your rich aunt dies and leaves you



BOARD OF DIRECTORS, HAWTHORNE CLUB SAVINGS, BUILDING & LOAN ASSOCIATION

Left to right—T. M. Chisholm (Attorney), J. Uhlir, L. E. Mulac (Secretary), E. A. Hauser (President), C. O. Hahn, J. Krivanek (Treasurer), F. Novak (Vice-President), R. R. Winklepleck, E. B. Torland, J. H. Passman

enough to pay off the loan after it has run a year you will usually find that the mortgage has been sold to some private investor, who refuses to retire it unless you pay him interest for the entire life of the mortgage in addition to the principal.

Now how does it work in a building and loan association?

Having the \$1,800 in Liberty Bonds, which we have kindly furnished you, or having a friend willing to lend you part or all of that amount you apply for membership in the association, subscribing for 30 shares of \$100 maturity value and applying for a loan of the entire \$3,000 which the maturity of your shares will yield. As this amount is amply secured by a \$4,800 property the loan will be granted, provided you can give clear title to the property, so that the loan can be secured by a first mortgage.

Three classes of stock are issued in the Hawthorne Club Savings, Building and Loan Association. The so-called Class A stock is paid for at the rate of 25 cents a week for each share. Let's assume you can pay at this rate and that you take your 30 shares in Class A stock. Now at the average profit of building and loan associations, Class A stock is fully paid in six years and four months, or 328 weeks. In that time you will pay in $30 \times 328 \times 25c$ or \$2,460 for your shares. Also you pay in interest on the \$3,000 borrowed $6\frac{1}{3} \times .06 \times \$3,000$ or \$1,140. You have therefore paid in a total of \$1,140 plus \$2,460, or \$3,600, and your loan is fully paid, with all interest. Obviously, it has cost you but \$600 in interest, or a trifle over 3 per cent. a year, instead of the legal 6 per cent. ($\$600 \div 6\frac{1}{3} \div \$3,000$). Strictly speaking, it will cost a little more than \$600, since there is a membership fee of 25c for each share, but in practice the cost of legal fees connected with the transaction is usually much less under building and loan conditions than under regular mortgage practice, so that this charge is more than absorbed by that saving alone.

To summarize: You save on the interest cost of your loan, you save something on legal fees in drawing up the original papers, you save all mortgage renewal fees (including both commissions and legal fees), you save much time and trouble and you avoid the possible danger of getting into the hands of financial "sharpers." Also, you can pay any part or all of the principal at any time.

Class B stock is similar in all respects to Class A stock except that it is paid at the rate of $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents a week. With the usual rate of building and loan profits Class B stock reaches maturity value (\$100 per share) in about eleven and a half years.

Class C stock is issued on payment of \$75 per share. It participates in the association's profits and is payable as soon as the profits earned by each share reach \$25, bringing the share up to its maturity value of \$100. Not more than one-fifth of the Association's assets can be in Class C stock.

The Hawthorne Club Savings, Building and Loan Association is a purely cooperative institution, with membership limited to Hawthorne employees (although

anyone leaving the Company may continue in the Association until his outstanding stock reaches maturity).

It operates under the so-called "serial plan," which means that members cannot enter at any time, but must wait until a new series is opened, which is done at stated intervals (every three months, in our Association). Thus members may enter the first Thursday in September, December, March, or June.

The Association operates under rigorous state laws and supervision, which protect its investors against loss from mismanagement or unsound business methods. It is governed by a board of directors, who pass on all loans before they are allowed.

Our board of directors is a good one. Collectively the nine members boast of 167 years of Western Electric service, an average of over $18\frac{1}{2}$ years per man. Several of them have had many years' experience in outside building and loan associations, including wide experience in appraising property in the vicinity of the Hawthorne Works.

Although the Hawthorne Association is primarily a home financing movement, the saving feature bids fair to be of large importance, especially with its deductions from pay provision. The principle of saving by deductions from the pay envelope, which was introduced during the Liberty Loan drives, has commended itself strongly to many people. Being unable to spend what they do not have, they have found this plan an excellent aid to saving. To assist those who prefer to pay for their stock in that way, the Company makes the payments to the Association for them, deducting the amount from their salaries.

Based on the returns from other Illinois building and loan organizations, the Hawthorne Association expects to pay in the neighborhood of 7 per cent. profits. During the year 1919 there were 670 such organizations in the state, and their average earnings were 6.97 per cent.

Although just getting under way, the Hawthorne Association has about all the business it can take care of comfortably. During the first quarter 332 subscribers took a total of 4,099 shares. During the opening week of the second series 2,000 more shares were taken. The board of directors are now acting on application for loans totaling approximately \$50,000.

So, after all, maybe we'll be able to send the landlord over to Holland to help the kaiser chop wood. Anyway there is no reason why Peachine should die an old maid if George has any gumption at all.

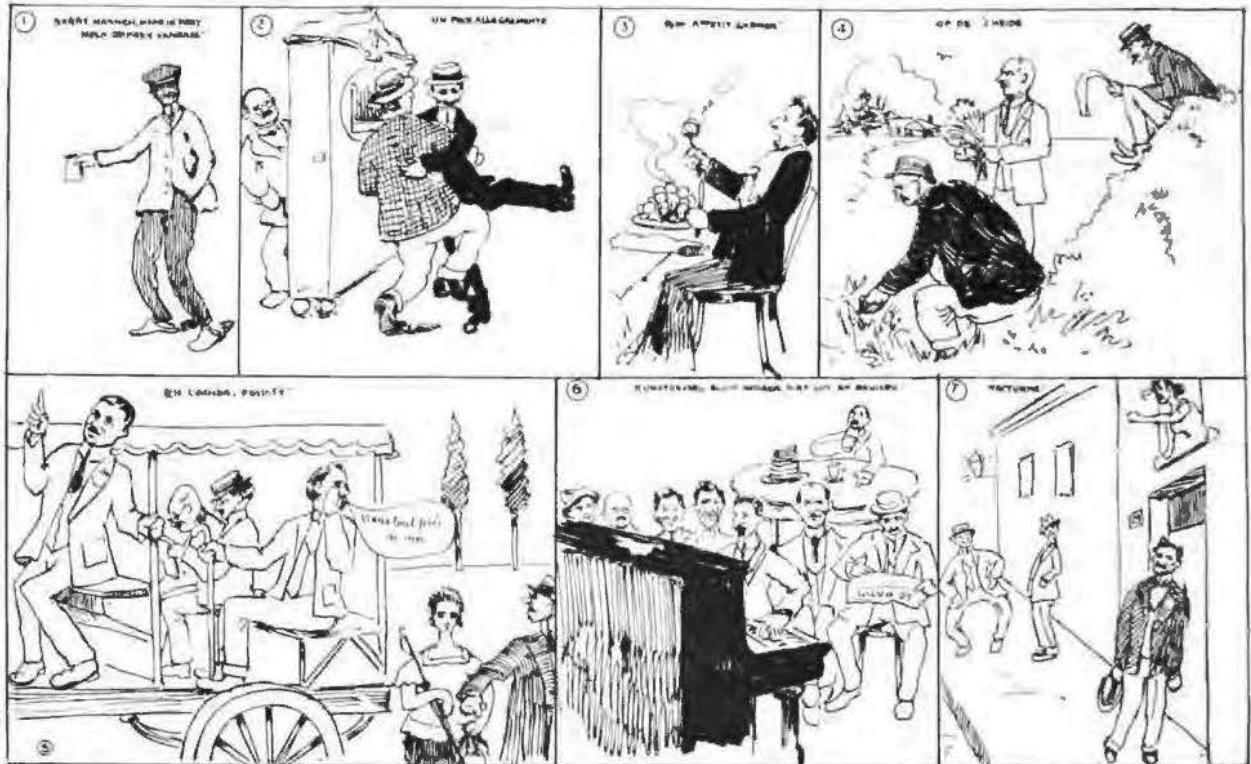
For the Sake of Variety

The Social Section of the "Bell Telephone Club," Antwerp, opened the Winter entertainments recently with a vaudeville "De Weg naar de Hel."

The theatre was almost too small for the big crowd of spectators.

Everybody enjoyed the play exceedingly. At certain scenes, when the Premier (here the young husband on the way to hell in gallant company) got in trouble on account of his mother-in-law's interventions, the merriment grew into general hilarity.

Our Belgian Caricaturist Makes His Debut



Belgian Government and the Western Unite to Honor Antwerp's Old-timers

AT the Antwerp House the gold button scheme has not yet been introduced, but after twenty-five years of faithful services, the Company acknowledges the fact by presenting the employee with a long service badge, consisting of a medal showing on one face a deskstand and on the other face an adequate inscription.

The Government also recognizes the value to the State of employees who remain in the same job for many years by allowing the industrial decoration of 2nd class to workmen having 25 years' service; of 1st class to workmen having 35 years' service; of 1st class to office employees having 30 years' service.

A reception was held to celebrate the decoration.

Those who received the Government's second class award were:

Adolf Bruynseels, Inspector; Jozef Embrechts, Electrician; Jan DeCler, Estimator; Jan Janssens, Carpenter; Andries L'Hair, Carpenter; André Mannaerts, Electrician; Michel Matheyses, Cabinetmaker; Gustaaf Pardoën, Electrician; Constant Peeters, Metal Polisher; Guillaume Van Beek, Electrician.

They were given the Company badge as well.

Antoon Giele, Foreman of Wood Polishing Department; Jan Lauwerijs, Painter; Cornelis Van Overmeire, Turner; Pieter Lemmens, Metal Polisher; Frans Wouters, Electrician;

received the 1st class decoration for 35 years' service. They got the Company's badge on previous occasions.

Emiel De Racourt, Draughtsman; Leon Warmoes, Engineer; received the 1st class decoration for 30 years' service, and the Company's badge.

It was unfortunate that J. B. Christoffel, our Sales Manager, should be absent on that day from headquarters, because the Government had also recognized the services which he had rendered to Belgian industry, by awarding him the Industrial Decoration of 1st class. Everybody regretted that he should not be amongst us

on that day, as it is very seldom indeed that his many friends at the Company have the occasion to give him proof of their consideration and the great esteem in which he is held by all.

Fifty employees who had already been decorated in previous years, as well as five of our pensioners, joined in the celebration.

In a few well-chosen words, General Mols welcomed the decorated.

As in the past, he stated, the direction and the personnel of the Bell Telephone Manufacturing Company are working together to make our industry flourish and to bring it at the head of all factories in the country. He drank to the health of the assembly. Mr. Delville joined in the toast and said a few encouraging words to the old people present, with General Mols at their head. Mr. Deck, Division Foreman, answered in name of decorated.



Long Service Medal Awarded to Old-timers of the Antwerp House

Exhibit of the Wireless Telephone in Chicago

R. W. King, A. T. & T. Engineer, Describes Display

A YEAR ago, the Department of Development and Research of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, in conjunction with the Western Electric Company, prepared an exhibit of the wireless telephone. This exhibit has been shown in New York and in Washington and is at present open to the inspection of those who visit the Art Institute in Chicago. The exhibit will be in the Institute during the month of January and may be seen during the regular museum hours.

It appears that the exhibit has been designed to adorn a tale,—the tale of the contributions that science has made to industry. It professes to be a tale with a moral, but in spite of this fact the ending, we are assured, is very happy. From it you will learn that the wireless telephone is not entirely the result of cold calculating industrialism. We learn, and it may surprise some of us, that many scientists working in their laboratories without thought as to the practical value of their discoveries, have revealed the laws of electricity upon which the wireless telephone is based.

Recently we have heard quite a good deal about the scientists. They have succeeded very well in advertising the fact that they helped to win the war. They have told us about their sound ranging devices for locating the enemy's guns; about

their listening devices for tracking the submarine; about their cameras for aerial photography; about their poison gases and gas masks; and we are probably all quite ready to admit that the scientists' part in the war was both spectacular and valuable.

But these apostles of the electron and "the higher mathematics"—that's the stuff, you know, which makes the innocent effort of a debutante typist seem as edifying as a page of the WESTERN ELECTRIC NEWS—are not content to drop the matter here. They now claim that they are as useful to the Dear Public in times of peace as they were in war, and they are determined to show us. The scientists can prove that, were it not for them, we might still be enjoying the household conveniences of the cave man in one of those prehistoric ages when man overworked his digestive apparatus and underworked his brain. Certain it is that without the knowledge of nature which the past three or four centuries have given the world, we would not have brought such natural agencies

as steam and electricity to our aid, and these are the things without which our industrial age could not exist.

Judging by the wireless telephone exhibit which is now being displayed in the Art Institute, no small number of these scientists must have escaped from their erstwhile captivity in college laboratories, and have invaded the Engineering Department of the company and also the Department of Development and Research of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, where they are continuing to advertise themselves and their importance.

The exhibit is partly historical. It goes back just one hundred years to Oersted who, it appears, was the first man to construct an electric motor. But it was not such a motor as we see nowadays, and he constructed it quite accidentally. It consists of a single wire and a compass needle, and its action is simplicity itself, consisting simply of a deflection of the compass needle when

a current passes through the wire. The exhibit also shows a celebrated experiment which was performed by Faraday in 1830. Faraday was the discoverer of the principle of the dynamo, and the equivalent of his first dynamo is shown. It consists merely of a coil of wire and a horse-shoe magnet. It makes one wonder if he really ought not to be out of breath when he realizes that in less than one hundred years these simple discoveries have

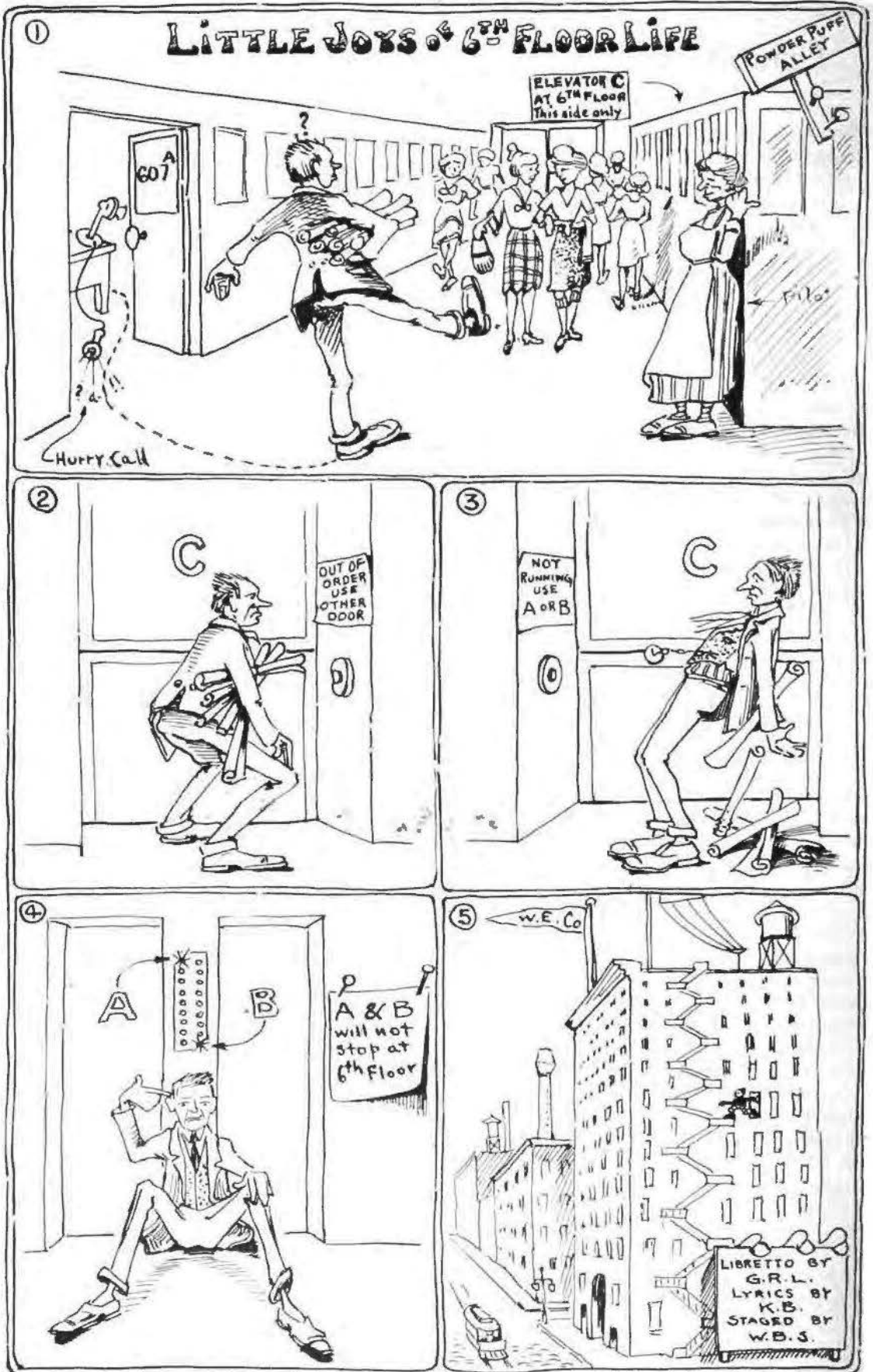
developed into our huge electrically driven factories.

Another important experiment of Faraday's is reproduced and shows that a current of electricity can alter a beam of light. So far as the development of the wireless telephone is concerned, this experiment was very significant. It led scientists to believe that there might be electric waves in the ether, and, as we all know, later demonstrations proved that these waves exist.

The exhibit includes two wireless telephone sets over which visitors may readily talk; and those who are interested in learning how natural their voices sound after passing, unguided by any wires, through the ether of space, are invited to make use of this opportunity. We understand that the engineers in charge of the exhibit are undertaking to prevent any ouija-board spirits or other phantasms from anchoring in the ether adjacent to the exhibit, and they guarantee that whatever is heard in the wireless telephones is in no way indicative of what we will be up against in the Hereafter.



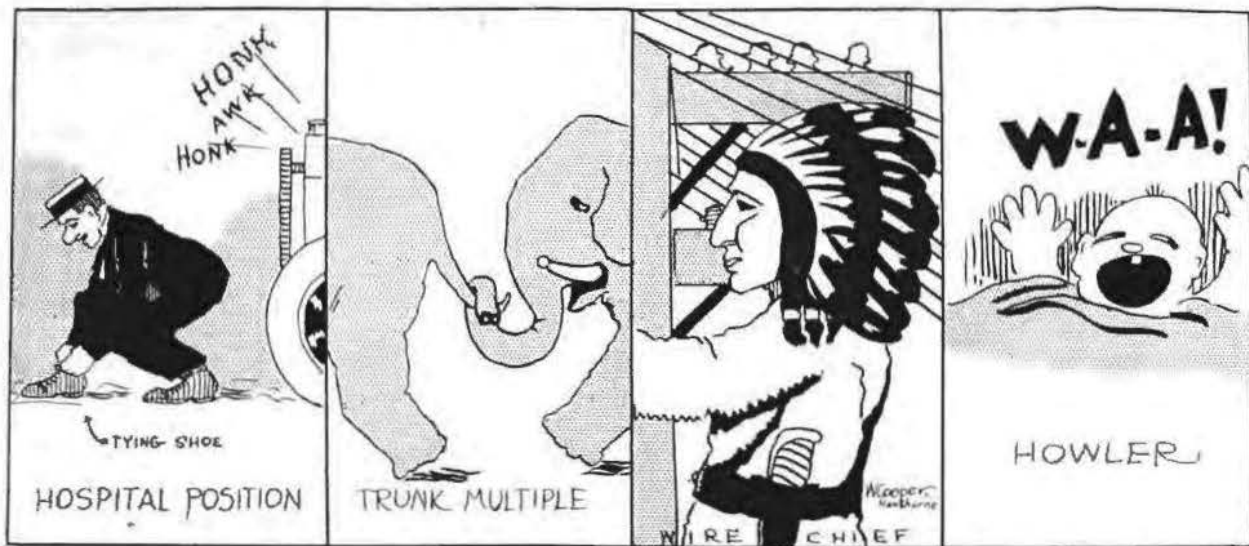
A corner of the Wireless Telephone Exhibit



A Few Minutes with Our Versatile India-Ink Spillers



Introducing the Property Man. . . . He Never Gives Up Hope



Our Own Briggs Looks in at West Street

The Hawthorne Club Committee for Ex-Service Men

How It Functions

THERE used to be an answer to the riddle:—"Why does Uncle Sam wear red, white and blue suspenders?" When we first heard the question propounded we thought it showed an unseemly foppishness on the part of the old fellow, but we have never ceased to be thankful for the answer. After all, despite the fact that Uncle has a good heart, he is just a bit spindling in the shanks and we'd all hate to see him standing with nothing but his red flannel heavies to cover his confusion. So perhaps there may be an equally good answer to the riddle of why he wraps himself up in red tape until he can hardly move. Still we wish he wouldn't do it. We'd rather have him without the red tape, even if it left him in such a predicament that he would have to communicate with us through the bathroom door. The unfortunate part about it is that, being unable to feel his heart beat beneath several hundred layers of red tape, some people become convinced that he has no heart at all.

Now that is especially unfortunate when the doubt assails one of the boys who dropped everything and went into the Big Fight for the honor of the family. When they begin to feel that Uncle Sam doesn't appreciate their work, it is a misunderstanding that assumes the proportions of a tragedy. And the only way to clear the thing up is for somebody to help tear away the red tape, demonstrate that Uncle Sam really has a heart, and prove that he is trying to do his darndest for his boys, as they did for him.

At Hawthorne we have a group of expert tape tearers known as the Hawthorne Club Committee for Ex-Service Men. Fortunately they were able to find a title that exactly states their object. They are a committee for the ex-service man to make use of whenever he wants any help or information in matters connected with his service. There is no limit to their activities. They want to get in on anything where they can be of any use.

Early in its existence the committee sent out a questionnaire to some 3,000 ex-service men at Hawthorne, listing certain things they could do for ex-service men and certain information they could supply. Recipients were asked to check items in which they were interested. As a result of this and other advertising of the committee's activities, they have been able to give help in more than 1,600 different cases up to date.

Here's the kind of thing:—

A Hawthorne man who is an ex-sailor did not get his retainer pay for service in the Naval Reserve. He wrote three letters to our paternal but procrastinating government, with "kindly remit" featured in each of them, but nobody answered him or made any noise suggestive of ready money. Then the committee got on the job, put the thing up to the proper officials and now the ex-sailor allers has terbakker in his old terbakker box.

One of the Western Electric Signal Corps boys also had his troubles. Uncle Sam neglected to give him his back pay when he was discharged. Moreover, the allotment which had been deducted from his pay with the understanding that it was to be turned over to

his mother had failed to get any further than Uncle Sam's jeans. Various army welfare associations tried to help the Signal Corps man induce Uncle Sam to let go, but the operation was not a success. However, our committee was more lucky. Within seven weeks they had obtained the \$142 due to the dot-and-dash man.

Another of our ex-sailors got the worst of an argument with an explosion on shipboard while he was attempting to discourage a fire. He suffered both internal and external injuries, but he had never made application for compensation until his case came to the attention of the committee. Numerous forms, copies of records, etc., were prepared at once and forwarded to the Bureau of War Risk Insurance. While waiting for them to get into action, the committee employed the spare time in



HAWTHORNE SOLDIER'S BODY LAID TO REST IN HIS NATIVE LAND

Funeral of Stanley T. Gay, formerly a section chief in Department 6284, who had been with the Company seven years when he enlisted in the 56th Engineers in September, 1917. He died January 12th, 1919, in Base Hospital No. 214 and was buried in the cemetery of St. Sebastian, Nantes, France. The body was returned to his country in November and a military funeral service was conducted at Mt. Carmel Cemetery by 21 ex-service men in uniform, under arrangement by the Hawthorne Club Committee for Ex-Service Men, acting in conjunction with the Lawndale-Crawford No. 98 of The American Legion

obtaining the ex-sailor's retainer pay, which was due but had not been received. Then, just for good measure, they obtained confirmation of the sailor's rating in the service and adjustment of his clothing allowance account.

We might multiply cases almost indefinitely, but these are probably enough to give you an idea of the scope of the committee's activities. In general it aims to act as the "go-between" for the ex-service employee in his dealings with the government; to supply all necessary application blanks and to assist in filling them out; to follow up such cases as have not received prompt or satisfactory attention, and to keep Hawthorne ex-service men constantly informed regarding the things to which they are entitled.

