

THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE MAGAZINE



FEBRUARY 1935

THE SPIRIT OF SERVICE

(THE THEME OF OUR FRONT COVER)

In hundreds of thousands of homes is to be found an unusual sense of security, convenience and accessibility. Smoke or fire, illness or a marauder—the *telephone* is at hand. Errands to be run, information to be gathered—the *telephone* is a willing, tireless messenger. Friends to be reached, loved ones to be brought together—the *telephone* is ready. Here, then, is swift, dependable service. Behind that service is our own telephone family. Skilful fingers and courteous voices, vigilant eyes and capable hands are steadfastly on the job. Sometimes a great public emergency throws a dramatic spotlight on this constancy, this conscientious Spirit of Service. Most of the time it goes about its daily tasks unnoticed, the result unconsciously accepted by those we serve. But always it is there. Every department contributes loyally. "The Message Must Go Through"—and does go through—because we telephone people have faith in our organization and the worthwhileness of our work.

I look back on the past year, notwithstanding its many difficult problems, with thankfulness and admiration for the splendid accomplishments on the part of our entire organization. In the last analysis, any institution is exactly what the men and women connected with it make it. The character of a man is what the individual makes it; the character of a Company is what all the individuals in the organization make it and, thanks be, our Company has a character—a distinctively fine one—because the men and women of our business are of the caliber and stability of which such character is made.

What a tribute it is, not only to our own people but to those we serve, that we offer a service through an organization that is known by its solid character embodying as it does, honesty of purpose, quality in performance, and dependability in its excellence. We take pride in playing our full part in meeting every responsibility which character imposes—fine citizenship, good neighbors, being helpful to the other fellow and carrying forward all of our work on sound and constructive ethical considerations.

All of us seek to give and want to receive fair treatment—such is the basis of real happiness in living and such is the structure on which we experience bringing the sunshine not only into the lives of those with whom we come in contact, but into our own. It is my wish for all of us that we so conduct our business and our relations with each other that the close of each day will bring us sound and conclusive convictions that in every contact we have had, we have fully recognized that we have acted fairly on the solid fundamental of fact, together with a sympathetic consideration and honesty of purpose in dealing fairly with the whole question. We have the moral obligation both to desire and seek a fundamental progress along our way through life by putting into practice every day the real significance of fair treatment one to another, both inside and outside our telephone family. Mutuality of interest always exists, although not always apparent, in the fundamentals of fair treatment.

The business will go where we take it. I know and firmly believe that the men and women of our Company will take it forward in a way that will be a credit to those they serve and a credit to themselves. The character of our men and women is such that there can be no question of our cohesively moving forward in a relationship that bespeaks loyalty to an inspiring cause and dedication of effort in upholding the fine Ideals and Traditions of a Great Public Service.



January 16, 1935.

OLD FRIENDS IN NEW OFFICES

ACTION OF BOARD OF DIRECTORS MAKES MR. PILLSBURY, CHAIRMAN;
MR. POWLEY, PRESIDENT; MR. FLEAGER, OPERATING VICE-PRESIDENT



H. D. PILLSBURY, Chairman of the Board

AN EVENTFUL old century was approaching eclipse by a new century of wonderful promise, and the 20-year-old telephone industry had scarcely begun the ground-work for its future astounding progress, when H. D. Pillsbury began his telephone career in the Legal Department of our company. It was the year 1898.

At that time there were less than 47,000 telephones in service on the Pacific Coast—from northern Washington to the Mexican boundary. A telephone call from San Francisco to Portland, Oregon, was about the longest practicable. Every major achievement in the art of telephony—as we know it today—was still to come.

On the first day of the new year, 1925, Mr. Pillsbury became president of our company, and with consistent energy devoted himself unsparingly to the problems of the telephone industry. He has witnessed the great growth of the Pacific Coast and a development of our business that has made the Pacific Company one

of the largest of the Bell System operating units. For many years he has been an active contributor to the development of Pacific Coast resources. Within the telephone family, we know Mr. Pillsbury as a leader, counsellor, and friend, one who has always devoted himself to the highest ideals of service to the general public, and to the people in the business. Outside the company, Mr. Pillsbury is widely recognized as an executive of vision and ability. On January 3 of this year, after serving

Clarkson, New York, and grew up in Ransomville, in Niagara County, which borders the shore of Lake Ontario. After graduating from Amherst College in 1908, he entered the telephone business as a clerk with the American Telephone and Telegraph Company in Boston, in July of the same year.

In 1912, Mr. Powley was employed by our company at San Francisco and, advancing step by step, he became commercial superintendent of the Southern California Area with headquarters in Los Angeles, in 1919. In 1925 he was named vice-president and general manager of the Southern California Telephone Company, and remained in that position until 1928, when he returned to San Francisco to become vice-president in charge of operations of The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company and its associated companies, this promotion marking another step in a steady rise from the ranks. Mr. Powley has a keen appreciation of the point of view of the public; he knows the value of mutual co-operation in all

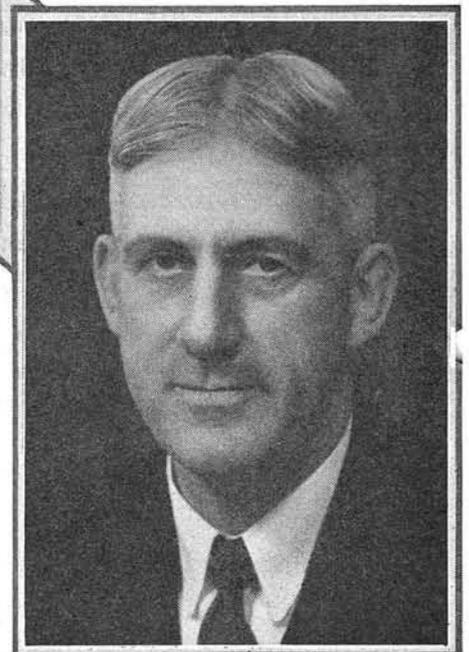


N. R. POWLEY
President

our company as president for ten years, Mr. Pillsbury became chairman of our board of directors as a part of a realignment of official responsibilities carried out by the directors meeting on that date.

At the same meeting, the board elected N. R. Powley, operating vice-president, to succeed Mr. Pillsbury as president, and Vice-President C. E. Fleager, Mr. Powley's assistant for the past six years, vice-president in charge of operations.

N. R. Powley was born in 1886, at



C. E. FLEAGER, Operating Vice-President

our relations and fully recognizes our responsibilities to provide a service of ever-increasing value to the people of this coast.

Mr. Powley is one of the well-known executives of the Bell System and has made many contributions to the business. He has a wide acquaintance in our telephone family, and is admired for his energy and his executive ability. He is beloved for his broad understanding of us as individuals and co-workers and for his steadfast belief in the principles of fair treatment. His sincerity is evident and impressive, and his career furnishes an inspiring story of a friendly, capable leader.

Mr. Fleager, our new vice-president in charge of operations, has been in the telephone business for 35 years. His career is also characterized by the steady, upward progress of a friendly, capable man. He is well known to all of us. His broad and fundamental knowledge of the business, his inherent earnestness and honesty of purpose have inspired all of us whose privilege it has been to be in contact with him. He has always exemplified in all his work the fine ideals and traditions of the business and he merits in every sense his well-deserved promotion.

In 1899, the year he graduated from the University of Illinois, Mr. Fleager was employed as a clerk by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. Then began a career which was to offer widest latitude to his exceptional abilities.

Mr. Fleager's interests early centered in engineering and plant phases of the business and, after a year's work as chief operator and division chief operator, he entered the construction department of the old Sunset Telephone and Telegraph Company in Seattle in 1902. Rapid progress during the ensuing five years found him, successively, foreman, division foreman and district construction superintendent.

In 1910, Mr. Fleager was transferred to San Francisco as district superintendent of plant; and in the same year became division plant engineer. Steady progress in the general engineering department and as plant engineer brought him to the position of assistant vice-president in 1923. Three years later he was made chief engineer. In 1928 he became assistant vice-president, and in 1929 vice-president. We in the telephone family unite in congratulating these three outstanding leaders.



Effective January 16th, R. D. Miller, right, was appointed Assistant Vice-President, reporting to Vice-President C. E. Fleager, and D. F. Smith, left, was appointed Chief Engineer, Oregon Area.

NEW RESPONSIBILITIES

REXWELL D. MILLER, chief engineer for the Oregon Area since 1930, has been named assistant vice-president. The change in his duties and his transfer from Portland to San Francisco became effective January 16th.

The new assistant vice-president, still in his early thirties, began his telephone career in the General Engineering Department in San Francisco. Four years later he became Fundamental Plan Engineer in Los Angeles, and in 1928 he was named to the position of Plant Extension Engineer, Southern California Area. Demand for telephone service was almost unprecedented during the years Mr. Miller was in Los Angeles. He met his responsibilities, and more. In August, 1930, he was named the first chief engineer for the newly-formed Oregon Area.

In Oregon Mr. Miller won the high regard of his fellow workers with his quiet, unassuming, yet forceful and helpful way of doing his job. He took an active part

in A. I. E. E. work in the state. He is a graduate of the University of California.

Don F. Smith, plant extension engineer, Southern California Area, succeeded Mr. Miller as chief engineer for the Oregon Area. Mr. Smith's new responsibilities come as he nears 31 years of service in the industry. He entered the employ of the Sunset Telephone and Telegraph Company, Los Angeles, as messenger boy in 1904. In 1920 he went to San Francisco as an engineer and returned to Chief Engineer's Department in Los Angeles in 1924, assuming his duties there as Transmission and Protection Engineer.

Supplementing his wide experience in the telephone ranks, he took advantage of the "after hour" opportunities afforded by university extension service and correspondence schools. Long an active member of the Elks, a good athlete and a follower of rod and reel, he brings to the Oregon Area a personality that Southern California truly regrets to lose.

FOR EVERY 100 PEOPLE
IN EUROPE

11 2 TELEPHONES

IN THE UNITED STATES

11111111111111

11 14 TELEPHONES

THE TRUEST TEST OF
THE TELEPHONE'S VALUE

THE most accurate indication of what the telephone is worth lies in its acceptance by the public it serves. Under present conditions, people spend their money only for that which returns full value for what it costs. In the United States the value of telephone service is greater than anywhere else; nowhere else is it in such general use. For every 100 people, Europe has two telephones, the United States, 14.

'T WAS THE MONTH AFTER CHRISTMAS

By THE TELEPHONE REPORTER

★ ★

"Ha, I have it," shouted Kris Kringle. "Just what you want. Come with me over to the office, and I'll let you look over a lot of stories covering the Telephone Family's good times and good deeds. . ."

Within a few minutes I was comfortably seated at a desk in Mr. Kringle's office, poring over a sheaf of interesting items. A fat, jolly-looking stove radiated warm blasts that laughed at the gale outside. Oh, I tell you, it was snug! But let's get on—let's read some of the telephone Christmas stories:

Singing in the Rain

It was a blustery, rainy night just before Christmas. Robert, a colored newsboy, was huddled in the lee of the Evergreen-Skyline central office building in San Francisco. The little fellow had no soles on his shoes, and his shabby coat was too threadbare to ward off the shivers. But he kept up his steady cry, "Papeh! Lates' evenin' papeh!"

Robert didn't feel sorry for himself—never complained. But Plant Department men of Evergreen and Skyline offices noted his lack of even the most meager comforts. Investigation proved that Robert's parents and older brother were very poor, but exceptionally worthy.

The Plant men and operators of the two central offices soon found a way to gladden Robert's heart. On the day before Christmas they sent to his home a pair of "cords," shoes, a raincoat, a "zipper" coat, and two sets of "everything." When Robert put on a new pair of warm stockings, he said, "Now I got stockings, I don't need shoes!" He could hardly believe he had both. Today Robert sings in the winter rain. And who can blame him?

"140" Hears Carols

The 18-foot Christmas tree which graced the lobby of the 140 New Montgomery Building, in San Francisco, was acclaimed by all "the most beautiful" of a many-year series of holiday decorations. Trimmed by Advertising Production shop men, under direction of Ralph D. Berry and George Notman, the huge fir was covered with lights—300 in all—pounds of cellophane and dozens of ornaments.



The Christmas Choir whose carols were heard in the lobby of 140 New Montgomery, San Francisco, on December 24th. (At left) Miss Shirley E. Clark, violinist, Traffic Department; Miss Ann Gazarian, organist, Commercial; Miss Effie I. Ployhar, cellist, Treasury. Front row (left to right) Miss Mabel A. Broz, Commercial; Mrs. Orta Friedman, Commercial; Miss Rosemary Williams, Traffic; Miss Gwyneth E. Baxley, Benefit Dept.; Mrs. Florence O. Bricker, Traffic; Miss Vera B. Palmer, Accounting. Rear row (left to right) J. D. Worthington, Commercial; L. L. Vieira, Commercial, director; C. D. Steiner, Commercial; Merville A. Yetter, Plant. Mrs. Sena E. Goodman was unavoidably absent when this photograph was taken.

I FOUND Kris Kringle in a warehouse of his North Pole plant. He was taking inventory, not a very heavy job, for about all he had to count was shelves, a few fire extinguishers and empty cartons.

Kris Kringle is the most efficient business man in the world. He cleans out his complete stock every December, and his annual report invariably shows a huge balance of thankfulness from the world.

He was in his shirt sleeves. This fact is certainly worthy of mention, for I am probably the only person who ever saw Kris Kringle—Santa Claus to you—minus his fur-trimmed red coat. Yes, he wore galluses. He evidently didn't see me, so I rumbled, "Har-umm-ph" to attract his attention.

"Har-umm-ph yourself," Kris Kringle rumbled—and the rumble was the rumblingest kind of a rumble. He looked around. "Well, bless me, if it isn't a visitor, I thought you were Igloo, my Eskimo helper. He rumbles off-key just like you. Say, now, this is unusual to be having a visitor in *January*—why I thought

everybody was tired of even *thinking* about me."

I introduced myself, and at Kris Kringle's insistence, sat down on a box which bore the label, "Telephones—A Christmas Gift for All the Family."

"Young man," said Kris Kringle, "it's a pleasure to let you have an interview, seeing that you are so enthusiastic about Christmas, even after Christmas is over and done, as to come way up to the North Pole to see me. . . ."

"So you'd like to get the 'exclusive' on just what I saw at the Telephone Family's Christmas parties, and what good deeds I caught its members doing? Well, it's a long story and a happy one. The Telephone Family is one of the largest on the Pacific Coast—and friendliness seems to be its motto. . . There's so much to say that it's hard to decide where to begin."

Kris Kringle stroked his beard—an almost forgotten mannerism nowadays, when so few men sport beards, and one which is supposed to mean that the wearer is cogitating.

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Sharing honors with the sparkling tree, in spreading Christmas cheer, a choir of 11 voices, accompanied by organ, violin and cello, made the big lobby ring with beautiful renditions of familiar carols. The program was begun at noon and continued for more than an hour. The carol singing, long a tradition at "140," was under the direction of L. L. Vieira.

Baskets of Goodness

"Mr. Kringle," said I, "you surely have a heap of stories about Christmas baskets distributed by telephone operators." No answer. I looked over my shoulder, and there was Kris Kringle stretched out on the window seat, taking a siesta—a custom probably picked up on his recent visit to Mexico.

"Mr. Kringle!" I raised my voice.

"Ten million dolls, 5,000 gross of kiddie cars—," Kris awakened from a dream about this year's orders. "Hey? Oh, Mr. Reporter, excuse me, what did you say?"

I repeated my statement, and Kris sat up, bright as a daisy. "You know, young man, basket-making is an art, but basket-filling is a greater one. A real Christmas basket is crammed with enough food for several days, and the telephone operators know how to pack *real* baskets.

"Why, look here." Kris thumbed through a stack of papers. "Telephone operators in Sacramento arranged and distributed 12 baskets to as many needy families. The T. & L. Girls' Club, an organization of Stockton operators, prepared ten thumping big baskets of holiday delicacies. Traffic department women in every East Bay central office, as well as in the information, long distance and division offices, filled 62 baskets—and it was no chore at all, for they *enjoy* this voluntary annual activity.

