

Pacific Telephone Magazine ~ Christmas 1943



Our Cover

“THE ADORATION OF THE CHRIST CHILD,” a stained glass window in Trinity Church, San Francisco, is the subject of our Christmas cover.

Throughout the history of religious art, this has been a favorite subject for representation. The story that it tells probably means more to us this year than ever before. It is a simple story, beginning in Bethlehem in an humble stable. Yet, it is a wonderful story—so wonderful that it has survived every struggle, every blunder of mankind, and always will.

To a war-weary world the coming of Christ’s birthday brings comfort and hope for a peaceful tomorrow.

Red Ribbon for Wreaths

Marie M. Harmon

IT was almost dark when Marcia stepped from the bus and hurried toward the house at the end of the block. Street lights and windows glowed through a murk of fog, and she could feel its wetness whipping against her face as she walked.

The block was endless tonight—each step a hill to climb. But then, Marcia thought dismally, the whole day had been like that. The office was swamped with work, and everyone who had come to her desk had seemed to want the impossible. She knew she had been neither very efficient nor very helpful, but somehow she hadn't been able to do much about it. Lunch hour had consisted of a hurried bite at a counter, and a dash through milling holiday crowds to get meat for dinner. To top it off, she'd missed her usual bus, and besides having to stand, there was the worry of knowing Timmy would be home before her.

All the way home she'd kept telling herself she couldn't cry—not on a bus—but her throat ached from wanting to. She couldn't cry now, either. Timmy would be watching her—expecting her to listen.

On her own steps she paused a moment, filled with the dreadful sense of loneliness she always felt the moment she stepped inside. But perhaps there *would* be a letter! After all, it was thirty-seven days since Michael had written that last one:

"Looks like this is it, darling. You won't be hearing for a while . . . don't worry . . ."

How could a girl keep from worrying when the only word she'd had from her husband in thirty-seven days was a government postcard with a number on it! How could anyone expect her to go on carrying all the responsibility of a home—a small boy—an important war job, when her mind was never free of that horrible, nagging fear! Marcia blinked the tears back determinedly as she put her key in the lock.

At first there seemed to be no dividing line between the wintry dusk outside and that inside. But there was a light in the living room. When she reached the door, she saw Timmy sprawled on the floor with the evening funnies.

"Timmy, was there a letter?"

His bright yellow head came up: "Mom, you know what?" he shouted. "They've got Superman trapped in a cave, but I bet he . . ."

"Timmy!" She tried to control the flash of anger she felt against him. "I asked you a question."

"I'll make it up to you, Timmy—I promise."

"There was no letter, Mom. Aunt Margaret looked in the box first thing when she brought me home. And d'you know what?" he inquired, scrambling to his feet, "Aunt Margaret thinks it's fine if we have our Christmas here like always. She says maybe it's best if we just go over there to eat dinner, 'cause she an' Uncle Andrew are too old to fuss. So can we have our tree, Mom? Can we put up wreaths, and ask Freddy an' Marybeth an' Budge over to our party on Christmas Eve? Can we string popcorn like last year, and put up the red things Dad fixed for the lights, an' can we . . ."

Marcia turned away because she could not bear to look at



him. Didn't he know how tired she was? Didn't he know that she couldn't think, let alone do any of these things this year? She had been so grateful to Aunt Margaret for asking them. And now, Timmy wanted everything as usual.

In the hall she took off her hat and coat and dropped them on a chair. Was it only a year since they'd brought all the Christmas things out of the attic; since Michael and Timmy had dragged in their tree, still dripping rain on the new hall rug! It seemed an eternity. Could it possibly be just a year since Michael had climbed that wobbly ladder to place the star just right!

"A little more to the left. Mike, the thing's as crooked as can be . . ."

She almost repeated the words aloud there in the dark, and frightened, she turned and fled into the kitchen. There was plenty to do there. Spinach to wash, the table to set, chops to broil. She glanced at the clock. Too late for baked potatoes—they would have to be boiled. Missing that bus had made a big difference.

"Mom!"

Marcia glanced up, her wet hands poised above the sink. She hadn't heard him come in.

"Mom," he repeated, his young voice troubled, "you act like you don't care about Christmas or something."

She avoided his eyes. "I thought our Christmas was all settled, Timmy," she said. "Aunt Margaret invited us there, and I'm very glad she did."

"But even Aunt Margaret says we should have a tree . . ."

Marcia dropped her knife and faced him.

"Timmy, you aren't a baby any longer—you're over seven years old," she said impatiently. "Surely you can understand that things must be different this year. Surely you—and Aunt Margaret, too—can see that I've more than I can do now without fussing with Christmas trees and decorations and parties! I'm just too tired, Timmy. I've—I've got too much on my mind," she added, her voice shaking dangerously. "Let's forget about it, please."