Through an arrangement with the Company and the Federal Board for Vocational Education the secretary of the committee has been appointed as the Federal

Board representative for employees on the government vocational training payroll. All men receiving this training at Hawthorne meet monthly to discuss such matters as are of special interest to them.

The committee operates largely through the organization of the Illinois Department of the American Legion, which has been of great aid in securing prompt action on many of our cases. The chairman of the committee is R. B. Brooks, Department 5981, and the secretary is E. P. Skubic, Department 6118-E. The sub-committee members are: A. L. Levy, Department 5909; C. S. Kistler, Department 5942; P. P. Brinkman, R. J. Beker, H. P. Mower, all of Department 6194-F; J. B. Jefferson, Department 6472; James Riddick, Department 6482; L. B. Arp, Department 6032-A; Miss R. Talbot, Department 6032-A; and R. A. Reynolds, Department 7439.



First of the Get-Acquainted Delegations from the Bell Companies Visits Hawthorne Cincinnati Boys See Life in a Big Factory—and Maybe We Didn't Make Their Eyes Stick Out!

MAYBE George Washington couldn't tell a lie (as some one who could once claimed). At least there is no doubt that he is responsible for conveying a good many false impressions. Many a man who appears like an arbitrary, unreasonable numskull at the end of a two-cent stamp turns out to be one hundred per cent. white man when you meet him face to face. But perhaps after all it isn't entirely fair to blame Father George for the false impressions he carries. Probably things would be just as bad if our two-cent stamps were adorned with one of Mack Sennett's bathing beauties.

Anyway, the point is this:—Since it is necessary for us to do business by mail with most of our far off cousins in the A. T. & T. system, it is a moral certainty that some half explained long distance misunderstanding is going to make them think that we at Hawthorne are a mighty poor lot (which we wouldn't believe if you proved it to us), and their half of the misunderstanding is going to make us think they are not "real fellows" (which everybody knows they are). So, recognizing the reverse English on that "distance-lends-enchantment" saying, the A. T. & T. officials knit their weighty brows and arrived straight at the answer to the difficulty.

"Propinquity," quoth they, or words to that effect.

So arrangements have been made for delegations from the various telephone companies of the Bell System to visit Hawthorne, tire their legs in our eighty acres of factory buildings, fill their brains with our multitude of manufacturing marvels, hear our troubles, tell us their troubles and depart, while we ejaculate:—"Where under the sun did we ever get the idea that those boys weren't the finest fellows that ever walked? Something surely must be wrong with that idea of reading personality from hand-writing — especially when the writing is done by proxy on a typewriter."



CINCINNATI AND SUBURBAN TELEPHONE MEN ON A VISIT TO HAWTHORNE

Standing, left to right:—J. Bodker, Fred W. Smith, C. R. Schlapp, F. U. Breen, William Bodker, S. Robinson, O. L. Beterlein

Sitting, left to right:—Edward Ragan, Charles J. Miller, J. D. Kennedy (General Merchandise Manager, Hawthorne), W. F. Armstrong, E. C. Higgins (General Merchandise Educational Supervisor, Hawthorne), W. Malone

The first delegation to visit Hawthorne under the new program were members of the Cincinnati Telephone Employees' Association. They visited the Chicago Telephone Company and Hawthorne during the week of November 29th. Various of our manufacturing experts served as their guides, each taking the delegation through his own special bailiwick, so that every question that might occur to them could be answered thoroughly and correctly. They drank long from this spring of knowledge, and were refreshed. Then we coaxed them to sit for their photograph, with the result you see before you.

Northern Poles in Southern Lines

JANUARY is a month of memories. Usually when we look at the virgin calender after January first, we begin to take a lot of pride in the good feats we performed during the preceding year. The dim past comes back to comfort us and to ease the difficulties which the unseen future tries to weave about us.

How many of us when looking back over 1920 recall the *Vancouver*? Probably with the exception of a few of the pole line experts, the name means nothing. Yet, the *Vancouver* and her maiden voyage to Buenos Aires represent one of the big events in the Company's history during the past twelve months.

The *Vancouver*, a schooner on her maiden voyage, left Everett, Puget Sound, with a cargo of Western Electric telephone poles for the Argentine. It was the first lot of cedar poles the United States has ever shipped to its busy young South American associate. The trip was made via Cape Horn.

Long before it was launched, the *Vancouver* was chartered by the Western Electric through the assistance of the National Pole Company, and nineteen days after it was turned over to us the little vessel was ready with her unusual cargo. In addition to the poles, she carried two hundred pounds of washed gravel,—a special type of ballast chosen to prevent any sand or dirt from clogging the pumps if it became necessary to use them.

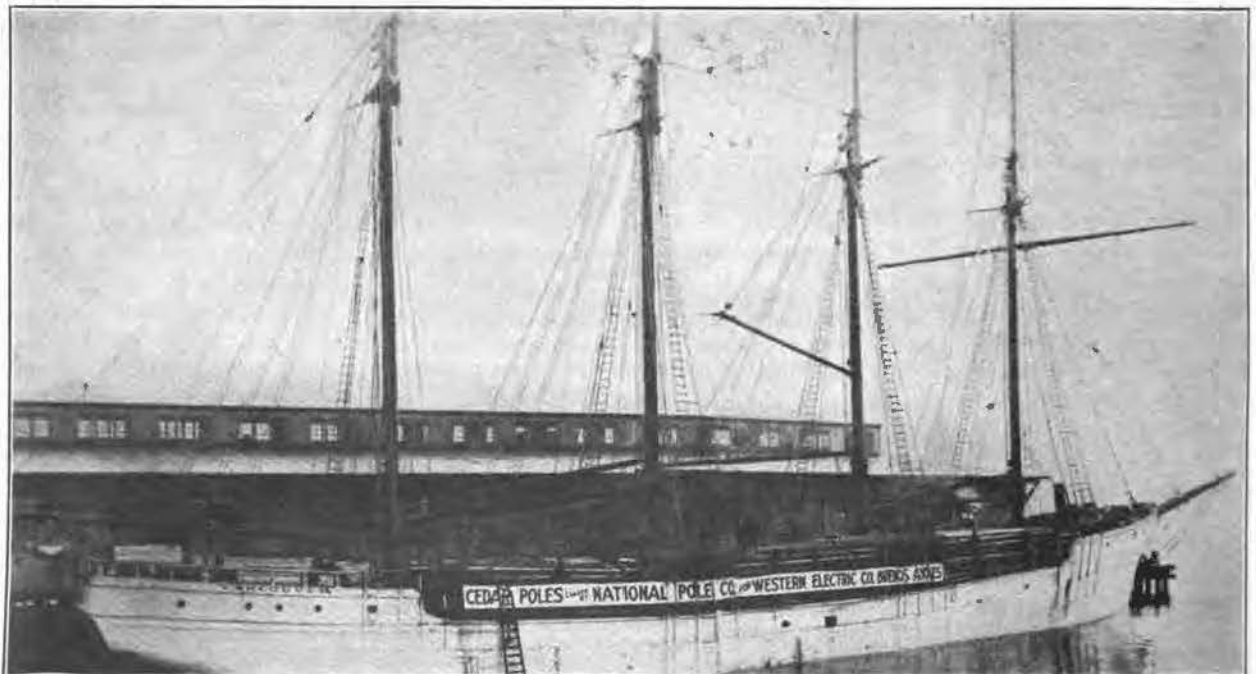
Our first contribution to the Argentine pole resources consisted of eight-inch poles in the following lengths: 96 of 30 feet, 53 of 35 feet, 700 of 40 feet, 384 of 45 feet, 400 of 50 feet, and 130 of 55 feet. They were all Western Red Cedars.

The *Vancouver's* cargo is now an important part of the rapidly growing system of communication in the Argentine.

These photographs, which show one of the means of distributing poles, are interesting after reading Mr. Barrell's story.



Above:—Loaded to the gunwales with poles. Below:—The *Vancouver* ready to start on her long voyage around the Horn.



Industry

By Miss H. C. Szwachta, Layouts Department, Hawthorne

P IETRO DE MEDICI, a famous patron of art and literature, once employed Michaelangelo to make a statue out of snow. That was a stupid waste of precious time. But if Michaelangelo's time was precious to the world, our time is just as precious to ourselves, and yet many a time we find ourselves sitting idle.

"We all complain," said the great Roman philosopher and statesman, Seneca, "of the shortness of time, and yet we have more than we know what to do with. Our lives are spent either in doing nothing at all or in not doing anything we should do. We are always complaining that our days are few and acting as if there would be no end to them."

One great, I might almost say *the* great element of success and happiness in life is the capacity for honest, solid work. Cicero, a great Roman orator, said that what was required was "First, audacity; second, audacity, and third, audacity." Self-confidence is no doubt useful, but it would be more correct to say that what is required is first, perseverance; second, perseverance, and third, perseverance. Work is not, of course, any more than play, the object of life; both are means to the same end.

Work is as necessary for peace of mind as for health of body. A day of worry is more exhausting than a week of work. Worry upsets our whole system; work keeps it in health and order. Exercise of the muscles keeps the body in health, and exercise of the brain brings peace of mind. "By the work of the mind one secures the repose of the heart."

Whatever you do, do thoroughly. Put your heart into it. Cultivate all your faculties. You must either use them or lose them.

And with all your achievements mingle kindness.

Well, Look at Diogenes—He Lived in a Tub

"Mother, may I go in to swim?"
 "No, my darling daughter;
 "On the twelfth floor you will find
 "Lots of boiling water!"*

F J. MALM, the Hawthorne Methods Division's rubber expert, is all of that with both ears when occasion warrants. Frank returned from a business trip to New York lately wearing a broad smile. (No, no; he's a bachelor. Now, if you'll just be patient for a minute we'll explain.)

Malm loves to watch other people work, and it seems that while he was engaged in enjoying himself watching a plumber repair the faucets in one of the wash-rooms, another Stillson-wrench artist appeared on the scene.

"Hello, Jake," hailed the worker. "Where've you been? I ain't seen you for a couple of days."

"No," agreed the other. "I've been working up in Jewett's office, fixing his bath-tub."

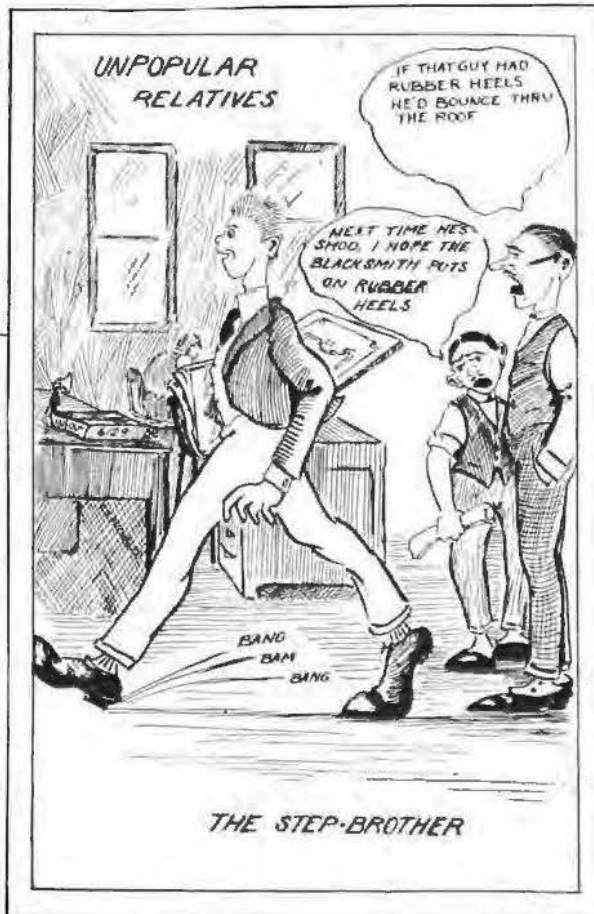
"Is he got a bath-tub in his office?" queried the fauceeter.

"Sure," answered Jake. "Got a bath-tub and a shower bath too. Ain't you ever been up there, Bill?"

"No," replied Bill, reluctantly. "I was in Colpitt's office once though. He ain't got a bath-tub, has he?"

"Nope," said Jake. "I guess he's got one at home."

*—You know our editorial neck? Well, we're in it, up to it!—Ed.



The Sprite That Failed

Hawthorne never objects to the ghost walking but the hospital authorities draw the line at allowing one to work at the plant. Witness this notation, which appears on the record card of a former employee in Department 6348:

"Left city. Brother died in South Dakota and could not pass physical examination on return."

Attention New York Legionaires

There will be a meeting of the W. E. Post No. 497 of the American Legion at The Telephone Society clubhouse in West 17th Street on Thursday, January 13. Supper will be served at 6.15. It will be followed by the election of officers for the new year. Arrangements have been made for the appearance of several professional entertainers. They will make you laugh so hard you will swear never to miss another meeting even if you have to bring your best girl along and check her in the coat room. Those who are unable to attend the supper should by all means attend the meeting. It will start at 8 o'clock.

Pictorial Sparks



Smiling Jack Dortley seated 3rd from left in front row and his class of Sales Specialists.



"One Hundred Dollars on Remorse" Race Track Scene at the Great Chicago Lighting Sweepstakes.



Four 1,000 watt Flood Lights atop the Boston house, helping light up the city harbor.



Northern Electric Bowling Team. 1920 Champions of the Commercial League.



Miss Jennie Juranek centerfielder of Cable Plant-Women's Indoor Ball team and Spalding Trophy recently won by her nine.



A group of Installation Foremen pause long enough to write their names and register their pictures.



"Eyes Right" - C.A. Hoffman of Owatoma Minn. one of our good customers took this excellent photo of his Esquimaux pups.



Los Angeles has staged another one of those costume parties. From the pictures you see of the girls out there, you can't blame them for frequent shindigs.



J. W. C. Price

Murder! Fire!! Police!!!

IRVING WILLS had lunch the other day with Dave O'Brien at the "Dirty Spoon." He ordered roast pork with stewed corn on the side. Upon serving the dish the waiter turned to O'Brien and said: "Your friend will play you something as soon as he gets his corn-et."

"Swift and the Uses of Adversity"

George Gilbert is a recent addition to the Power Apparatus Sales Department. Not long ago at noon hour George was backed up against the Fifth Avenue Building with a big cigar and a bigger smile.

"What's the joke, Georgie?" "Oh! Swift just gave me an awful 'bawling out' and when I told him that I was new Swift said, 'I know, that's why I'm being so gentle.'"

Light Wit

Fred Wille, one of our hustling lighting specialists, got his wires crossed recently and made two appointments for the same time. One was with a charming lady who is an interior decorator and as such needs Fred's expert advice on lighting effects. The other was less interesting but more promising as far as big business is concerned—one of our large industrial customers.

Fred wisely chose the latter, but, in voicing his quandary, was heard by Jack O'Donnell, who murmured: "Why not let the 'foot candle met-er.?'"

There Was No Charge to the Sick Benefit Fund

A certain customer had to have a certain lot of material at a certain time—one of those regular emergency orders.

Lou Olds, head of the Service Division, saw that the order was filled to the customer's complete satisfaction. As Lou himself said: "I did it all right but I had to strain my utmost."

"Kewpie" Is No Longer in Our Midst

'Twas a sad crowd that gathered at "The Breslin" at noon, November 24, to tender a farewell party to our former Credit Manager, Mr. W. E. Rice. The tune changed when they found out how truly glad he was to receive his transfer from the "wicked" to the "Sixth" City in a similar capacity.

The food and favors served on plates (not glasses or tea-cups) assisted materially in raising the spirits of the assemblage. They were in a most receptive mood to listen to the parting address. A remembrance (a fine traveling bag) was given Mr. Rice by Mr. F. H. Leggett in behalf of his former co-workers.



J. J. Litch

Chickens in Danger at Spokane

Charlie Schmutz is a veteran of the 91st Division, and when he was en route overseas, he tarried for a while at Camp Merritt. While there Charlie was invited to dinner at a friend's home in Brooklyn. Charlie is somewhat acquainted in that little village, for it once happened that he was one of Uncle Wilbert Robinson's pet flingers. As a matter of fact, Charlie is still a Dodger. He drives a Dodge car. He even dodges the income tax collector.

Charlie, ever keen of appetite, readily assented to his friend's invitation. His hostess bid him to make himself right at home and told him to eat and act just as if he was at the pine boards at the camp mess. Charlie claimed it would hardly be apropos, but after a little persuasion half-heartedly agreed.

A nice roasted chicken was placed in front of the hostess who was to carve. Our hero gives it the glassy stare, leans forward his trusty salary wing and grabs the roasted one and plants it on his plate.

"No, no, Mr. Schmutz," exclaimed the hostess.

"But oh," says Charlie, "if we're doing things in army style that's mine."

And You Sold Her a Washing Machine?

Most times the sweet voice of a lady on the other end of a telephone line is quite conducive to sweet and courteous words. However an occasion arose last week that was quite contrary. Imagine this—

Hello—"Do you know you tore my sheets."

"No Madam, we do not believe we did, you are—

"I know you did, and its no use telling me otherwise. You come right out and make good."

"Now my good lady, you had better seek the proper party, this is the - -

"I know you tore them and I don't care to argue with you."

"We agree Madam that your sheets probably are torn, but this is not the laundry, this is the Western Electric Company."

"Excuse me, I thought I had the Palace Laundry."

Hawthorne

Speaking of Outside by the Inside

EVER hear the riddle: "What will go up a chimney down and down a chimney down, but will not go down a chimney up nor up a chimney up?" The answer to that is an umbrella, but what is the answer to this paragraph from Hawthorne Change Order 44747-B:

"Coil shall be changed, in that the outer end of the inner winding, which is threaded through the third hole from the bottom nearest the edge of the spool head, shall be threaded through the second hole from the bottom nearest the edge of the spool head, and the outer end of the outer winding, which is threaded through the corner hole, shall be threaded through the third hole from the bottom nearest the edge of the spool head."



Grabbing a Bite at the Back-door Not What It Used to be

NOT long ago Bill Wolff got away from that pipe of his long enough to run and grab a bite with some of his mates. The usual H. C. of L. talk prevailed and served to take the edge off their appetites. "Don't worry folks," chirped our well known bard, "I know a nice little place down near Wall Street that's set so far back from the main highways that it never even heard of the word, profiteer." The inevitable happened. The bunch squeezed through a narrow doorway, managed to clean up enough plates to drive away their gloom and waited for their checks. They came! Bill had piloted his dupes through the back door of the costliest hostelry in the financial district. Now he is eating by himself.—R. J. A.



Indoor Sports for Outdoor Salesmen

REMORSE, followed by Prohibition forces Man-O-War into sixth place. Moonshine soon to take the place of Prohibition."

This interesting bit of sporting gossip set the Chicago house aflame.

It was the latest bulletin on the great Lighting Unit Sweepstakes. A heat is being run each day and bulletins posted after each race. The meet will last from December 1st to January 31st.

In the meantime the "bookies" are happy and "large gobs of money are changing hands daily" if we are to believe the promoters of the event.

You see Mr. Murphy's daughter, aged 6 years, was visiting the office the day that Ed was acting as "bookie." Later in telling her mama of all of the wonders in a W. E. office, she mentioned the race track incident.

This got Ed. in bad, bad, bad in a domestic way.

Memphis

Memphis Catching Up on Deliveries

Early this spring Memphis received an order from Smith and Jones of Jonesboro, Mississippi, for a dozen 8357 switches. A most careful search of the stock, and catalogues failed to disclose any such item and at last after every other expedient had failed, Jones and Smith were requested to mail to Memphis the W. E. year book which they stated listed 8357 switches. The next mail brought a copy of the catalogue for November 1894 and sure enough the disputed material was listed on page 88.

On receipt of their catalogue, Joe Borgel, the local stores manager wrote to Jonesboro as follows:—

Smith & Jones,
Jonesboro, Miss.
Gentlemen:
Memphis, Tenn., 5-18-20.

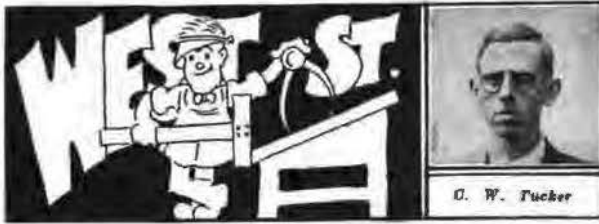
Since receiving a copy of the catalogue you sent us, we wish to apologize for the statement of ours that we do not handle a No. 8357 Switch.

The catalogue you sent us is dated November 1894, and our records show that on December 1, 1894 we ordered a supply of these Switches. We are expecting shipment of this order in a few days, for as a rule after waiting 26 years after placing our order, we can expect delivery of material ordered.

When we have received these Switches in stock, we shall be pleased to forward your order to you.

Accept our thanks for your order and we trust that we may continue to receive your patronage.

Very truly yours,
JOE BORGEL,
Stores Manager.



"Hew to the Line; Let the Chicks Fall Where They May"

OH, HORRORS! We just came across a drawing and the title—how shall we say it?—was "Leg Details for Dishwashers." The engineer has spent months of study in developing these legs and from the samples on view in this age of abridged skirts we should say he might have done better.

The Inspection Department is a busy place these days developing inspection instructions for dishwasher's legs. Line forms on the right, inspectors—don't crowd, you can't all have this job.

Blue Law Stuff

The authority of the Eighteenth Amendment has been extended beyond the sale of malt and hops and an edict has been handed down that there shall be no more pickled iron—or so we surmise from the following change order received from the savants at Hawthorne:

125 W. Receivers.

Pole Pieces P-80807 and P-80808

This material shall be changed from 8-16" Pickled Norway Iron to 8-16" Cold Rolled Norway Iron Sheet per Spec. No. 87689.

A Gas Attack

In filing a complaint about a gas engine which had been installed in an exchange in the Middle-west and which had never acted in accordance with the rules and regulations governing orthodox gas engines, a member of the Installation Department describes how he and a local steamfitter performed a major operation on it as follows:

"We removed the piston from the fly-wheel, raised the fly-wheel from its bearings, removed the intake and outlet valves, scraped the carbon from the bearings, adjusted the oil cups on the induction coil, opened the gas chamber and adjusted the spark. In replacing the fly-wheels, one of the piston rings became wedged. In order to adjust the ring it was necessary to open the intake and exhaust chambers and remove the cylinder head from the connecting rod—" then, we understand, he swooned away. The gas engine had his "goat."

You Tell 'Em Tillie

Tillie, the temperamental typist, says: "Ain't some engineers funny animals? I was on the elevator the other day and one of them kind got on—he's pretty high up in the organization but he ain't moved up to the twelfth floor yet. I was all dolled up in my best Georgette crepe—the one with the knee-deep skirt; my marcel wave; my Sunday night eyebrows—the narrowest ones I've got; and a few other inconsequential. D'ye

think he noticed me? I should say not. Of course, I didn't expect him to speak, but he might, at least, have give me the 'OO.' What's the use of tryin' to be scenery around here and put a little life in this old place if folks ain't goin' to notice you. But I s'pose his head is so full of amperes, coulombs, hendrys and things that he ain't got room for no appreciation of beauty in his system."

A New Fire Extinguisher

A. Haddock was hitting it up along a country boulevard one day when he suddenly discovered that his Tydol carriage was on fire. He stopped in front of a farmhouse that was fortunate enough to be anchored close by, rushed into the yard and grabbed a bucket of liquid which was just waiting for something exciting to happen. He dashed the contents on the flames and there, nestling lovingly together in the bottom of the pail was a lot of little cucumbers trying to transform themselves into one of Heinz's famous 57 varieties. The fluid was brine! It put out the fire, however, and saved Haddock's bus. He apologized to the farmer's wife with much reddening of the gills and stammeringly said it nearly broke his heart to think that he had prevented the dear little cucumbers from getting pickled.

Standardized

On drawings that are standardized
He works each standard day.
He writes with standard pens and ink,
And draws a standard pay.

His brain is full of standard thoughts,
In standard tones he speaks.
On standard problems he's been known
To work for standard weeks.

He standardized the lockers,
The wall paint and the glue;
The methods for accomplishing
The standard things to do.

He standardized the clauses
And the words he used, as well.
Upon his wife he even tried
To hang the standard "Bell."