"Here's one from San Francisco telling how operators in Evergreen, Graystone, Montrose, Lockhaven, Randolph, Valencia, Mission and Atwater offices distributed 29 baskets to the poor.

"Traffic girls in Los Angeles and other Southern California exchanges were plenty busy during the holiday season. In Los Angeles, 43 baskets were sent to needy families by Mutual, Drexel, Exposition, Hempstead, Olympia, Whitney, Republic, Richmond, Thornwall and Vermont offices. All employees in Van Nuys bought toys which were turned over to the Family Welfare Bureau.

"San Pedro operators, instead of exchanging gifts among themselves, all signed one huge Christmas card which was sent with money they'd saved to the Elks' Club charity fund. Wilmington girls gave money to the Salvation Army. The operators in San Diego's Main office presented a new stove to a needy family, and other offices in that city distributed well-filled baskets, as did Glendale, Long Beach and Lomita.

"The girls of Glenwood office, in Spokane, took care of a poor family—a mother with four children—by sending them lots of good things for their Christmas dinner, and they surely appreciated it, couldn't thank the girls enough.

"In Portland, telephone men and women tried out a new idea. During the week before Christmas, each contributed cans of foodstuffs, and appointed Roberta Hudson of the Traffic Department, and George Prior of the Plant as custodians of the ever-growing pile of tins. 'Enough beans, soup, macaroni, oysters, clams, etc., etc., to stock a grocery store were distributed to needy families.'

"I'll tell you it does the heart good to read about the generosity of these telephone people. Basket-filling is but a part of the story. Individually and as groups they are among my best helpers at Christ-

mas-time—and they keep in practice by doing good deeds throughout the year."

Kris Kringle paused for breath, "Go ahead, Mr. Reporter, and read about some of the telephone parties." I went ahead and read.

Good Times

The second annual children's party was held in Graystone building, in San Francisco, on the Friday night before Christmas. About 75 boys and girls were regaled with ice cream, cake and presents. And all got a tremendous "kick" out of talking with Miss Frances Dykes, who doubled for Santa Claus. In fact the kids had such a good time that they put on a program for their elders' entertainment. Joseph, son of Employee-Chairman Lillian Zanetti, sang about a fellow on a flying trapeze, and Marilyce McKean did a most attractive solo dance.

Another children's party was held at Market-Underhill office, with equal success. Thus are traditions established.

"Sales Parties" were held at both West and Evergreen Offices, in San Francisco. During the events, the "highest" saleswomen of the year were awarded prizes by the Sales Club.

Plant Department employees in Monterey, Santa Rosa and Eureka gave

George Prior, Plant, and Roberta Hudson, Traffic, were in charge of the collection of canned goods donated by telephone people to Portland's needy.





Santa Claus, on his visit to the Bremerton, Wash., building, found telephone operators enjoying a "children's" party, attended by Freckles and his Girl Friend, Buster Brown, Mary Jane and other notable youngsters.

* *

Christmas tree parties for their fellow workmen, their families and children. Approximately 300 people attended the three events.

Commercial employees of the Oakland business office held a Christmas dinner party at Oakland Women's City Club, and Lew Harmon made a hit as St. Nicholas, for he sure could "shell out" the presents. The feature of the evening was a mock wedding entitled "The Cohens Get Married." The principals were men. The theme—comedy. And how!

Employees of the San Mateo-Burlingame exchange say their second annual Christmas party was a big success. "Santy" found his counterpart in Harold Hayden. The evening was devoted to dancing, refreshments, and a showing of Ralph Smith's motion picture of his recent trip across the continent.

Many Christmas parties were held in

Portland, and among the merriest was that given at the home of Minnie Culver for chief operators, clerks and supervisors of the Information office. Instead of a tree, they used a replica of St. Nick's home—ice and all—to contain their gifts.

A Christmas Breakfast

Christmas dinners are the usual thing, so Los Angeles' Christmas *breakfast* must be regarded as unusual. Held in the cafeteria of the South Olive street building, the merry morning event was attended by 450 employees—thus making it the largest affair of its kind ever held by the Telephone Family in that exchange. Toastmaster Ben G. Wright kept "things moving" by telling jokes, calling for a few brief talks, and announcing carols to be sung.

Traffic and Plant employees in Albany and Angelus offices, Los Angeles, held parties together, and the toll office gave a big party at which employees' children were guests of honor. The Culver City girls' party was attended by many needy families who found gifts of clothes and toys on the tree. In Ventura, com-

mercial, plant and traffic employees and their families, numbering 125, had a real old-fashioned Christmas party, with a tree, entertainment, gifts, Santa Claus, and much merrymaking. Christmas celebrations for employees and their families were also held in Alhambra, Downey, Burbank, Glendale, Fillmore, North Hollywood, Pasadena, Santa Ana, Whittier, Compton, El Centro, Escondido and many other offices.

Constructing Happiness

The Construction Craftsmen's Association gave a big Christmas party in its hall, in San Francisco. This affair is the usual climax to the year's activities and affords a splendid opportunity for a real Telephone Family get-together.

The many children in attendance divided their interest between talking to St. Nicholas, and inspecting at close-range the instruments used by Felix Rossi's seven-piece orchestra. We have the Association's word for it that the ladies asked St. Nick (C. A. Deeble) for everything from Cadillacs to fur coats—but they *received* boxes of candy. Their husbands, however, afterward interviewed Mr. Deeble and thus were saved some blunders in Christmas shopping.

Washington Frolics

In Spokane, the girls of Broadway office held their first Christmas party in many years, but they proved themselves expert, for the affair was a huge success. Mrs. Gertrude Williams interpreted the

Lucine Roberts (left) helps Mildred Sewell load truck with Christmas baskets and presents prepared by Tacoma, Wash., long distance operators for needy people. Jack Bonham, driver for the delivery firm that volunteered services, was an able assistant.



role of Santa Claus so convincingly that everyone seemed to renew their belief in him. A program of skits and music rounded out the evening. The Glenwood office operators chose Miss Durgan as the St. Nick for their celebration, which featured much "fun and laughter."

Bellingham held its Christmas get-together in the Association rooms. The ladies of the Plant Department served dinner to more than 60 plant and commercial people. Herbert S. Miller and Ray J. Evans found their 15-year service buttons on the tree.

Cheer for Shut-Ins

"You'll note," said Kris Kringle, "that the telephone employees are particularly thoughtful of shut-ins. . . . This story from the Tacoma, Wash., *Times* of December 27th is a good example."

Here are some excerpts I jotted down.

"Person-to-Person calls bringing Christmas cheer to 14 children, one a little fellow doomed to three more years in a plaster cast, marked the holiday activities of Tacoma's long distance operators. Christmas was made elaborately complete for three large families and a bed-ridden child by the nickels and dimes of the telephone girls, who for the last five weeks have been patronizing a tiny kitchenette in the main telephone building.

"For each of the three homes there was a Christmas tree, new bedding, clothing, shoes and lots of food for a full-fledged Christmas dinner including turkey and its orthodox accompaniments. Toys? Sure—lots of toys. And for 3-year-old Doland Hart in the orthopedic ward at the Ta-

coma General Hospital was a great big 'Scottie' dog — not much for bark, no good at all for bite, but a real dour Scotsman none the less. . . ."

In San Francisco, employees of the Accounting Department for the third Christmas sent gifts to one of their number, who is convalescing in a nearby sanitarium. The young lady was especially thrilled with a "corsage" whose flowers were made of coins wrapped in cellophane. The Accounting people also remembered a young man who was an employee six years ago, but since has been constantly ill. Not only have they brightened six Christmases for him, but also send him monthly remembrances. Operators in several San Francisco central offices sent useful gifts to employees and former employees who are shut-ins.

Many East Bay central offices collected tin-foil during the year, and Ashberry, Thornwall and Merritt were especially active. The foil was given to the Shrine Hospital.

The girls of the Los Angeles Information office bought and dressed dolls for poor children, and operators in Riverside's Mission office filled stockings for children in the county hospital.

* *

Kris Kringle had just departed when the cameraman caught this happy scene at the Christmas Tree Party given by the Construction Craftsmen's Association, San Francisco.



Portland traffic employees had an enjoyable Christmas party at the home of Minnie Culver. The hostess is seated on the right.

259 Pounds of Candy

"And in case you think I forgot the 'hello' girls," said Kris Kringle, "cast your eyes on this, which tells just a few of my activities in this line."

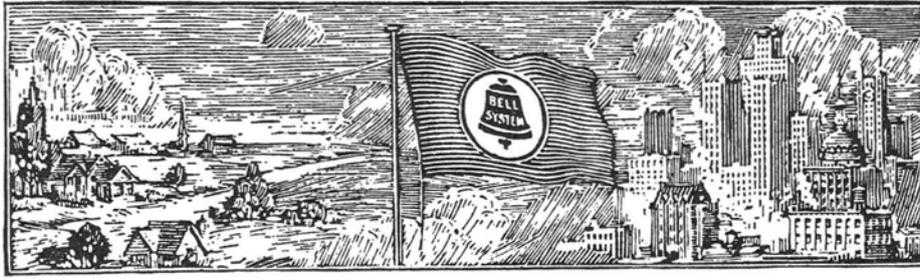
The operators in Southern California were well remembered by subscribers, who showed their appreciation for past services in many ways. Coronado subscribers sent 93 pounds of candy; El Centro people, 60 pounds; Oceanside, 36 pounds; Brawley, 70 pounds of sweets, a box of apples and handkerchiefs for each girl. Remembrances were received by traffic girls in Fillmore, Del Mar, Holtville, Santa Monica, Ramona and Lomita, including candy, apples, compacts and even parasols.

"So, you see, everybody had a good Christmas—a happier one, because they thought of others," concluded Kris Kringle. "So long, Mr. Reporter. See you later."

As I left, Kris was stroking his beard, muttering, "hmm-mm. Only 329 days 'til Christmas. I'd better get going!"



NO SKELETONS IN THE BELL SYSTEM CLOSET * * THE PATTERN OF OUR ORGANIZATION IS CLEAN-CUT AND SIMPLE.



IZATION IS CLEAN-CUT AND SIMPLE. DO YOU KNOW AND UNDERSTAND IT?

* *

THE set-up of the Bell System is a familiar story to most telephone people. It has been told in group meetings, magazine articles, booklets, pamphlets and public statements as far back as runs the mind of the oldest employee. Do you remember "The Story of the Bell System"? That interesting booklet, first issued in 1929, gives a good picture, and it's well worth re-reading.

For people today are interested in the Bell System. They want to know more about it. Customers who have never had any particular reason to give thought to what an "Associated Company" is, or what the A. T. & T. is, or what the Western Electric Company is, are quite apt to ask us, as individuals, about the inter-relationship of our company with the others. We are proud of our organization and the ideals that guide it. In connection with the proposed investigation by the Federal Communications commission President Walter S. Gifford of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company has frankly stated: "In a business as extensive as ours which so vitally concerns so many people, the public has a right to the fullest information as to how its affairs are conducted." Mr. Gifford also said, and we know how absolutely true it is: "We have no skeletons in the closet to be exposed."

Let's take this occasion to re-examine the set-up of our business, with the questions in mind that we may reasonably be asked by people who have no knowledge of our aims and ideals, or our pattern of organization, or the bearing one has upon the other. For we welcome such questions, and want to be able to give accurate, understandable answers.

A Few Basic Facts

First, then, a definition: *What is the Bell System?*

The Bell System is a widely owned organization operating a public service under federal and state regulation.

Second: *What is its purpose?*

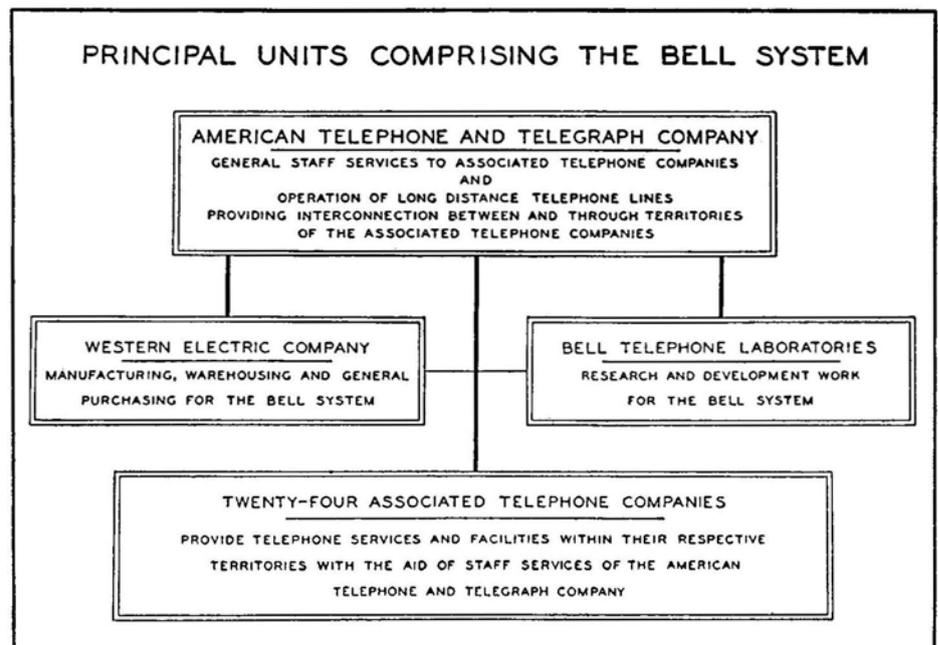
Its three-fold purpose is to give the public the best telephone service at the lowest possible cost, give steady work at fair wages to its hundreds of thousands of employees and pay a reasonable return to the men and women who have invested in it.

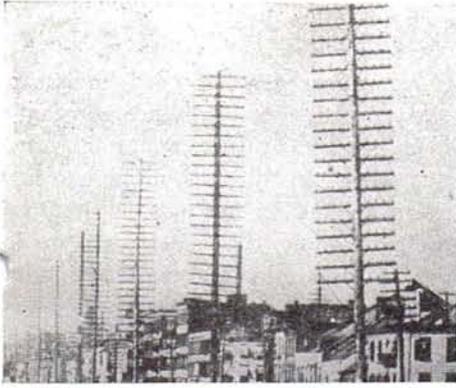
Third: *How is it constituted?*

The Bell System consists of 24 regional companies, each attuned to the needs of the particular territory it serves. There is also the Bell Laboratories, working ceaselessly and scientifically to improve the

scope and value of telephone service. There is the Western Electric Company, specializing in the economical production of telephone equipment of the highest quality. Co-ordinating and assisting the work of the operating companies, Bell Laboratories and Western Electric, is the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. It looks upon the operation of telephone service as a public trust and is owned largely by the people it serves. There are today nearly 700,000 stockholders representative of the average citizenry of the nation; they come from every walk of life and live in every state of the Union. Yet no one owns as much as one per cent of its stock. Everything has been planned and organized for one specific purpose—to give the best possible telephone service at the lowest possible cost.

Fourth: *What kind of a job is it doing?*

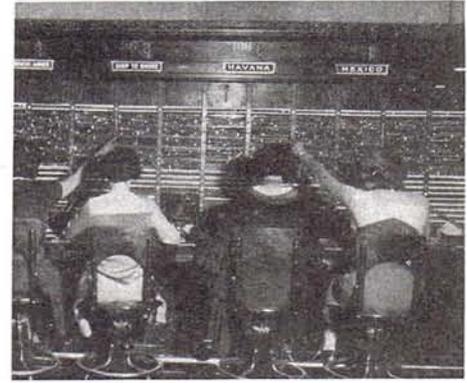
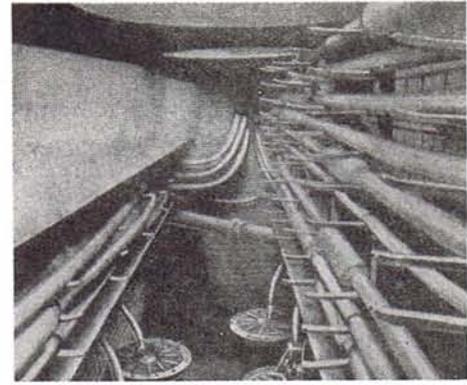




THEN AND NOW

It is the function of Bell Laboratories research workers, through discovery and invention to find cheaper and better ways of providing equipment, apparatus, cable and all kinds of plant and to devise cheaper and better methods of operation. The results of this organized scientific research are promptly made available to us and to all operating companies.