Some of the light went out of his eyes, but he edged a little further into the room.

"But you can't just forget about Christmas, Mom," he persisted. "It'll be here in three days. We've always had a tree and a party."

"But this year we can't, Timmy," his mother said firmly. "Now be a good boy. Go and read your books until your dinner is ready. We're very late tonight."

There must have been something in her voice that struck at him, because all of his eagerness died away, and he walked out of the kitchen.

Their dinner together was a miserable failure. At first Marcia tried to talk a little, but there was an awkwardness between them, and soon the silence stretched out. Timmy hardly lifted his eyes from his plate.

"Please eat your chop," Marcia said, and because she tried so hard to keep her voice steady, it sounded angry.

A sense of her own unfairness tore at her as she saw him obey. She knew the food was so much sawdust in his mouth—it was in hers, too. She was glad when he asked to be excused—when she heard him go upstairs and close his bedroom door.

Still she sat there with her hands folded, doing nothing.

She kept thinking about the dishes, about the pans that must be scrubbed. She kept thinking about the ironing, the clean blouse Timmy needed for the morning—about a hundred different disorders, yet she didn't move. Somehow she had the feeling that she would never be able to move again; that she couldn't face another day of cooking, cleaning, planning; that she could never push her way into another crowded bus, nor sit hour after hour at a desk listening to people whose troubles were dwarfed by the enormity of her own. The last straw was Timmy's unhappiness, and her inability to do anything about it.

Finally she got up and walked to the window—the way a woman does when she is lonely. All sorts of things were moving in her memory as she stood there looking out into a world of white mist—ridiculously disconnected things such as the day they'd moved into the house; Mike's birthday dinner, and the part-time maid who'd broken six of their best glasses; the morning Timmy trapped a mouse under his wastebasket; the time they'd all come down with the chickenpox.

They had been such happy people—leading such normal, happy lives. Then the war had changed everything. It had hung over their lives like a black cloud, shutting out more and more light, until the day when *all* the light was gone—the day Michael said:

"I feel that I should go . . ."

And she had answered in a voice strangely unlike her own: "But we have Timmy."

"Doesn't that make it all the more our war, Marcia?"

It was the look in Michael's eyes that made her nod her head—that, during the long talk they'd had, made her assure him she could manage. He was not to worry, she had told him calmly. She would go back to her old job—the company needed people badly. Timmy could play at Aunt Margaret's after school—stay there until she came home from work.

She had been very brave then. She had been brave on that last day—even when she'd watched him striding down the path to the waiting cab. But she couldn't be brave any longer, and she wasn't going to try. Why struggle along when she could sell the house in a single day; when Aunt Margaret had offered her big comfortable front bedroom! Why wear herself out holding a job when there was another way—a way that would mean carrying a much lighter load! After all, who would blame her? Not Aunt Margaret—certainly not her friends. They would all sympathize. Even Michael would understand when she wrote, explaining.

Filled with a sudden restlessness at her decision, she left the window, walking from room to room like a distracted stranger. It *was* a beautiful little house. Everything in it was part of their life together. Well, there were other houses. They could *always* get another house when Michael came home, she thought defiantly.

She hadn't really meant to go into the room at the end of the hall. This was the room Michael called his "den." There wasn't much in it yet. Just the big desk and chair he'd picked up at the Prentiss auction, and the old dictaphone machine Uncle Andrew had insisted on sending over when he retired and closed his office.

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Land of Opportunity

President Walter S. Gifford of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company made this address November 9, on the occasion of his being awarded the Vermilye Medal of the Franklin Institute. This award is made biennially to individuals "in recognition of outstanding achievement in the field of industrial management." His remarks are printed here in full because of their particular timeliness and pertinence to the question we are all asking ourselves: What happens after the war?

I AM glad that there is a medal in recognition of industrial management and I am happy and honored to receive the Vermilye Medal with your generous citation. For nearly a century and a quarter the Franklin Institute has closely surveyed the fields of science and technology; and no man could fail to be pleased to learn that his endeavor to afford effective management to a business enterprise which involves the extensive application of those forces finds favor with you.