And as through standard years he's worked
To gain his standard pelf,
While standardising other things,
He's standardized himself.

—H. J. DeChamps.

A Moving Scene

The firm of Gilson, Ireland & Lowe, Inc., was engaged in executing a large contract which involved moving an office, constructed of paneled sections about seven feet high, from one corner of the drafting-room on the sixth floor of the Engineering Department to the opposite corner. As the room was full of industrious draftsmen it was deemed advisable not to disturb them—you know how a swarm of draftsmen is when disturbed. After a consultation of the members of the firm, it was decided to take the walls of the office down and to rebuild them around the draftsmen working within the boundaries of the proposed office. This was done without the draftsmen missing a line, but when it came to moving them, the real problem was encountered. It was found that the

tables were too wide to go through the door. A hasty meeting of the firm was called, and after much scratching of domes, it was decided that the situation was, indeed, serious as no solution offered itself. Suddenly an ex-service man appeared on the scene, and taking in the situation at a glance, gave the command, "Over the top!" Would you believe it? Those draftsmen with tables under their arms leaped the partition and saved the day.

Installation News

"The Telephone Society's greatest walking contest—five-mile walk—scratch—closed to members—starts promptly at 3:30 P.M." So read little Tommy Johnson on the bulletin board of the Academy mechanic switch job recently.

Tommy will not admit it but the evidence points to the fact that he riveted his eyes on the first price and mumbled something which sounded very much like "mine."

So it came about that Tommy toed the mark with numerous other aspirants, including Messrs. Gallagher, Paul and Herrick, of the New York Telephone Company, men capable of giving the best of them a rub for the honors.

The tale ends here. Tommy shimmied over that five-mile course to the tune of 44 minutes, 15 seconds; with the second man, Herrick, 24 seconds behind him, and Gallagher, third, in 45 minutes, 16 seconds.

Tommy is happy now—he has the twenty-year Elgin. He reckons that the new checking-in-and-out clock on the Academy job will cause him no concern.

—J. J. Clifford.

Hitting the High Spots

Now Maisie McNutt, from the day of her birth,
Had a longing to travel about this fair earth,
The far-away wonders all seemed to invite her,
But cruel fate forced her to click a typewriter.
Now Maisie built castles up high in the air,
And salted away all the cash she could spare.

She toiled and she slaved,
And her dollars she saved,
Till one thrilling day
She drew all her pay.

She purchased a ticket, and Oh Boy! the fare
It near broke the bank, but what did she care?
She rode for a night and a couple of days—
Then the wonderful, wild, woolly west met her gaze.
It filled her with awe—that strange wonderland.
Just take it from Maisie that "Nature is Grand!"
When she hit the trail in her trim mountain suit
She had to admit that she looked kinda cute.
Astride in a saddle she looked all around,
And thought, "What an awful long way to the ground!"
They started away at a nice, easy gait.

"Why this is a cinch!" Maisie thought—but just wait!
Round about wound the trail, climbing higher and higher
Till earth seemed far distant, and Heaven much nigher.
And just about then the horse started to trot;
And everything else in the world she forgot!
From a trot to a gallop that pony then sprung.
While Maisie, scared stiff, to the saddle horn clung.
She felt just about as secure and at ease
As a pin on a clothesline, blown by the breeze.
That horse had more kick than a keg of home brew;
It has lots of loose joints and could shimmy-shake, too.
Next day when she crawled slowly out of her bed,
"Never knew what fine points that horse had!" Maisie said.
But back at the office, at a later date,
Maisie said to the bunch, "My vacation was GREAT!"

Lola Houghton.



Dear Editor:

Maybe you thought I was sore at you or something because I didn't write nothing last month that wasnt the reason. It was like this. There wasnt nothing doing out here and I didnt have fifteen cents to buy a copy of *Judge* to get some jokes out of and write them in here to make it look like the bunch was cleaver and sprang them themselves but to-day I got my hair cut and so I got this one a feller is trying to remember what his wife told him to bring home for dinner an a nother feller says whats the matter what are you thinking so hard about then the first feller says why my wife told me to bring something home for dinner and I cant think what it is and then the second feller says here smoke this cigar and maybe it will refresh your mind the feller does so then he says O yes now I remember what it is, cabbage. Now Mr. Michener dont ever give out no cigars so I cant say it was him and DesCamp pulled it and Mr. Cooley is so tight with the customers box that he dont ever give none out and Mr. Colwell only smokes them when business is good so I couldnt say it was either of them so I couldnt write that one which was the only good one in the *Judges* and the barber didnt have *Life* and there wasnt nothing in the *Police Gazette* so I pretty near didnt write again this month but McMillan he says do you want a good one to spring in the *News* and I says sure and he sprang this one.

He says that they got a new battery agent in Port Angeles which has a expert working for him this expert is a bird which came from Canada two months ago and Mac meets his wife which just came to this country. Mac says how is everything up in Canada and everything. Didnt you miss your husband while he was working here and you up there? She says yes I missed him but aint it funny about this country being dry, now when he left I says to myself Harry could drink any country dry in three months he must have finished this one in two.

Mr. Tripple of Tripple and Co. pulled one on Baes which is our head stock keeper. He knows Baes so he says where is Baes Id like to speak to him—so I takes him out to Baes and hangs around to get a ear full. Say Baes you pulled a boner on me. How come, says Baes we dont pull no boners here. Tripple says No? Suppose you never shipped an order short in your life. Nix, now says Baes. If you think you can pull the old one about a shortage you are all off. Then Baes shows how every order is checked twice by the man what puts it up, twice by the shipping clerk, old Col. Bloom, and then Mr. Fritz, the warehouse foreman gives it the twice over and then

it is shipped "So you got a fat chance of pulling a shortage story." Ah, says Tripple, I feel better. My conscience hurt me on that order for 3000 lamps yesterday I got 4000 and as your bills only showed three thousand I thought that there was a mistake solong! Baes is a little weak yet but he'll be all right if Mr. Michener dont see this and this wasn't in no funny paper either.

Another thing Mr. Editor. We aint heard nothing lately but budget out of the bosses around here and as I am learning the business I decides to find out what they is so I ups and asks Mr. Cooley. He reals this off without a pause to think, "Budget. N. (use confined to business institutions.) A method by use of pliable statistics of arriving at a predetermined figure." If you get it it is more than what I do but maybe there is them as will.

You remember how a while back I asked you please to find out what kinda tobacco Mr. Wolfe the Sporting Editor for 195 Broadway smoked in the pipe he has his picture taken behind. Well I guess you done it all right anyhow I got a package of swell tobacco from him like they smokes in New York. He says in his letter have I got a pipe. No I aint. So seeing he is that way Mr. Editor wouldnt it be a swell idea for you to ask him what kinda pipe he smokes the tobacco in and let his nature take its course? —Herb.



Good News About Marc Curran

THE many friends of our manager, Mr. M. A. Curran, will be glad to hear that he is well on the road to recovery. The latest report from the attending physicians is to the effect that Mr. Curran is progressing so well that he will probably be discharged from the hospital soon. After spending a week at home, Mr. Curran will start for a convalescent trip through Lower California. He has been desperately ill with pneumonia.

The Bore

I can't endure the office pest
Who leans upon my shoulder
And entertains me with a jest
That's ten years old or older
Though he will miss the point a mile
I'm forced to crack a sickly smile,
But murder's in my heart the while
And angry passions smolder.

I plot and plan what I will say
When next he ventures near me
Ah, that will be a happy day
When that bird learns to fear me.
But when he comes around again
I lack the nerve to tell him then
Though there are other pestered men
Who'd stand around and cheer me.

I cannot treat a man with scorn
Because of his persistence
Nor tread upon his sorest corn
To keep him at a distance.
For though I wish he were in jail
When he comes 'round with stories stale
I know he thinks each ancient tale
Will brighten my existence.

HOME BREW

Six months ago I brewed a mess
Of moonshine booze, but I confess
That though it may have kick enough
I cannot drink the blooming stuff.

It cost twelve bucks and eighty cents
To get the right ingredients
And when fermenting in a crock
The odor travelled half a block.

The cop who walked the neighb'ring beat
Went sniffing up and down the street
And folks who passed my cellar stair
Assumed a watchful waiting air.

By nature, timid, meek and shy
I shrank from every passer-by
And every time I heard a crash
I thought the law had found my mash.

But nothing happened, strange to say
My booze is hidden safe away
And I would be a happy gink
If it were only fit to drink.



Another Brody

LAST week we received an order from a country customer. After accusing us of making mistakes in shipping and everything, he wound up as follows:

"Please send what you have along and if anything you don't understand just what I mean send along what you do understand."

We did. Could you?

Our Furnace

To keep our furnace well fed up
Is a perplexing question
Our furnace never yet was known
To suffer indigestion.
This year we fear its appetite
Will make gross profits queer
At seventeen per ton, it is
A red-hot Profiteer.

Two Old-Timers Try Pastures New

C. S. Vorhees Becomes General Purchasing Agent of the Western Union

CHARLES S. VORHEES, a Western Electric man since November, 1895, has resigned to become General Purchasing Agent of our business cousin, the Western Union Telegraph Company.

For twenty-five years, Charley Vorhees has been building up a reputation as a master of tact. He has made countless friends in the process—especially during those years when, as a price man, he was the buffer between the Engineering Department and the Manufacturing Branch, each of which



C. S. Vorhees

invariably has its own ideas of what prices ought to be. The job Charley did on government purchasing was another opportunity for making friends—a rather more spectacular one—and he made use of it to the full.

There is no direct connection now between ourselves and the Western Union, as

there used to be in the old days, but our businesses run along parallel lines to such an extent that Charley's friends feel that he is still "in the family."

Vorhees was saved, on about the third day of his Western service, for twenty-five years of subsequent usefulness by the skin of the well-known teeth. He was working for E. R. Gilmore in the old Thames Street store. (Mr. Gilmore is now Assistant Treasurer at Chicago.) Gilmore sent Charley to a number on Pearl Street with a message. The message was for a certain gentleman to lunch that day with Mr. Gilmore. Now, it happened that the number was just about a block away from Mr. Gilmore's office. What do you think Charley did? Ran across the street and delivered the message? Not by a flask full. He went to the end of Pearl Street and started a systematic search for the number. By the time he found it he had traversed a mile or so of city sidewalks—and lunch time was long, long past. A certain amount of peeve on the part of Mr. Gilmore was unquestionably justifiable.

Starting in the Cashier's Department in New York in 1895, Vorhees' first big promotion came in 1900 when he began to work on switchboard estimates and American Bell correspondence. In 1906 he was making price studies for telephone apparatus. Two years later, he was advanced to the position of Assistant Telephone Sales Manager. In September, 1916, he was made Assistant (A. & B.) Sales Manager. In December of that year the title was changed to Assistant Contract Sales Manager, and has so remained until the present.

With Mr. Vorhees' resignation, which became effective December 4, 1920, J. P. Dinsmore was made Price Specialist, with responsibility for price studies of Western Electric merchandise.

H. R. King Goes to One of Our Suppliers As General Sales Manager

FOR almost twenty-two years, H. R. King has been prominently connected with the Western Electric power apparatus business. Effective December 1, he resigned his Western connection to become general sales manager of the M. S. Wright Company, a manufacturing organization which makes for us, according to our engineering specifications, the Western Electric vacuum sweeper.

Mr. King's work on contracts has for years brought him into intimate contact with many of our suppliers. The work will be much the same, except that Mr. King will be dropping in to see a Western Electric man instead of a supplier's representative dropping in to see a Western Electric King.

Harry King's Western career is an example of the way in which the Western sometimes utilizes technical training in its sales work. He began with us in February, 1899, in the Power Apparatus Department in Chicago. In 1904, he was made Power Apparatus Chief Engineer. His next promotion was a transfer to Hawthorne as Assistant Power Apparatus Sales Manager,—a position which coordinated sales and engineering ability. This was in January, 1908. Two years later, he became Power Apparatus Sales Manager, in the General Sales Department in New York. The title was changed in January, 1920, to Power and Light Sales Manager of the General Sales Department.

At the same time that Mr. King went to work for our business "in-laws," two promotions were announced. G. K. Heyer became Power and Light Sales Manager, and F. H. Findley was made Telephone Sales Manager.



H. R. King

Miss Annie J. Menzies Dies



On December 13, Miss Annie J. Menzies, who was for the entire twenty-three years of her Western Electric experience, Secretary to A. L. Salt, General Purchasing Agent, died at her home in New York.

The words of one of her associates is fitting tribute: "It seems to me that words could never adequately portray her character and the intelligence, loyalty and whole-hearted effort she always put into her work. I feel that those of us who knew her best would say to her now, if we could, what we were too diffident or too negligent to tell her before—that we loved her for the sterling qualities that were recognized by everyone with whom she came in contact."



J. Lane—30 Years

You perhaps know the story of the Irishman who stood before the kangaroo's cage and wondered "where the divil that ugly-lookin' baste came from." "Why," explained a by-stander, "he's a native of Australia." "A native of Australia!" exclaimed Pat. "Howly saints! An' me sister married wan av thim."



Now, John Lane could have assured Pat that all natives of Australia are not Kangaroos and that it isn't so hard to get the jump on them, either. John worked there four years in his early youth, securing his job by showing a lot of old experienced machinists how to make a bolt with 6 2-8 threads to the inch, to replace a large one that had been broken. The old hands had assured the boss that 6 2-8 threads were non-standard and could not be cut on a Whitworth lathe. But John did it.

Four years later Mr. Lane returned to his native land, England, for a short time and then sailed for the United States. After four years in Cincinnati, he secured a job in the old Clinton Street Shops in January, 1891, machining commutators for high tension arc light generators. He has been with the Company ever since as an expert lathe man, his present location being in the tool room at Hawthorne.

"Ever since" figures out as 30 years of service, which is a record to be proud of, but Mr. Lane has a brother in England who has been 35 years with one firm, so he cannot claim the Lane family championship, notwithstanding his new four-star service button.

D. J. Sullivan—25 Years

D. J. Sullivan strikes us as a bit over-particular. He has a hobby for collecting rare coins, but he insists on each being of old and uncommon pattern. Now we're not nearly so particular. Any old coin whatever is decidedly rare with us, and if we could just collect about a million dollars worth of them we wouldn't give a whoop whether they were dollars of 1804 or nickels of 1920. But, as we said before, Mr. Sullivan is particular in numismatic matters. Wherefore, as an expert and as a member of the American Numismatic Association he should be very much interested in the workmanship on the new quarter-century service button he is to get this month, and you are probably equally interested in learning how he got it.



Mr. Sullivan started collecting Western Electric service buttons back in 1896, long before there were any to collect, which, you will admit, shows his rare instinct as a collector. He started as an expert glass blower on switchboard lamps in the old Clinton Street factory. Those were the days of the old drop signals, before lamps twinkled all over a switchboard, and six men made all the lamps demanded by our trade. Since that time the department has grown to a size undreamed of in 1896, and Mr. Sullivan has risen through various grades to its foremanship.

Besides being a coin fan, Dan is a baseball fan second to none. And, by the way, the Jokesmith's Union promises summary and disgraceful expulsion to any wheester who attempts to remark that Mr. Sullivan's proper place is in the coin collector department.

A. C. Dodge—25 Years

A. C. Dodge is one person who doesn't care to see eggs drop, "because," he says, "when eggs come down everything else goes up." However, it appears that in making that statement he does not refer to breakfast (or hen's) eggs, but to midnight (or Hun's) eggs. As our European general superintendent, Mr. Dodge was in London during most of the air raids and he is too well acquainted with the antics of aeroplane eggs to endorse a movement for a general drop in eggs unless the kind is specifically named in advance.



the kind is specifically named in advance.

But having thus nonchalantly placed Mr. Dodge in the midst of a foreign land, suppose we tell how we got him there and how he got back—

Mr. Dodge joined the Western at Clinton Street in January, 1896, as a draftsman, transferring in a short time to the telephone engineering department. After a few years at this work he went to New York in 1902 on special engineering work. The next year he was put in charge of output in the New York Shops. Late in 1904 he was made assistant superintendent, remaining in that work until he was transferred to Clinton Street in the same capacity, January 1, 1907. A year later he went to Hawthorne as superintendent of the Telephone Apparatus Shops, also acting for a time as superintendent of the C. R. & I. Shops. In January, 1918, he was sent to Europe as European general superintendent, with headquarters at London. He remained during the entire war, returning to the United States in December, of 1919, to take up his present position of assistant general superintendent at Hawthorne. He is also an assistant general superintendent in the International Western Electric organization.

Mr. Dodge starts the new year with a new three-star service button.

D. H. Milne—20 Years

Remember how the Western's cartoonists used to dig into the kaiser to get us to dig into our pockets during the liberty bond drives? Old "Me-und-Got" got less consideration than Ultimate, the well-known consumer, at a profiteers' convention. At Hawthorne, one of the most ingenious pencil punishers of His Pompous Peanutship was D. H. Milne. However, in spite of his ability at drawing the kaiser's countenance, Dave neglected to draw his own or to get it photographed for the Service Page, so you will have to get acquainted with him by long-distance loquacity instead.

Mr. Milne began with the Company at Clinton Street as an inspector of subsets and coin collectors. He stayed at this work until March, 1905, when he went into the repair department as inspector of repaired apparatus. A few months later he returned to his old department to take charge of an inspection group. In 1908 he was transferred to the subset assembly department at Hawthorne, where he has remained ever since as department inspector.

Having thus sketched his career, we'll let Dave draw his own two-star button this month.

Other Twenty-Year Men



C. M. Falk
Chicago



A. Mikell
Chicago

Fifteen-Year Men and Women



R. Fiesh
Hawthorne



E. Opperman
Hawthorne



F. Moller
Hawthorne



E. Olsen
Hawthorne



M. E. Demmler
Fifth Avenue



C. R. Cole
West Street



T. H. Bell
Installation



G. A. Pennock
Hawthorne



W. J. Speer
Chicago



J. P. Colman
St. Louis



H. L. Bostater
West Street



H. N. Goodall
St. Louis

Other Fifteen-Year Men and Women

Thomas, August, Chicago.....	January	1
Catt, Clarence W., Chicago.....	"	1
Dean, Walter, Chicago.....	"	1
Keegan, S. C., Chicago.....	"	1
Keever, H. E., Chicago.....	"	1

Kropp, Leo. H., Chicago.....	January	1
Nelson, L. T., Hawthorne, 6460.....	"	2
Schmidt, C. A., Hawthorne, 7486.....	"	4
Dunlop, H. E., Hawthorne, 6410.....	"	5
Pokorski, R., Hawthorne, 6800.....	"	8
Schemenauer, A. J., Hawthorne, 6117-E.....	"	9
Warnken, R., Hawthorne, Installation.....	"	9
Weselak, C. F., Hawthorne, 6460.....	"	11
Ristow, Tillie, Hawthorne, 7392.....	"	12
Malm, F. S., Hawthorne, 6492.....	"	22
Hargan, Augustus D., New York, Engineering.....	"	8
Walker, Mayme E., New York, Distributing.....	"	31

Ten-Year Men and Women

Baker, H. B., Dallas.....	January	30
Schwartz, Joseph F., Denver.....	"	11
Dermody, J. M., Hawthorne, Installation.....	"	5
Sandusky, Anna, Hawthorne, 6811.....	"	5
Zitt, W. J., Hawthorne, 6470.....	"	6
Nestor, S., Hawthorne, 6344.....	"	7
Kelly, Nora, Hawthorne, 6632.....	"	8
Burns, J. N., Hawthorne, 5947.....	"	9
Pepera, Victoria, Hawthorne, 7682.....	"	9
Przybyl, J., Hawthorne, 7168.....	"	12
Moldahl, S., Hawthorne, 6413.....	"	18
Warning, Lena, Hawthorne, 6320.....	"	14
Balos, G., Hawthorne, 6826.....	"	19
Cornelius, H., Hawthorne, 7691.....	"	19
Carlson, G., Hawthorne, 6824.....	"	20
Cook, C. A., Hawthorne, 5725.....	"	20
Fuller, R., Hawthorne, 6091.....	"	20
Hermann, C. A., Hawthorne, 6650.....	"	24
Lawson, Crissie, Hawthorne, 6812.....	"	25
Fitzgerald, Marie, Hawthorne, 6615.....	"	31
Price, W. E., Hawthorne, Installation.....	"	31
Benson, A., Hawthorne.....	"	20
Arnold, Harold D., New York, Engineering.....	"	2
Boyd, Lee G., New York, Engineering.....	"	8
Catogge, Joseph, New York, Engineering.....	"	13
Dahn, Raymond C., New York, Engineering.....	"	15
Patri, Ferdinand J., New York, Distributing.....	"	31
Curran, Marcus A., Omaha.....	"	2
Shaben, Harry A., Omaha.....	"	16
Krakowski, Benj. Henry, Omaha.....	"	19
Herr, Norbert Franklin, Omaha.....	"	27
Keller, Harry, Jr., Philadelphia.....	"	11
Stafford, I. B., Pittsburgh.....	"	1
Neudeck, Robert A., St. Louis.....	"	28

The Gold-dust Twins Celebrate

*Every Sunday down to her house they go,
All the boys and all the girls, they love her so,
Always jol-ly, Heart that is true I know,
For she's the Sunshine of Paradise Alley.*

This little air used to be popular when dust was profane in Mahogany Row and Oak Alley—when knight-hood was in flower—just 20 years ago.

The old standards may have changed a bit, but dust is still as unpopular as small pox along Mahogany Row and sunshine permeates the place because the grown-up, gold-dust twins, Andrew Mikell and Charles M. Falk are still very much on the job; just as they used to be when they entered the employ of the Chicago house 20 years ago at a time when shake-down company inspection happened every half hour in the elaborate and ornate Chicago offices.

Mr. Mikell and Mr. Falk are old and faithful employees at Chicago. They have worked in the House Service Department there ever since they came with the Company.

"New Employment Routine"

Sub. Foreman—I would like to get a man for subset repairs.
Shop Sup.—Do you want a man or a boy?
Sub. Foreman—Well, just order a boy, he will be a man by the time we get him.

A Venus Discovered in the Chicago Office

This dashing officer of the Ravenswood Home Guards is Lieut. L. D. Neudeck. In civil life she is known as Loretta and works in the Voucher Division at Chicago. Incidentally, she has the reputation of being one of the best looking girls in the Chicago office. 'Tis also said that the Medical Department at Hawthorne has pronounced Miss Neudeck to be the best proportioned of any woman that has ever been there for examination.



Miss L. D. Neudeck

Room For Improvement

How doth the little busy clerk
Improve each shining minute
Gathering stationary all the week;
But h——, there's nothing in it.

BE IT, THEREFORE, RESOLVED

THAT: on January first I will give the war paint back to the Indians as the prohibitionists did the country - Lily White



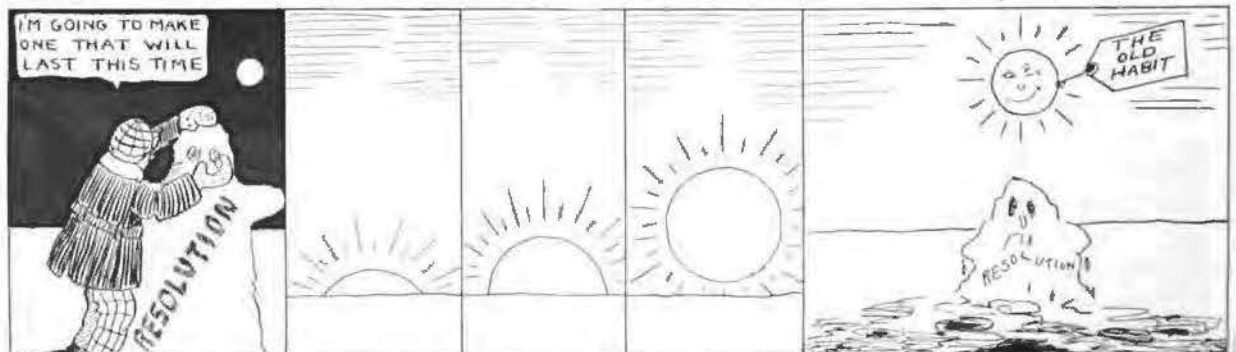
THAT: When there's a leggy there's a will to keep me from looking - Ernie



THAT: I'll blow in every morning before the Hawthorne whistle blows out its two, two's - Van Winkle Wainwright



THAT: There ain't no sicker animule as a resolution that will keep - AL CALLIARI - 21-



VALUABLE TO ALL USERS OF POWER

**Western Electric
Company**
INCORPORATED

**Direct Current Commutating Pole Motors
Continuous Rated—Type RC.**

October, 1929

P1377



Phantom View Showing Armature, Brush Rigging, Bearing Details, Etc., of a Standard Type RC Motor

The Western Electric Direct Current motor Type RC is a general purpose motor, being more especially designed for those everyday power needs where a belted motor will be used either to take the place of some other motive power or as an initial installation.