"Then and Now," as pictured left and right, give some idea of the marked contrast in early-day and present-day equipment.



America leads in telephone service. The telephone was invented in this country and it has reached its highest development here. There are seven times as many telephones in relation to population in the United States as in Europe and the service is better. This high efficiency did not just happen. It is the result of American initiative and a sincere desire to serve the public. The general plan of the Bell System is the cumulation of more than 50 years' experience, resulting in one policy, one system and universal service.

Fifth: *What are the relationships between its parts?*

This brings us to the detailed story of the Bell System set-up.

Universal Service the Result of Forethought

In the beginning there was simply the *idea* of electrical voice-communication. This took shape as a crude device that actually received and transmitted speech over a short iron wire. But even in this early stage, the pioneers had vision. Dr. Bell, the inventor, said:

"It is conceivable, that cables of telephone wires could be laid underground, or suspended overhead, communicating by branch wires with private dwellings, country houses, shops, manufactories, etc., etc., uniting them through the main cable with a central office. . . Not only so, but I believe that in the future wires will unite

the head offices in different cities and a man in one part of the country may communicate by word of mouth with another in a distant part. . . I will impress upon you all the advisability of keeping this end in view, that all present arrangements of the telephone may be eventually realized in this grand system."

It was obvious to Dr. Bell and his associates that a great deal of money would be required to develop the brand new business. No comprehensive system such as we know today could possibly spring into being overnight, even if the technical knowledge existed. It had to grow. To guide the new art along co-ordinated lines, firms and individuals in various parts of the United States were not sold the Bell patents as such but were *licensed* to use them. These local exchanges, at first unrelated, gradually evolved into larger units. To finance their requirements they sold stock, and some of this from time to time was taken by the parent company as investors' confidence in it developed. The parent company was meanwhile evolving into the capable institution we know today as the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. The regional operating units have become the various Associated Operating Companies of which The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company is an example.

Practically from the beginning, the A. T. & T. has been a stockholder in all of the Associated Companies. As these com-

panies have issued new stock from time to time, the A. T. & T. has exercised its rights as a stockholder by purchasing additional stock. In many cases where the other stockholders did not wish to take up their rights the A. T. & T. bought their allotments also, thereby supplying the money necessary for the telephone development of the country. In this way and through other purchases in the open market, the A. T. & T. now owns an average of 93 per cent of the Associated Company stock. In the case of our own company it owns 85 per cent of the common stock and 78 per cent of the preferred.

The steady growth of the telephone business as conducted by the Associated Companies has largely been due to the existence of this majority ownership of their stock by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. Although the Bell System has become one of the largest institutions in the country, in the more than 50 years of its existence it has never made a great fortune for anyone. The system has always been in the hands of men whose interests in the telephone business have been in the progress of the industry, and not in its financial manipulation. The widespread ownership of the American Company is also a direct check on such procedures. More than 54,000 of these 700,000 stockholders live on the Pacific Coast.



Bell Telephone Laboratories, Inc. Bldg., New York City.

The relationship between the Associated Operating Companies and the A. T. & T. is therefore three-fold.

1. The A. T. & T. owns stock in each company. It has, therefore, the rights of a stockholder.
2. The A. T. & T. owns and operates a system of long-distance lines that tie the various Associated Companies together. This makes nationwide service possible.
3. Each operating company has a contract with the A. T. & T. by which it receives many services, the fruits of continuous research and nationwide experience, and the use and protection of many important patents.

We have said that each operating company has a contract with the A. T. & T. by which it receives many services. These services have expanded tremendously with passage of years, just as the number and quality of the patents have expanded. For these services we now pay 1½ per cent of our gross operating revenues. The arrangement whereby we receive the full benefits furnished by a centralized advisory and an extensive research, inves-

tigating, and experimenting organization, is sometimes called the *contractual relationship* of our company with the A. T. & T. This relationship in no sense is that of a subsidiary to a holding company as ordinarily understood. The value of these services so far exceeds the amount we pay for them and they are so fundamental and beneficial in our rendering a dependable and constantly improving service that we would be remiss in our obligations to our patrons if we failed to avail ourselves of them.

To furnish financial assistance is one of its important services, particularly in periods of rapid growth, when vast sums are needed for plant additions and replacements.

Another service of the utmost importance is that enabling the regional companies to utilize every improvement resulting from the research and experimentation of its scientific workers in the Bell Telephone Laboratories, and to keep track of scientific achievements in the world at large that might be beneficial to the telephone industry.

The problem of apparatus is only one of the multitude of problems that the Bell regional companies share in common. There is a best way of doing everything and this best way applied to the innumerable details of operation is what they are constantly seeking to know.

There is another service, therefore, that the regional companies engage the American Telephone and Telegraph Company to provide, classified as "telephone engineering." It is so broad in its scope as to include studies covering the entire range of construction, operation, maintenance and business practices. No

single company could afford to make these studies for itself.

New ideas for improved equipment and operating practices are constantly being studied by the staff of the headquarters company and from time to time are suggested by the men in the operating companies. These new ideas are developed and tested and the resulting improvements spread over the whole Bell System.

One department of the headquarters company, for example, develops a new technique for the System's construction forces—such as a new and more economical method of laying cable and conduit, or details for installing armored cross-country cable underground without conduits.

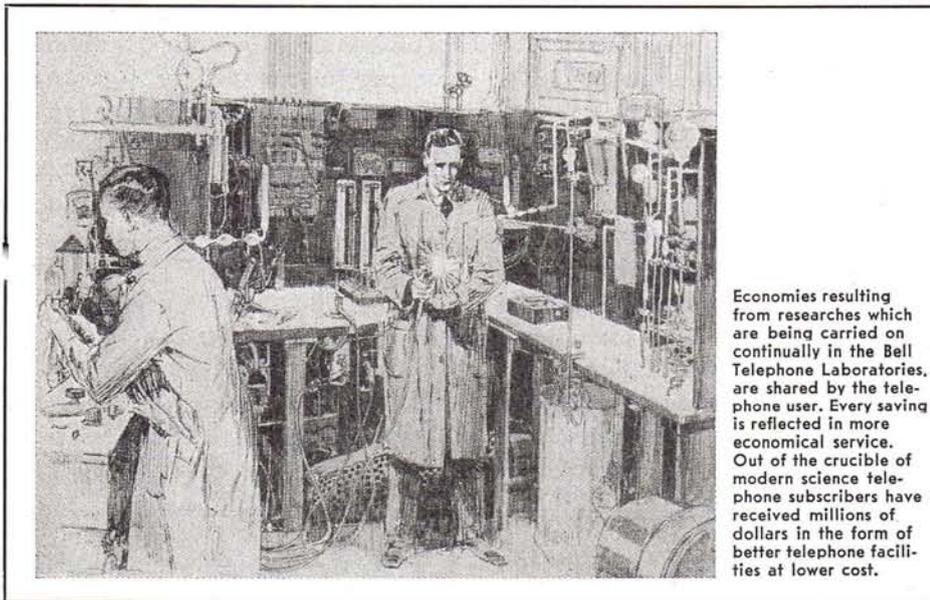
Another studies the System's collective experience with buildings and equipment in order that the knowledge gained from this experience may be applied to central office design.

Another, specializing in traffic matters, perfects operating practices that cut many seconds from the time required for handling calls and that further improve their accuracy. For instance, the average number of minutes required to establish a toll board connection in the Bell System has been reduced from 7 in 1924 to 1½ in 1934.

Another helps the regional companies to develop business practices and office routines. It studies markets, assists in formulating promotional plans and in the carrying forward of a great number of other necessary functions. Still another department advises the companies as to the most efficient methods involved in accounting work and in the statistical analyses of the results of operation needed for local administrative purposes.

Every phase of telephone operation and activity is studied in behalf of the regional companies. The sole purpose of this centralized work is to insure continued improvement in telephone service. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company functions in the manner of a general staff, ready to provide expert assistance in solving any new problem that may arise, but is principally occupied in studies and developments that will anticipate problems. The cost of this research and advisory service is more than the headquarters company receives for rendering it.

The services received by The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company from the American Telephone and Telegraph Company consist of a license to use patented devices, apparatus, methods and systems; protection against actions charging infringement of patents; continuous fundamental work of research, investigation and experimentation in the development of the art and science of telephony; adequate arrangements for the manufacturing of telephones and telephonic devices and apparatus; advice and assistance in general engineering, plant, traffic, operating, commercial, accounting, patent, legal, administrative and other matters pertaining to the efficient, economical and successful conduct of the business; advice and assistance in any financing required to be done; and proper connections between this Company's system and the telephone systems throughout the United States.



Economies resulting from researches which are being carried on continually in the Bell Telephone Laboratories, are shared by the telephone user. Every saving is reflected in more economical service. Out of the crucible of modern science telephone subscribers have received millions of dollars in the form of better telephone facilities at lower cost.

Research Saves Telephone Users Many Dollars

The fact that telephone service in the United States is provided at a price which has brought about greater usage of the service than anywhere else in the world is due largely to continuous and systematic research in the art of telephony. In order to assure that the service shall be constantly improved and extended in scope and that everything possible is done to overcome tendencies toward rising costs, the Bell System has maintained a centralized organization devoted to scientific research. The organization is the Bell Telephone Laboratories, Inc., which is manned by over 4,000 people, more than half of whom are trained scientists and technical specialists. The organization works in close co-operation with the members of the headquarters staff of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, who are familiar with the problems and needs of the operating telephone companies, and with the experts of the Western Electric Company, who are familiar with the problems of manufacture. It is the function of these research workers, through discovery and invention to find cheaper and better ways of providing equipment, apparatus, cable and all kinds of plant and to devise cheaper and better methods of operation. The results of this organized scientific research are promptly made available to us and to all operating companies.

This research and development work frequently leads to patents. The Bell System now has over 13,000 patents and

rights under patents in its field. These patents and rights under patents are not capitalized. The operating companies of the Bell System need pay no royalties for their use. They do not increase service charges by one cent. Discoveries and inventions relating to other fields, but arising as by-products of telephone research, are made available to others in the general public interest.

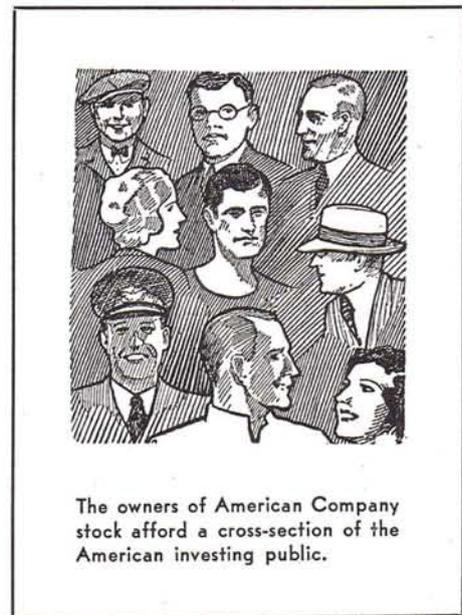
The efforts of Bell System research workers have saved telephone users hundreds of millions of dollars. Without these efforts, telephone rates would have been higher and service more restricted.

There is One Standard and One Profit in the Bell System. That is Why the A. T. & T. Company Owns the Western Electric Company

The first telephones were leased in pairs, to permit establishment of private lines between house and office or between branches of a business concern located on different premises. If telephone service had never developed beyond this stage, it might have been feasible for hundreds of different types of instruments to be manufactured in hundreds of different factories. But when telephone engineers devised mechanisms whereby a number of instruments could be inter-connected, the situation was radically changed. It is a peculiarity of an intercommunicating telephone system that each item of equipment must be able to function harmoniously with every other item.

When intercommunication became practicable, the management of the nucleus of the present Bell System perceived that all telephone equipment and apparatus would have to be so designed and constructed as to meet peculiar and exacting technical requirements. Efficient telephone service could not be furnished unless there was one standard of plant and equipment. Standardization of equipment and supplies was also necessary in order that all telephone workers installing and repairing telephone plant would be familiar with such equipment regardless of the particular location of the plant or of the workers, and in order that an adequate and dependable supply of equipment would be promptly available when and where needed. It also became apparent that the intricate plant required to provide intercommunication would necessarily be costly and that accordingly every effort should be made to assure reasonable costs; for assets of telephone companies do not "turn over" in the ordinary commercial sense of the term, but remain in place for considerable periods of time.

For the purpose of assuring a dependable supply of standardized equipment of highest quality at reasonable costs, a manufacturing company — the Western Electric Company — has been a subsidiary of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company for over 50 years. From this arrangement the operating companies of the Bell System have received the additional benefits, with respect to costs, of mass purchases, mass production and absence of sales expense on the part of



The owners of American Company stock afford a cross-section of the American investing public.

the manufacturing company; while manufacturing developments have been adapted to the needs of the telephone business as determined by experience and research in that business. The telephone companies, in other words, have obtained what they really need rather than what a manufacturer might think they need. The operating companies are under no obligation to buy telephone apparatus of Western Electric manufacture. Their election to do so rises solely from the advantages which thereby accrue to them and, through them, to their patrons.

The position of the Western Electric Company as an integral part of the Bell System is pre-eminently in the public interest, because there is in effect only one profit paid by the System. This is true for two reasons. First, because substantially the entire net income of all corporate entities comprising the Bell System accrues to the benefit of the stockholders of the parent company, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, in view of the fact that the parent company owns substantially all the capital stock of these corporations. Second, because it is the policy of the parent company and its affiliated companies that the aggregate net income of the System, accruing to the benefit of the stockholders of the parent company, shall not be large.

Public records show that, in line with this policy, the aggregate net income of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, including its equity in any undivided profits of affiliated companies, has not been large in relation to the stockholders' investment. Accordingly, it is clear that rates for telephone service are not affected by duplications of profit. Under these conditions, telephone users have enjoyed the full benefits of the economy and efficiency resulting from the part played by the Western Electric Company in the effort of the Bell System to furnish the best possible telephone service.

One Measure of the Quality and Value of a Service Is the Amount the Public Uses It

On this basis, the people of the United States have expressed themselves clearly.

Fifty-seven million telephone conversations a day are carried over Bell System wires. Fifty-two per cent of the world's telephones are in this country. The world outside of the United States

has but ONE telephone to 100 people; Europe has but TWO telephones to 100 people; the United States has FOURTEEN.

These facts indicate that the service is close to the needs and means of the American people.

It is an established fact, conclusively proved by actual experience for many years, that through our privilege of participation in all the benefits and advantages accruing to us as a part of the Bell System, we have been able to render, comprehensively and effectively, an unequaled service to our patrons. It would not

have been possible, either financially or physically, for our Company, working independently, to accomplish the advantageous results for its patrons which obtain by virtue of the comprehensive and economical relationship which it is our privilege to enjoy as an Associated Company of the Bell System.

Because of these benefits of teamwork in the telephone organization, the people of the Pacific Coast share with the rest of the country the best telephone service at low rates, incomparably in advance of the service anywhere else in the world.

THE BELL SYSTEM'S FUNDAMENTAL POLICY

More important than millions of telephones and millions of miles of wire is the fundamental policy of the Bell System. It is founded on a spirit of fair dealing with the public, with employees and with those who have invested their money in the business.