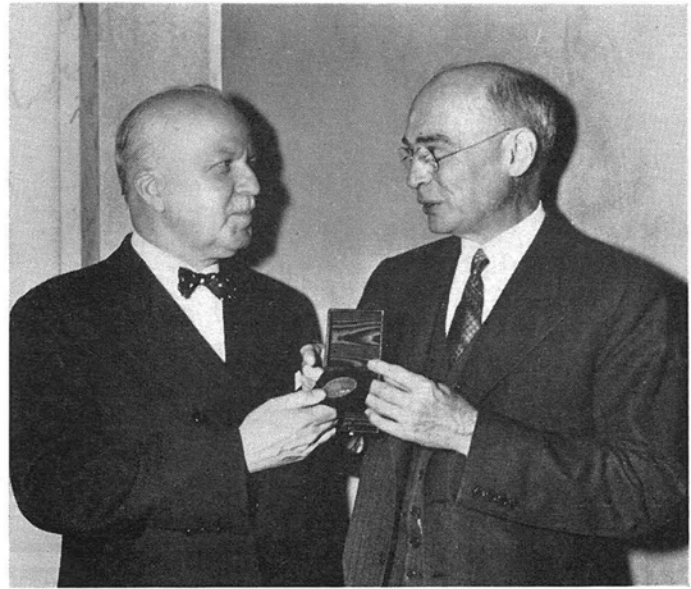
The art of living may be a higher art than the art of making a living, but the art of making a living is quite fundamental to the happiness of mankind. Industrial management has enabled great numbers of people to combine their talents and vastly increase their effectiveness. It has made possible wide-spread use of the inventions of mankind. It has played a vital part in the rise of mankind from the certainty of want to the possibility of plenty and this change has come in the last 150 years. This change was generated in the lands where political and industrial freedom were greatest and where man and management had the greatest opportunity.

It has been one of the most sensational improvements in the lot of mankind since the dawn of history.

But it has not produced Utopia, nor a perfect race of human beings, nor has it stopped war, nor has it guaranteed complete employment for everyone at any and all times.

In this very human world our country leads in many ways; in none perhaps more than in the art of management. Yet management was for some years prior to the war not only the "forgotten man" but the much abused man. It was wrongly blamed for much during the depression years. Fortunately the criticisms and attacks were not too destructive. I say fortunately because it has been largely the skill and leadership of American management directing American labor and capital that has made it possible for America to become the Arsenal of the United Nations in this global war.

The achievements of American industry before the war and since has been nothing short of miraculous. Right now, measured by output per worker, we produce half as much again as Canada and twice as much as Great Britain or Germany and three to four times as much as Japan. Precisely how much of that is due to American management and how much to the American worker or to American capital, no one can tell, but clearly the ingenuity and resourcefulness of American management has played an outstanding part in furnish-



President Gifford (left) receiving the Vermilye Medal from Charles S. Redding, president of Franklin Institute.

ing our armed forces a quality and quantity of equipment that gives them better than an even break with the enemies who were preparing for war years before we started.

When the war began, the United States, with only one-sixteenth of the world's population, had more automobiles than all of the rest of the world combined, and as many telephones. We had over one-third of all the radio sets and about one-third of all railroad mileage in the world. We were the leading nation in the world in air transport. We were producing about one-third of all the electric power and also about one-third of all the steel produced in the world. Since the war began we have with extraordinary speed converted our peacetime industries into war industries and increased our output so that our present war production is more than half again as large as that of Germany and Japan combined.

The tonnage of merchants ships completed in September, 1943, was 25 times the tonnage produced in the same month two years ago. Also, more than 2,380 fighting ships and auxiliaries of all kinds have been completed since May, 1940, and in addition 13,000 landing vessels. The Navy Department says, "No naval construction program of comparable size and speed has ever been accomplished by any other nation."

I know of no more typical American story than the history of the airplane. Two brothers who made their living by mending bicycles in a medium-sized town, invented it. They lived in a free country where inhibitions were few, where anyone could try anything, where invention and industry were encouraged. Such things happen more often in the free atmosphere of America than elsewhere. Likewise, this atmosphere invigorates industrial management so that when war came the airplane industry here was able to expand so rapidly that we now lead the world with the production of more than 8,000 airplanes a month; probably at least twice the output of the Axis Nations, and as much as that of the other United Nations and Axis Nations combined. And what is more, we can keep up and even increase the quantity of

production and at the same time change to new and better types to a degree and with a speed our enemies cannot match. The teamwork of research, design, engineering and production is one of the most notable achievements of American industrial management.

Nearly everyone on the home front has a son, husband, friend or sweetheart in the armed forces and they, as well as those on the fighting fronts, have a vital interest in this job that American industry is doing. In fact, modern warfare is so much a matter of ships, airplanes, tanks, guns and electrical and mechanical gadgets that success is bound to come in the long run to those who have the will to win and can produce the most, and the shorter the time needed to produce, the quicker the victory. We Americans can be proud of the record we are making in our wartime production.

But how about the post-war world? One of the freedoms of the Atlantic Charter is Freedom from Want. Clearly there is no country in the world that is as free from want as ours. I refer to what I think the drafters of the Atlantic Charter meant—freedom from hunger and cold. That type of freedom from want, America has already largely achieved; indispensable in this achievement has been the skills of management and management's ability to put to practical use the increased knowledge of science and research. The scientists have pushed back the frontiers of knowledge. They have been encouraged to do that and their results have been put to practical use by management. Moreover, although all scientific discoveries are available ultimately to all the peoples of the world, somehow we in America have made the most use of them. It is because of the genius of the American people and especially, I believe, because of the genius of American industry given free rein in a free country.