Their design is the outcome of special study and long experience in motor design; their construction of the best material and workmanship.

Type RC motors are suitable for all classes of factories, shops or industrial establishments and are supplied in sizes ranging from 1/2 H. P. upwards.

They may be located in convenient places either on the floor, wall or ceiling, thus in the two latter instances leaving valuable space free for productive purposes.

Principal Processes in the Manufacture of Type RC Motor



Drilling Bolt Holes and Milling Bolt Head Faces

To reduce labor, expedite production and insure accuracy and interchangeability in mass production operations, jig is employed wherever possible. In the picture holding no. 1 bolt holes are being drilled at a angle operated by four 2 1/2" and lens head faces are being milled in circular manner.



Testing Type RC

The "heart" of a direct current motor is its armature. To make it in shape, rapid tests are made, short circuits are made before the armature is finally separated. A transformer test is made in armature winding.



Fig. 11

The above diagrams in graphic manner show the various points as a preventative measure in minimizing the torque reaction to shift the motor.

Fig. 12 shows that with no armature reaction taken into account, the path of the armature flux is not disturbed.

Fig. 13 shows the effect of armature reaction with full load, current flowing through the armature and field circuit open.

Fig. 14 shows the distortion of field flux as a result of the forces shown in Fig. 1.



Winding Type RC Armatures

The Choice of Motors

Shunt Winding

Type RC shunt wound motors are applicable to machines requiring close speed regulation, where the load may be accelerated slowly and is free from violent fluctuations.

Compound Winding

Type RC compound wound motors may be successfully applied where heavy loads are to be started or where loads are subject to violent fluctuations. The compound wound RC motor possesses sufficiently close inherent regulation to avoid serious fluctuations in speed with change in load.

Series Winding

The Type RC series wound motor is applicable in general to apparatus where the load either possesses fixed values or may be made subject to automatic or manual control. The inherently heavy torque of the RC series wound motor allows ready acceleration of loads having great static friction or inertia.

as well as those subject to violent power fluctuations. Series wound RC motors should not be belt connected.

Fig. 14 shows the flux distribution of a commutating pole motor under full load conditions. The commutating fields are in series with the armature and wound so as to produce a flux in opposition and proportional to the armature flux, maintaining a fixed neutral and thus permitting the brushes to be set in a predetermined position.

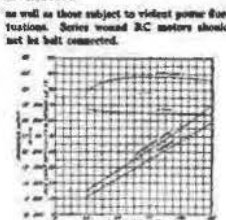


Fig. 15
Typical Characteristic Curves of a Type RC Shunt Motor

The curves graphically illustrate excellent speed regulation and the sustained efficiency of Type RC shunt wound motors.

This 20-page illustrated bulletin will assist you in the selection of the most efficient and economical motor for your power needs.

It is descriptive of just one of the complete line of

**Western Electric
Motors**

for direct current circuits. Send for a copy before planning a new installation or extending your present one.

Western Electric Company
Offices in All Principal Cities

W

**"Your old men shall dream dreams,
your young men shall see visions."**

Joel II, 28

YOUTH paints in brilliant colors.
To older, dimmer eyes the wonder
and the glory of life grey down.

In engineering, the sciences or whatever other work you take up, you will go far if youth means to you enthusiasm, faith in your ambitions, the spirit that exults in achieving what other men call impossible.

So while you plug away at those knotty problems in hydraulics or conic sections, keep an open mind to the larger issues—visions of great achievement through great service.

To the youthful Bell, as he experimented in the vibrating properties of ear-drum and tuning-fork, came in fancy the clear tones of human speech pulsating over wires from far away. Without the vision he could not later have evolved the living fact.

You have a like opportunity now to think about your work in a broad way—and the bigger your purpose and your will to serve, the bigger your accomplishment.

* * *
The electrical industry needs men who can see far and think straight.

*Published in
the interest of Elec-
trical Development by
an Institution that will
be helped by what-
ever helps the
Industry.*

Western Electric Company

*The part which for 50 years this Com-
pany has played in furthering electrical
development is an indication of the share
it will have in working out the even
greater problems of the future.*

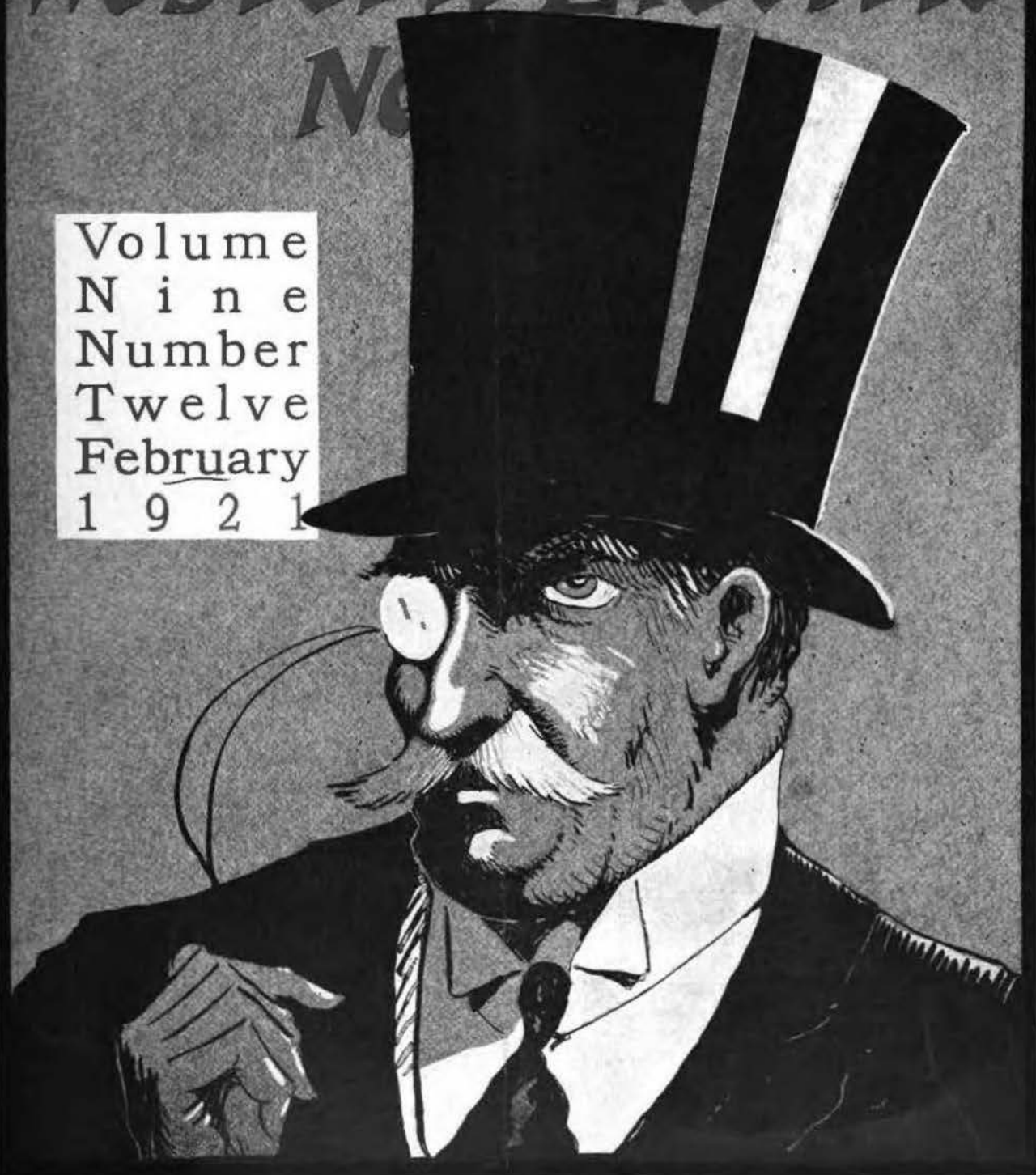
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Room 120

Western Electric News

Volume
N i n e
Number
T w e l v e
February
1 9 2 1



In This Issue—"America Through A Monocle"

VGA

Oliver Twist-ed



WHAT! Back for more? When one bowl has been enough all along!

Who of us has not expressed something of this same indignation—now that our public servants the electric light companies are “asking for more,” and asking it from *us*.

Their argument is, in effect, that for some time past one bowl has *not* been enough, that the gruel itself has been getting thinner and thinner, that they have been called on for more work and therefore need more substantial fare if we want them to do a good job.

Now just what are the facts?

Electricity is one of the few essentials which have shown little increase in price during the years when everything else went up. But it kept costing more to make it and deliver it to your home or office.

Small wonder then that service has suffered, and people who need electric light and power cannot get it. Then obviously to raise the rates would be the most sensible course for all concerned—for the electric light people and in the long run for the public too.

With the added income and capital flowing in, the company could build up an adequate plant to handle the ever growing demands placed upon it, this year and next year and ten years from now.

Here's a question that concerns the good of the whole community. Let's see if it needs fixing in our town, and then let's decide the problem fairly and squarely on its merits.

Published in the interest of Electrical Development by an Institution that will be helped by whatever helps the Industry.

Western Electric Company

No. 21 *To see the countless ways in which electricity serves—through telephone, light, household appliance, railroad safety device—is like watching a series of moving pictures from the Western Electric catalog.*

During 1921 the Company continues its advertising in popular magazines in behalf of our customers, the public utilities. The accompanying advertisement, written around the problem of the electric light and power companies, is the first in the series.

Fred: Appreciated at last, huh?

TO THE EDITOR

SP - 3 copies
date a typewritten
original
showing
indicated

12 PM

YE
ED.

SP

set 22 ems
wide in 11 1/2" set

sets up lit
on page 1+

O, Knight, brave Knight, of the Indigo Quill,
Spare these few lines to the reader's will.
So many times your crayon of blue
Has cut me short with little ado.

You've stricken from my mss' typed face,
Words, golden words, for the sake of space.
But space is just something that's meant to be filled
By words that were only meant to be spilled.

Yes!
So is our
compositor!

As a spiller of words, fearless Knight, I'm there,
So stick your blue pencil back of your ear
And pass this along to the linotype man
With instructions to cast it the best that he can.

If you do, O, Knight of the Indigo Quill,
I'll say you're no judge of the words that we spill
And careless I'll grow with my phrases of stress
Till the first thing you know I will clog the press.

So draw forth your stick of azure hue,
Do battle again as you used to do,
With cross and circle these sheets please fill
And I'll hail you, O, Knight of the Indigo Quill!



WHAS' ALL ABOUT
HUR?



Photo
of Night
(of India)

TH



C. W. TUCKER.



Sure!
see

Too light vs w
w/ 10
Make it
w/ 11
w/ 12



where's wolf's
name stuff

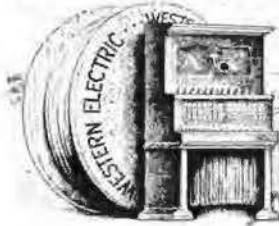


Notes
P.H.
C.A.L.

illustrate
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4.55
7.5
21
47
10.1
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11.77
of
TRAST

Western Electric News



THE EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE



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VOLUME IX

FEBRUARY, 1921

NUMBER 12

America Through a Monocle

By T. F. Lee, of Our London House

IN giving my impressions of a five weeks' visit to the States, I recognize that in that time I only saw a very small portion of either America or the Americans and that, on this account, these impressions are possibly very erroneous ones, but as nearly everyone I met greeted me with "And what are your first impressions of America?" I presume the foreigners' impressions rather interest you Americans.

I know that we in England are always interested in hearing an American's views on England and the English, and the shorter the American's visit, usually the more interesting are his views.

As a rule we do not ask him for these views; we do not have to; we are just introduced to him and the rest follows naturally, and that was perhaps my first impression.

The Englishman wants to know you for some time before he imposes his confidences on you, but the American is friendly directly and tells you the whole story, and then goes off and finds out what your name is.

Perhaps I ought to describe this as an early impression and not as the first, for the first was the sight of the coast and the Statue of Liberty. I am afraid that Liberty did not impress me as she should have done. The main point that struck me was that she was more or less turning her back on America, and seemed to be looking in a very friendly and rather yearning way toward Europe, which to me means England. Doubtless the sentiment connected with the idea of Liberty looking in that direction is quite all right, but the idea that when I landed Liberty would be turning her back on me seemed somehow wrong.



We have caught the author here with, we believe, his tongue in his cheek. As a contrast to the gently ironic and delightful story he has written, it is interesting to see the sketches made in England by a Western Electric man. They are reproduced on pages 16-17

Of course what was really wrong was myself. I had had no dinner worth speaking of, and had been described by the emigration officer as an alien, and I was feeling a bit peeved. However, the expeditious way in which the baggage was got ashore and passed through the customs put me in a good humor again, and when I arrived at the hotel the only thing that worried me was the language. Should I be correct in calling a hand-bag a "grip"? Would they understand the word "lift," or should I start practising American at once and call it an "elevator," and should I ask them to stop at the twenty-second floor, or say that I wanted to stop off at the twenty-second floor?

The very idea of a twenty-second floor rather unnerved me, as I had never been higher than a tenth floor before; but all my fears were set at rest by the porter addressing me in perfect London "cockney." In the lift—I mean elevator—he told me he came from Hampstead. I know Hampstead, so I invited him into my room and, over a cigarette, we discussed London in general and Hampstead in particular, as I left it and as he left it five years ago.

That hotel porter was a good sort and I number him among the friends I left in America.

That night I got my first impression of Broadway from my bedroom window—a mass of dazzling lights and a constant procession of pigmy people and miniature motor cars; at least so they appeared from the twenty-second floor. Later, I joined the crowd there, and that aimlessly moving throng and the illuminated signs that told me about the flavor that lasts and the Lucky Strikes that are toasted, fascinated me and that fascination

lasted as long as I was in New York. One night, later, I strolled into Times Square in a contemplative mood and stopped on the sidewalk to observe at leisure the kaleidoscope, but I had reckoned without the crowd, which did not stop. However, it was a friendly crowd and not much of it stepped on me, and when I recovered my hat it still had half a brim left.

Determined to meditate on the quiet, dignified beauty of Broadway at night, I left the pedestrian crowd and tried the road. I must admit that that sort of bowspring buffer fitted to the front of American cars shows a kindly feeling, and I was not much hurt, only bruised, when I landed on the small island refuge. "Here," I said, "I can finish my meditation in peace," but I did not know the New York cop. He jabbed me with his truncheon and said, "Atta bhoy! Begorrah! and what the devil are ye loitering here for?" or words to that effect, so I gave it up and did my future meditations in a church, having discovered that there is always plenty of room in an American church.

Of course I was much impressed by the sky-scrapers. I expected to find hideous chimney-stack structures, instead of which, in most cases, they appeared to me to be rather handsome buildings. The proportions naturally appeared to me to be rather odd, compared with what I have been used to, but there are very few I should describe as ugly.

I know one or two people that I should like to take to the top of the Woolworth Building and, showing them the midgets in the street below, say: "Those little crawling flies down there are men like you and me, full of importance and dignity, and that is how you and I appear to other people a few yards away." I think it would do them good.

From New York I went to Boston and saw a little of New England, and liked it immensely. It is so much like Old England that one can actually saunter along without causing any comment.

Boston is not only a delightful town; it is a proper town where the people, quite rightly, take themselves seriously and expect others to do the same. I know it is wrong to laugh at anything connected with Boston, but if I may, without offense, be allowed to be slightly amused, it is at Boston's sentimental side, as shown by the greeting cards (for all occasions) displayed in all the Boston shops.

Apparently, in Boston, when a man's wife dies, you do not write and sympathize with him, but you purchase a daintily illustrated card on which is printed a suitable verse and post that to him. If a man gets married, or

has an addition to his family, or owes you a letter, you do the same. Of course the same card does not serve all occasions, but there is an infinite variety of cards and verses.

If you have no one to send a card to, you buy one for yourself with a nice moral motto on it, and stick it up in your office. I wanted to buy some of these cards, but, while I liked the idea, I could not find a suitable verse. I nearly bought two but backed out at the last minute. One read:

"God cannot be everywhere at once so he invented mothers."

And the other:

*"If I'm lonely and sad and the skies seem black,
Or with friends and the skies seem blue,*

*Each day, each hour and
each minute, dear one,
I'm thinking of only you."*

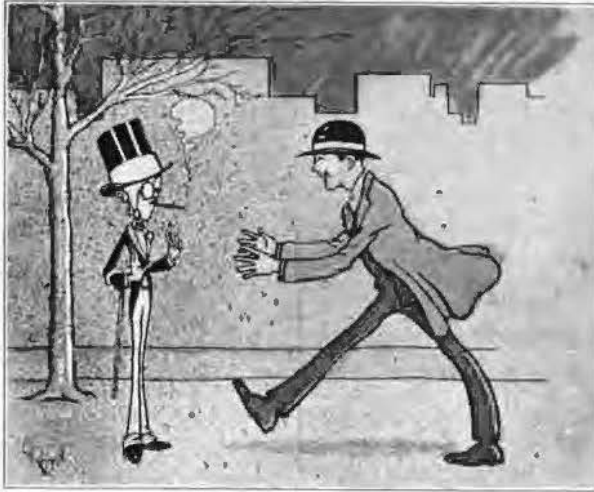
Just in time I remembered what a good mother and what a good wife I had been blessed with, and it did not seem fair to land that kind of dope on them so I bought an "Eversharp" instead:

I was in Boston on July the fourth and fifth and that seemed a suitable occasion to do penance on behalf of my country and to visit Bunker's* Hill, Lexington and Concord, and hear the story of how America gained her inde-

pendence. I suppose every good American has visited these places and knows the story by heart. I went on a sight-seeing car. It is a fine story and an Englishman can hear it and admire it as much as you Americans can, but I think it would sound more impressive if it were not delivered through a megaphone by a man with a mouth full of Spearmint. I really enjoyed that story of the birth of a nation, but as I was the only obvious Britisher on the car and the megaphone was directed rather aggressively in my direction, I felt nervous as I was afraid the chewing gum would lose its moorings.

On July the fifth I visited Revere Beach because there I thought I should see working-class America in holiday mood. Whether I did or not I cannot say; all I know is that the crowd did not talk English. It spoke everything else, including a very little American, but not so much that you could notice it unless you listened carefully. I asked a man if the people were Americans and he told me they were American citizens. There seems to be some subtle distinction between an American and an American citizen.

Shortly after I went to Chicago and this seemed to me to be quite a long distance. The longest distance we can travel in the British Isles, without slipping over the



—but, the American is friendly directly

* Too bad he missed Coney's Island.—ED.

edge, is from Land's End to John o' Groat's, and this is just the distance from New York to Chicago. Of course we do not take a journey like that often, but even when we go two or three hundred miles we gather our family round and have a solemn farewell and pack up several trunks full of clothes, so naturally the easy way in which you board a train armed with a tooth-brush and a spare collar and travel 1,000 miles as if it were a car ride, rather surprised me.

On the journey I decided to put aside my English reserve and talk to everybody within hailing distance. The result was interesting as, besides the usual pleasant ordinary Americans that one meets everywhere in America, I struck a man who spoke broad Yorkshire with an American accent and a man who talked fluent American for a solid hour. He told me a lot, including the fact that America is the land of freedom, that Europe is about played out, and that the British labor party would soon be in power. There were other details, but he ended by shaking hands, saying he was glad he had met me and that a talk between an American and an Englishman was good because it led to a better understanding and taught each something of the other's viewpoint.

The only thing I learnt from him was that when an American says, "Now what do you know about that?" he does not mean to ask a question but just to show his surprise.

I also met a Scotchman. He sat near me and did not say a word until the train pulled up at a station, then

he leant over, extending his hand, and said, "I believe you're British. I'm Scotch myself and I'm delighted to make your acquaintance. I'm getting off here. Good-bye." He seemed a terribly talkative chap for a Scotchman, but I suppose he picked up the habit in America.

I should have mentioned that whilst at Boston I visited Nantasket Beach and the fun city there.

I met a small party of about 1,000 Knights of Columbus. This is I believe an Oriental religious body, as the members all wear Turkish fezzes; the high priests white and the others red. They carry an instrument like a policeman's rattle to call their various members together for worship. When I arrived they were dining and every now and then they broke off to perform some sort of religious rite which consisted of shouting in unison some curious chorus in which "Rah! Rah! Rah!" was frequently repeated. One of their expressions I partly understood. It was, "We wanta _____." What it was they wanted I could not quite gather, but from the look of them I imagine it was an old-fashioned drink with a kick.

A lady on the platform was performing a dance evidently sacred to the K's of C. and known as the "shimmy shake." She was a well-developed lady, and if it had not been for that I should have said it was an uninteresting and easy dance, but as it was I admired her pluck but not her performance.

During my brief visit, I went through several engineering works, including our Hawthorne works, and the



—when we go two or three hundred miles we gather our family around and have a solemn farewell—

general impression I gained was that the men in the workshops seemed to work harder than our workmen, but that the men in English offices work more steadily and harder than the American office staffs. This was my first impression, but of course it was incorrect. The American office workers are the hardest workers in the world. They told me so themselves; in fact, that was about the first thing they did tell me, and they ought to know.

In one office I saw a man sitting sideways at his desk having his shoes shined, and wedged between his left ear and his shoulder was the telephone receiver, leaving both hands free. With his left hand he was sorting papers and with his right hand he was signing letters. He was also dictating letters, presumably with the right side of his mouth and carrying on a telephone conversation with the left. I believe he was also blowing smoke rings out of his ears, but my memory is not a good one and I am not sure of this; anyway that shows how busy he was.

I remember one man who talked to me for three hours, telling me how busy he was. He spent the whole of one Saturday morning telling me about it, and even then he had only told me about half how busy he was, and he would have told me the rest only Babe Ruth happened to be playing somewhere near that day and so he had to leave me.

I do not remember how I met that man. I was probably out of cigars and just strolled into the first office I saw and asked for the president. That reminds me of another impression, viz., the accessibility of important business men in America.

In England the managing director and other important officials of a business company are not, as a rule, available to anybody not armed with a letter of introduction. If you have some real business proposition to put up to such a man, and have plenty of perseverance,

you may succeed in seeing him, but it is a long and tedious process and you are passed from one man to another and severely questioned on your way, so that your enthusiasm is nearly exhausted by the time you reach the august presence; and having reached it the surroundings usually complete your collapse.

The man you are seeing will probably be clad in dark, sober clothes with an impressive display of white shirt front and cuffs.

The office furniture

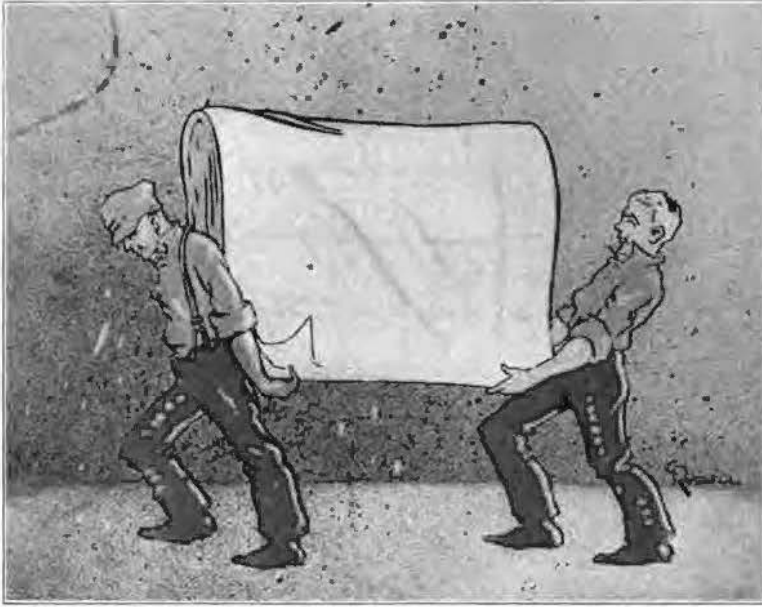
will be of a substantial pattern, rich dark mahogany being a prime favorite, and you are addressed with great courtesy but no enthusiasm.