These responsibilities, and the Bell System's policy in meeting them, may be summarized as follows:

1. *The fact that the responsibility for such a large part of the entire telephone service of the country rests solely upon the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and its Associated Companies imposes on the management an unusual obligation to the public to see that the service shall at all times be adequate, dependable and satisfactory to the user.*

2. *The fact that so large a share of the responsibility for meeting the telephone needs of today rests upon the Bell System implies that it must also be responsible for meeting the needs of the future. It has a peculiar obligation to carry on the research and experimentation necessary for the further development of the telephone art.*

3. *The fact that the ownership of Bell System securities is so widespread and diffused imposes an unusual obligation on the management to see that the savings of these hundreds of thousands of people are secure and remain so.*

4. *The policy which recognizes these obligations to the telephone-using public of today and of the future and to its investors recognizes equally the Bell System's responsibilities to its employees. It is and has been the policy and aim of the management to pay salaries and wages in all respects adequate and just and to make sure that individual merit is discovered and recognized.*

Obviously the only sound policy that will meet these obligations is to continue to furnish the best possible telephone service at the lowest possible cost. This is the fundamental policy and purpose of the Bell System—the most telephone service and the best, at the least cost to the public, consistent with these obligations.

Extra! BELLVILLE ACCEPTS A CHALLENGE

THE Tell 'Em and Sell 'Em Club, made up of the most resolute volunteer salespeople of the Bellville telephone staff, was having an organization meeting.

"This club has been assembled," said Mary Brown, chief operator, "to meet a challenge. As you know, the exchange at Beaver City just across the river has sent us a communication. A taunting com-



munication. They point out that they are selling more telephone service than we are. They are averaging a station sale a month for each member of their sales club. They defy us to equal that record. They dare us to try to do it. This club has been formed to uphold the honor of Bellville. Please answer to the roll call."

"Here!" said Walt Hanley, lineman. "Here, Miss Brown," said Mabel Whiting, supervisor. There were other answers of "Here," "Present," "Here."

"Marjorie Bean, operator," concluded Miss Brown. There was no answer.

"Marjorie Bean," she said again. No response.

"I suppose," the chairman said, "Marjorie will have an explanation. However, as I was saying, we are gathered here to repulse Beaver City's chal—."

Just then the telephone rang. "Very well, my dear," Miss Brown was heard to



answer, "hurry along as soon as you can." After hanging up, "That was Marjorie Bean. She called from a corner drugstore and said not to wait. Now, let's decide whether we should have a constitution."

"I've got one already," said Walt Hanley. "It's a big help when climbing poles in all sorts of weather—."

"Your personal constitution is beside the point," reproved the chairman. "What we are here for is to give mutual aid in

making sales. Any further suggestions for a club constitution?"

"If you please," said a tow-headed young woman who was Whitey to her friends but the efficient Miss Whiting at the Bellville central office, "here is a dandy preamble. Some of us girls drew it up. It says, 'Whereas, Beaver City having set one station sale per member per month as its sales objective, and accomplished it, we hereby resolve to make one station sale and at least *one other sale*, of toll service or an accessory or something, as our monthly quota.'"

"What about a quorum?" demanded Tom Bellows, the wire chief.

Miss Whiting turned startled eyes on him. "A which?"

"I insist that our constitution have a quorum. A quorum is what you've got to have if you're going to have enough. It doesn't refer to you, Whitey. You've got everything. Anyway, I move we accept the preamble—."

Just then the telephone rang again. "I see. Very well. But I do think, Marjorie dear, you might have chosen some other evening to get a puncture. We need you ever so badly. The men are trying to run our meeting. Don't be a minute longer than you have to—we need somebody who will help talk down Walt Hanley and Tom Bellows." Turning to the gathering, "Now, about that constitution . . ."

Twenty minutes later the document was complete and Miss Brown had been elected permanent president. "We shall meet again once a week, with all kinds of sales suggestions and criticisms for each other," she informed them. "Remember, Bellville's motto, 'One for all and all for one!'"

"I'm all for one," agreed Tom Bellows with alacrity, "but I don't think she is all for me. That's the way with light-headed women—."

Just then Marjorie Bean burst in.

"Am I too late?" she demanded breathlessly. "I'm so sorry! I had to go 'way out Middlefield Pike to see Mrs. Higgins, who sells us eggs, and tell her how nice it would be to have a telephone at her place so that customers could reach her with their orders. I've been working on Mrs. Higgins for five weeks, and I *knew* I

could close that order, and what's more I DID!—and then I stopped in at Harper's drug store to let you know I'd be a little late, and there were two other people waiting to use his telephone—but never mind, I've got their names and both are going into my prospect list, and after I'd called you I just had to talk to Mr. Harper about how much he needed another



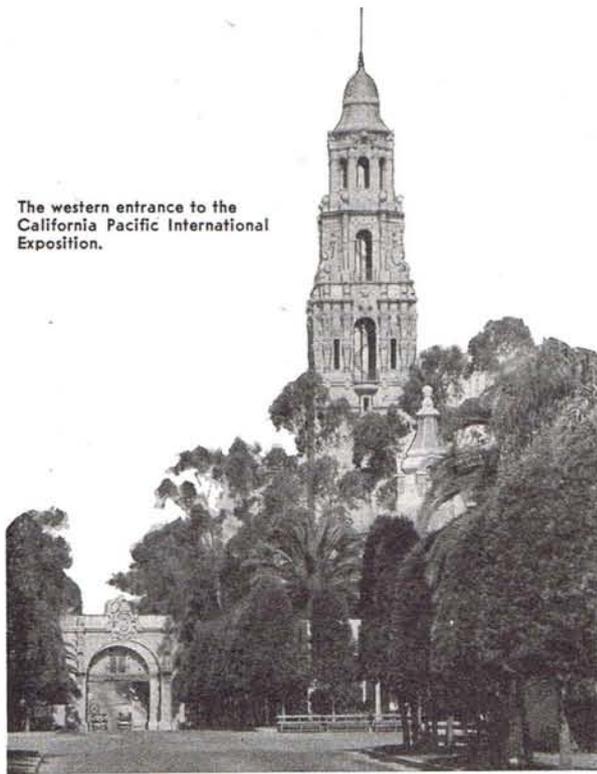
main line in his drug store. 'Just think,' I told him, 'somebody might want medicines *right away*, and here your only telephone is busy for minutes on end.' I'm sure I'll get that sale—I'm going to see him again tomorrow. And then in my hurry to reach this meeting I had to get that puncture, but it was right in front of a garage. And while the garage man was fixing it he kept putting down his tools to answer his telephone. Every time he left the back of the garage he walked 50 feet to his office and 50 feet back again. So I stayed to tell him about an extension. You should have seen his face light up! 'Why,' he said, 'that's just *made* for fellows like me!' So I signed him up on the dotted line and you, Jim Madison, have simply got to put it in for him tomorrow. I promised you would. I told him telephone people are never tardy—except me—and here I am so tardy that



I've missed the meeting of our club. Whatever can I do to make up for it?"

"My dear," said the chairman, "think nothing of it! You've solved the whole problem for which we have organized our club, which after all is simply: How shall we make SALES? If we'll all do as you do, and use our eyes, our ears and our imaginations, we won't need a club—and the flag of Bellville will fly high above Beaver City's!"

SINCE CABRILLO SAILED INTO THE HARBOR OF THE SUN



The western entrance to the California Pacific International Exposition.

OUT of the horizon of the Pacific three tiny dots emerge. An interval passes—the dots take form, become quaint ships. Another interval—the ships sight land, sail toward it; eventually round the curve of what is now Point Loma and come to rest in a land-locked harbor. Thus Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo and his intrepid followers discovered San Diego harbor.

Another interval passes—an interval marked by such achievements—such strides in civilization that Cabrillo would believe he were discovering another planet were he to drop anchor in what he named the “harbor of the sun” on that memorable day almost four centuries ago.

To commemorate the birth of Western civilization founded by Cabrillo in 1542, to recognize man’s achievements since that far day, a monument is rising on the shores of this same harbor of the sun.

It will be known as the California Pacific International Exposition; where amid the venerable trees of an old park, close by the haven which first sheltered Cabrillo, San Diego will extend California’s welcome to the world.

Organized by Californians, this great Exposition will stimulate recovery not only in this state but in the entire West.

It will portray the past, the present, and the future, and help to promote a new realization of beauty, culture, science, history, art and recreation.

Tradition means much to a community. San Diego is blessed with a generous share which will add its rare charm and color to the spectacle of 1935. Probably no more appropriate setting could have been chosen for such a celebration. It was here that Junipero Serra founded Mission San Diego de Alcalá, forerunner of the chain of Missions that eventually stretched northward along the Pacific far beyond San Francisco Bay. Here

only two decades ago another great exposition was held, and in San Diego’s beautiful park of 1,400 acres, named for the daring Balboa, now rises the California Pacific International Exposition.

Already in the park are many magnificent buildings, some of which have been acclaimed the finest examples of Spanish Renaissance architecture in America. In these and in nearly 50 more to be erected, will be housed exhibits from all parts of the world, telling the story of man’s achievements. From the spires of the magnificent buildings in the park one turns one’s eyes to sea, over the protecting arm of Point Loma; to Mexico, the land of romance; to barren deserts on the east, or to peaks of snow-covered mountains on the north. Truly, here is a beautiful and colorful setting.

The natural approach to Balboa Park is by way of a towering span which traverses a deep canyon. Beneath the arched gateway one passes into the shadows of old Spain. Long winding walks lined with the floral grandeur of the tropics present an aura of restfulness and peace.

To the lover of gardens, the Park will prove a paradise. Growing things surround, and in some cases, almost blanket

the buildings. Climbing the carved arcades will be seen roses, jasmine, and clematis. Truly a fiesta hermosa—a feast of beauty, will be this California Pacific International Exposition.

All phases of development will be represented in the Exposition. The exhibits of commerce and industry, among the most striking in the Exposition, will show methods as well as products, will illustrate how things are done, as well as what is done. The tremendous changes which have come into industrial life with the advance of science will not only be depicted, but dramatized, and will be compared by contrast with the past and what is expected for the future.

In addition to the commercial and industrial exhibits of America, will be displays from various parts of the Old World and the New: art and commodities from Mexico, products and relics from the colorful South America, unusual creations from Japan, old and new features from China. The allure of travel and the pageant of manufacturing progress will be depicted by Australia and New Zealand. From Fiji and other picturesque isles of the Pacific will come new wonders. The nations of Europe are banding together to display their varied achievements in a vast picture of international progress.

Too, there will be plenty of opportunity to forget the everyday cares and responsibilities of life. The Midway will present a scintillating and spectacular array of attractions. Here all the glamour of an international carnival clothed in a riotous blaze of color and melody will hold sway.

Each day will present a separate and complete program, standing alone and yet linked together in a carefully planned pattern determined in advance for the entire Exposition period. The Exposition will open its gates on May 29, 1935. Upwards of 6,000,000 visitors are expected to see the wonders of the world which will be presented—the vast pageant portraying the changes that have taken place down through the centuries since Cabrillo’s quaint ships first poked their tiny prows around the nose of Point Loma.

HELPFULNESS—THAT'S THE WORD

MANY a fiction writer has dipped into his store of fertile imagination to describe what the world will be like a thousand years from now, and a favorite subject has been "a gigantic voice which could be heard over a whole city, state—or the entire nation," depending upon the author's recklessness with prophecies.

Many a long distance telephone operator has wished there were just such a voice from the skies. Finding one specified person among some hundreds of millions of people is much like looking for the proverbial needle in a good-sized haystack. A gigantic voice would come in handy in "paging" the person, but, in its absence, our operators accomplish the seemingly impossible over telephone wires.

Seattle and Portland long distance operators were recently asked for help by Houston, Texas, in locating relatives of an Elvin J. Manning who had dropped dead in the southern city. In the man's pocket was a letter postmarked "Seattle, Wash., 1932," which was believed to be from a sister, and which mentioned a David Steel—who was thought to be connected with a bank—and a woman named Grace, presumed to be Mr. Manning's daughter.

This very lack of information was a challenge to telephone operators, who immediately set out to complete this call to a person as yet unknown; a call which was to require four days of painstaking search—by telephone—and whose progress reports were to cover the backs of 25 toll tickets in Portland alone.

The first leads ran up against a substantial brick wall at the end of a blind street. David Steel was unknown at all Seattle and Portland banks. His name was not listed in the telephone book or the city directory of either city. Seattle exhausted every "lead." The Bureau of Missing People of the Portland Police Department reported that a David Steel had died in 1932. With difficulty they found Mrs. Steel, who had been divorced from Steel in 1920; but she could offer no help.

The Houston operators—constantly working "voice-to-voice" with the Portland girls—volunteered that the "Grace" who was originally thought to be the deceased's daughter was a friend by the

name of Grace Ladd. All efforts to locate "Grace Ladd" failed.

Houston then reported that the sister's name was "Heams." Now they were getting somewhere—but none knew it at the time. While the Portland girls were unable to find anyone of that name, and the Bureau of Missing Persons had even resorted without success to newspaper notices and radio broadcasting, the search was approaching its climax.

Houston operators learned that Mrs. Heams managed a dairy in Portland, and that her husband had worked for a Portland financial firm—25 years ago. No, the firm had never heard of the deceased. Dairymen of long standing could supply no information concerning Mrs. Heams.

Portland verified the name with Houston operators, who said the name had been obtained from an insurance policy and was correct. Calls were made to all dairies, city departments, residence hotels and the public library. No luck.

Houston then asked Portland to consult a Mr. R. E. Bundy of that city. Mr. Bundy said he did not know a Mrs. Heams. But then came one of those inspirations, peculiar to telephone operators, when Long Distance asked: "Did you ever handle business for a woman

with a name anything like 'Heams'?" Yes, he had for a woman named "Hearns" but she had died two years ago. Mr. Bundy gave the names of a nephew in Portland and a niece in Salem. The niece said Mr. Steel's sister lived in Washington, D. C.

The call was completed from Houston to Washington—the story ended.

As a matter of interest, however, it should be mentioned that Houston's 38 toll tickets in the search covered calls not only to Seattle and Portland, but also to Gallup, Monticello and Bloomfield, New Mexico, Winslow and Flagstaff, Arizona, and Cortez, Colorado.

Typical of long distance calls made daily, the above-related example portrays some of the drama behind telephone service. The "plot" consists of the emergency prompting the call to a person who may be found anywhere from Eastport, Maine, to Brownsville, Texas; and the follow-through to success by the combined and serious work of telephone operators in many exchanges. The supporting cast is legion, and often includes hotel employees, police, train dispatchers, the Travelers' Aid, the "Man in Grey," and a host of others. The climax comes when the operator says, "Here's your party."

THE QUESTIONNAIRES!

With each copy of the last issue of the *Magazine* we enclosed a printed questionnaire which we asked you to fill out and send us as an aid in the preparation of articles—stories—features, etc., for our future issues—we wanted to find out what you wanted in the *Magazine*.

You've been generous with your responses and we appreciate receiving so many questionnaires. We have on hand nearly four thousand and more are on the way. They are coming in every day and no section of our territory is unrepresented. It has not been possible, yet, to tabulate all the replies but we are right on top of the job and in the next issue of the *Magazine* we shall have an interesting story, all of which you have told us, about those features you like—or don't like. You may be assured future issues will be guided by these responses.

OLD BOOTS AND TOLL ROUTES

By ELDON E. SOPER

I CAN'T see why anyone should want to keep an old pair of boots like these lying around in the way when the Salvation Army can pass them along to some unfortunate who might get some good out of them," said John's sister Eva, with a look of disgust at the boots in question.

"All right, Sis, maybe you can't. Go ahead and give the radio, and the piano, and the car to the Salvation Army if you choose, but don't give those boots away to anybody or you may just as well start back to Detroit."

"Well, since you are so insistent about keeping the old things you might at least tell me why. They are cut and scratched and so old they certainly must be quite worthless," was his sister's retort.

John smiled at her very patiently and said, "Just make yourself comfortable in that big chair and I'll tell you something of the places where I've worn them. When I am through you will better understand why they are of value to me."