There is no question but we have come nearer to securing freedom from want than any other country in the world. We had enough food, clothing and shelter for all even in the depths of the depression. In fact, government programs were put into effect to reduce what was called overproduction of food. Today we are supplying ourselves and our armed forces with food and clothing and at the same time are shipping large amounts to our Allies on Lend-Lease. But a standard of living that consists merely of enough of the necessities of life to go around even in a depression, or enough to spare to send great quantities to our Allies in wartime, is not a satisfactory goal for Americans. Man does not live by bread alone. It is the frustration, the terrible feeling of futility that defeats human beings in our country when mass unemployment makes it necessary for them to live "off the government." In our America, the dignity and worth of the individual is of prime importance.

We Americans strive for not only freedom from want and a high standard of living, but for equal opportunity for all; for opportunity for a job, opportunity for each one of us to develop and enjoy to the utmost our innate abilities—in short, opportunity to make the most of ourselves. And we want for each new generation the opportunity to marry young and bring up their children with even better opportunities than we had. America, the land of private enterprise, still leads the world in freedom from want, in its high standard of living, and as the land of opportunity. This is not just be-

cause of an abundance of natural resources. Other countries have an abundance of natural resources. It is because we have made better use of our natural resources. I am convinced that this is because we have encouraged private enterprise and have striven to keep opportunity open to each and every one of us. In this way we have developed our skilled management that has come more often than not up from the ranks. In the organization with which I have been associated for nearly forty years, management, from foreman and supervisor to president, has been drawn almost entirely from the ranks. In fact all of the top executives started at the bottom. This is true generally of American industry. Worker and management are largely the same people in America—only at different stages of their careers. If ability is there, the way has been open for a man to rise from whatever point he starts.

There are, of course, many millions of persons who make the most out of their lives in ways and careers that are remote from business as such. These people, whether they realize it or not, are dependent upon business for their opportunity to make the most of themselves in the field of their choice; for without the production of at least the necessities of life in abundance for all, only a few—too few—can be free to follow pursuits not directly connected with the production of food, shelter and clothing.

It would be ridiculous to be satisfied with the progress we have made toward freedom from want and toward opportunity for everyone—but we can have the satisfaction of knowing that our progress has been greater than that of any other country. There is much to be done to make life after the war more livable for millions of our fellow citizens. It calls for the best thought of all of us and the answer, or rather answers, for I expect there are many, are not easy. It is unbelievable, however, that we shall be so short-sighted that because we had mass unemployment in a period of depression that was world-wide and because we have not yet reached perfection, we should tear down and destroy the very basis of the relatively high standard of living and equality of opportunity which we already possess.

Without freedom of individual enterprise we would, I am sure, lose our high standard of living and cease to be the land of opportunity. We would lose our world leadership and we would greatly weaken our national safety; for we might well no longer be the strong, resourceful nation able to surpass any other nation or combination of nations in the production of the weapons of modern warfare, so vital for defense. Let us not forget that we always have had and will continue to have competition from other countries. Clearly our safety and our well-being depend upon the fullest encouragement to American ingenuity, upon maintenance of our system of freedom of private enterprise. In fact, I strongly suspect that this freedom is basic and that, without it, in the long run other freedoms cannot exist.

Industrial management is concerned with producing more for all—not merely dividing up what we have. To be successful it requires technical skill, but it requires more than that. It requires the leadership that can only come from faith in the worth of the individual, from confidence in the future of our democracy and its encouragement of private enter-

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Billeting Our Switchboard Army

DORMITORIES for operators? A few years ago the idea would have seemed somewhat fantastic. The company has on occasion provided living accommodations for telephone people assigned to temporary jobs away from their homes. Now, under the press of a tremendous volume of war calls, and in the face of the worst housing shortage in history, the provision of living quarters has become a large-scale job.

More than a thousand of our operators and telephone center attendants are now living in company-provided quarters. Many of these are in hotels and private homes, but the majority, where the situation requires large numbers of women to be assigned to one office, are living in company-owned or leased dormitories.

At many of our Pacific Coast Army camps and Navy bases, and in some of the centers of war industry, the telephone calls—and bear in mind that they are calls important to the war—come in floods. It requires full complements of operators to keep them moving. In few cases has it been possible to supply more than a small percentage of the girls locally. They have had to be brought in, from other Coast cities, on a volunteer basis. In some cases, they have been transferred from other associated companies.

The pictures on these pages are typical telephone dormitory scenes. Living rooms are attractive and home-like. Most of them are equipped with radio-phonographs for the use of the girls and their guests. Many units have kitchenettes, where the girls prepare snacks, or, in some cases full meals. Housekeepers in the larger buildings keep the places in order. In others, the girls do their own work, on a co-operative basis, sharing in cleaning, marketing, and cooking assignments.