On the other hand, if you wish to see the President of

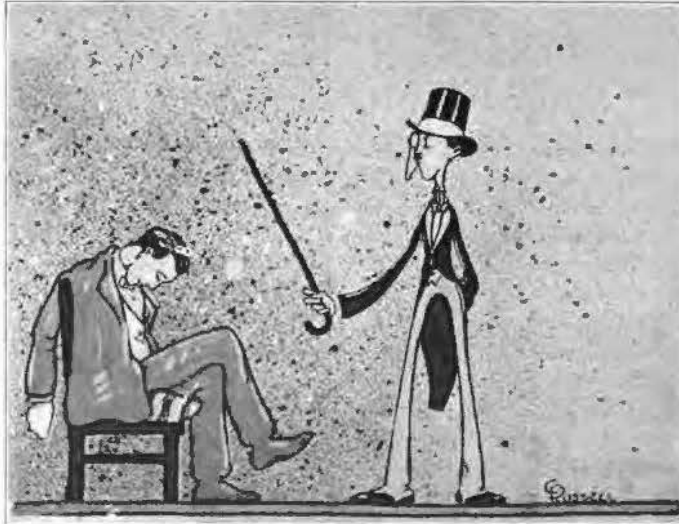
the Something-or-Other (Incorp.) in America you just walk in and see him. He will probably be sitting in his trousers and shirt and will greet you cheerily by throwing over a cigar, telling you to take off your coat and make yourself comfortable, point to a chair and indicate the location of the cuspidor in a practical and skillful manner. After these brief preliminaries he is at your service.

Of course I had not been in America long before I learnt that Englishmen are supposed to have no sense of humor. At first I rather re-

sented this suggestion but later I came to the conclusion that it must be true, for while many things in America amused me, the things that ought to amuse me seldom



—you issue Sunday editions of your newspaper that have to be carried to your room by two strong men



I imagine you have by now got rather tired

did. This led me into several difficulties as I really wanted to see the joke but I invariably laughed in the wrong place.

Take your papers, for instance. I tried hard to see the funny side of those pictures you are so fond of. I did not casually approach the matter in a flippant mood, but I seriously tackled the subject determined to be amused. I even consulted a slang dictionary to find out what the remarks issuing from the various characters' mouths meant, but it was not very successful. Mutt and Jeff did manage to raise a smile at times, but "Bringing Up Father," "Miss Bean of Boston" and the rest of them were usually too deep for me.

Then take another instance. I heard that you were suffering from a paper shortage. We also had quite a good one during the war, but do you think we could



—just strolled into the first office I saw, and asked for the president

see the joke of it? Not at all. We just halved the size of our newspapers and doubled the price and of course nobody laughed. You talk about a paper shortage and use scribbling paper in the offices that is an insult to any self-respecting pencil, but you issue Sunday editions of your newspapers that have to be carried to your room by two strong men, and would take a week to read through if you ever read them through. We should never think of such a humorous solution of the difficulty as that.

I imagine you have by now got rather tired of my impressions, so I will conclude with the last, formed on my way home after thinking over my visit. It is, that the American in his own country is the most hospitable and kindly person one would ever wish

to meet; that he is intensely and very rightly proud of his country, and that the bond of kinship and friendship between America and England is too closely knit for any politician or scaremonger on either side to break during the time that we are likely to be interested in worldly affairs.



From Tom to Bill

(Both formerly of the 33rd Division, A. E. F.)

Dear Bill:

Not having seen you in town lately, I thought I would write you. As usual, Hoagland is turning over all the hard nuts to me to crack. He tells me I am the "knock 'em dead" kid and take it from me I have not fallen down on a single job yet.

He called me in his office the other day and told me about a gink in town whom we have been trying to land for five years and none of the various pedlars who had the account had even secured a foothold. He said to me, "This guy, Picard, is a frog-eater and I believe he belongs to the French Society of Chicago, and I noticed he was one of the committee that welcomed Carpentier, the champion pug of Europe, when he landed here the other day. I heard you and Bill jabbering trench French at each other the other day and I think, if you spill some of that frog-eating chatter, maybe you can get under his skin and secure his lamp contract, which comes up the first of next month, and once we have his lamp contract we will be sure of getting a lot of his supply business."

As I made my getaway Hoagland yelled after me, "Don't tell that guy the ten-foot candle club fob you are wearing is a Croix de Guerre that you got for killing Germans, as he might check you up and find out you were only a mess sergeant, then he would be wondering how you happened to be cooking for the Germans."

So I breezes over to see this Frenchy and sends in my card, and after some introductory remarks I says:

Me—"Parlez vous Francais?"

Customer—"Oui."

Me—"Nettoyez mes chaussures."

Customer—"Réveillez-moi quand le dîner sera prêt."

Me—"Combien de temps faut-il pour aller d'ici a la place du marché?"

Customer—"Mettez du thé dans ce bidon."

Me—"Dites au garçon de porter cette lettre et d'attendre une réponse."

Well, Bill, to cut a long story short, we jabbered back and forth for about a half-hour—me giving him some hot shots of arguments (you know me) in choice French and he finally caved in and fell for my line of gab as they all do an gave me the contract for \$20,000.00! Maybe Rider will give me an invite to see the cubs wallopp the giants some day!

And that ain't all, we're now getting practically all of his other electrical biz to. The big boss Cullinan stopt me in the hall to-day and asked me how I done it. Well I've got to beat it now as Hoagland wants all us pedlars out of the office every day by 9:30 so I will close.

Your buddy,
Tom.

Go West, Young Man—Go West

One never knows what distressing situations one may encounter when one forsakes one's own fireside. Does one?

Adam Kostulski, who for 13 years decorated the Chicago office, was transferred to Omaha several months ago. Someone had warned him that this was a bad town and when he alighted from the train, he carried his bag in one hand and a gatling gun in the other. Seeing no Indians or cowboys in the depot, he throttled a wild impulse to run and managed to reach the street in an orderly manner where he inquired of a taxi driver, "could he take him to The Hotel." The driver "allowed as how he could," and two minutes later Coz, white and trembling was hanging to the seat while the car swung madly through a mob of hooting, shooting Western cowpunchers. Did Coz jerk out his colts and yell defiance at the mob? Coz did not! He was down on the floor of the car, was Coz, trying to crawl into his bag. He had just thrown out his last suit of

pajamas and his other shirt when they reached the hotel.

This story should end here, but for the benefit of those who may some day care to visit Omaha, let us add that Kostulski arrived in Omaha during the Ak-Sar-Ben carnival and on the very night of the race riot. We have a carnival every fall, but we seldom have race riots, in fact that was our first, and we hope our last experience of that kind. We never see an Indian or a cowboy except during the carnival. Well, we might qualify that statement by saying that when we see them at other times, they are conspicuous only by their faultless etiquette and by the smartly tailored clothing they wear.

A few days later Kostulski sold his return ticket to a scalper and telegraphed his folks that he wasn't coming right home after all. You should see him now! He wears spats and an ingrowing mustache, and it wouldn't surprise us if he came to work some morning sporting a cane and a monocle.



The new West Street Cafeteria has as here shown a department de Luxe



TRANSLATION -
 The Ministry of Communications hereby awards to D.T. Carey an Honorary Medal on account of the Meritorious Services he has rendered. In witness thereof this Certificate is issued by
 (Sd) TSENG YU-CHUN
 MINISTER OF COMMUNICATIONS.
 The 20th Day of the 1st Month of the 9th Year of the Republic of China (or 1/20/20.)



Clark H. Minor
 General Manager China
 Electric Company Ltd. of Peking
 and the medal presented
 him by the Chinese Government.



TRANSLATION -
 The President of the Republic of China hereby presents to J.L.M. Quarmie, Representative of the Western Electric Company of the U.S.A. the Chia-Ho (Excellent Crop) Decoration of the 4th Class in order to show his appreciation of close relations. Under mandate of the 20th day of the 3rd month (March) of the 9th year of the Republic of China (1920).
 ISSUED THE 20th DAY OF THE 3rd MONTH (MARCH) OF THE 9th YEAR OF THE REPUBLIC OF CHINA (1920) (Sd) KUO YU-YUN, Chief of Bureau of Appointments.
 No. 100 16



D.T. Carey of the Peking
 House and his
 decoration.



J.L.M. Quarmie Asst. Chief Engineer
 at West Street and his
 medal

Western Electric Company,
 INCORPORATED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
 125 BROADWAY
 NEW YORK December 27, 1920.

C. S. KIM, General Manager,
 China Electric Company, Limited,
 1 Pao Chang-by Road,
 Peking, China.

Dear Mr. Kim:

I have just learned that last spring you were decorated by the President of the Republic of China with the Chia-ho (Excellent Crop) Decoration of the Fourth Class, as an appreciation of the close relations existing between you and the Government, and I desire to take this opportunity of offering you my sincere congratulations.

The well deserved honor which has come to you, as has been to me not only a recognition of your own services, but also a recognition of the assistance which the Company you represent has been able to render to the Chinese Government. From time to time, we feel the presentation of this Decoration is a great honor to the Company as well as to yourself.

Western Electric Company,
 INCORPORATED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
 125 BROADWAY
 NEW YORK December 27, 1920.

Mr. J. L. QUARMIE,
 Electrical Engineer, Limited,
 1 West Ontario Street,
 Peking, China.

Dear Mr. Quarmie:

I have just learned that you have been awarded by the President of the Republic of China the Meritorious Services Medal on account of the Meritorious Services which you have rendered to the Government, and I desire to take this opportunity of offering you my sincere congratulations.

The well deserved honor which has come to you, as has been to me not only a recognition of your own services, but also a recognition of the assistance which the Company you represent has been able to render to the Chinese Government. From time to time, we feel the presentation of this Medal is a great honor to the Company as well as to yourself.

Very truly yours,
 C. S. Kim, General Manager,
 China Electric Company, Limited.

Letters of Commendation
 from C.G. Dubois, President
 of the Western Electric
 Company to Messrs
 Minor, M^{rs} Quarmie
 and Carey

Western Electric Company,
 INCORPORATED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
 125 BROADWAY
 NEW YORK December 27, 1920.

J. L. QUARMIE, Electrical Chief Engineer,
 125 West Ontario Street, New York City.

Dear Mr. Quarmie:

I have just learned that, during your recent visit to China, you were awarded by the President of the Republic of China the Meritorious Services Medal on account of the Meritorious Services which you have rendered to the Government, and I desire to take this opportunity of offering you my sincere congratulations.

The well deserved honor which has come to you, as has been to me not only a recognition of your own services, but also a recognition of the assistance which the Company you represent has been able to render to the Chinese Government. From time to time, we feel the presentation of this Decoration is a great honor to the Company as well as to yourself.

Very truly yours,
 C. S. Kim, General Manager,
 China Electric Company, Limited.



Japan and China Honor Western Electric Trio

THE days when Asia was looked upon as the land of fable and mystery are memories of the past. To-day we find the natives of the Orient doing their best to outstrip the rest of the world in the adoption of the latest developments of science and progress. Instead of being away off by themselves as they were in time of Marco Polo, they are intimately connected with everything that goes on, anywhere, and all the time.

The coming of the naval cable, the telegraph, the telephone, and the wireless have struck off the last bonds which held the peoples of the Orient to the past.

The Western Electric Company has taken more than an ordinary interest in the awakening of Asia. Acting in its capacity as the oldest and greatest producer of transmission apparatus in the world, it has been busy for years aiding the folks in China and Japan to get the "hello" habit. The China Electric Company in Peking and the Nippon Electric Company in Tokio are veterans in the campaign to bring the East closer to the West.

China and Japan have not been slow to realize our interest in their welfare. In both countries we have always been able to count upon every available government agency. Everywhere we have experienced the most sincere courtesy. Western Electric pioneers have received one honor after another as marks of the high esteem in which they are held in the continent across the Pacific. The latest governmental accolade to members

of the company is the honors just bestowed upon J. L. McQuarrie, assistant chief engineer, and upon C. H. Minor and P. T. Carey, of the China Electric Company.

Mr. McQuarrie, who has just returned from the Orient, was decorated by the Emperor of Japan before he sailed for home. He received the Order of the Rising Sun, fifth class, in recognition of his services in the telephone engineering field and the aid he has rendered in the development of Japanese transmission progress.

C. H. Minor, general manager of the China Electric Company, has been decorated by the President of the Republic of China with the Chia-ke (Excellent Crop) decoration of the fourth class. The award was issued by Kuo Isu-Yun, chief of the Bureau of Appointments. It was given in recognition of the assistance which the China Electric Company has been able to render to the Chinese Government.

P. T. Carey, engineer of the China Electric Company, who was presented with an honorary medal by the Chinese Government last spring for his cooperation with the Bureau of Communications of the celestial republic, has been further honored. He has been appointed Honorary Technical Advisor to the Chinese Government Electrical Testing Bureau. At the present time, the testing bureau is in a state of infancy, but it has prepared elaborate plans for the future.



Farewell, Sleep!—Loud Speaking Devices Added to Nursery Accessories

UNLESS scientific progress declares a halt soon, there will be little respite for the parents of the next decade. The day when the proud fathers could hide their heads under the covers those winter nights and console themselves with the thought that a little squawking would work to the vocal advantage of their young hopefuls, is no more. P. A. Curry, an inventive citizen of Baker, Oregon, has come to the aid of the neglected infants.

Mr. Curry is a father who takes his state with a certain sense of responsibility. Not long ago he attended a demonstration of the latest developments in the electrical world. A few days later he communicated with our office at Portland, Oregon, requesting full information on the loud speaker, the magnifying apparatus which has been used recently to carry the voice at the big conventions and meetings throughout the country.

It happens that Curry the younger sleeps in the porch nursery. His biggest source of complaint is the fact that on several occasions he has had to do without company in the wee small hours because his cries were unheard by his sire. This calamity is to be relieved. Curry the senior has made plans to wire the nursery. Three loud speaking transmitters will be installed over the infant's bed connecting with a receiver over that of his father.

International W. E. Installs Huge Cable Project in Sweden

A FEW weeks ago the Swedish steamer *Stureholm* arrived at Stockholm bearing the first instalment of what is probably one of the most important electrical shipments ever made from this country to Europe. Twenty-four car loads of underground cable apparatus were in its cargo.

The shipment is part of the gigantic underground cable system which the Swedish Government intends to install between Stockholm and Goteborg. It will be 820 miles long. When it is completed it will be the greatest underground cable line in Europe, and second in the world only to the 450-mile line now operating between Boston and Washington. It will be capable of carrying two hundred conversations simultaneously from Stockholm to its other terminus.

To complete the big Swedish project, it will be necessary to manufacture a total of 425,000,000 conductor feet of cable, 25,000 loading coils, and 8 repeater stations with 800 repeaters. If this all were connected in series it would give an amplification sufficient to enable one to talk over a cable circuit 15,000 miles long, or a non-loaded open-wire circuit 125,000 miles long, or a loaded open-wire circuit 800,000 miles long, or about twelve times around the earth.

The installation of the big cable line will require about a thousand workmen.

A Visit to the Orient—Japan

By J. L. McQuarrie, Assistant Chief Engineer

THE Far East, the land of opposites, has ever been an alluring objective to the Americans. From the early days of mystery and adventure which were associated with the countries of the Orient to the present period of "Eastern problems," that section of the world which lies beyond the Pacific has excited the interest of our people.

It was with a good deal of pleasure, therefore, that I set out from San Francisco on September 18 to visit Japan and China. The journey across, with a short stay at Honolulu, was delightful and I had about concluded that Balboa was right when he named it the Pacific, but I had to change my opinion somewhat on returning by the northern route; it is quite evident that Bal only saw a part of it.

The steamer party, as to be expected, was a mixed lot—world tourists, Sunday-school conventioners, Japanese students, and American business men. There isn't anything like a long ocean trip to level off social inequalities and when the journey ends everyone knows everyone else. There were enough live ones aboard to keep things moving in the form of entertainment so that when we reached Yokohama, after a voyage of eighteen days, most of us were rather sorry the trip had ended.

The stay at Honolulu was for a period of twelve hours. I had a very pleasant visit with the officials of the Mutual Telephone Company and they were kind enough to show me the points of interest. Waikiki Beach attracts most of the visitors; they tell you they go there to see the wonderful surf riders, but there are other attractions on the beach which appear to draw the largest crowd.

I was met at Yokohama by Mr. Nakayama and Mr. Iwata, of the Nippon Electric Company, and proceeded at once to Tokyo.



Hawaiians diving after coins

The arrangement and architecture of the larger cities of Japan represents a mixture of the East and West. There are broad, paved business streets, lined with stone and brick buildings, as well as unpaved streets with native buildings constructed of wood, straw and paper. The native buildings, particularly the dwelling houses, are always interesting to the foreigner; they are built of wood, unpainted— one or two stories in height—with

roofs of tile or straw. The windows usually contain a number of small size frames filled with panes of translucent paper. Upon entering a Japanese house, one observes first that it contains no furniture; second, that the woodwork is unpainted; and third, that it is spotlessly clean. Chairs are not required because the Japanese sit on the floor or upon small cushions placed on the floor; food is served on individual trays, and beds are prepared by spreading a mattress on the floor when required. There are even no hooks on which to hang one's clothes—it is the custom to fold the garments and place them on the floor. The interior woodwork is polished and treated with a thin coat of oil or lacquer, which preserves the natural color. The partitions between rooms are in the form of sliding panels, the walls and ceilings are tinted with plain, pleasing colors and the floors are covered with thick matting of straw. One of the reasons for cleanliness results from the practice of removing the shoes at the door before entering the house.

The food of the Japanese is of particular interest to a visitor. Rice is the

principal item of diet, and they certainly know how to prepare it,—soups, with fish or meat bases, cooked fish, raw fish, a vegetable of the carrot family named *daikon*, cakes made from a sweet bean and tea are usually served. The quantity of meat served is very much less than that to which we are accustomed. The food is eaten with chop sticks and, of course, this is a novel experience. You may be curious to know whether I liked raw fish. It isn't so bad; it is prepared in short, narrow strips and when flavored with a sort of Worcestershire sauce, served with it, it is quite palatable.

The street life is always interesting. Quite a number of the men wear foreign style of clothes; the native male's outer garment is a form of robe or kimono, usually of dark color. The women also wear kimonos of dark color, but the younger children are very gay, their little kimonos are covered with large figures of flowers, birds or conventional designs in reds, blues, greens and yellows. The footwear is a type of sandal made of wood or straw. It is held in place by means of two straps which pass diagonally over the front of the foot, meeting at a point between the large and the second toe, the



The bronze Buddha at Kammakura.
It is fifty feet high



On the beach at Waikiki

stockings being provided with what might be called a thumb for the large toe to provide an opening for the strap. In wet weather, when the streets are muddy, sandals with projections at the bottom are worn to keep the feet above the surface of the road. Some of these are two or three inches high and look like miniature tilts. The Japanese type of foot-gear appears to require an effort on the part of the wearer to keep it from coming off. This may account for the peculiar shuffling gait of the native.

One of the prominent features of the women's dress is a large wide sash which is wound about the outer garment and tied in a huge knot at the back. The Japanese women, as a rule, do not wear jewelry, but they find expression for expensive taste in their sashes, some of which, I was told, are as much as fifteen feet in length and are beautifully woven and embroidered. Another noticeable feature of the women's make-up is the method of dressing the hair—there is one form for little girls, another for unmarried women, a different method for those who are married, and still another for widows. The widow's is merely cut off short; the others are built around forms of different design.

A peculiarity which attracts the attention of the visitor is the extensive use of face powder by the women and the curious method of applying it; they make use of an abundance and it shows very distinctly. I had thought that this was merely an improper use of an article adopted from the foreigner, but was surprised to learn that face powder was first employed by the Orientals and the practice was taken over by the women of the West.

The country seems to be filled with children and they are a healthy, happy lot, but there are no perambulators. The babies are carried about on the backs of grandmothers, mothers, little brothers and little sisters; it was interesting to see groups of little boys, with babies strapped to their backs,

playing baseball and running bases. Baseball, by the way, is very popular with the rising generation in Japan.

In some of the little shops the articles on sale are manufactured by members of the family within the view of the customer; and most of the native shops display their wares in the open, not behind windows.



Left to right: Standing—Mr. Nishizaki, Sumitomo Co.; Mr. Condict, Int. W. E. Co.; Mr. Yajima, Sumitomo Co. Sitting—Mr. McQuarrie, W. E. Co.; Mrs. Iwadare, Mr. Yukawa, Sumitomo Co.; Mr. Iwadare, Nippon Electric Co.

In the streets one finds a variety of conveyances, the rickshaw being the most conspicuous. This is a two-wheel, lightly built vehicle accommodating one person, drawn by man-power; the wheels are provided with pneumatic tires; the motive power proceeds at a sort of dog-trot and he keeps up the gait for long periods without apparent fatigue. The peculiarity about the horse-drawn drays and trucks is that they are all one-horse vehicles and the driver does not ride, he precedes the horse and directs

him by means of a rope. There are quite a few automobiles in the large cities; they are all imported and gasoline is expensive. The striking feature of the transportation in the street is the extensive use of man-power; men are seen with what we would regard as tremendous loads on their backs, and quantities of goods are transported by men with bundles slung from the two ends of a pole which is supported on the shoulder. It is a common thing to see large two-wheel carts with heavy loads

drawn by one or more men.

So much for the city life. The country is very interesting and pleasing. There are green hills and mountains in abundance; in fact, the larger part of Japan is mountainous. There are no large farms; the farm land is either owned or leased in very small parcels and the farmers live in villages nearby. The crops are subjected to intense



The most famous peak in Japan—Mount Fujiyama—12,000 feet above sea level

cultivation. It seems as though an effort is made to have each grain of soil give up all that it contains. Even the slopes on the hillsides are terraced and cultivated.

The scenery at some points is particularly beautiful. I visited Nikko, Kyoto, Maiko, Osaka and some of the



The Japanese jitney—the rickshaw

The Inland Sea is a body of water separated from the main land by a string of islands, and it is a very picturesque piece of water scenery. On a visit to one of these islands, I stayed overnight at a Japanese villa near the top of a mountain, and this was my first experience in living at a Japanese house. The journey down the mountain in the morning gave me an opportunity to see something of the countryside life of Japan.

At Kyoto, one of the old capitals of the Empire, more temples and palaces were visited, as well as a wonderful Japanese garden; the Japanese are masters of the art of landscape gardening. A visit was also made to the tomb of the former Emperor, an impressive hemisphere of stone set on a great hill in a group of trees.

A curious object was observed at one of the temples, consisting of a huge coil of rope made from human hair. It contained about 500 feet of hawser, about 3 inches in diameter. The hair from which this rope was fabricated was contributed by women as a religious offering. The rope is used to transport the logs employed in the construction of the temple. Visits were also made to workshops at Kyoto, to observe the manufacture of brocaded silk and cloisonné ware; the latter was very interesting. The process



A study in Japanese transportation methods

islands of the Inland Sea. It was autumn and the maple trees were taking on their winter colors. This, by the way, is an object of great beauty, and with the cherry blossoms in the spring is much admired by visitors as well as by the Japanese. At Nikko there are some fine temples set among giant trees. The temples are decorated with remarkable wood carvings of animals, birds, flowers and trees, and they contain some curious objects of religious character.

consists of soldering fine wire to a metal surface, such as that of a vase, in outline of objects which are to form the decoration—flowers, birds, etc. The spaces between the wires are filled with enamel of various colors, which is baked at high temperature. The surface is then polished and an outer coating of enamel applied, resulting in some very beautiful effects.

At Maiko, Mr. Condict and I were entertained at Baron Sumitomo's villa and it was a gracious compliment to us, as the house had been visited at times by the former Emperor. There is a park at Maiko containing some fine old pine trees of the spreading, curiously formed variety. It is of interest to note that the Japanese venerate their old trees. Props are provided for the sagging limbs and every effort is made to preserve them.