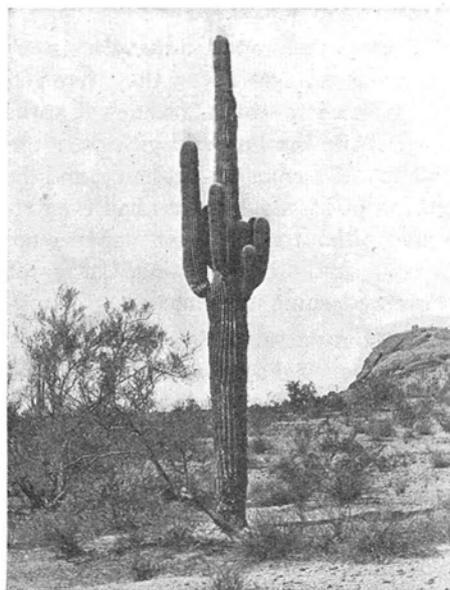
His sister with her daughter Jean, a girl of 19, and son Don, 11, had recently come from Detroit to act as housekeeper for her brother and his son, and it was during the inevitable gathering up of discarded articles of clothing that the controversy concerning the boots had occurred.

Boots Recall Memories

John reached down and almost tenderly picked up one of the old boots and pointed to a deep cut on it near the toe.

"See that? I got that way up on the hills of Ojai (Ohi). I had been looking across a valley about two miles wide to some hills opposite, admiring a great patch of purple lupines, and adjoining it, another of golden poppies. These hills had been burned clean of brush the year before, and from where I stood these giant beds of wild flowers looked like two huge colorful blankets—one of purple, one of gold, laid side by side on the distant slope of the hill. It was a picture of natural beauty that is rarely seen, and I was so filled with the wonder of it that I failed to consider the proximity of a barbed wire fence.

"This scratch here (indicating a mark on the boot), came from slipping on a big stone one rainy day when we were cross-



Giant Sahuaro (Sage of the Desert), which grows about three feet in fifty years, and lives to a ripe old age, being built to withstand heat and to go without moisture for as long as three years

ing a mountain stream at the bottom of a canyon way down near the Mexican border. See this tiny cut with a ring around it? That was made by the fangs of a big rattlesnake who was sunning himself on one of the old abandoned stage routes. I put that ring there so the identity of this particular mark would never be lost. You see the leather was just thick enough.

"It's this way, Sis, while you have been cooped up in that apartment back there in Detroit for the past ten years, I have been following toll conduit construction and assisting in making a study of the life of toll poles here in Southern California. These old boots have been with me in some interesting places, for I have worn them on all my work along the various routes. With them I have stood reverently in the shadow of crumbling Missions, and on the deck of 'Old Ironsides' in San Diego Bay. I have walked among the beautiful estates of millionaires at Montecito, and looked out over the Colorado, 'River of Silence,' the greatest but the least known river west of the Rockies. I have stood in the midst of an ancient petrified forest across the border in Mexico, in the ever-shifting sand dunes of Arizona, and in a bed of petrified oyster shells on what was once the bottom of a sea long since disappeared. I have journeyed among the citrus groves of inland

valleys, climbed foothills sprinkled with fragrant wild flowers, walked mile upon mile along the shore of the blue Pacific, fought through the chaparral of a hundred hillsides, and clambered over the glacial rocks of Devil's Pass. I have strolled by the side of the Salton Sea that lies like a great green emerald on the grey floor of the desert, and tramped endless miles along the highways of Southern California."

"Oh, I begin to understand now how you can be so attached to them. They must bring back a flood of memories," said Eva.

"Memories?" asked John. "Yes, memories indeed. Memories of happy experiences, of regions of natural beauty and historical interest and significance. Memories of pictures conjured up by a country where one can turn back the years past the point of human comprehensions and find proofs of what happened a million, seven hundred thousand years before man inhabited this earth. Memories of journeys covering a territory that was once a waste, barren except for sage brush and mesquite, but now improved with the finest citrus groves to be found anywhere and dotted with appropriate homes which make this land look like a picture torn from a book of dreams. Journeys that have taken me over a part of the original Santa Fe Trail, where today telephone conduit and cable parallel the steam and electric roads while overhead the mail and passenger planes fly east and west. How well they journeyed, those brave hearts, who came first singly and then in numbers in covered wagons. Today the railroads and air lines travel the same route they travelled, while paralleling these, underneath the ground, lie the webs that carry the voice and radio communication to and from the great Southwest."

Indians and Snakes

The boy Don had joined his mother and sister and had been listening for a few minutes in rapt attention.

"Gee, Uncle John, I would like to go with you and see all these places. Ever see any wild Indians or snakes?"

"Yes, son, there are Indians remaining in California and we saw many of them

on the reservations, but they are peaceful and live much as we do. The children are interesting, especially the little girls. We had great fun with them. When they were not looking we would drop pennies and nickels around the poles where the dirt was being removed and then dig them out and give them to the little girls. You should have seen their eyes shine.

"I could take you in a few hours to places where there is unmistakable evidence of Indian life of many years ago and show you great flat rocks along the hillsides on which the Indian women ground their meal. The pestles, or grinding stones, are gone, but the round holes in the rocks where the maize was slowly ground are still there. Yes, not only the holes are there, but the great flat rocks are actually worn where those patient women sat while they toiled.

"If we went to the foot-hills we might find a rattlesnake, Don. I shall never forget the one that made this little scratch on my boot as he struck at me. He was the largest rattler I have ever seen and his skin would have made a beautiful souvenir. We were a long way from our car and he was too large to carry any distance with our tools, so we decided to leave him until next morning. When we returned to the spot early the next day, we found nothing but his head and rattles. A mountain lion had made an evening feast of him as was evidenced by the great tracks in the earth. The big cat had left the head because instinct told him of the poison it contained, and the rattles because they terrify animals as well as humans. The snakes love to crawl out of the brush on bright days in Spring to sun themselves on these old abandoned roads

where the sun can filter through the underbrush."

"Gee, I wish you had brought those rattles home," said Don.

"There is a humorous side to this rattlesnake episode, too, son," said John. "Just a day or two before we happened on this snake, one member of our party, who insisted that hiking boots were not necessary, had seen two big rattlers sunning themselves. He had not investigated any further, saying he believed in letting snakes alone, especially rattlesnakes. Soon after he had told us what he had seen, we heard him shouting: 'I'm bit! Rattlesnakes! Hurry up! I'm bit!' When we reached him we found he had accidentally brushed his unprotected ankle against a cholla cactus."

"Just what is a cholla cactus like?" asked Jean.

Queer Desert Cacti

"Oh, the cholla is quite a paradox. Cowboys fear them. If you go near, they seem to dart their sharp needles at you. The needles are so formed that they cannot be easily extracted because the barbs are turned back. Yet it is in the cholla that the desert wren builds her nest, for here she is protected from snakes, hawks, and other natural enemies.

"The cacti are very interesting, but I'll just tell you of one which to me is most interesting of all, the Night Blooming Cereus. It grows singly on the mesas just above the desert floor, choosing as its companions mesquite, creosote bushes, and other desert shrubs. The Cereus blooms but once a year, usually on June 24th, San Juan's Day, birthday of John the Baptist, beginning to open just after sunset. The flower requires but an hour



A barrel-cactus stands guard along the El Centro-San Diego main road, near Mountain Springs. Within this type of cactus is stored a small reservoir of water on which men have been known to exist for days in the desert

for full bloom, the process being so rapid it can actually be seen to move as it expands. When open, this flower is a thing of exquisite beauty, waxy white, with a wonderful spicy fragrance."

"I would love to see one bloom," said Jean. "Do you suppose we could find one?"

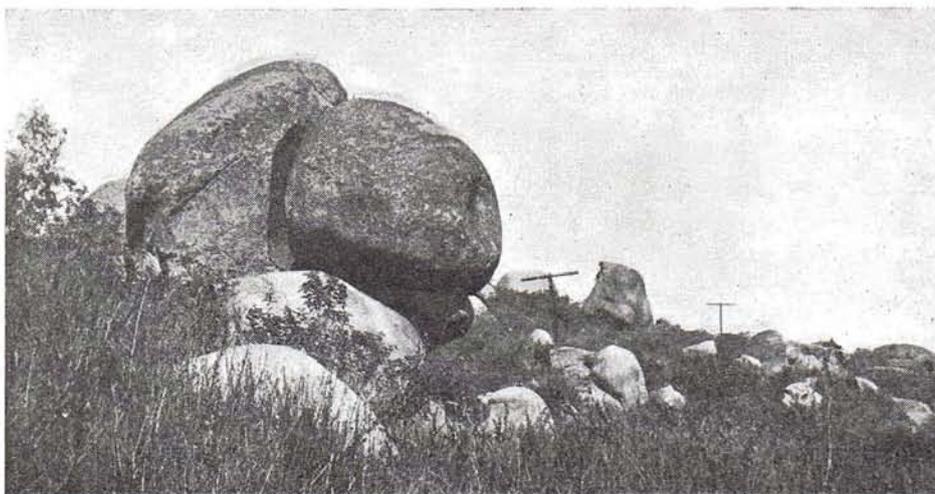
"Yes, it's quite possible, and well worth the trip. We shall try it next June."

"Oh, fine," said his sister. "And I suppose you will want to wear those old boots. I'm beginning to understand why you are so attached to them, and why you love the thought of these toll leads, as you call them."

Lines Mark Trail

"Yes, Sis, and you would understand better if you should sometime find yourself in the mountains, miles from a house or even a human being, and then happen to look up and see a toll lead. For if there were but two things built by man to which the term majestic could be applied, to me the long distance telephone lead would undoubtedly be one of them. It seems to have no beginning and no end. It comes from over a distant hill and disappears in the haze of the horizon. Like a sailing ship, it seems to come from nowhere and just goes on and on, serving always, in sunshine and in storm.

"You find long distance lines everywhere—east, west, north and south. Under busy streets in metropolitan areas, over snow-covered mountains, across streams that break their banks in flood time, and above silent deserts, where the heat is so intense and continuous that little vegetation grows. In fact, over every



The glacial rocks of Devil's Pass

conceivable combination of obstacles and in extreme ranges of temperature these webs of speech are spun as though by a mammoth spider. They constitute a large part of the outside plant of the long distance telephone lines."

"Is the desert really as interesting as people say it is?" asked Jean.

Romance of the Desert

"To me it is. It is a silent, mysterious land which seems to attract one by its very silence. Ruby Culver expressed the same thought very beautifully in 'The Flaming Bush':

'Friend, have you heard the Silence speak?
Then come to the desert with me
And share the silence of silent things
Where birds sing silently.'

"It is useless to attempt to explain why one loves the desert to a person who has not seen it and felt its charm, as he could not understand it. We may speak of the wonder of flaming sunsets, or the beauty of blue veiled mountains; we may tell of the silence of a desert night under stars that it seems could be reached and touched, but we could never express in words that which we can in reality only feel. As Madge Morris says in 'Lure of the Desert':

'Have you slept in a tent alone, a tent
Out under the desert sky—
Where a thousand thousand desert miles
All silent round you lie?
And the dust of the aeons of ages dead
And the people that trampled by.
If you have, then you know for you've
felt its spell,
The lure of the desert land.
If you have not, then I could not tell
For you would not understand.'

"Nor can we understand its birds, its animals, its vegetation. Birds that seem truly to sing silently, animals that exist we know not how. Vegetation that is both weird and venerable, yet possessing a strange beauty. For it is here we find the Joshua tree (Tree of Prayer); the graceful Ocotillo (The Flaming Bush); the giant Sahuaro (Sage of the Desert). The Joshua tree is remarkable for the weird and fantastic shapes it assumes, especially noticeable in moonlight. The Ocotillo sometimes gives the impression that the desert slopes are all aflame, but the Sahuaro is most interesting of the three. It is but four inches tall when ten years of age and at 50 years has attained a height of three feet. This giant cactus is in its prime when a hundred years old and is

then the largest thing growing on the desert. There are specimens to be found that were growing when the Pilgrims came. It is necessary to learn something of its physical structure to realize how the Sahuaro can live to such a venerable age. This unusual plant is a masterpiece of engineering, built to withstand the terrific heat and windstorms which periodically sweep the desert. This remarkable fellow can go without a drop of water for three full years and still bloom and bear fruit."

"Have you actually seen all these wonderful things just by working along toll routes?" asked Eva. "If you have, then I can understand why you are always talking about the desert and the hills. I can even begin to feel a little sentimental about those old boots myself."

"Yes, Sis, I have seen all these things and many more, equally as interesting. I haven't even begun to tell you the story from the standpoint of beauty, historical interest, or the wonderful things which nature has given us to appreciate and admire. You see, Sis, some of us started in telephone work when we were young, and even though we were ambitious and gave our best efforts, we lacked that certain something which puts a person in 'Big Time' in his chosen work. However, there is a law of adjustment which is constantly operating. This returns to us the effort we have made, not always in the way we would have it, but always in some way. We may not reach the goal for which we have been striving, but oftentimes we gain something that is even better.

"Some evening I'll tell you about the mirages of Hueneme (Y-Nema), the fish traps and mud pots near the Salton Sea, the bird and animal life of the desert and

mountains, or about a petrified forest and oyster bed where once there was a great gulf. Some of these places are quite inaccessible, some can be visited in comfort only during three months of the year. Many are too distant to be reached in a journey of one day, but I enjoy returning to them whenever opportunity affords."

Joys of Life and Service

John was silent for some time, deep in meditation. Finally he turned to his sister and slowly said:

"I have stored up enough beautiful memories to last me through many lifetimes. After the winds that blow in the mountain passes have ceased to concern me, when the toil of hot days and the cold of rainy ones are no longer experienced, I shall remember as of today the flaming Ocotillo of the great grey desert, the cactus blossoms of the mesas just above, and the lupines and poppies on the hills of Ojai. I shall see again in memory, pelicans fishing by the seashore, the quail among the brush and boulders of the foothills, the owls that blinked from their perches on fence-posts in the hot, dusty valley, the great yellow butterflies of Dulzura Pass, and the beautiful golden orioles of Indian Springs. I shall hear again the murmur of mountain streams, the roar of waterfalls, the sighing of pine trees in the evening breeze and the boom of the surf against the rock caves of La Jolla. I shall catch the fragrance of orange blossoms and mountain pines, and breathe again the sage-scented air of the desert, living over and over those never-to-be-forgotten years spent in the great out-of-doors."

"A country where one can . . . find proofs of what happened a million seven-hundred thousand years before man inhabited this earth." Along the Mexican border in San Diego County





What's sauce for goose is sauce for a saucy gander, thinks Lola Hatfield, operator, of Roseburg, Ore.

Here are the three Kerron brothers of Portland, whose service with company totals 103 years—all spent in Oregon. Left to right: Arthur P., commercial, 30 years; Herbert F. and William C., plant, 33 and 40 years, respectively.



Here we find Dorothy Peterson, supervisor, Ashberry office, Berkeley, with her two dogs, "Swiftie," a white police dog, and "Sweet Ling," a Pekingese. "Lucky dogs," say we.



Final glimpse of last old-type dial system connector in Los Angeles is offered by Mrs. Dorothy Morrison, accounting department.



Violet Wooden, Oakland Toll Office. Only one guess allowed as to the background of this photograph. On vacation? Why ask?

"Bicycles built for two"? "No, but plenty good enough for us" say these Southland telephone girls of Culver City.



IT PAYS TO KEEP FIT!

BESIDES the peculiar habit of always walking around upside down that follows from the unfortunate position of their country on the underneath side of the world, the Chinese are reported to follow another practice that is the direct opposite of our own. It is said that in China one pays the doctor when one is well, and to keep one well. If he fails in doing this, he does not get paid during illness.