Above—Telephone women appear happily at home in this day room which is a part of their quarters at McClellan Field, California. From left to right they are Harriet Peden, Harriet Cory, Ruby Walsh, Wilhelmina Hastings, chief operator; Claire Catching, Ethel Scarbrough, and Betty Eberle.

Below—Largest of the 17 company-operated dormitories in the Northern California area is the one at Camp Parks, which provides living quarters for more than 70 telephone women. Beatrice Miller (left) and Betty Jean Nichols are working on a puzzle in one corner of the large living room. When it is time for them to go on duty at the camp PBX, they will ride there by station wagon "bus" similar to that provided for Southern California operators who work in a camp outside of Banning.





Above and below—In San Pedro, Southern California's war-busy port city, about ten operators have quarters in a large home which has been converted to a dormitory. High ceilings make for cool, comfortable rooms, such as the one in which Gertrude Reynolds is pictured at her dressing table. In addition to the operators quartered here, there are more than 20 other telephone women now occupying rooms in a local hotel, and double that number are soon to be housed in a new dormitory.



Without housekeeper or cook, the operators at the Umatilla Ordnance Depot, Hermiston, Oregon, prepare their own meals in this well-lighted, well-appointed kitchen. (From left) Jean M. Kiser, Chief Operator Gertrude Sanders, and Essie W. Jones.



Right—Letters are important to soldiers of the switchboard army, too. Virginia Martinson (left) and Lois McManus are pictured here sharing their morning's mail in a sunshiny corner of the cheerful living room of "Belle Manor," dormitory at Richmond.



Below—Kitchen of the San Pedro dormitory pictured above. Dorothy Boberich (left) and Gertrude Reynolds illustrate their teamwork.



Below—This homey living room is in the operators' quarters at Camp Abbot in Oregon. The girls pictured are Neah Y. Hanan and Betty L. Wittig.

Above—Camp Beale's barracks-type dormitory offers pleasant companionship in off-duty hours. (From left) Beatrice Sweetland, Roberta Stevenson, Leslie McKissick.





Twelve traffic women live in this Fort Lewis dormitory. Pictured here are (from left) Irene Winkler, Dolores Cardwell, Chief Operator Florence Reeder, Marie Dean and Louise McCormick, caught by a Signal Corps photographer just as they were ready to sit down to lunch.



A modern auto court provides comfortable and attractive living accommodations for our Southern California operators on duty at Blythe.

Below—Now under construction in San Pedro is this 20-room dormitory which will provide living quarters for about 40 of our operators. The building will have a kitchen and dining room where the girls may prepare their own meals if they wish.

Below—Paso Robles dormitory bedrooms accommodate two, but the girls visit back and forth in true boarding-school fashion. Here (from left) Mary Jane Meissner, Jerry Boren and Edwina Tomasini find plenty to smile about.



Below—Our operators for Camp Adair, Oregon, PBX have all, or at least, most of the comforts of home. Here are (from left) Harriet Schwendker, Catherine Hanley, and May Bell Beals in the kitchen of their quarters at the camp. Since this photograph was taken, Miss Beals has become chief operator at Camp Abbot.

Below—Attractive living room in one of Paso Robles' four dormitories, where leisure hours may be spent pleasantly. In this picture a bridge game is in full swing—complete with kibitzer. (From left) Mary Wilson, Helen Hosang, Catherine Rizolli, and Edwina Tomasini.





Gun pointers at each gun are standing by in case of need, but the motor-drives under remote control of the director do the work.

Bell Laboratories Develops Anti-Aircraft Gun Director

AN epoch-making development in Army ordnance was shown to newsmen and others on November 8 when the Army and Bell Telephone Laboratories jointly demonstrated the electrical gun-director on the Laboratories Grounds at Murray Hill, New Jersey. As an Army plane overhead simulated a bombing run, observers noted that four guns of an anti-aircraft battery were following the plane, without manual operation by their gunners, and that they were trained, not at the plane but at a point ahead of and above it.

Seated at a sizeable metal box mounted on a pedestal, observers with eyes glued to telescopes kept the cross-hairs trained on the plane. Both telescopes turned vertically; and also along with the box and the observers, they turned horizontally. By another instrument, the plane's distance was measured. After the plane had been "tracked" for a few seconds, the fire-control officer gave the command "Fire!"; the shells for each gun were pulled out of their individual fuse-setters, where their burst had been timed under the control of the director; immediately and automatically rammed home and the breeches closed.

The guns were not fired, but if they had been the shells would have traveled on a path converging with that of the plane, and would have exploded within lethal range of it. Officers who had seen the set-up used against a towed target said that instead of an occasional hit, the target sleeve was invariably torn to ribbons by a salvo of four guns.