Osaka is an industrial city—a Japanese Pittsburgh. I visited a wire and cable factory which looked like a miniature Hawthorne, a large steel mill, and a copper and brass sheet and tube mill. When one sees Osaka and considers that it is but sixty years since Japan was first introduced to Western civilization, it must be said that they are a resourceful and progressive people.

No visitor to Japan has enjoyed all its pleasures without a dinner at a tea house; the tea house is in a sense the Japanese man's restaurant and club. When he entertains a friend he does not invite him to his home, he takes him to his favorite tea house. The host does not entertain at home, because it is not the custom in Japan for a married woman to take part in her husband's social activities. Marriages in Japan do not result from propinquity or an introduction at a jazz party, they are matters of arrangement between the families of the bride and groom.



Geisha playing the Japanese equivalent of battledore and shuttlecock



Taking the family to market

I was informed that before marriage a Japanese woman obeys her parents, when married she obeys her husband, and in later life she obeys her children. When the eldest son marries it is the practice for him and his wife to live with his parents and it is said that sometimes mother does not make life easy for Cho-Cho-San.

The Japanese have not adopted from Western civilization that great American principle of liberty which prescribes the beverages one is permitted to use, so that on the occasion of a dinner at a tea house they offer their guests a light, mild rice wine named "Sake." It is served warm, in a small cup holding not more than a tablespoonful, the number of spoonfuls desired being, of course, optional.

The entertainers at these dinners are sometimes jugglers or acrobats, but there are usually Geishas. The Geisha is a dancing girl, who is not of the Winter Garden type; their gowns are even more modest than the prevailing American street style. The dances are usually interpretative of some Japanese historical incident.

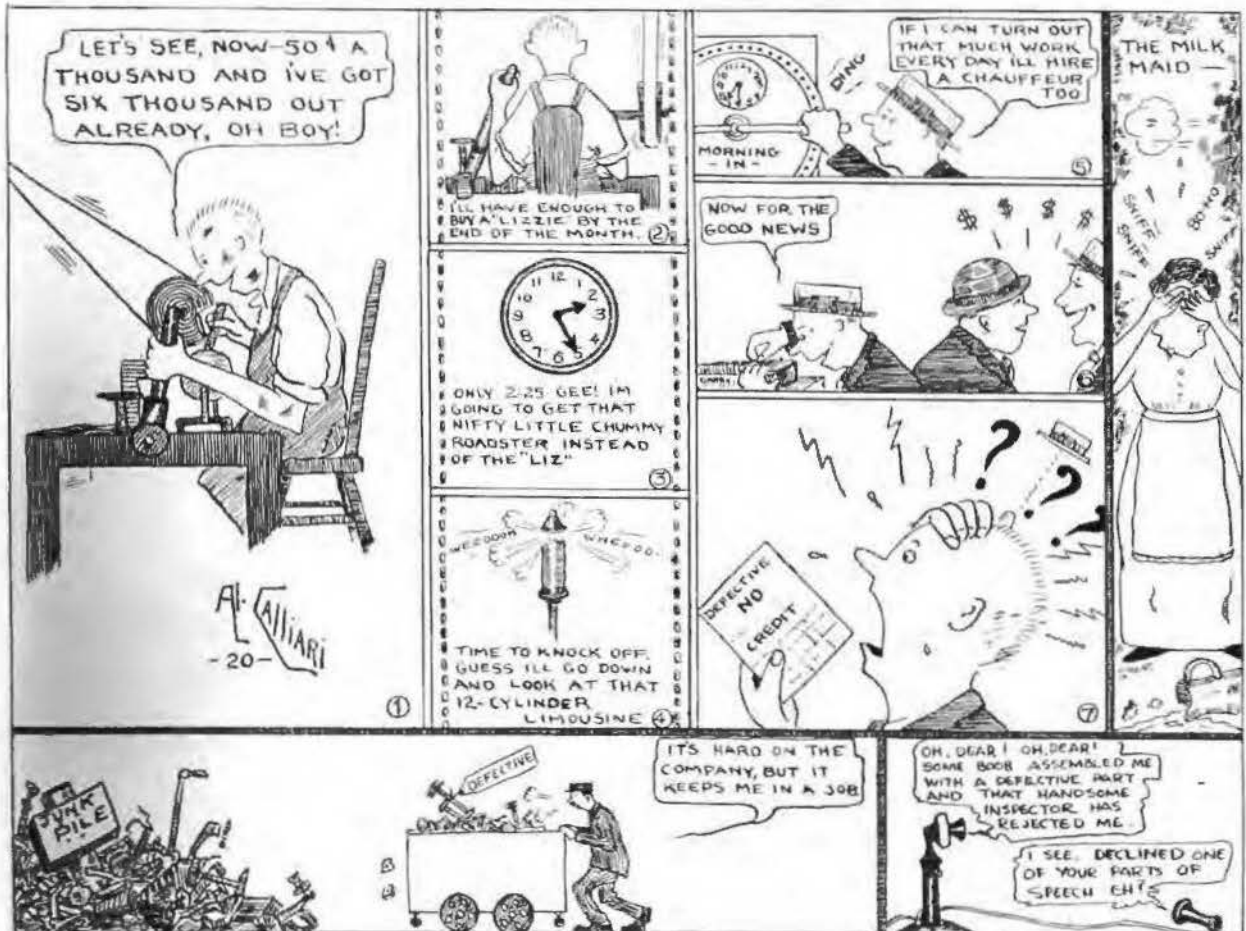
I attended a performance at the Imperial Theater as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Iwadare, to whom I am indebted for many of the enjoyable experiences during my visit. The performance begins at four o'clock in the afternoon and finishes at eleven in the evening, with intermission at six for dinner. The stage can revolve so that

a new scene may be set up in advance and turned into place at short notice. A sort of box is provided at the side of the stage to accommodate a reader and a musician, who interpolates parts of the dialogue in a sing-song voice, punctuated by notes from the samisen, a banjo-like instrument with three strings. The female parts are portrayed by old men with high-pitched voices. The plays represented melodramatic incidents of Japanese history.

Some of my friends have asked me what I think of the Japanese. I was but a transient visitor and am, therefore, not qualified to speak with high authority. I may say, however, that I was very favorably impressed. They are intelligent, resourceful and progressive, they are very industrious, they are frugal and they are clean. I do not know what the statistics may show, but I venture to say that the Japanese farmer can get more out of a poor piece of soil than any one on earth. His industry is marvelous.

I had heard a great deal about Japanese courtesy and I found it to be all that had been represented. The officials of the Nippon Electric Company, those of the Government Telephone Department, and others whom I met during my visit were most cordial and I left the country with a desire that I might return again.

Note—Mr. McQuarrie's article on China will appear in an early issue of the News.



Detroit Gets Its Full Citizenship Papers

MOST of us are familiar with the old parable of the Prodigal Son, but the new parable of the Prodigal Father may some day be enacted in the Middle West, as the writer will endeavor to demonstrate in the article which follows:

The Detroit Supply Department became an independent branch house on January 1. The Company has maintained a house at Detroit for several years, but heretofore that house always has been the strong right arm of the Chicago organization. To use a domestic illustration that will be appreciated by all, the Detroit house was the rich plum in the Chicago pudding.

An independent branch house at Detroit means that such important functions as stock maintenance, purchasing, billing, bookkeeping, adjusting of claims, credit work and other office work in which the customer is vitally concerned will be done quickly at Detroit, instead of in a round-about way at Chicago. The customer will benefit greatly by this change, it is expected.

Since 1900 the city of Detroit has driven forward so rapidly that even its own inhabitants find difficulty in realizing its greatness.

In population, Detroit is now the fourth city in the U. S. A., and in industry it has jumped from the sixteenth to the third city in fifteen years.

The government census of 1910 gave Detroit a popu-

lation of 465,766. The 1920 census accredited Detroit proper with a population of 998,789. Hamtramck and Highland Park, independent municipalities, with a combined population of 95,154, are completely enclosed within the boundaries of Detroit. Adding their popula-

tion to that of Detroit, we have 1,088,893 people living within the boundaries of the city of Detroit.

So the population of Detroit has more than doubled in ten years. Assuming that people are going to continue to ride in automobiles, it seems logical for an optimist to conclude that Detroit will double again in population in the next ten years and in twenty years will have a population in excess of that of Chicago.

Possibly about that time the Chicago house will be made a branch warehouse of the Detroit organization and there you will have the parable of the Prodigal Father.

A. R. Maynard, an old-time W. E. salesman, is manager of the Detroit

House; F. J. Kelly, formerly credit manager at Cleveland, is credit manager; and R. F. Young, late of the Chicago stores department, is stores manager. All of them are men who have grown up in the W. E. service.

The pictures which accompany this article are by the camera of A. W. Hillis, the official photographer of the Detroit house, who makes a very good living as a city salesman and gets his relaxation from photography.

—R. F. Young.



DETROIT HOUSE COMMITTEE

F. J. Kelley, Credit Manager; R. F. Young, Stores Manager; and A. R. Maynard, Manager



A good insight into the real works of the latest house to grow up



Two of these cars are natives of the city which boasts the new full grown house

Probably You Often Call Yourself Down

Why Not Call Yourself Up Some Time?

Of course, we realize that a man who talks to himself is under some suspicion of mental insolvency, despite the witty explanation of the man who said that he did it for two reasons: First, because he liked to talk to an intelligent man; and, second, because he liked to hear an intelligent man talk. So, even though you are a married man and may feel the need of saying a word or two now and then, it is perhaps wise to take a few precautions before talking to yourself where the public might overhear you. But precautions can be carried to extremes, don't you think? Or what would be your opinion of this:

The other day H. M. Koll, of the telephone apparatus methods department at Hawthorne, wanted to call up his brother, whose telephone number he remembered as 1745. He got that number and asked to speak to Koll. "Hold the wire, please," replied the man on 1745. "I'll see if I can get him for you."

While Koll was waiting, his neighbor, P. E. Kern, walked over to him. "Say, Koll," he announced, "somebody wants to talk to you on Beal's 'phone."

"All right," replied Koll. "I'll be there in just a minute."

The minute dragged out into hours, the hours into days, the days into years, the years into eternities—well, perhaps we are stretching that minute a little too far. Anyway Koll waited a long time—maybe even longer than that, but apparently the man who had gone to find his brother must have worked as a messenger boy in his youth, for nothing happened. More-over it continued to happen until Koll finally decided to lay his receiver down and answer the man waiting for him on Beal's 'phone.

He did so. "Koll talking," he announced. Nobody appeared to be interested. "Hello," he ventured, but his unknown auditor elected not to respond to such a familiar form of address. Perhaps the formality of the English telephone salutation would appeal to him. Koll tried it. "Are you theah?" he asked. If he was his auditor refused to answer on advice of counsel.

Koll began to be just a little peeved. He tried several more vain "Hellos" and was just about to reverse the order and put the "o" first when he happened to glance at the number of the telephone. It was 1-7-4-5!

I'll Loan My Chaucer But Not My Chew, Sir!

Eddy Kraft was his name, and I will not deny
In regard to the same what the name would imply,
But his smile it was guileless and childlike
And tobacco he never would buy.

One of these evenings we'll call Bret Harte on the ouija board and apologize to him for taking such liberties with his "Heathen Chinees" poem, but we refuse to apologize to that heathen, Eddy Kraft, of the Hawthorne machine and analysis department.

You see, Eddy chews when he chooses, but it's seldom when he chews that he chooses to chew his own chewing. That's a little complex, but the point is that by the Krafty method of borrowing everybody else's "chewing tobacco" Eddy succeeded admirably in putting it all over the tobacco trust last year.

Now Eddie is a bad little boy and he doesn't believe in Santa Claus, so to teach him a lesson a lot of his chewsen—we should say chosen—friends clubbed in together and took up a collection. Realizing that it would be a cold day before Eddy got any tobacco of his own, they invested the whole sum in Polar Bear and filled Eddy's desk with it from garret to cellar.

As soon as Eddy discovered his riches a procession of borrowers began. Apparently every man in the telephone apparatus shops suddenly developed the chewing-tobacco habit and braced Eddy for the wherewithall to indulge it. By evening that Polar Bear was as bare as a pole.

But anyway Eddie got through one day without having to borrow any eating tobacco.

Someone Had to Swing for This!

Jack Shea, head of the Manufacturing Planning Division, and "Rob" Robertson, head of the Final Inspection Division, recently went to Rochester, N. Y., on a business trip. On their return each of them vouchered expenses for one-half an upper berth. Now there is no general instruction and nothing in the financial handbook that allows the voucher department to question the expense, but just to settle a bet would the gentlemen mind telling which one slept in the hammock.



Engineering student studies Western Electric lines

Explicit Information Received by a Branch House

Dear Sir: I receive your letter about what I owe you.
Now be pashent. I ain't forgot you and soon as folks pay me
I'll pay you, but if this was judgment day and you no more prepared
to meet your God than I am to meet your account, then you sho
going to hell. Goodby,



CORDORAL LENTZ, OF THE HOME GUARD, LETS-LT. STONE, U.S.A., KNOW THAT GEORGE WASHINGTON WAS BORN RIGHT IN LINCOLNSHIRE - "ABAHT A MILE FROM 'ERE!"



BAWLING OUT AND **TICKING OFF**
THE TWO SEEM TO HAVE A CURIOUSLY DIFFERENT EFFECT ON THE YANKS 'URTY

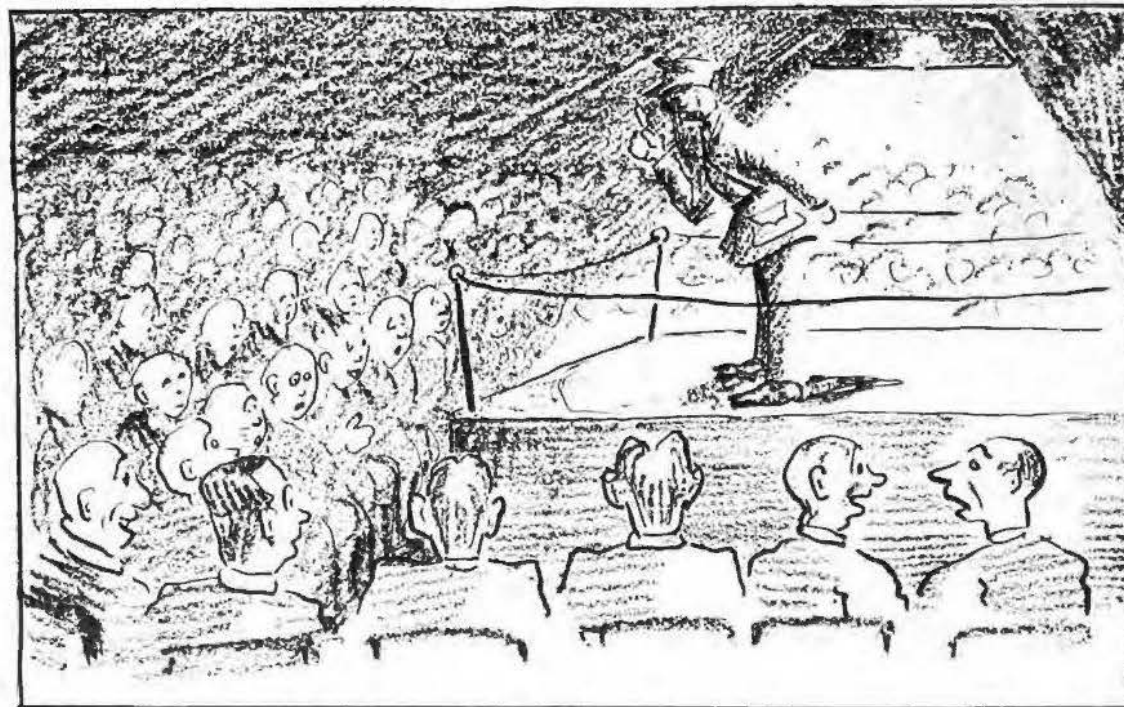
These sketches, drawn by a Western Electric veteran of the American Air Service



E ADJUTANT,
ING AGAINST
OR A "GASPER"



PRIVATE SPARERIBS, U.S. AIR SERVICE, SHOWS SURPRISE WHEN CAPTAIN BANGS, A.S.C., DECLARES THE SOLDIER IS NOT DRESSED PER REGULATIONS (BRITISH REGS)



HICKS, "CAHN'T
YER HABSTEEMYS!"

"LEFTENANT" THISTLE-WHISTLE INFORMS THE AMERICAN SOLDIERY THAT IT IS NOT SPORTSMANLIKE TO MAKE A NOISE AT A BOXING-MATCH.

and, form an interesting contrast to Mr. T. F. Lee's story of his adventures in this country.

"Lest He Forget"

By "Tuck"

RAYMOND TAYLOR came out of his boss' office and slammed the door with a gesture of disgust. He had forgotten again. The boss had just registered a "call." It was either improvement or the "can" and the boss didn't seem to care which.

He had given Raymond a sequence switch early that morning with orders to have some changes made on it so he could show it to J.J. at four o'clock. Raymond took it to the Model Shop, got a promise of four and then lost consciousness as far as the sequence switch was concerned. He was a victim of overconfidence—not in himself but in the non-skid qualities of the Model Shop. And now, his boss told him, J.J. was pacing the floor emitting blue flame from his nostrils and twisting out words which, it would seem, only an asbestos-coated tongue could form and an asbestos covered tympanum transmit to fireproof gray matter.

A poor memory had harassed Raymond all his life. At the beginning of each New Year—and many times between—he resolved never to forget again but after a few days had passed he had forgotten so many times that his resolution was rendered obsolete. But now he was becoming desperate for how can a man who forgets expect to be remembered on that great day of reckoning which comes but twice a year when the live guys are rewarded. Not so long ago



The latest designs in clocked hosiery

he had doubled his responsibilities by annexing a "rib" and had recently trebled them—sometimes he felt more than trebled them—and simply must be remembered!

During his ride home in the subway, instead of studying the latest designs in clocked hosiery so neatly crossed and re-crossed before him, he switched his

attention from inspection to introspection and reviewed his short-comings. By the time he reached home the "little glooms" were perched on him as thick as flies on a picnic dinner. As he opened the door and stepped into his quiet, cozy little apartment, however, a feeling of repose and security came over him. Here, at least, was refuge from the carping world of criticism. Just at this instant a shrill voice shattered his dream, "Raymond! Where are the pastries?"

"Oh, the pastries! Yes—a—"

"Forgot 'em, I suppose. Your memory is about as long as—as—well, you haven't got any memory at all. What do you use that bulgy thing on top of your neck for—just to carry your hair?"

"Gee whiz! Why don't you buy your stuff out here? I've got something more important to think about than pastries and truck like that."

"Important! I don't see how anybody could trust you with anything important."

That ended it. All communication was cut off and dinner was a dumb affair except for the sharp rattle of the silver-plated sabers and the dull grind of the molars. Even the baby seemed to feel the spirit of silence and slept through the whole procedure—something unprecedented. The usual rules of nutritive warfare were suspended by mutual consent and the orders of the evening were reach and grab. After dinner Raymond took refuge in the *Saturday Evening Post* while his wife wrestled with the American porcelain silent and alone. He prescribed for his malady a ten-thousand word dose of Irvin Cobb's gloom eradicator but the effect was less than half of one per cent. Irvin's fountain pen seemed to flow words much more copiously than joyous ideas, but Raymond, in his desperation, determined to take the full quantity and hope for the best. While wandering among the masterpieces of pork and beans and True Shape Hose in search of the last seven thousand golden words what should blaze forth from the page but this startling statement:

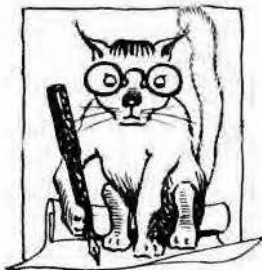
"How I IMPROVED MY MEMORY IN ONE EVENING" and there smiling encouragingly at him were the confident, aggressive features of his boss, his boss' boss and J.J.'s boss. To improve his memory in a single evening! Great! Hope lodged once more beneath his slate and he lost no time in ordering the magic course. Then a feeling of thankfulness came over him for "Irv," the good shepherd, who led him ever so quietly and unsuspectingly to self improvement and, he was sure, to success.

In a few days it came and he set to work to build—not stately mansions, but a memory. He learned from the first few pages that the secret of a memory was to turn his now vacant "coco" into a motion picture house—another movie invasion. Next he came upon fifty code words to be memorized. This was the foundation. Cat and pen, pen and dome, dome and hair, hair and hail all to be cemented together. This was not to be done by the old familiar method of repetition but by association—unusual and comic. The first one cat and pen—should it be a biped or a quadruped—he decided on the latter and to associate, visualized the animal with an enormous fountain pen in its paw writing a letter to Santa Claus. Then he imagined an engineer with a hairless dome figuring up the month's expenses with the cat's fountain pen. He couldn't seem to make them balance up with the cash on hand and in his distraction unconsciously scratched his head with the fountain pen, leaving scraggly ink



How I improved my Memory in one Evening.

What should blaze forth from the page!



Should it be a biped or quadruped?

marks on his dome. To the bald dome he added one poor lone hair waving in the air like a palm tree on a desert. Then, from the clouds of his imagination he let fall a terrible hailstorm upon this lonely waving hair. And so his wild imagining continued until he had mastered the fifty words and had reviewed them forward and back many times. When he dropped with a nosespın from the clouds of fancy back to the earth of cold hard facts he found that wıfey had slipped quietly away to the Ostermoor. He must tell her of his progress! He went to the bedroom but she had surrendered to old Morpheus and was in the land where all memories are good. He longed to awaken her and tell the good news but recollections of other instances when his enthusiasm was not mirrored to his mate, thus damping his own, led him to refrain. But the next morning the first thing he did after getting his last eye open was, like his big boss before him, to tell the story of how he improved his memory in one evening. His wife, however, seemed willing to await the practical test of time.

Raymond was no sooner comfortably settled in his swivel chair at the office, that morning, than he turned to Bill Welliver who inhabited the desk at the right and said, "I'm taking a Mem'ry Course, now. Was studying the first lesson last night. Believe me, I made some progress, too.

"Hey, fellahs," Bill called out, "Didja get that? Forgetful's takin' a Mem'ry Course."

"Ho, Forgetful!" yelled one. "You'll be Chief Engineer some day if you don't watch out."

"Or, at least, Assistant," put in another.

A howl of derision went up from the gang.

Just then the telephone bell tinkled. "Taylor speaking," said Raymond.

"Come in a minute."

"Yessir," answered Raymond, recognizing his "master's voice."

Raymond hung up, rose, pulled down his vest, straightened his necktie, buttoned up his coat, "stepped on the gas," and bolted out of the office.

"Sit down, Taylor," commanded the boss as Raymond entered.

"Yessir," he answered, sitting on the edge of the chair expectantly. What had he forgotten now, Raymond thought.

"I've got a little job for you. Tomkins is out sick, today. He's been making some changes on the 711 Type Selector, you know—trying to make it human."



He saw himself struggling up the stairs with a mammoth selector

"Yessir."

"Snookums down in the 'Physical Lab.' has had one of his knockers trying to rap it to pieces for the past couple of weeks—a life test he calls it. He hasn't succeeded and promised to give it back to us at two o'clock this afternoon. I want you to see that I get it, because J.J. wants to see it."

"All right. Is that all?"

"Yes. Now, for heaven's sake don't forget it!"

"No danger of that."

"What's that?" exclaimed the boss in surprise.

"I—I'm takin' a Mem'ry Course."

"Memory Course? The one the boss took?"

"Yes. I—I studied my first lesson last night. I made a great improvement, too. Wish I had known about it five years ago."

"Well, don't lean on it too heavy. The boss sometimes forgets, too."

Raymond went back to his desk; he must remember for J.J. might do worse than call him pet names this time. Visualize! Exaggerate! Motion Pictures! Unusual Association! came to him. Then he leaned his elbows on his desk and rested his head in his hands with all his might and main he brought the magic lantern of his bean to a focus sharp and bright. He saw himself struggling up the stairs with a mammoth selector on his back



He couldn't seem to make it balance



He brought his magic lantern to a focus sharp and bright



Then he passed between a double row of clocks pointing to 2

then he passed down the hall between a double row of time-clocks each pointing to two o'clock.