This report may not be strictly correct, but it is an attractive enough idea to make it easy to believe. It is just the sort of plan that ought to develop out of the age-old wisdom of the Orient to confuse our younger ideas through its contrast. Anyhow, whether it is truly the practice in China or only in the land of someone's fertile imagination, it is an idea that has a lot of good sense in it. And in some ways and to certain extents it could be applied by any of us, even in this country, to very good advantage. In fact, it is being applied by many people today and is being taken up by others every week.

Of course, things being different here than in China, one can't apply the whole of the scheme. When we are sick and have doctors take care of us and get us well, we have to pay them. (The doctors will say that an old American custom that is often practiced is to try to outlive them to the date of that payment. But at least their technical right to hope for some payment is recognized.) But the other part of the Chinese plan, the idea of going to the doctor while one is well and asking his help to keep well, is open to anyone. And, as said before, it is being practiced by more and more people all the time who are finding it a plan that pays in more ways than one.

It is a lot easier on the pocketbook to pay for a periodic check-up on one's physical condition and then carry out the doctor's suggestions to avoid illness and correct incipient troubles than to have to pay hospitals and doctors and ambulances, etc., that might result from neglect to do the other.

And it is an investment, too, from the standpoint of peace of mind and from the angle of the time away from the job it may save one. Even if sickness doesn't drive one off the job, health that is below par will mean work that is below

par. And meantime it can result in an unfair burdening of others with work that the physically handicapped one is failing to do, or in slowing down the work of the whole group of which he or she is a member.

The slogan of the Plant Department is "Preventive Maintenance" of equipment. In other words, it has been found that adequate telephone service depends on keeping equipment in first rate condition and preventing trouble by a thorough and continuous inspection, follow-up and supervision of material which has been properly selected for the function which it is to perform.

Preventive maintenance of people is even of more importance than preventive maintenance of equipment. In the former, however, each individual must largely be responsible for his own maintenance. The chief difference between a person and a machine is, that the former is endowed with a brain and intelligence, which makes it potentially possible for him to be his own Maintenance Supervisor, if he is properly educated as to the means of prevention, and puts his knowledge into continuous practice.

One of the chief means of prevention, so far as the health of individuals is concerned, is the periodic health examination or physical inventory. To "take stock" of your bodily assets and liabilities at least once or twice a year is nothing more than plain common sense. Unlike the steam locomotive or the modern automobile, the

human body does not have simple gauges and indicators which may be observed to determine the normal or abnormal functioning of the "machine." For such knowledge you must call upon your physician. Avoid your own self-made amateur diagnosis. "I will go to my doctor before he has to come to me," is a slogan that all telephone employees might well adopt!

The periodic physical examination of those supposedly healthy is of more potential value than any other one factor in modern preventive medicine. However, man plays the part of the proverbial ostrich, which is said to hide its head in the sand in the presence of danger, when it comes to such questions of health. "I'm all right" and, "I haven't seen a doctor in 25 years," are statements heard all too often, indicating a careless attitude and false sense of security. You cannot "scrap the old model," or "trade it in for a new one," or get "spare parts," so far as the human machine is concerned. Keep every part of your body in good running order! Regular health examinations will help you do this! Prevent sickness, prolong life and add to your mental and physical efficiency and satisfaction in service through such examinations! Multiply your working, earning years, and your years of happy life by having your human "dynamo" looked over and tested occasionally by your doctor!

"It is better to be inspected when suspected,
Than dissected when infected!"

When Bakersfield telephone operators give a dance, it is a DANCE—as you can see. The event was held recently in the "Jinks Room" of the Elks Club.



WHERE WE STAND * *

Income and station results summarized

* *

crease, gaining 6.4% in the first 11 months of 1934 compared to 1933. It will be remembered that the gain for the first seven months was about 6%, and for the ten months it was 6.3%.

The calling rate for local calls also registered a fractional gain. For the first 11 months of 1934 it stood at 5.23 calls per day per telephone, compared with 5.15 during that period in 1933.

Operating revenues of our company for the first 11 months recorded a gain of 3.3% in comparison with same period of 1933. Operating expenses rose 4.3%, due largely to increased payroll expenses and mounting taxes, with the result that the 11 months ended with a deficit after dividends of \$1,279,025.

The annual report to stockholders is now being prepared and will contain full information concerning the results of the year's operations. It will be reported in the next issue of the Magazine.

OUR company's gain in telephones in 1934 was encouraging. The net gain for the first 11 months of the year was 30,757 telephones, as compared with a loss of 59,261 for the corresponding period in 1933. Although the final figures are not available as this article is being written, preliminary reports indicate a net gain in December of about 3,668, making a net increase for the year of about 34,425. This will result in about 1,464,171 telephones in service at the end of the year. The year ended with a net increase each month with the exception of June and July. The average number of telephones in service during the 11 months of 1934 was 1,437,626, an increase of only 1,408 in total average over the same period in 1933.

Looking at the figures from a quarterly standpoint we find that the heavy June loss, more than seasonal, placed the second quarter in the red by 3,416 stations. Every other quarter, however, registered

a gain, 5,070 in the first quarter; 14,725 in the third, and 18,046 in the fourth (December estimated).

The falling off in the number of telephones disconnected as compared with 1933 continued, although the rate of improvement was less marked as the year went along. During the first seven months the rate of improvement was 25%. This had dropped to 21.3% at the end of ten months, and by November 30th, it had declined to 20.5%, represented by a decline from 480,246 disconnects in 1933 to 381,883 in 1934.

The total number of telephones connected in the first eleven months of 1934 was 412,640 as compared with 420,955 in the same period of 1933, a reduction of 8,315. The number of telephones connected varied little from the previous year, the rate of decrease being 3% for the first seven months, 2.3% for the first ten and about 2% for the 11 months.

Toll message traffic showed a slight in-

DO YOU KNOW THAT * *

* * * * *

—Largely because Oregon was so isolated and required five months' travel to communicate with New York, many Americans thought it not worth keeping and favored relinquishing it to England in 1846, while now you can talk with its 113,000 telephones in a minute or two.

* *

—The town of Clearwater, on the Washington coast, has a January average normal rainfall of 20 inches, more than Eastern Washington receives in a year.

* *

—During the ice age, perhaps 10,000 years ago, the Sierra Nevada mountains were covered with ice a mile deep, and huge glaciers springing from it carved the summits. About a score of small dwindling glaciers still remain.

* *

—The financial record of the A. T. & T. Co. includes "no melons"—the company has never paid any extra or stock dividends or split up its stock. No

"watered stock"—the company has received \$268,749,077 more than the par value of shares outstanding.

* *

—First telephone exchange in California opened at San Francisco, February 17, 1878.

* *

—Nearly one-third, or 45,000, of all telephones in China are in one city, Shanghai.

* *

—Two Pacific Coast cities received their greatest impetus to growth from gold rushes, Seattle from the Yukon rush of 1898 and San Francisco from the days of 1849.

* *

—To meet the public's requirements in the rendition of telephone service the Bell System has spent almost \$1,500,000,000 for new construction since 1929, enough to build nine Boulder Dams and accessories, or 25 San Francisco-Oakland Bay bridges, or six Panama Canals.

—The total annual distribution of directories published by the Bell System is more than 25,000,000 copies.

* *

—Federal, State and local taxes applicable to the four years 1930-1933, inclusive, amounted to \$348,000,000 for the Bell System. Taxes paid by the Pacific Company and its associated telephone companies in 1934 amounted to \$29,652 per day.

* *

—Seattle and San Francisco together make nearly as many telephone calls daily as the whole of Spain, which averaged 1,952,000 calls daily in 1932.

* *

—When the Greeks, 2500 years ago, sent messages they sometimes posted men as far apart as the voice would carry and relayed the words from man to man. A 450-mile message was transmitted in 48 hours. Hardly more than that many seconds now makes a telephone connection to carry your voice from Los Angeles to San Francisco.

WATCH FOR THE VILLAIN —THOUGHTLESSNESS!



Most of us know this villain of our daily telephone drama. He's always trying to murder our pleasant public relationships. The name of this heavy villain is Old Bill Thoughtlessness. He works his evil will wherever he can. He's smart, is Old Bill Thoughtlessness. He's a great hand at changing his disguises. Sometimes he dresses up as an installer—a typical installer, who comes from a clean, well-kept home of his own and knows how particular all housewives are. In comes Old Bill Thoughtlessness, dressed like an installer, and what does he do?

He leaves litter on the floor.

Or he leaves dirty hand-prints on the wall.

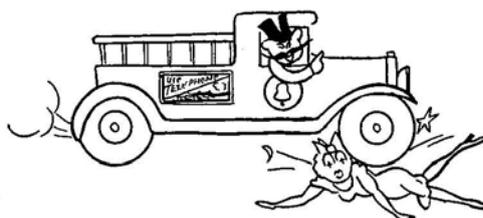
Or he does both.

At other times Old Bill Thoughtlessness seats himself behind the wheel of a truck and rolls up to an intersection. Here comes one of our customers, driving up from the right. He has the right of way. He sees "Bell Telephone" on the truck and knows that its driver is a good citizen, a reliable friend. But to his astonishment the truck plows right ahead—snatches the right of way—turns the cus-

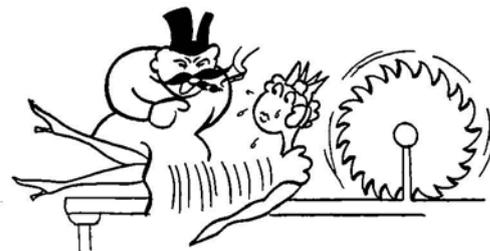


tomers into an enemy. You might say that Old Bill Thoughtlessness has driven his truck right over the prostrate body of our public relations. He does the same when he backs into somebody's parked car, or blocks a driveway. Friendly relations with the public can't stand it.

Then again, Old Bill steals into one of our business offices, completely changing his costume and personality. You'd think he was one of our likeable, capable young women. The disguise would fool anybody. The crafty villain looks over the list of customers who haven't yet paid their current month's bill and picks out someone who has always been a steady customer in good standing but who just now chances to be ill in the hospital or



out of town. Old Bill Thoughtlessness immediately starts firing "treatment notices" on this good customer and then, without waiting to find out whether they've been received, disconnects his service. Imagine *that* customer's opinion of us! Of course a business institution has to maintain its collections if it is to stay in business, but therein lies one of our most important fields for the exercise of careful judgment. Before administering drastic treatment we should be absolutely sure of our grounds. Sometimes Old Bill Thoughtlessness even causes "disconnect notices" to be sent to good customers who, due to rotation-billing or other causes, haven't had a fair period of time in which to get around to their business with us. Can't you hear black-hearted Bill Thoughtlessness chuckle when *that* happens, as he feeds the body



of our public relations into the buzz-saw of his malignant deviltry?

Then again, Old Bill goes out with a construction crew and damages somebody's trees. Or, he invades the traffic department and sits down as Information. Or he takes a position at the switchboard and does things with the cords. Every time he slips in there, our reputation is in for another murdering.

Of course, things are really better than all this sounds. Every one of us has it in his power to seize Bill Thoughtlessness by the throat and choke him hard. He's absolutely done for whenever he gets up against somebody who is continually, habitually thoughtful. Thoughtful of the details of the day's job. Thoughtful of fellow-workers. Thoughtful of the courtesies. Thoughtful of customers' reactions. When people like that come on the job, our public reputation rises right up in blooming, radiant health.

Watch constantly for the persistent villain, and when you detect him, *blast* him with thoughtfulness!



"I HAVE FAITH THAT THE SUN SHINES BEYOND"

THOMAS A. WATSON, who manufactured the first telephone instrument at the direction of Alexander Graham Bell and was first to hear the human voice carried over telephone wires, died at his winter home in Pass-Grille, Florida, December 13th last. He was 80 years old. Thus passed the last of the little group of earnest men so closely associated in telephone struggles and successes of more than a half-century ago.

Thomas Augustus Watson was born in Salem, Massachusetts, on January 18, 1854. At the age of 13 he left school and went to work in a store. Always keenly interested in learning more and in making the most of all he learned, every new experience was to him, from childhood on, the doorway into a larger, more beautiful and more wonderful world.

In 1874 he obtained employment in the electrical shop of Charles Williams, Jr., at 109 Court Street, Boston. Here he met Alexander Graham Bell, and the great telephone chapter of his life began. This story he told in an address delivered before the Third Annual Convention of the Telephone Pioneers of America at Chicago, in 1913.

Since then the American Telephone and

Of interest in Klamath Falls office recently was a party given in honor of Freda Hahn and Blanche Henrie. In the picture below are those who attended. Back row, left to right: Mildred Watson, Bessie Matthews, Zelda Khuen, Alice Moore, Mrs. Ward (Mrs. Henrie's mother), Nora Fox. Second row: Freda Hahn, Lillian Arnold, Alice Pardue, Theda Beard, Lulu Cranor. Front row: Ila Gardner, Blanche Henrie and Olive Puckett.



Telegraph Company has printed and many times re-printed this interesting and inspiring story in pamphlet form under the title, "The Birth and Babyhood of the Telephone"—a publication known not only to telephone people but also to thousands in all walks of life.

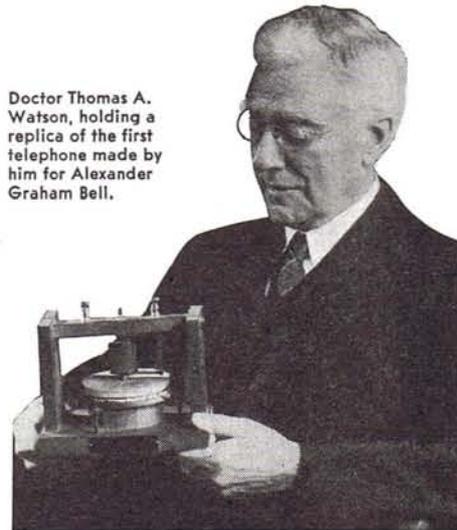
In 1881, being entitled to a well-earned rest from an unceasing struggle with the problems of early telephony, he resigned his position in the American Bell Telephone Company and spent a year in Europe. In September, 1882, he married Elizabeth Seaver Kimball of Cohasset, Massachusetts. The happy couple came to California on their wedding trip.

Two years later he bought a farm at East Braintree, Massachusetts, and divided his interests between agricultural experiments, and a little machine shop where, as a hobby, he built a steam engine. From this shop grew the Fore River Ship and Engine Company, which did its large share of building the U. S. Navy of the Spanish War. In 1904 he retired from active business.

When 40 years of age and widely known as a shipbuilder, he went to college, taking special courses in geology and biology at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. At the same time he specialized in literature. These studies dominated his later years, leading him in extensive travels all over the world. At home he extended to others the inspiration of a genial simplicity of life and a love for science, literature and the finer things.

Mr. Watson's wide range of interests is best illustrated by relating only a few: Following his retirement to private life, he made extensive surveys of gold mining properties in Alaska, and in the mountains of southern California, near Death Valley. Showing his versatility he later trained himself as an actor, and became a member of a group of Shakespearean players, and toured England. During the year spent in this manner, he successfully dramatized many of Charles Dickens' stories, and thus added playwriting to the list of his accomplishments.

Doctor Thomas A. Watson, holding a replica of the first telephone made by him for Alexander Graham Bell.



Returning to the United States, after an extensive tour of Europe and Egypt, on which he was accompanied by his daughter, Mr. Watson fulfilled many requests for public readings from the Bible, Greek Drama, Shakespeare, Robert Browning, Walt Whitman and various contemporary poems and plays.

On March 10, 1876, Mr. Watson heard the first complete sentence of speech ever transmitted over a wire. Alexander Graham Bell said, "Mr. Watson, come here, I want you." On January 25, 1915, when opening the first transcontinental telephone line, Dr. Bell, in New York, repeated the same sentence to Mr. Watson, in San Francisco. And Mr. Watson replied: "I should be very glad to, Dr. Bell, but we are now so far apart it would take me a week to come instead of a minute."