How the electrical director works can be explained by starting with the artilleryman's problem of aiming a gun at a fixed visible target, say a captive balloon. The gunner must know the direction and distance of the target, and also the muzzle velocity of the shell, the direction and velocity of the wind, and the density of the air. Using ballistic tables, he finds a direction and elevation to point the gun, and the setting of the fuse. These tables, converted into electrical terms for a particular gun, are built into the electrical director, so that if its telescopes and range finder are pointed at a fixed target, the battery is automatically aimed in the right direction.

If however the target is an airplane in flight, consideration must be given to the distance and course which it will travel during the several seconds while the shell itself is in flight. As the telescopes follow the plane, the electrical director gathers information from which it predicts just where its target will be when the projectile reaches it, assuming that the plane flies a straight course as precision bombers must. The director then selects, with the aid of its built-in ballistic tables, a direction and angle of fire, and a fuse setting, which bring the shell to its rendezvous with the plane and explode it there.

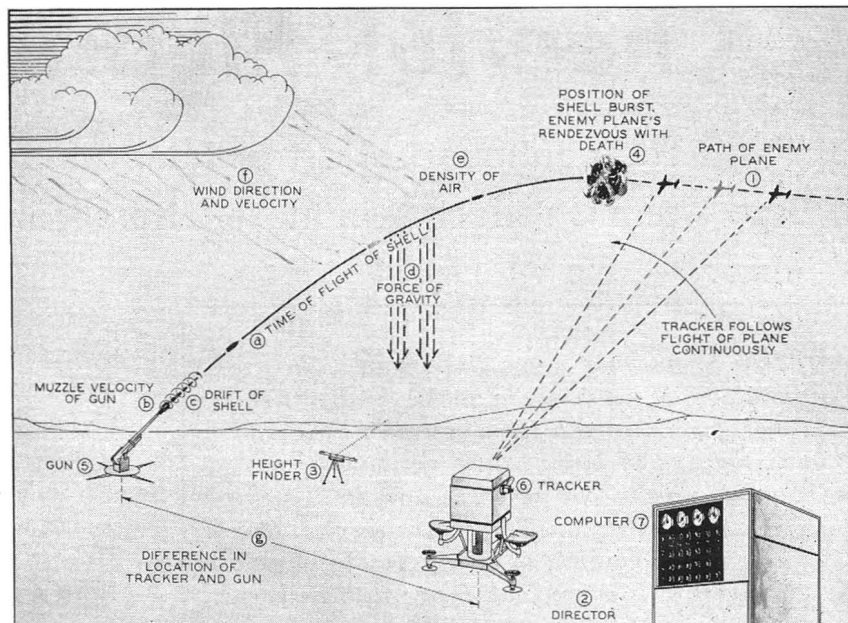
In the art of ranging on a moving object, the electrical director represents a considerable advance in several particulars. For one, it has solved the difficult problem of compensating for the errors introduced by the human element. It is natural for an observer to lose a target momentarily, then attempt a quick recovery which may be interpreted as a change in the speed of the target. If this information were used, the gun would quickly change its lead to fit the false rate of speed. Engineers of the Bell Telephone Laboratories have long been familiar with electrical networks for telephone systems, so they invented a brand new one by which the momentary fluctuations are averaged out, and the electrical director considers only the smooth rate reported over a period of several seconds.

Strangely enough, this electrical director originated in a dream. One night in the middle of 1940, while the Low Countries were being invaded, Dr. David B. Parkinson awoke with the impression that he had been a member of an anti-aircraft gun crew which was bringing down a plane with every shot. Somehow he knew that in the gun control mechanism was an electrical device somewhat like something he had been working on in Bell Telephone Laboratories. Next morning he talked to his associate, Dr. Clarence A. Lovell; neither of them knew anything about guns, ballistics or fire control, but the problem caught their fancy. It has always been a basic principle in Bell Laboratories that a promising idea should be explored, so along with their other work Parkinson and Lovell studied the problem and how telephone techniques could be applied to it. A possible solution, in

HOW THE ELECTRICAL DIRECTOR WORKS

An enemy plane (1) looms in sight. The crews of the tracker (6) and of the height finder (3) spot the target and follow it in its flight. The computer (7) of the electrical director instantly measures the position of the target and then predicts where the anti-aircraft gun (5) is to be aimed and how the fuse of the shell is to be set so that the shell will burst in the path of the plane at the predicted position (4).