At one forty-five he began to feel uneasy, he scratched his head, sharpened his pencil, fidgeted in his chair, got a drink of water, and suddenly his picture flashed through his mind. He looked at his watch and saw it was 1:50. He rushed to the "Physical Lab.," snatched the selector from Van Deusen's hand and hurried back to the boss' office, entering out of breath at two sharp.

"Well, well," said the boss, "So you remembered."

"You bet," replied Raymond, all smiles, "That Memory Course is great!"

"U-hu," said the boss, skeptically.

"Guess you won't have any more trouble about me forgetting."

"I wish I was as sure of that as you are."

Raymond went home that night with a feeling of self-satisfaction tickling his ribs. This sensibility, however, was replaced alternately, by dejection when he remembered that the boss

did not share his optimism. As soon as he had hidden away the samples wifey set before him—harbinger of a dinner to be after old H. C. L., like Humpty-Dumpty, lay prone never to rise again—he got out his books and began to charge his storage battery. He was now to use the code words he learned the night before as pegs on which to hang—not his pajamas—things he wanted to remember. For instance, the book said, if you wish to remember a list of things associate the first one with the first code word, the second article with the second code word and so on down the list.

The next morning after devouring the two-day output of the Lady of the Barnyard and his share of the juice of one electric percolator he stood at the door ready for the daily observance of the parting ceremonies. The good-byes were said and the standardized peck administered.

"Do you want anything down-town?" asked Raymond.

"No," replied his wife, "I'm buying everything out here now."

He winced, then said, "But I can remember, now."

"So?"

"Yes, and—and Kinsley is selling some stuff at bargain prices—butter, eggs, whole wheat bread—and—and—"

"And what?"

"That's all."

"Wasn't there something else?"

"Yes—but—I forgot."

"I thought you said you could remember, now."

"I can; but—gee whiz! I didn't try to memorize the whole list."

"Now, don't get angry. You can bring me a pound of butter, a dozen eggs, and a loaf of bread."

He went out light hearted. He would show her—dog-

gone 'er—that he could remember. On the way to the subway station he concentrated on the order, picturing the cat playing with the loaf of bread, the eggs smashed on the hairless dome and the hair sticking in the butter.

That day the boss told him that Tomkins was pretty sick and wouldn't be in for several weeks, so he turned the 711 Type Selector over to him with instructions to test it out in the laboratory. The boss and the selector kept him busy that day but when he went home the butter, eggs and bread went along, tucked under his wing.

Nearly every evening Raymond rode his two magic horses Imagination and Concentration, one foot

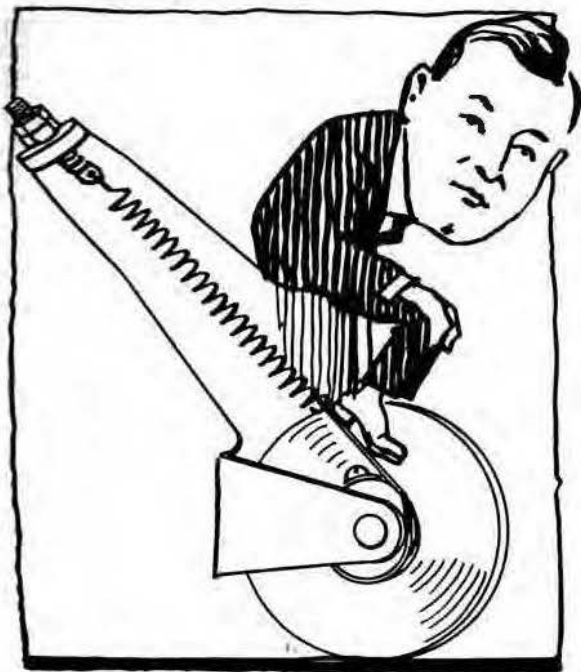
on the back of each in true circus fashion. The oftener he performed the more devoted he became to his steeds, until his wife began to object, accusing him of paying more ardent attention to his memory than to his wife. He learned the use of the various kinds of canes and crutches for a limping memory finishing up with the number alphabet by which numbers may be transposed into words and the words into sentences.

The 711 Type Selector had been a source of annoyance to Raymond as well as to his bosses, for the design of a piece of apparatus to do a human job is something that is bound to get under the epidermis of everyone concerned. He had attended conferences with most everybody but his "biggada" boss and had been permitted at times to put in a word. After the selector had reached the stage where the manufacture in large bunches could be attempted at Hawthorne without turning the Twentieth Century Limited into a commutation train, he was given the job of designing a piece of apparatus to compensate for the weight of the elevator rods and brushes.

With considerable violent cerebration and some mental perspiration the idea was conceived. After the verbal conflict necessary to convince his boss that it was the best idea now in captivity was over and the dreary anxious waiting for the draftsman to spread it on the imperishable Imperial—the cloth on which the mistakes of the engineering genius are recorded along with his virtues



The good-byes were said and the standardized pecks administered



—but I got my pictures mixed

and which with the mistakes of the draftsman hide together in the maze of dots, dashes and circles to swat him between the eyes when the Model Shop crystalizes it into cold, unchangeable metal—a conference was arranged. It was to be held in the big boss' office.

As he left home on the morning of the conference his wife said, "Bring home a toy for the baby to-night. One that—"

"But, dear, I—I'll be so busy to-day. Won't to-morrow do?"

"No, get it to-day. He was awfully fussy yesterday—I didn't accomplish a thing—and I'm sure it was all because he wanted something new to play with."

"Sure it wasn't his teeth?"

"No, I felt his gums and I know it wasn't that. I think now that he's creeping he would love to have something he could push before him—the dear little fellow—he's the cutest thing.

"All right, I'll try—"

"Now, don't come home and say you forgot it, because I know you can remember if you want to."

"I'll get it if I have the time." With that he started on his mole-like journey.

When in the office he began to prepare for the conference, placing the drawings and the correspondence on the case in a red envelope. So he wouldn't forget to take the compensator with him he visualized longhorned steer pushing the compensator before it and, just to make it comic, put the big boss a-straddle of it.

At 12:00 sharp he started on his shopping tour and after completely surrounding a twenty-cent lunch for sixty cents he canvassed a five-by-ten but failed to find anything pushable. He tried another but with no better success. Then he went to a regular toy shop and was rewarded by having to part with two bucks of his hard-

earned dough. The object, which caused such a loosening of his fist, was a little piccaninny riding on a wheel with a long detachable handle for pushing it. The handle was in one package and the working part in another. He mustn't forget to take the toy home with him, so he visualized a mule with long ears pushing it before him.

When Raymond reached the office he unwrapped the toy and showed it to Welliver, then, as the boss came in, he slid it into his desk drawer. He went to the laboratory a few minutes; when he came back the boys told him the boss had gone up to the twelfth floor and left word for him to follow suit. He picked up the red paper envelope and went out the door. The picture of the mule and the toy flashed across his mental vision, then it was as quickly replaced by the steer and the compensator and they alternated flashing back and forth till he was almost dizzy. He rushed back to the office and as he entered his telephone rang; he grabbed up the receiver.

"Hello," he bellowed.

"That you, Taylor?"

"Yes."

"We're waiting." It was the boss.

"I'm coming right up."

While talking Raymond reached into his desk and placed the apparatus in the envelope.

He beat it to the elevator, shot up to the twelfth floor. As he entered the big boss' office all eyes were turned toward him.

"I—I'm sorry I kept you waiting," he stammered as he dropped into his chair.

"I thought," said the boss, "that as long as Taylor had lived with this job from start to finish we'd let him tell the story, then we can take up the discussion afterward."

Raymond got up and faced the bunch. He looked at

the big boss sitting there so serenely with nothing on his mind but his hair, and that was pushed back quite carelessly, waiting to be convinced. He was looking squarely at him and Taylor knew that he must be taking his measure. As he realized that now he would make his impression, either good or bad, he was conscious of a slight tendency of his knee joints to buckle.

"The—the real problem," he opened up, "of the design of a simple piece of apparatus capable of compensating the weight of the elevator rods and brushes is that the tension must be the same whether the elevator is in its highest or its lowest position. We have used a spring, however, and have overcome the objection in this manner."

He reached into the envelope and drew forth the model,

his eyes, still riveted on the big boss. As he held up the object he noticed a smile flickering around the boss' mouth; then a slight titter went around the room. All eyes were directed toward what he held in his hand. He looked! An expression of horror spread over his face. A burst of hearty laughter echoed through the mahogany-coated office. It was that toy! He dropped it as though it had suddenly been charged with a high-voltage current and dashed out of the room.

A few minutes later the boss came leading him back sheepishly, with the compensator in his hand.

"You ought to take a memory course, Taylor," the big boss said.

"I—I did. The same one you took—but—but—I—I—got my pictures mixed."



Atlanta Satisfies Its Growing Pains

Atlanta has just reached the long-trouser age. It is almost seventeen years old. Like most chaps of that very important period of life it has decided to cover its shins and to try wearing some of the colored socks that its big brothers have been sporting for its edification. In other words, the Georgia member of the Western Electric family has found its original quarters too small and has transferred part of its activities to a new home at 117 to 123 Walton Street. The new office is in one of the busiest parts of the city, only three blocks from the post office, and only five blocks from Peachtree Street, famous for its Georgia "peaches."

The original W. E. settlement in Atlanta was made in 1904, when a house was opened at 230 Lee Street, West End, about two miles from the heart of the metropolis. The old building is being retained in addition to the new office, but it will contain only the telephone and telegraph stocks and a repair shop. The general offices and the supply stock departments have been removed to the new Walton Street building.

From the standpoint of service, the location on Walton Street will satisfy the most exacting customers. The new building, which is shown in the accompanying photograph, was designed principally with the idea of service in mind. It's fireproof in every respect.

On the first floor there is a covered shipping court, adjacent to which are the shipping and receiving sections, a gravity conveyor to bring packages from the second floor. The remainder of the first floor is used for storing the heavy and bulky items of merchandise.

The second floor is equipped with steel shelving to accommodate the broken package stocks. On one side of the shelves are the standard packages of material arranged alphabetically by lines, waiting until they are needed for orders or to replenish the bin stocks. On the other side are the packing and marking benches, excelsior bins and automatic scales placed in the gravity conveyor so that the shipments may be weighed as they pass by on their way to the shipping section.

The third floor takes care of the repair shop, the display room and storage battery department. The battery room is one of the most modern of its kind in the South. It is large enough to take care of the charging and repairs of a thousand or more cells of automobile and farm-lighting batteries at one time. The tile floor renders spilled acid harmless while a 5 h.p. motor-driven exhaust fan expels all gasses from the charging room, making it perfectly safe for the workers at all times.

The fourth and fifth floors are given over to the General Offices of the Company. The concrete floors are covered with battleship linoleum, the ceilings and walls are finished in a light gray, and excellent lighting results are obtained from brascolites and duplexalites. On each of these floors the record and mailing work is separated from the rest of the office by a steel counter, while the stationary and office supplies are stored in steel bins designed for the purpose. The distinctive feature of the fourth floor is a tastefully decorated and furnished women's rest room.



Latest Domicile of the Atlanta House



Rather a new and unique idea in New Years cards.



Except for his high boots. Santa appeared quite complete at Emeryville's Christmas party.



Toys provided by the Clinton st employees for Christmas party at the Home for Destitute Crippled Children. Chicago



Al Halstrom & Leo Dunn of the Philadelphia house look as if they were pilots of more than local destinies



Early for fish stories, but a beautiful string nevertheless. They were captured by G.A. Griffin Stores Manager at Minneapolis



Thousands of voices swelled the chorus of carols just before Christmas in the lobby of 195 Broadway. Here are the owners of the voices.



Herb Holds Forth on Expense Accounts and Conferences

Dear Editor:

Did you read the expense account what President Wilson turned in on that European trip? Maybe we aint supposed to kick about no expense accounts but I bet if one of our salesmen turned in a expense account and didnt get no more business than whot those boys did on that European trip Mr. Cooley would tell the operator to tell anybody what called "he aint no longer with us." Now you take Mr. Longmuir which is farm plan specialist here. even he could a made that trip on less money and Ill bet he would have come back with a order or two anyway. Them boys could a been a little careful of expenses when they saw that business was rotten and that they couldn't make the trip pay. Mr. Loyd George which is the name of the fellow which covered the territory for England got a nice lot of business and I bet he didn't have no big expense either. The paper says that Mr. Wilson added it up \$1,650,191.09—was the nine cents postage to send in the expense account? All itemized and everything fer instance they got "Travel and subsistence \$193,629." Gee but they must a been going some and them subsistences must be high in Paris. Then they got in "\$200,871 salaries" and "wages of Hotel Crillion employees \$131,507," which proves that wages aint went up and salaries come down. "Rents, \$176,853." Mr. Michener could rent a couple more warehouses with that and have a hundred and seventy thousand left to put in more overstock. "Food, Hotel and Kitchen supplies \$283,560," you cant get much of a hotel for less than \$200,000 so that aint so high—I wonder what they is going to do with the hotel. "Laundering of linen at hotel, \$64,969" I would make them pay anyway half of their laundry bills unless they did a lot of dirty work we aint heard of yet. Look at the talking point we got to sell the government a couple of washing machines. "Damage and loss of property at Hotel \$125,870," Gee but that must a been some party. From what I hear we dont get any more bills of damage to hotels since prohibition came over us except maybe when MacMillan dropped

a bottle of soda pop through the wash basin at the Multi-nomah at Portland which could just as well been a tooth brush, he said, as the washbowl was cracked anyhow. I seen where they have a side trip to Armenia and Turkey in the expense account at \$239,726. Clarence Martin please note. Those fellows have the taxic cab idea too. Maybe they forgot to tell the taxic drivers not to wait. Mr. Peters could give them some dope on how to get that item through. They also buys \$14,602 worth of autos. Then the best thing they done, and keep this to yourself. I dont think the Bosses would like to have this get out to our salesmen, was the "confidential expenses of Presidents party, \$17,534" item. That is better than "mis. and entertainment" expense, shoe shine .10, tip .05 and all itemized like that but like I say above, don't tip off the salesmen to that confidential expense stuff because if the President gets by they will start putting it. Say do you think that maybe that confidential expense could have anything to do with the "breakage at Hotel" account. I see that when they got back from the trip they turned in something like 500 francs whichever them are in regular money which is just like any of our salesmen. They always turns in a little to make it look good. Hows liberty bonds now in your town. Going up any? same here. Of course it aint none of my business but I thought that maybe you being a influential editor could maybe write a editorial and then congress wouldnt dast to pass it and that would help the income taxes out a little. Anyhow its a bad example for salesmen which don't need no encouragement now.

• • • • •

We just got over our sales conference. Sales conferences is where all the salesmen come into the office from out of their territories and get together to tell how good they is and what bums the specialists is and how with the service the house gives them it is a wonder they is any business left at all and there aint much anyhow. This is a good thing for any wholesale house to have because the salesman can get in a good alibi once a year or several. First they comes into the office and goes into Mr. Cooleys office and sees him and Mr. Colwell and comes out all smiles and cigars which they bums off the customers box on account they cant voucher none during the conference week and if they dont smoke they can voucher them when they gets back on the job. Then they shakes hands with the specialists and the first round starts. I asked Mr. Cooley could I go to the conference because I wanted to learn something, he said sure we

should ought have someone there that feels that way so I did. Gee a conference is great stuff. They all goes over to a swell hotel and meet in one of the conference rooms. Mr. Colwell opens the meeting by telling them how glad he is to see them and puts his watch in his back pocket while he is talking and that he hopes business will be better next year then Mr. Cooley gives them a pepful talk all about business will be better it cant be worse then they turns the meeting over to the specialists. Each specialist gets up and tells how good he is and how they is more profit in his stuff than in any other line the company handles. Then they have a discussion which is like this, Mr. Nichols says, how do you get that way you fellows what runs my territory from your desks here dont know nothing and then after the specialist comes back which he do Mr. Cooley says, we are getting behind on our time allowance and then they calls on Mr. Michener to please talk just like anybody had to call on him to talk and then Mr. O'Reilly tells the salesmen how to help their dealers to subtract the bank from some money which they can then send to us. The best part of the conference is the discussions ask anybody which has attended a conference. But at that before the conference was over everybody said that they was going to show the world that Seattle is on the map and New York and Chicago should ought to hustle some or Seattle will get out of the fourth group and into the second like we pretty near did back in 1918.

yours truly,

HEBB,

Asst. head offs boy Seattle mail.

Chicago

Scandal in Oak Park

The fair name of Oak Park, the native haunt of Messrs. Culp, Rosenberg and Culp, has been attacked.

One of Chicago's leading papers speaks of this habitat of so many of Clinton Street's prominent people as follows:

"He who searches for politeness in Oak Park should rise early and take his lunch. Long and weary will be the quest, and, one should add, perilous. Chesterfield, the well-known apostle of civility, would find here a large field for evangelical labor. The suspicious villagers of Oak Park eye all strangers with a distrustful optic and the outsider must talk fast and fluently to escape incarceration in the local Bastile."

W. H. Boccock, in defense of his home town, asserts that the small-pox scare and the activities of Chicago gunmen have given the citizens of Oak Park reason to be a little suspicious of visitors.

Clinton Street Plays Santa Claus

On Christmas eve, Santa Claus, in the person of Charles Goggin, a former A. & B. employee, descended the chimney of the Home for Destitute Crippled Children.

About \$200 was contributed by Clinton Street employees for toys for the ninety children of the home.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Holmes, Mrs. Margaret Bieber, Miss Lillian Mohns, Miss Augusta Hannigan, Miss

Gladys Tucker, and Cashier Harry Markell made up the party to visit the home to take part in the festivities.

Christmas Cheer Three Years Ago

THREE years ago the familiar 8 x 10 x 10 W. E. packing carton made its appearance in many of the army training camps. The writer remembers his very well. It contained a bar of Hershey's chocolate, a bag of Bull Durham (complete with papers), a trench mirror, a stick of shaving soap, and a Christmas card expressing the conventional yuletide sentiments.

Now the recipient of this particular box hadn't hung up his stocking since the time he discovered Santa Claus wearing his dad's horse-hide overcoat at the Sunday-school Christmas tree. Christmas had become monotonous. The usual number of ties that could never be worn, turkey in various forms and disguises for several days, a marked financial depression—and then, twelve months later, the same thing over again.

But this Christmas was different. To begin with, it was his first Christmas away from home, and the prospects were that the only home he had any chance of visiting within the immediate future was his Heavenly one. He had no friends, for he was acting as officer of the day, with instructions from the C.O. to report all card games and crap tournaments where money was involved. In a word, it was not a particularly joyous occasion.

But the chocolate bar was fresh, and Bull Durham makes a pretty good cigarette when there is nothing else to smoke, and it's good to know that the old gang, or the boss, or the good-looking sten., or Somebody has remembered you. It wasn't so bad after all.—*The Live Wire.*

New Haven

Which Way Was He Going?

EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL HIGGINS recently purchased a specially designed Reo, which we understand was originally ordered for the German Crown Prince while on his trip to America. However, due to strikes, storms, embargoes, etc. (you know, old stuff), it was impossible to deliver it on time, so it was offered at private sale at Savin Rock to our amiable Ed, who was on the lookout for a real bargain. Well, he got it, but since the olden days when he drove a "flivver," traffic rules have differed, so up the main street goes Higgins and his "baby grand." At the corner was the regular Big Six Traffic Cop. Higgins turned his car and next thing he knew the cop was on the running board of his car "bawling" him out to a "fair-you-well."

His lecture started off to the effect that "You should know better; this is strictly a one-way street."

"Well," said Higgins, "that's all right, I'm only going one way."

They Have to Be Steered!

Last week Gordon came up for a day and, being in a hurry to get the last train, Rob asked our lamp specialist, E. W. Cray, if he would take him to the station in his car. "Of course," said Cray, "anytime you are ready."

At 5 P. M. we were on our way and, going along, the following conversation took place:

R. Gordon—"That's a pretty good car you have all right."

E. W. Crary—"Yes; it's a Ford, so it goes without saying that it's O. K."

R. Gordon—"But it doesn't go very fast. Can you go any faster?"

E. W. Crary—"I could, but I have to stay in and steer it."

But They Can Do Other Things Very Well!

At last we think we have just cause for breaking into the News. We are all alone up here, and seldom have occasion to find out if the other houses are afflicted with "Women's Bowling Teams." We are, and we're game losers, too.

Have you ever noticed that "all's fair" when they win, but leave it to them when they lose all three? Oh, boy! that's a grand and glorious feelin'. Not one of the team will talk for days after. Can you imagine five women all able to bat 100 per cent., then, on account of losing, refusing to speak? Silence is golden,—but between breaks we've been able to find out some of the reasons for losing all the games.

"The alleys were too slippery."
 "The balls just wouldn't roll straight."
 "Well, I kept up my average, so I should worry."
 "Miss So and So was worrying about 'her Joe.'"
 "Maybe you couldn't have done any better yourself."
 "We didn't want to win all the games." (Star excuse.)

Just so we men folks could have some reason for getting in a word edgeways, we would like to see them lose at least one game a month anyway.



"Holiday" Stuff

WHO SAID BROADWAY WAS DEAD? At least the Investigation and Statistical Division, or better known as the Purchase Engineering Division, is very much alive, and everyone knows it too. The members of the I. & S. Division decided to have a little "get-together" party, and they did that—and some more too, when on Thursday evening, December 23, they had a REAL FOR-SURE Christmas party. The room and the tables were appropriately decorated—not forgetting the holly and the mistletoe; there were presents from "Santa Claus" for everyone—such as they were—and last, but by no means least, the "eats," SOME EATS!! Salad, rolls, sandwiches, cakes, pies, coffee, fruit, candy, nuts, and CIDER.

"Colonel" Harold E. Irish, toastmaster of the evening, introduced the following speakers:

"Doctor" George Dana Spear, who spoke at some length on how to grow a "successful" mustache.

"Professor" Henry C. Campbell gave a very interesting lecture on the methodology of vamping.

Young Eric Rosenstrom talked along these lines—"Speech is silver, Silence is Golden," in other words, he said nothing.

"Bolsheviki" Vincent L. Mulvaney spoke for some time without saying anything.

"Sister" E. Laube gave some very delightful advice on the use of cosmetics.

"Lady" Ruth Louise Arnold explained the art of shaking a wicked wrist.

"Baby" Lois D. Hunter—she is too small to say much, but we have great expectations.

Much to the regret of the committee, P. M. Marshall was obliged to leave after the "eats" were all consumed, hence the lengthy address which he had prepared was lost.

The evening's fun was concluded by dancing, music being furnished by the famous "Victor Disc Orchestra."

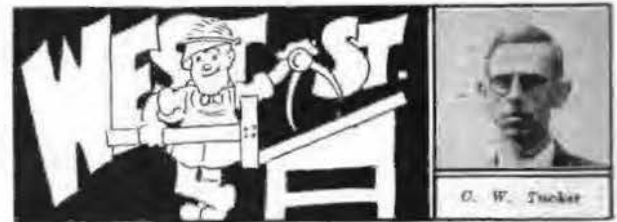
Indianapolis

Indianapolis Celebrates Its Fifteenth Anniversary

On January 1, 1906, our Indianapolis Branch opened for business as an A. & B. distributing house. E. S. Holmes, now assistant manager at Chicago, went down as manager, taking with him Thomas Wray, now special editor at Hawthorne, and E. C. Platt, of New York, as chief clerk. Platt went overseas with a Canadian regiment early in the war, won his commission, and was killed in action early in 1918.

These men, with one or two others from Chicago, formed the nucleus of the Indianapolis organization, the rest of the personnel being recruited from among the employees of the Central Union Telephone Company. Of the men who thus became Western Electric employees, six are still on the Indianapolis payroll. They are: Leo Kropp, August Thomas, Walter Dean, H. E. Keever, S. C. Keegan, Clarence Catt.

They are now wearing the fifteen-year service button.



Just "Bubbles"

"You can play music on these things," said a young virtuoso, as he tapped out a tune sounding something like "Sister Susie Walks Like This," on the nozzle of the liquid soap container in the lavatory.

"Yes, but the only tune you can play on 'em is, 'I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles,'" rejoined a washer at a neighboring stand as he held the nozzle of his soap receptacle in, while the bubbles gurgled up to the top and the soap ran out in a steady stream into his cupped palm.