After the ceremony, Mr. Watson remained on the Pacific Coast for two months fulfilling requests from telephone people to give his talk on the birth of the telephone. In Los Angeles, where he spoke to an audience of about 1,200, a sensitive transmitter was concealed in a large papier-mache bell, suspended above his head. From this pioneer microphone his voice was carried over telephone wires to 40 or 50 audiences in as many communities in California.

In 1926, Mr. Watson's autobiography, "Exploring Life," was published—a book in which an interesting man tells the story of an interesting and worth-while life, and which closes with this characteristic sentence: "It cannot be long before I must follow my old associates into the cloud, but I have faith that the sun shines beyond."

SALLY PEEKS —and Speaks



HELLO! and a belated Happy New Year! I have to introduce myself to you, mostly because we *have* to get acquainted and there's no one else to introduce me. The truth of the matter is that I'm a sort of New Year's present from the publishers of your magazine to the Ladies

Only part of our company, and we *do* hope you like me! The general idea is that I equip myself with a dark lantern and a pair of galoshes, and I sleuth about to discover all sorts of things which are interesting and important to us of the so-called weaker sex. Clothes and cosmetics, movies and books, games and gossip—things like that. Hence, "Sally Peeks" . . . you see, and then she "Speaks" . . . to you—with all the low-down.

Of course the first thing anyone thinks of when they see a woman's page is "Here's more about clothes," or "Here's *another* slant on what the well-dressed business woman should wear." Well, here's a surprise for *you*. We've all decided, and very sensible of us too, I think, that you can get all you want of that from your daily newspaper fashion pages, the women's magazines, and such. In other words, this is *not* going to be a fashion page, believe it or not. Of course, I simply won't be able to resist giving you little tips now and then, on how to brighten up the corner where you are with a little imagination and about \$2.98, or whether hats are going up on the head or down on the nose, and why. But mostly I'm going to whisper sly suggestions into your collective ear on what's doing generally; some shows you shouldn't miss, some books you will enjoy reading, and a lot of "this and that." In fact, I'm going to put myself on the spot about everything except advice to the lovelorn, and you'll *have* to work that out yourself!

* *

SPEAKING of fashion magazines . . . the new *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazar* send me snarling to work of a morning with a jealousy I can ill conceal. It seems that



if you aren't packing up a few smart little play togs and hopping a fast express for Bermuda, Palm Beach, and points south, you may as well be dead. There's something so darned casual, so beautifully disinterested, about their illustrations of the grande dame at playtime that I always feel as though I ought to have a manicure and get my hair done to restore my self-respect. If you want to find out what the upper-tenth are doing while you're taking inventory or planning sales campaigns, get ahold of one of these very elegant periodicals, but don't expect to be happy about it.



REMEMBER last year how popular the stylized "period" costumes were . . . influenced largely by the theatrical productions of "Catherine the Great," "Marie Antoinette," "Cleopatra," "The Scarlet Empress," "Madame DuBarry," etc.? Ever since that dark day several years ago when somebody thought up the Empress Eugenie hat, and we all went

around looking like sin, my dear, positively, all the hat-and-gown people have been busy thinking about how they could design clothes to follow up popular movie and stage styles. Yes, you're right . . . it's a great game, and we all fall for it. Anyhow, this year, it's English Regency, no less, and will probably be a mixture of Princess Marina's trousseau and (most important) Yvonne Printemps-Noel Coward's "Conversation Piece," which is **THE** play of the moment on Broadway. I'm a little vague on English Regency, but I have a dim recollection of high waists, poke bonnets and flat patent-leather Mary Jane slippers. Sounds terrible, but we'll wear 'em or die, if we have to. Incidentally, if you like sparkling, scintillating dialogue and sophisticated humor, Noel Coward is your man, and you'll enjoy reading "Conversation Piece."



SPEAKING of hats, the poke bonnet effect is the thing, believe it or not. I tried one on this tired old head the other day, expecting to look like I was just starting out to milk the cows. Imagine my surprise when I found it looked definitely cunning, all things considered. The new ones sit back on your head, combining all the good points of the halo and the off-the-face movement, and the net result is very demure and deceiving. Suzanne Talbot, the smartie, thought 'em up—the original models, of course, cost something like the national debt, but sit tight, my pretty ones, and you'll be able to get copies and adaptations in your favorite bargain spot. And, by the way—if you know a friend who knows a friend who takes *Fortune Magazine*, borrow the last number at 6% interest, and read the article in there on hats—how they're made and who makes 'em and out of what and why.

It's getting so that everyone thinks you are a little balmy and soft-brained if you confess you love to hear Bing Crosby sing, but I can still confess unblushingly to the lurid truth that I get lovely heebie-jeebies up my spine when he sings "Love In Bloom" and "June in



January." However, may it be said that I never thought he was much of an actor. His new picture, with Kitty Carlisle, "Here Is My Heart," restored my faith . . . he turns out to be a simply swell comedian, with a nice sense of dramatic technique and not a bit of the sort of gawky self-consciousness which I bemoaned in his other pictures. However, Charles Butterworth as the Russian duke (impoverished, of course) comes pretty near to stealing the show. I'm thinking of starting a movie column devoted to singing the praises of Number 1 "Stooges"—actors who are never billed in three-foot letters, but who save many a dull moment and relieve the monotony of high-priced, highly-exploited movie idols. Charles Butterworth will be in this very, very, very exclusive group, and Edward Everett Horton, bless his heart, will have a place of honor. And Paul Porcasi, the man who plays foreign chefs and doctors and butlers and things, and does it beautifully. And of course, Ned Sparks!

If you haven't read Phyllis Bottome's "Private Worlds" yet, I think you'll really enjoy it. It won some kind of a prize or other simply months ago, but I've just gotten around to it, and I found it a little "extra special" good. I guess I had better tell you that I don't intend to urge you to read books just because they're best-sellers or because they won somebody's prize. I'm sort of a rebel about my reading, and you'll probably shriek with dismay when this illiterate calmly informs

you that she held off on *Anthony Adverse* for almost a year, finally gave in, and wished she hadn't. "Private Worlds" is good reading, good writing, and good thinking. That's enough for me.

James Hilton's "Good-bye Mr. Chips" is my choice for the most beautifully written, sensitive performance in many months. Read it (it only takes about an hour) when you want to remind yourself of the things that are lovely and fine in a human soul. That sounds a little profound for me, but that's the way I feel about Mr. Chips. Alexander Woollcott, he of *New Yorker*, *Town Crier*, and "While Rome Burns" fame, feels the same way, only he expressed it better. I think you'll like it!

HERE's just a word of "shop-talk" for variety . . . the next time you hear anybody mention the "French phone" with an air of continental superiority, referring to our comparatively new hand telephones, I hope you will look down your

nose and favor them with a withering snort. Although the first suggestions for avoiding the necessity of moving the telephone back and forth from mouth and ear were made in England, the first commercial hand set was invented by R. G. Brown and used by the Gold and Stock Telegraph Company of New York. They were used and developed extensively in France, but not until they had been used here first. So there!

WE'VE covered a lot of ground for our first meeting, as it were, and I'm off now in a cloud of dust to plan a next month's program for staving off spring fever. I'm going to combine everything from white pique collar sets to sulphur and molasses. I'll be seeing you!

Sally

UNUSUAL SERVICE, AS USUAL

KER-WHAM-SMASH!—the chimney crashes through the roof. Three gaping holes. A few seconds and—zzz—bam! a terrific report shatters a huge plate-glass window, sends flying glass in every direction. Rain—wind, two willing and terrifying partners when aroused, have rendered the Seaside telephone office a shambles of bricks, broken glass—and water. Water everywhere.

Celia Callahan, telephone operator, is alone in this scene of utter confusion and terror. But she doesn't lose her head. Not Celia. Her first thought is for the switchboard.

Torrents of rain pour through the holes in the roof, scream in through the gaping window. Switchboards and water don't mix. She puts in calls for Sarah Raw—Marjorie White—operators both. "Will they help?" Will they! They are there in an instant, it seems, swashing the water out with brooms, placing tubs and pails to stem the deluge. And don't forget—that switchboard is still working.

But help will be needed and right quickly. The long distance lines are down. Then Sarah Raw has an inspiration. Telephone operators are like that. She remembers an amateur radio operator. Away she goes with Marjorie White. Live power

wires are down everywhere—the streets strewn with the wreckage. Danger aplenty, but these two girls give it hardly a thought. Straight to this radio operator they go.

His message—their message—the public's message is picked up by another radio amateur in Astoria. He rushes the call for help to J. A. Brunold, our Astoria manager, who gets to Seaside as fast as he can. Everybody helps everybody else and—unusual service blends into service as usual almost without a ripple.

Seaside, Oregon, operators, who showed devotion to duty when the Seaside office was damaged by a rain and wind storm. Left to right: Celia Callahan, Marjorie White, Sarah Raw.





THESE HAVE SERVED COMPANY AND COMMUNITY LONG AND WELL—Awards for January, 1935



LOIS F. WALKER

THOMAS E. SILVEY

LILLIAN M. BRAZIL

WILLIAM H. HALLETT

LEONA CLARKE

BIERS, CARL S., Oakland

GARDNER, ELMER R., Sacramento
GEARHEART, WILLIAM N., Los Angeles
GRAHAM, EMMETT J., Hollister
HALLETT, WILLIAM H., San Francisco
HAMPTON, WILLIAM R., Oakland
MANTOR, CHARLES M., Sacramento
SILVEY, THOMAS E., Portland
STINGLE, ANTONE, Spokane
ZAZI, WILLIAM A., San Francisco

COLE, CHARLES H., San Francisco
COMSTOCK, GEORGE F., San Francisco
HANSEN, GEORGE H., San Jose
HOLMES, JOHN D., Oakland
MCINERNEY, JAMES J., San Francisco
MOORE, JOHN J., San Francisco
MORELAND, FRANK W., Sacramento
NICHOLS, LAWRENCE, Seattle
REAM, HARRY G., Sacramento
WOOD, CHARLES R., Bremerton
WORKMAN, WILLIAM G., Sr., Fresno

ANDERSON, ALFRED, Santa Rosa
BOCKOVEN, LEWIS M., Los Angeles
BROWN, JOHN S., Los Angeles
BURNIE, ROBERT E., Oakland
EATON, FREDERICK S., Los Angeles
HARDY, WALTER S., Corvallis
HURLOCK, ARTHUR H., Mountain View
LALANNE, JOHN, San Francisco
LUNDIN, RUDOLPH C., Oakland
PAGE, CLARENCE L., Seattle
STRATTON, EDWARD, Jr., Dinuba
UPHAM, GLENN O., San Diego

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ALLEN, WILLIAM E., Seattle
ATKINSON, EDMUND K., Los Angeles
BOWMAN, DONN L., Los Angeles
BURLISON, DANIEL W., Tacoma
CAFFEY, WILLIAM A., Los Angeles
CLYNE, VERN R., San Mateo
COULTER, GEORGE M., Los Angeles
DAVIS, WILLIAM H., Los Angeles
GONZALES, JOSE, Los Angeles
GRAY, GEORGE G., Glendale
HEERDINK, JOHN W., Los Angeles
MCDOWELL, WALTER D., Portland
MOON, GOLDWIN F., Seattle
NAGLER, CLARE A., Los Angeles
SADLER, OTIS G., Oakland
SALMON, URBAN C., Los Angeles

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ABEGG, BENJAMIN F., Los Angeles
BALTZELL, EDGAR M., Portland
BENZ, BERNHARD, Portland
BROWN, WALTER F., Seattle
CALVIN, HUGO W., San Francisco
EVERETT, ARTHUR J., Seattle
FLEISHMAN, GEORGE E., Oakland
HANFT, OTTO, Los Angeles
HEIGOLD, GEORGE H., Jr., Los Angeles
HYER, THOMAS W., Spokane
KEEHN, DEWEY C., Sacramento
KNIGHT, FLOYD E., Santa Ana
LUBCKE, EDGAR E., Spokane
MARSH, JOHN F., San Francisco
MCCOV, ARCHIE R., Stockton
MCGOUGH, JAMES T., Seattle
MINNICK, CHARLES, Los Angeles
NOTMAN, GEORGE, San Francisco
NYE, JOHN R., Los Angeles
OSBURN, ASA W., Portland
PACE, GEORGE L., Spokane
REID, LEON F., Los Angeles
SANDS, RALPH W., Oakland
SCHLERNITZAUER, ALBERT P., Oakland
SERVISS, HARVEY T., Spokane
SPIRK, JOSEPH V., Seattle
TAYLOR, MELVIN M., Los Angeles
TRIGG, CLARENCE N., Pasadena
VOCHATZER, GEORGE W., Oakland
WATTENBARGER, GEORGE, San Diego
WILSON, DON L., Los Angeles

HARRIS, EMMA, Stockton

BRAZIL, LILLIAN M., Los Angeles
CLARKE, LEONA, Portland
FEDDERSEN, ANNA M., San Francisco
HUTZEN, MARIE, Oakland
KEARNS, MARY, Oakland
MORRISON, EMMA W., San Francisco
PETERSON, CLARA M., Eureka
WALKER, LOIS F., Seattle

ANDREWS, ALICE M., Ukiah
ASTRY, MADELEINE M., Seattle
BOWRING, LORETTA G., Chehalis
DALTON, JULIA C., San Francisco
DUNNIGAN, CHARLOTTE A., San Francisco
GIBB, KATHLEEN L., Oakland
HERRIMAN, LAURA T., Seattle
HUBBELL, KATHRYN E., Oakland
KUEHN, HELEN C., Portland
RYAN, FRANCES E., San Francisco
SCROGGS, JESSIE, Los Angeles

STEPHENS, GEORGINA M., San Francisco
SYLVESTER, ETTA M., Portland
TAMVAKIS, MARY A., San Francisco

ADAMS, ELIZABETH M., Los Angeles
ANSELMO, ANITA D., San Francisco
BAIN, CHRISTINA G., Oakland
BARTON, KATHRYN M., Portland
BAULSIR, GRACE, San Jose
BROWN, VERA E., Bremerton
CARLSON, CLARA A., Los Angeles
COPP, GEORGINA, Portland
DELANEY, MARY E., Pendleton
DISKEY, JEANETTE, Los Angeles
FAVILLA, RUTH H., San Francisco
GAEDE, EMMA M., Portland
GOTTLIEB, CHRISTINE, Los Angeles
HENDERSON, NETTIE N., Los Angeles
HIGGINS, AGNES M., Seattle
HOCKEMA, MARTHA B., Portland
HORNSBY, PEARL S., Stockton
HOWARD, ESTHER C., Portland
HUFFMAN, JANETTE, Glendale
HUNTLEY, MAE E., Los Angeles
LILFF, MAE M., Los Angeles
JONES, LAUREL M., Oakland
LAZZARINI, DOLORES, San Francisco
LECK, MARGARET L., San Francisco
LEONARD, ROSE C., Hayward
LIVINGSTON, MINNIE, Bend
LUTHER, GLADYS B., Seattle
MCCOUBREY, HELEN J., Seattle
MCELMOYL, RUTH M., Portland
MILLER, EVA M., Seattle
NELSON, MILDRED D., Eureka
NYGARD, EVELYN F., Stockton
PAUL, THURA, Seattle
PEACHEY, ELIZABETH A., San Francisco
PRIEBE, REBECCA W., Los Angeles
PUNDT, ALICE, Los Angeles
RADER, ELIZABETH C., Los Angeles
REEVES, LUCILLE E., Los Angeles
ROWE, CATHERINE G., Tacoma
SEGELMAN, MARY C., Seattle
SORENSEN, MARTHA A., Yakima
TICHENOR, INEZ M., Oakland
TURNER, RUTH, Seattle
WAITE, EVA L., Los Angeles
WALKER, MAMIE, Los Angeles
WESTON, GLADYS E., Oakland
WOODFORD, DEAN G., Los Angeles

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AASTERUD, BARBARA D., Glendale
ALEXANDER, SUE I., Portland
ALLAN, MARGARET E., Los Angeles
AMBROSE, ANNA, Tacoma