The time of flight of the shell (a) to the predicted position of the target (4), is dependent upon the muzzle velocity of the gun (b), which in turn is governed by the temperature of the powder and the number of times the piece has been fired. The path of the shell is also influenced by its drift (c) which is the spin caused by the rifling of the gun, curving the shell to the right. At the same time the pull of gravity (d) deflects the shell downward, and the varying density of the air (e) slows down the projectile more or less, while the direction and the velocity of the wind (f) either retards or pushes the shell ahead or to one side. To add to the complications of the problem, the difference in the location of the tracker and the gun (g) must also be taken into account.



memorandum form, was communicated to the Navy and the Army; the Anti-Aircraft Artillery Board promptly endorsed the venture and the O. S. R. D. agreed to finance it. A week before Pearl Harbor, a model had been delivered to the Army for test.

That model had been visualized by Lovell, Parkinson and their research associates, and the design had grown in the hands of skilled instrument makers working under direct supervision. When production had been authorized by the Army, it was necessary to translate the model into designs which would fit into the Army's field requirements and which could be made by Western Electric shop facilities. Apparatus development engineers, already collaborating on the project, undertook mechanical and electrical design looking toward smaller size, greater accessibility and ruggedness, and the solution of certain functional difficulties.

Western Electric Company builds these directors. A satisfactory device of this kind requires not only good engineering design but also the application of the techniques of manufacturing necessary to produce a product which will stand up in field service. Here the long experience of the Western Electric Company in making telephone equipment for reliable performance in the Bell System has been applied to making these directors dependable units in field service.

No small part of the credit is due to Western Electric's sub-contractors, who took on the jobs for which they had facilities. Among them were International Harvester, Liquid Carbonic, Teletype, and Union Special Machine.

It was necessary that the Army, in adopting a new device such as this, should provide for adequate training of its people in handling the equipment. Here, the Laboratories were able to assist the Ordnance Department by providing training for about 350 Army people. Instructors in this school have been engineers from the Laboratories' staff.

An impressive feature of the show was the presence of some 300 draftsmen, scientists, clerks, engineers and mathematicians of the Laboratories. Many of them for the first time saw a full-scale demonstration of the apparatus on which they had worked for three years. Congratulating them on their achievement, General Campbell said: "You have performed nobly, as part of the little-known force of technical workers in the Army and out, who have produced for your fighting men an arsenal such as no army in the world has at its command. I want you to know that the safe return of your husbands, brothers and sweethearts depends in no small measure on the weapons such as this splendid one which you have designed."



In the computer (right) data from the tracker and the altitude converter (left) are combined with other information, and the resulting electric currents are used to control the guns.

Cheerful, Pleasing Service

The continued effort of telephone people to meet this aim is reflected in these letters from satisfied customers

There is nothing more important than the question, "What does the public think of us?" Our significance as a force in winning the war, and helping to build a new nation in peace, depends on the way we serve now and on the way we lay our plans for future service. Our whole organization is to be congratulated on a good record. We can look forward to an even better record in the years to come.

FROM A LOS ANGELES CUSTOMER

"The attached check is the largest I have ever written for a telephone bill, and it was made out with the greatest of pleasure. The cause for the joy is the fact that through the facilities of the telephone, we have been able to keep in constant touch with our son, just graduated, and now in the Army. If this letter conveys to your wonderful organization, in any small part, our gratitude, and assurance of the vital work of the telephone service, it will have served the purpose it was written for. I feel safe in saying that thousands of people feel as we do, but never get around to passing on a word of appreciation for one reason or another."

FROM RIVERSIDE

"I want to express my appreciation for the fine service the Telephone Company employees are rendering during these trying times. In local calls, I can see no difference in the peacetime and wartime service. The operators are just as prompt and courteous as ever—in fact I couldn't ask for better service."

FROM AN ASTORIA CUSTOMER

"Recently we had a man seriously injured and it was necessary for us to make a number of phone calls very quickly. When the nature of our problem was explained to your operators they assisted us a great deal in making contact with the ambulance, physicians, and other calls, and I want to express my sincere appreciation for this very splendid and prompt service, particularly in view of the fact that I know your operators are busy. Their co-operation was greatly appreciated."

FROM A CAPTAIN IN THE SIGNAL CORPS

"Permit me to express our sincere appreciation to the members of your organization for their whole-hearted co-operation and assistance. During the construction period at this

Post, when things were particularly hectic and weather conditions far from ideal, no effort was spared to expedite the work and provide service as rapidly as possible. Since that time the same spirit has prevailed and all our relations have continued to be exceptionally pleasant. The uncomplaining cheerfulness shown by all personnel with whom we have had contact has been outstanding."

FROM A LARGE BUSINESS FIRM

"We are in the middle of a move from one building to another which required the transfer of some forty-odd phone stations. Your company is to be commended for the business-like and efficient manner in which this change was accomplished. The men in particular, who did the actual work, cannot be praised too highly; particularly in times like these, when everyone is so short handed and in a large number of cases short tempered too. Your men were most obliging and considerate throughout the entire job, right from engineering on down, which was most helpful."