Turn on the Blower, Dan

Dan, the dapper draftsman, said, after he had been here a half hour: "You know, I drive a Stutz car. Yes, and my father owns a flock of copper mines out west—well, of course, I don't really need to work on the board

but—but—well, you see, I've got some old clothes I want to wear out. You know, the last place I worked I had a big bunch of draftsmen under me—more than there are here—and a lot of engineers—but—” (Why did he come? That's a long story of ifs, ands, and buts—but the gist of it is he just couldn't get along with the president of the company.)

Who's Buckin' Tammany?

Inspector Crocker: “Who knows Buchan-Murphy's 'phone number?”

“Spring 3100,” obliged Sam Burr. Later:

“Is this Buchan-Murphy,” said Crocker.

“Naw! This is Police Headquarters. Some of the boys may be buckin' Enright, but nobody's buckin' Murphy that I know of.”

A Tragedy in One Hack

The open sesame of the jingle-box in the Messenger Service Department is 516. An engineer whose top-piece suddenly became overloaded by a sudden influx of ideas felt a sudden desire for a messenger and took down the handle of his “chew” set. When the voice that smiles asked for the number he bellowed, “156!”

“Snook,” came the answer.

“Is this 156?” asked the originator of the call.

“Yes.”

“Send me a messenger!” commanded the important one—then paused for the one at the other end to ask his name and department.

“This is not the Messenger Service, this is Snook.”

“Snook? Snook! Where are you?”

“Why—ah—I'm the head of the Physical Laboratory.”

“The head of the Physical Lab!”

“Yes.”

“Never heard of you! Never heard of you!” said the engineer, hanging up his receiver with a bang.

The man sitting next was suddenly seized with a violent fit of coughing and left the room.

The engineer's 'phone bell roused him from another fit of violent thinking.

“_____ speaking,” he answered.

“This is Snook.”

“Yes.”

“Did you say you never heard of me?”

“Why—ah—yes.”

“Let me tell you something, young man, I'm the head of one of the most important departments in the building and if you haven't heard of me you aren't very well acquainted with the organization. If I were you I would study up and find out something about things outside of my own group.”

“Y—you would? You don't say!” He hung up his receiver with a couple of bangs.

“_____! _____!! _____!!! _____!!!! * * *,” said the engineer. Then, looking around the room, saw that everybody was laughing at him. The cougher came slinking back to his desk.

“I'll get even with you guys, so I will. But don't you get mad when I do. Don't you get mad!”

Friday, January 17, Year?

The Inspection Engineering Department is soliciting subscriptions for a pair of brown derbies, 1921 models, to be presented to Messrs. Gleim and Amadon.

On Saturday, January 8, each of the above gentlemen eagerly accepted the offer of “Annie Oakley's” to a basketball game between New York and Syracuse Universities on Friday evening, January 17. There is some excuse for the serious-minded Amadon, who is more familiar with check inspection of creosoted yellow pine stubs than with basketball games, but it is difficult to understand why a former athlete and self-proclaimed sporting authority like Ray Gleim should fail to note that the score on Friday, January 7, was 86 to 19 in favor of New York University, even if he did overlook the fact that the stubs of the tickets had been removed.

Defective Petticoats

There are those at West Street who imagine they are authorities on petticoats—perhaps we should say skirts—but how many know that glass insulators have petticoats? Insulators have many kinds of defects and the following is a list of samples on file in the Engineering Inspection Department and the defects they illustrate:

Sample No.	Defect
1 00209	Chipped ribs
2 00208	Bubbles in ribs
3 00200	Protrusion in wire groove
4 00199	Protrusion in bottom of petticoat
5 00205	Fins and rough edges
6 00204	Amount of bubble
7 00201	Large bubbles
8 00227	Bubble in bottom of petticoat
9 00206	Chipped bottom of petticoat due to bubble
10 00206	Chipped bottom of petticoat due to hitting
11 00228	Amount of salt cake
12 00196	Belly on inside of petticoat.

More Brains for 195

A short time ago the committee on brains from the Sales Department passed silently among us and now E. W. Bishop, of Department 220-L, is missing. It is rumored that the Contract Sales swallowed him.

The Blueprint Blues

TUNE: Verse of “Casey Jones” for the verses.
Anything that fits for the chorus.

I

There's a draftsman sittin' on a big high chair
Lookin' out the window with a vacant stare;
Blueprints on the table and sketches on the floor
Bet he's pretty well decided not to work no more.
There's another fellow in the blueprint room
A pail full o' water and a face full o' gloom
He looks at the water and he dreams about booze
Oh, he and his prints ha' got the blueprint blues.

CHORUS

He's got the blues, he's got the blues,
He's got the blueprint, pale tint
Can't-read-unless-you squint,
Everlastin', tough luck, engineerin' blueprint blues,
Some blues.

II

Oh, there's an engineer with a jazzy mind
Tryin' to read a print that he designed.
He says, “Oh Boss, how can this be—
Here's a Chinese puzzle that's approved by me?
And here's an inspector who forgot his tools,
Tryin' to inspect with departmental rules,
He never, never smokes, swears, drinks or chews,
But he's all jazzed up with the blueprint blues.

—H. J. Delchamps.



Heard On Most Any Train

SALESMAN:

Of course I believe in hell!
If there is no hell where has business gone to?

That Party

On the eighteenth of December,
Some of us can well remember
Richmond House was decorated
(I may add, illuminated).

'Twas the Annu'l Christmas party,
All were there quite hale and hearty
Eating, drinking,* making merry,
Dancing till their feet were weary.

Oh! Yes it was a reg'lar show,
Annie the fat girl whom you know,
And more than that; well what you think,
A Pleasant man who drank red ink.

That to you may sound untruthful,
But the Pleasant man is youthful.
The man was green; the ink was red,
Christmas colors as I've said.

* Soft drinks only—prohibition officers please note.



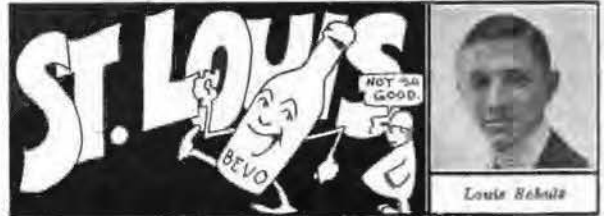
Old-time Autos

(Inspired by Don Harris)

I
Year in, year out, I've watched them,
And saw them grow apace;
The style that this year pleased them
Another would replace.
And oft I've thought and pondered
And fruitless hours I've spent,
In wondering where, when out of date
The old-time autos went.

II
The carriage wheels with iron tires,
(The rear end held the door),
The horse car drivers steering rod
Are gone and seen no more.
And others of a later type
To dark oblivion sent,
Have joined the long procession where
The old-time autos went.

III
They're gone. But where? I've hunted round
No junk shops showed a trace.
"But all things come to him who waits";
I've found their resting place.
Their resting place? No rest for them,
But this at last I know,
The "Western" is the graveyard where
The old-time autos go.



The League of Rations

MEMBERS of the St. Louis Electrical Board of Trade entertained nearly 150 boys at the annual Christmas Party of the organization, held in the ballroom of the Hotel Statler, December 17.

Some of the "kids" were sons of the members; others were neighbor's sons, office boys or favorite newsboys. They ranged from the three-year-olds to the boys of twelve.

The feature group was brought by the members representing the Western Electric Company, and was promptly nicknamed the "League of Nations," as it included two American boys, an Indian, a Chinese, a Negro, an Italian, and a Spaniard.

A Hot Christmas Promised

The day before Christmas, Santa Claus visited us, but he was not accompanied by his wife, the renowned Mrs. Santa Claus, as he was the previous year. Consequently his activities, not being limited by his better half, were confined almost entirely to the fair and warmer sex. Some of our girls were so interested in Santa that they persuaded him to sneak an extra Christmas or two into the coming year.

Nothing is better to hide one's identity than a beard; however, we recognized Santa's actions as typical of our crack salesman, Harvey Neher. After giving a message of cheer to all and appropriate gifts to those who had been good, Santa left us with a sincere promise to return July Fourth, if not sooner.



School Is Out

INVENTORY is over and with it comes a big sigh of relief. Everybody was pressed into service this year—from lowest menial to high mogul. Item readers and checkers were as hoarse as a pony's father. "Thousand feet 24-inch crossarm braces," said the item reader. "Quantity 200 pounds," said the count card man. "O. K.," chirped the stock card man. The office looked like a regular bridge party. Four people at every table and about a dozen tables going all the time for three nights and two days and a half. It was lots of work, but we had fun and finished on time.

Tried and True

Recently one of our customers returned a vacuum sweeper because it had lost its suction.

The receiving clerk checked it in on his R. G. form as "1 No. 12 vacuum sweeper—suction lost," and then turned it over to the stockkeeping department. One man there checks in all R. G.'s and when he came to this one he noticed it was not complete so he marked it "Hold." In due course of time the R. G. memorandum reached the claim department, who in turn put through a shop order to have it repaired. The shop order then came into the hands of the repair man who went down to the stock room at once to look at the Sweeper-Vac.

"Say," he said, with a little twinkle in his eye, "where is the suction?"

"I don't know," the checker replied.

"Well, did you look in the box the sweeper came in to see if you hadn't overlooked it?"

"No, the R. G. was marked 'suction lost' when it came to me; somebody else must have lost it."

"Well, I can't fix it until we get the suction. You had better look around awhile and see if you can find it."

The repair man took the sweeper up to the shop and the checker proceeded to look all around for the "lost suction." He couldn't find it, so he called up the household specialist and said, "Say, what does the suction part of a sweeper look like?"

"What does the suction look like? Why, man, you can't see that. When the air is drawn through the floor tool by the fan, that is called the suction."

"Oh, I see." Bang went the receiver. "I've got some business with the repair man upstairs," and off he went, swearing vengeance on everybody in general and the repair man in particular.

Dirty Dig

Minneapolis for one wishes that when notables from headquarters make their periodical visits that they furnish their own cigars. (O. D. Street's home-town papers please copy.)



Western Electric Families

No. 2.—The Clements Family; Six Members at Hawthorne

Miss Mary Clements Final Inspection Division, Hawthorne.

Miss Adelaide Clement Shop Clerical Division Hawthorne.

Thomas Clements Sr. Buffing Dept. Hawthorne, 22 years with the Company, and Mrs. Clements

FRONT ROW—LEFT Thomas Clements Jr. RIGHT, Harry Clements, both in the Jack and Ringer Assembly Dept Hawthorne
SECOND ROW. Extreme Right, Miss Rose Clements Employment Dept Hawthorne

Formerly Miss Alice Clements of the Receiver and Transmitter Assembly Dept. now Mrs Val Vosen wife of Hawthorne's champion wrestler, and Virginia and Val Jr.



SERVICE AWARDS

C. L. Varela—35 Years



If you don't already know C. L. Varela we are sure you'll be anxious to make his acquaintance as soon as you learn that he has just returned to work after a two weeks' attack of hiccoughs. Charles protests that he has no homebrew recipe, but maybe you have greater persuasive powers than we. Anyway, here's the introduction:

Mr. Varela came a-Westerner in 1886, when he took a job in the arc lamp assembly department at Clinton Street. The year 1903 found him in the power apparatus machine shop. Two years later he was made gang boss in the old ringer and interrupter department. After two more years he again moved, this time to the tool room on jig and fixture making. He was taken from this work to be put over the mechanical department of the Rubber plant for two years and then went on experimental work in the jobbing department. His present position is section foreman in charge of thermo-electric apparatus in jobbing department No. 1.

Mr. Varela has two hobbies, literature and music, and is himself a pianist of no mean ability. Perhaps now he may outdo Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" with a new "Starlight Sonata," since he has five on his new service button for an inspiration.

J. Gross—25 Years



In the year 18—early Sunday risers used to gaze suspiciously at a low rakish craft rapidly making its way out from New York. A heavy-set, bull-necked man was seated upon her quarter deck (you could get a good for a quarter then) and ever and anon he bawled out orders to a small agile man who held her wheel. Pirate fans will recognize at once that it was none other than Joe Wildbore and his ruffian crew, with the terrible Johnny Gross at the helm. An hour

out, Johnny would speak: "Shall I run up the black flag, captain?" "You'll run up a tree with me after you if you don't keep your feet out of my fishing tackle," the captain would reply, and the rest of the conversation was usually lost in the flappings of a newly caught cod. But Johnny long since put aside his evil ways and moved to Chicago, so why should we bring up the past? Let's stick to his Western Electric history, which is both long and honorable:

Mr. Gross entered the hand screw machine department of the old New York shops as a greenhorn in February, 1896. By '99 he had mastered hand-screw machine operating and was transferred to the automatics. Four years later he returned to the hand-screw machine department as section head. In 1909 he transferred to Hawthorne with that department, where he has remained ever since. His present position is section head in charge of special work.

Johnny will cruise under a three-star service flag from now on.

C. H. Talmage—20 Years



When Charley Talmage pried himself loose from the home fireside on his father's farm in Iowa, lightning rods were the only electrical equipment on the farm. He preferred an electrical education and occupation where the results would be more certain and the risk not as great, so we found him among the porcelains and wiring devices of an electrical contractor's shop in Indianapolis setting out for an electrical career.

It didn't take him very long to learn the "Western Electric" was the proper company to buy from and much long that it was a good company to work for. On one of his trips to Chicago, in 1901, he sold himself to the Sales Manager instead of the Sales Manager selling him the bill of goods he came to buy. He was directed to a desk labeled "Supply Specialist," and

after holding down this job three years Kansas City was placed on the map.

Charley was handed a ticket and instructed to make good as Sales Manager. After thirteen years he left for Salt Lake to enjoy life among the Mormons and look after the company's interests there.

"Stub," as his best friends call him, has the smile that wins. Its value can be judged best from a story told on him while he was in Kansas City.

The manager stepped out of his office one day to greet an old customer. After the greeting "Well, how is everything, Bill?" came this response: "I'll tell you how—I came down here with the firm determination of cleaning out the whole establishment, starting with you. To prepare myself for the job I took two North End drinks before coming into the building—came up the stairs two at a time and who did I find greeting me but "Talmage" with his hand outstretched, a smile all over his face—as I looked down on him my heart failed me and I couldn't hit him—instead of giving him hell I gave him an order."

—F. B. Uhrig.

E. H. Warne—20 Years



We say: "My, but isn't Jennie shocking?" and you say: "Jennie who?" And then, quick as a flash, we say "Generator." Get it? We say—Well, why don't you laugh, then? E. H. Warne thought that was a darned good one, and he ought to know, because his first work for the Company was making No. 21 generators. And just look how versatile that joke is, too. If you want to you can say: "Isn't Mag shocking," and then the answer is "Magneto." Oh, very well, then. If you're

not interested in that we'll go ahead and tell you about E. H.

Mr. Warne started at Clinton Street in the hand generator department, where he stayed for about two years. In 1897 he went to the relay department, and a few years later was put on experimental work, perfecting the Ellis coin collector. In this capacity he entered the newly organized jobbing shop as its first employee. He remained in the jobbing organization until 1912, when he transferred to the partial assembly department as a gang boss. He has been in that department ever since, his present position being section foreman in charge of machine work.

Mr. Warne can recite "Twinkle, twinkle" to three stars after this month.

F. Reschke—20 Years



The Company didn't take any chances when it hired Fred Reschke as an expert boiler setter. When he applied for a job at Clinton Street, the man then in charge of the power plant didn't think he could use a bricklayer in any capacity. However, when Fred had a little talk with him and offered to reset one of the boilers on contract to make it evaporate more water per pound of coal, the foreman closed with him and Fred went at the job. When it was finished he was paid

his contract money and adopted into the Western Electric family, to which he has been a credit ever since.

Mr. Reschke has been a bricklayer during practically all of his Western service, although he also did a little electrical work years ago during slack times in his regular trade, as he had learned considerable about electric wiring while with the Siemens & Halske Company in Berlin. He is now a section head in charge of brick-laying and boiler setting in the mason and carpenter department at Hawthorne.

Mr. Reschke gets a second star in his service button this month.

Fifteen-Year Men



R. E. Wolther
Hawthorne



F. Verhoeff
Hawthorne



E. Schlies
Hawthorne



G. W. Folkner
West Street



E. D. Hall
West Street

Other Fifteen-Year Men and Women

Heppner, H. F., Hawthorne 6117.....	February 2
Tillstrom, E., Hawthorne, 6615.....	" 6
Elfe, E. G., Hawthorne, 6460.....	" 8
Bieraugel, A., Hawthorne, 6300.....	" 9
Marbach, W. C., Hawthorne, 5086.....	" 12
Drenan, C. H., Hawthorne, Inst.....	" 16
Tkalsky, Frank, Hawthorne, 6430.....	" 16
Rhode, A. F., Hawthorne, 5052.....	" 20
Nelson, Alice, Hawthorne, 6326.....	" 22
Straub, F., Hawthorne, 6315.....	" 22
Boerekel, Winfield S., New York, Engineering.....	" 6
Lynch, Florence L., New York, Engineering.....	" 19
Schaude, Samuel F., Pittsburgh,.....	" 23

Ten-Year Men and Women

Schmidt, W. J., Chicago.....	February 1
McGann, Wm. H., Cincinnati.....	" 1
Gray, Mary, Dallas.....	" 27
Volsonsky, Mary, Hawthorne, 6326.....	" 1
Gulch, F., Hawthorne, 6312.....	" 2
LeCompte, S. E., Hawthorne, Inst.....	" 2
Koci, Louis, Hawthorne, 5330.....	" 6
Hornik, J., Hawthorne, 5736.....	" 7
Swedin, Lillie, Hawthorne, 6138.....	" 7
Toth, M., Hawthorne, 6460.....	" 7
Mitchell, F. R., Hawthorne, Inst.....	" 10
Witzig, Alvah A., Hawthorne, 6604.....	" 10
Beiger, Marie, Hawthorne, 6640.....	" 11
Jiricek, F., Hawthorne, 5791.....	" 11
Wilsey, F. F., Hawthorne, 9521.....	" 11
Boot, C. W., Hawthorne, 6961.....	" 13
McLoudry, E. J., Hawthorne, 6611.....	" 13
Smith, Emma, Hawthorne, 6162.....	" 13
Stachowiak, Rose, Hawthorne, 6640.....	" 13
Treck, O., Hawthorne, 6305.....	" 13
Inoria, P., Hawthorne, 6342.....	" 14
Misicka, P., Hawthorne, 6305.....	" 14
Sochan, Mary, Hawthorne, 6316.....	" 14
Lundgren, A. N., Hawthorne, 5723.....	" 16
Wallace, A., Hawthorne, Inst.....	" 17
Malek, E. F., Hawthorne, 6079.....	" 18
Hastman, W., Hawthorne, 6615.....	" 21
Kay, Emma S., Hawthorne, 9383.....	" 21
Krier, G., Hawthorne, 6302.....	" 21
De Boo, H., Hawthorne, 6460.....	" 22
Anderson, Arthur W., Hawthorne, 6640.....	" 27
Berg, L. G., Hawthorne, 6036-H.....	" 27
Nolte, W., Hawthorne, Inst.....	" 27
Ballance, F. J., Hawthorne, 5727.....	" 28
Michalkiewicz, J., Hawthorne, 5754.....	" 28
Nicholson, Kittie, Hawthorne, 6324.....	" 28
Witt, T., Hawthorne, 6339.....	" 28
Kierran, Anna A., New York, Engineering.....	" 10
Barton, James, New York, Engineering.....	" 15
Swoboda, Adolph R., New York, Engineering.....	" 17
Dieffenbach, Harry C., New York, Engineering.....	" 25
Griffith, Amos R., Philadelphia.....	" 14



Bill's Worst Enemy

Once we had a "husky" working
Piling cross-arms by the hour,
And he didn't b'lieve in shirking
Nor in looking grim and sour.

He would whistle at his labor,
And he'd lend a helping hand
Or a dollar to a neighbor
Like a prince—you understand?

But his clothes were worn and tattered
And his pockets always flat
For to him it little mattered
Where he lived or hung his hat.

Poor old Bill—I've often wondered
Where he drifted to, from here.
He'll make friendships by the hundred
As he wanders year on year.

But his friends can never save him
From his free and easy ways.
With the heart the good Lord gave him
He'll be "busted" all his days.

All through life he'll work and wander
Never striving for a goal,

"Til he hears the call up yonder
From the Keeper of his Soul.

Then there'll be some folks who love him,
Who will plant him on the hill
And they'll write these words above him,
"Bill's worst enemy was Bill."

S. L. Rodgers—Omaha.

Women and Electricity

When a woman is sulky and will not speak	Exciter
If she gets too excited	Controller
If she talks too long	Interrupter
If her way of thinking is not yours	Converter
If she is willing to come half way	Meter
If she will come all the way	Receiver
If she wants to go further	Conductor
If she would go still further	Dispatcher
If she wants to be an angel	Transformer
If you think she is unfaithful	Detector
If she is unfaithful	Lever
If she proved your fears are wrong	Compensator
If she goes up in the air	Condenser
If she wants chocolates	Feeder
If she sings wrong	Tuner
If she is in the country	Telegrapher
If she is a poor cook	Discharger
If her dress unbooks	Connector
If she eats too much	Reducer
If she is wrong	Rectifier

—Pacific Power & Light Bulletin.

QUILL QUIVERS -- WINTER



GET A HUSBAND FOR HIMSELF. ONLY A HUSBAND CAN
KEEP HIMSELF FROM FREEZING. - THE WIFE'S POINT OF VIEW



IF YOU WANT BE LATE, THE BOSS APPRECIATES
A RIDGE BRIDGE



THE SAME GIRL - AT WORK



- AT HOME



IT ALL DEPENDS ON WHERE YOU SIT



WHAT DO YOU MEAN WEAVER, SEX?

Our Faith in the Future

We have firm faith in the future of the electrical industry. Its service to all forms of business and their universal dependence upon electricity guarantee this future.

This dependence on the electrical industry will make it one of the first to feel the revival of business when the basic industries increase operations.

This coming prosperity is predicated on the soundness of basic conditions. To be sure, the volume of business in many lines has decreased while the prices of the world are undergoing revision downwards to meet the world's ability to purchase. But the need for material *does* exist, and with time and the coming lower cost of money the volume of business will surely increase.

Coal:—An increased tonnage of coal must be mined and distributed.

Manufacturing:—Iron, Steel and Copper must be produced and distributed to do their respective shares in rebuilding business.

Crops:—The huge crops must be made available for human and animal consumption.

Building:—The Nation's huge building program must be carried to completion with its resulting stimulation of quarrying, mining, lumbering, and the manufacture of house fittings.

Public Utilities:—The great public utilities must use their growing strength, born of public recognition of the vital character of their services, to supply transportation, communication, light and power in ever increasing measure.

Water Power:—The Government's official recognition of the necessity for vastly increased hydro-electric development, as evidenced by passage of the Power Bill, will create new and greater demands for every kind of electrical equipment and supplies as soon as this huge program gets under way.

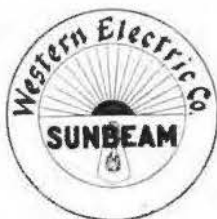
At nearly every step taken by these basic industries to make their services available, electricity contributes, and the electrical industry will benefit in proportion to the service it renders to them in rebuilding National Prosperity.

An essential part of this service is to assure ready availability of electrical equipment and supplies. Western Electric National Service can contribute that. Through its forty-eight well-stocked warehouses, our National Service makes everything electrical available everywhere. These distributing houses, each with its staff of specialists, are located at centers of trade providing ready availability of goods.

This organization is ready and able to help you play a bigger part in rebuilding the Nation's business.

Western Electric Company

Soft Light—*not* Dim Light



IN THE HOME more than anywhere else glaring light is a jarring note. It does not follow, however, that the light should be so dim as to interfere with vision! Dim light means dim sight.

The very first requirement of good illumination is a generous flow of well-shaded, softly diffused light. It will help you to see better. It will make your rooms look better.

There are various ways to get plenty of light without glare. One of them is by the liberal use of the new **WHITE MAZDA** lamps. These are made of a milky white glass that softens and spreads the light, making it agreeable in appearance and easy on the eyes.

Buy and try a box of five **WHITE SUNBEAM MAZDA** lamps. When you see what a change they make in one room you will want them throughout the house.



Western Electric Sunbeam MAZDA Lamps

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JK