ASHBY, MABEL M., Los Angeles
BACCETTI, LURLINE R., San Francisco
BALDRA, OPAL I., Portland
BELL, LILLIAN P., Fresno
BERG, SYLVIA I., Oakland
BOGART, DOTHA, Los Angeles
BRITTON, OLIVE, Los Angeles
CARLIN, ALICE J., Glendale
CARLSON, CONSTANCE E., Portland
CLAYBERG, FRANCES B., San Francisco
COSTA, HELEN M., Hayward
DANDER, HAZEL, Stockton
DEVINE, ILA M., San Francisco
EICHEL, LENA A., San Francisco
ERICKSON, MILDRED H., Long Beach
FRANCK, ANGELE, San Francisco
FUHS, HULDA E., Portland
GABRIELSON, HELEN C., Oakland
GIANNINI, STELLA, Sacramento
GILLETTE, MATILDA, San Bernardino
GROSSMAN, GRACE E., San Francisco
GUIBERSON, HAZEL W., Olympia
HAAG, PAULINE M., Centralia
HAMILTON, KATHLEEN F., Los Angeles
HARMAN, ANNA M., Los Angeles
HARRY, INA F., Stockton
HARVEY, ELSIE C., Sacramento
HENKE, FANNIE, Tacoma
HENSEN, HELEN E., San Francisco
HEYSER, ROSA B., Bellingham
HOFF, GLADYS, Palo Alto
HONEY, EMMA M., San Francisco
HUNT, ETHEL L., Escondido
IRELAND, CLAUDINE J., Los Angeles
KEANE, ELEANOR R., San Francisco
KEYS, ANN M., Seattle
LOUGHRAN, OLIVE L., Los Angeles
LYSTRUP, ELLA, Portland
MALONEY, ROSE E., Oakland
MANTHEY, ALMA, Portland
MARSH, LUELLA A., Los Angeles
MCALPINE, CECIL G., Olympia
MCHUGH, LORRAINE E., Los Angeles
MILHOLLAND, VERA E., Riverside
MINKIEWITZ, OLIVE F., Berkeley
MITCHELL, LUCILLE, San Francisco
MORAN, DOROTHY E., San Francisco
MORSE, LORENA, San Francisco
MORTON, MYRTLE, Portland
MURPHY, MARGARET L., Seattle
NASH, LOLA D., San Diego
NASH, NAOMI, Placentia

PARKER, ELAINE M., San Francisco
PAULS, ESTHER, San Francisco
PIANE, THERESA M., Salinas
PIMM, MABEL M., Corte Madera
RATTAZZI, MARGARET A., Oakland
RECTOR, MARY S., Portland
RICE, ALICE E., San Francisco
RITCHIE, GRACE I., San Francisco
RIZA, STEPHANIE, San Francisco
ROY, MAYBELL, Los Angeles
RYAN, EDNA C., San Jose
SACHTLER, KATHLEEN G., Los Angeles
SCANLAN, LORETTA, Los Angeles
SCHMUTZ, EDITH M., San Francisco
SENTMAN, EDNA G., San Francisco
SILCOCK, THELMA R., Los Angeles
SPORRER, KATHERINE T., Alhambra
STEPUTES, MARY J., Los Angeles
THORE, LOUISE A., Los Angeles
UTIC, GLADYS M., San Francisco
VAN SOMEREN, JESSIE L., Oakland
VETSCH, ROSE E., Portland
VISHNEVSKY, LILLIE M., San Francisco
WAGNIERE, BLANCHE L., Los Angeles
WEIRICK, MARY A., Los Angeles
WHIPPLE, BEATRICE M., Oakland
WILLIAMS, HAZEL M., Stockton
WILLNER, ROSE M., Oakland
WILSON, LILLIAN J., Anaheim
WISENER, MARY E., Spokane
WOODWARD, IRENE, San Francisco
YOUNG, ALICE, San Francisco

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ALIPHAT, DOROTHY M., San Francisco
ANDERSON, GLADYS M., Walla Walla
ANDRE, VICTORIA, San Francisco
ARCHER, ANNA, Vacaville
ATKINS, ROSE W., San Diego
BENTHALL, ANNETTE M., Pasadena
BIERMAN, JUANITA V., Monterey
BLACK, GRACE L., Portland
BLISS, ELSIE E., San Carlos
BONNER, LILLIAN M., Los Angeles
BOWEN, RUTH E., Los Angeles
BYRNE, HELEN L., San Francisco
COONEY, ALICE D., Corte Madera
CURRIE, AGNES L., Los Angeles
CRAMER, LORRAINE, Seattle
DAMM, DALPHA B., Watsonville
DAVIS, BEATRICE J., Watsonville
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 HINTON, STELLA M., Pittsburg
 HOUK, LILLIAN, Oakland
 HUGHES, MARIAN E., Los Angeles
 HUSSON, JESSIE G., San Francisco
 JEFFERDS, VERA P., San Francisco
 JOHNSON, BERTHA, Fort Bragg
 JUDY, FANCHON B., Portland
 LEONG, LILLIE, San Francisco
 LETSON, PATRICIA F., Seattle

LINSTAD, PHOEBE A., Oakland
 LOBECKER, HARRIET L.,
 Grass Valley
 LONG, HELEN K., Glendale
 LOOMER, THELMA A., Los Angeles
 MACQUARRIE, LUCY, Los Angeles
 MACROBERT, LAVILLE L., Portland
 MALFONTI, DAISY D.,
 San Francisco
 MARSHALL, LUCILE M.,
 Los Angeles
 MARTINSON, MILDRED N., Tacoma
 MAURER, MARION A.,
 San Francisco
 MCCARTHY, JEAN, Hanford

McCLELLAND, IVA R., Seattle
 McCLURG, HARRIETTE R., Oakland
 McDONALD, CLAIRE, San Francisco
 MCGINN, MARGARET, Compton
 MCINTYRE, SYLVIA G.,
 Oregon City
 MELETIOUS, HELEN I., Berkeley
 MESICK, ERMA, Tillamook
 MESQUITA, MARY A., Oakland
 MEYER, EVA G., Oakland
 MILLER, SARAH L., San Francisco
 MOORE, KATHRYN L., Los Angeles
 MURRAY, BESSIE L., San Diego
 MYERS, JEANNE, Los Angeles
 PLUNKETT, GRACE W., Los Angeles

POPP, ANNA B., Merced
 PRIEN, EMMA M., Newman
 RAY, MILDRED C., Portland
 RENNIE, GRACE A., San Francisco
 RICHARDSON, DOLLY M., Dallas
 RIDGWAY, ADA C., Los Angeles
 RITTER, JOANNA V., Portland
 RUNK, IRENE E., San Francisco
 RYDER, MAY A., San Francisco
 SEWALL, CATHERINE I., Portland
 SHEERIN, VERA M., Oakland
 SMITH, EDITH B., Los Angeles
 SPENCER, MARIAN, Sacramento
 STANLEY, MINNIE, Anaheim
 STEINLE, MILDRED, Sacramento

STONE, CLAUDIA C., Portland
 STONE, THELMA C., Los Angeles
 STONECYPHER, MURIEL L.,
 Los Angeles
 TAPELLA, NORMA E., San Francisco
 THOMPSON, BETTY L., Los Angeles
 THORNTON, JENNIE C., Oakland
 TIBBETTS, LUELLA M.,
 San Francisco
 VOSS, MAUDE, Merced
 WALLACE, MABEL E.,
 Port Blakely
 WEISS, MARIAN C., San Francisco
 WENDT, VIRGINIA J., Oakland
 WILSON, LILLIAN, Los Angeles

SALES SHORTS * *

AN ELDERLY man lives alone in Alhambra. Far away in South America is one son. Still farther distant, in China, lives his daughter. In San Diego, closest, lives another son.

This man's telephone usage, both incoming and outgoing, is very small. Strangely, he calls the telephone company, orders his telephone disconnected.

A somewhat dreary outlook as a sales prospect. But—Mrs. J. Lloyd of the Alhambra sales force approached this

case with that optimism for which she is famous. She explained the various forms of protection afforded by a telephone. She discussed the loss of contacts with his friends which would result if his service were to be discontinued. She pointed out

The employees of the Sacramento Revenue Accounting Office decided that those on the losing sales teams would entertain the members of the winning team at a dinner. The dinner took place recently, and everybody was highly entertained. Several of those present were called on to tell how they made so many sales and what their plans were for the future.

the imminent loss of the identification now afforded by the telephone directory.

This gentleman courteously replied that none of these factors was controlling.

Then Mrs. Lloyd changed the tide. "Do you know that you can call your son in San Diego for 25 cents at the night station-to-station rate?" she asked. No, he didn't. In fact this was *great news* to him. Mrs. Lloyd sold the idea of exchange service and toll service while saving a disconnect! She proved again that sales possibilities lurk in the offing—where you may least expect them, and that the public appreciates information about telephone service. Nice work, Mrs. Lloyd.





THAT'S RIGHT — GYPSUM IS THE NAME . I WANT YOU TO PUT A HAND-SET IN MY HOUSE RIGHT AWAY. I'VE GIVEN THE ONE IN SMITH'S STORE A THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, AND I'M SIMPLY CRAZY ABOUT IT."



"JUST LOOK, FRANK! SHE HAD HER FIRST LESSON THIS MORNING, AND SHE CAN CROSS HER SKIS ALREADY."



"OH! DEAR! I'M SO CURIOUS TO KNOW JUST WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF I SPELLED OSWALD'S NAME ON THE DIAL?"



"SO THIS IS THE DESERT COUNTRY WHERE YOU WERE RAISED; NOTHING SEEMS TO GROW VERY WELL AROUND HERE, DOES IT?"



"DICK AND HIS FATHER SPEND HOURS IN THE YARD DOING THAT, EVERY SUNDAY. I THINK THEY CALL IT DRY FLY FISHING."



"MY MOMMY'S SMART. SHE KNOWS JUST HOW TO TWIST THAT SO AS TO MAKE ANY BODY THAT SHE WANTS TO IN THE WHOLE WORLD ANSWER AT THE OTHER END."

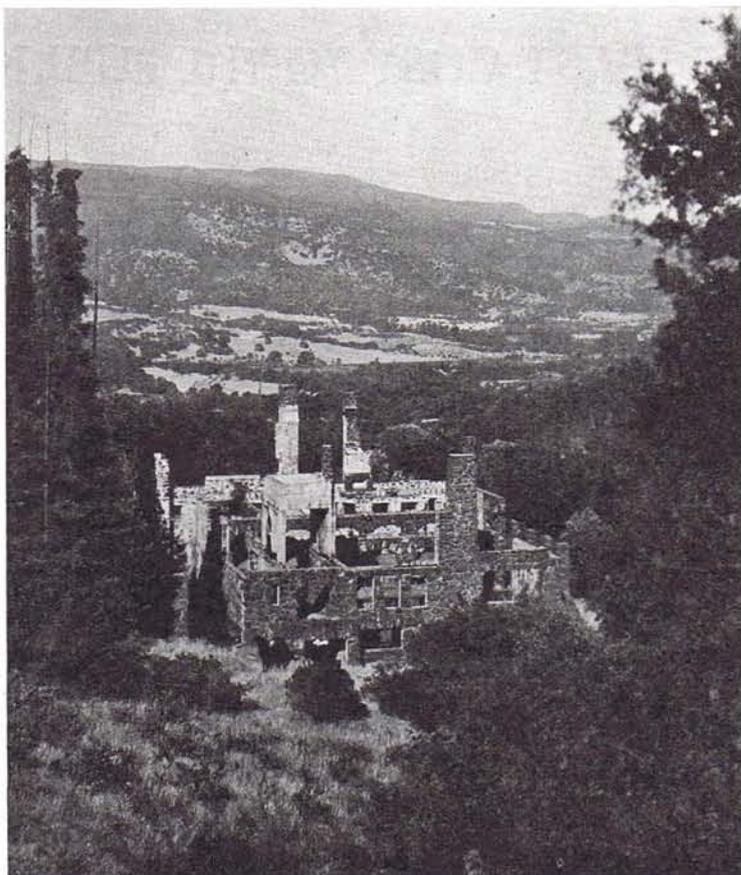


"AND NOW CHILDREN, LET ME WARN YOU: IF YOU WISH TO WASTE MILES OF PERFECTLY GOOD WEB, THERE'S JUST THE PLACE TO SPIN IT. MARK MY WORD, IT WON'T STAY THERE FIVE MINUTES. APPARENTLY THAT'S THE MOST USEFUL THING IN THE HOUSE."



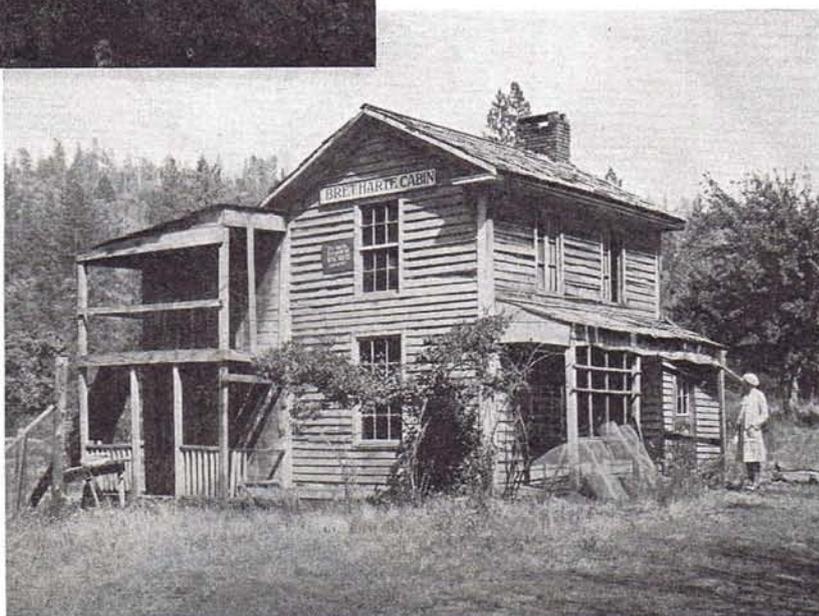
"SAM! YOU SURE ARE BECOMING SOFTER HEARTED AS YOU GET OLDER. YOU USED TO GET MAD AS HOPS WHENEVER YOU SAW A WOMAN ANYWHERE ON THE GOLF COURSE."

HOW YESTERDAYS LOOK TODAY



Stone upon stone it rose; Jack London's "Wolf House." Finished, it commanded a majestic view of the Valley of the Moon. But that was yesterday. Today it looks as you see it; stone after stone seeking the earth whence it sprang. Haunted it must be by the vital and interesting characters who peopled the pages of the books its master wrote.

In the Mother Lode country this cabin still stands, reminiscent of the charm of Bret Harte's stories, portraying as they did those American qualities which endeared him not only to his readers at home but to many in Europe. Perhaps it was here and in the surrounding countryside that he drew the inspiration for such tales as *The Luck of Roaring Camp and Other Sketches*, which once read are never to be forgotten.



**THE FUNDAMENTAL POLICY AND PURPOSE OF THE
BELL SYSTEM-THE MOST TELEPHONE SERVICE
AND THE BEST AT THE LEAST COST TO THE PUBLIC**

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
GENERAL STAFF SERVICES TO ASSOCIATED TELEPHONE COMPANIES AND OPERATION OF LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE LINES PROVIDING INTERCONNECTION BETWEEN AND THROUGH TERRITORIES OF THE ASSOCIATED TELEPHONE COMPANIES

TWENTY-FOUR ASSOCIATED TELEPHONE COMPANIES
PROVIDE TELEPHONE SERVICES AND FACILITIES WITHIN THEIR RESPECTIVE TERRITORIES WITH THE AID OF STAFF SERVICES OF THE AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

BELL TELEPHONE LABORATORIES
RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT WORK FOR THE BELL SYSTEM

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY
MANUFACTURING, WAREHOUSING AND GENERAL PURCHASING FOR THE BELL SYSTEM

THE BELL SYSTEM
THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.