FROM THE ALAMEDA FIRE CHIEF

"Recently, when our department responded to a fire alarm, we found that the fire had already assumed large proportions, having spread from its place of origin to adjoining buildings. Two of your employees were fighting the flames with the stream from a garden hose. The heat was intense, but they were right on the job doing everything within their power to prevent the fire spreading further. I am sure they helped keep the loss down. I wish to commend these men for their assistance, and express my appreciation to them for their valuable assistance to the citizens of the neighborhood under trying conditions."

FROM A COLONEL AT RENO ARMY AIR BASE

"From the time of my arrival at this Base until the present, I wish to compliment you on the manner in which the telephone service has been handled. You both anticipated our needs and grasped the opportunity to have them satisfied when our requirements arose, yet entirely in keeping with our desire to avoid waste and duplication. Sound planning and judgment has been exercised at the switchboard, and telephone requirements have been met promptly."

FROM A ROSEBURG CUSTOMER

"Think you should know of the excellent work of your night telephone operator. Account of our railroad having a bad

wreck, it was necessary that I get in touch with doctors and ambulance drivers quickly. It was not even necessary for me to stop and look up numbers as she had them all ready for me to talk to just as soon as I got through talking with the last number. On behalf of my company wish to thank you and this operator for such grand work in such an emergency. You should be very happy to have such a person in your employ."

FROM A LARGE MANUFACTURER

"In order for us to properly handle the engineering work involved in air borne equipment which we manufacture, it was necessary for us to enlarge and revamp a considerable part of our local office space. This naturally required many changes in our telephone system. The purpose of this letter is to tell you of the fine job done by all the telephone company men who participated in this work. When all of the problems with which you are faced are taken into consideration, it is remarkable to me that you are still able to extend such courteous and understanding service to our Company. I want to thank you sincerely on behalf of our organization and hope you will pass this word on to your men."

FROM A PORTLAND BUILDER

"I wish to take this opportunity to thank your organization for the very prompt service in transferring my phone yesterday when we moved. I appreciate how very busy all your men are, and think you are to be congratulated on maintaining your excellent standard of service."

FROM A STOCKTON SHIPBUILDER

"To you and your organization our thanks for the co-operation and attention that you have recently given to the bettering of our telephone service. Needless to say that with the tremendous job that confronts us here in the construction of vessels for the Navy, it is essential that proper communication be in effect at all times, and it is through your excellent assistance that we will be able to maintain it."

FROM A HOLLYWOOD CUSTOMER

"This is to express my appreciation for the quick, courteous and efficient services rendered by your company in installing a telephone for me last week. From the courteous young lady who helped me to decide about the phone as though I were her most important customer, to the efficient young man who, promptly the next morning, came to install the instrument, the attitudes of the employees were considerate, patient, sincere."

FROM A LT. COL. IN THE SIGNAL CORPS

"This office wishes to express its appreciation of the splendid co-operation and service extended by your company in moving and installing telephones and teletypewriters dur-

Our strongest and best asset is our telephone people; people who know their signals, know which way they are going; people who know what the business is about and what its problems are; people who are courteous, dependable and effective.

ing our recent move. Having knowledge of problems confronting your company and our necessity for uninterrupted service, this co-operation is particularly appreciated."

FROM A MARTINEZ CUSTOMER

"I want to join the thousands of telephone subscribers in adding to the list of testimonials to P. T. & T. As you may know, our 4-months-old son almost strangled to death last night at our home. The dispatch with which the Martinez operator handled our calls for a doctor and a resuscitator squad was the most gratifying knowledge to my wife and me as to the competence and human relationship personified by your operators."

FROM A LOS ANGELES FATHER

"Recently your operator successfully put through a long distance call for me to the Army post where my 18-year-old son has completed basic training, and been notified that he is about to be ordered overseas. The visit which we had with him by telephone, in which our entire family took part, was very comforting, particularly to his mother, and to a large extent took away the disappointment of his not being able to come home. I want particularly to express appreciation for the work which your operator did, and for her understanding patience and persistence, which made the call a success and which did so much to raise the morale of our family."

FROM A LOS ANGELES CONTRACTOR

"Last evening our telephone went out of order. We contacted your repair service and reported the disorder. In the short space of minutes, your employee called back and suggested that one of the extension cords might have gotten wet. This

was exactly what had happened as a short time before the extension cord had inadvertently gotten involved with the garden hose which we were using to dislodge a swarm of ants which were attempting to enter the house. We were so impressed with your employee's aptitude in diagnosing the trouble and his speed and efficiency that we inquired his name in order that we might commend one of the few people we have recently contacted in any line of endeavor who showed more than casual interest in the problems of anyone else."

Some of our customers, because of shortages of materials needed for war, are not getting what they want from us. It's up to us to tell them, in every way we can, that at the earliest possible moment we will take care of their telephone needs. Then, we must use the same energy to keep this promise that we have used to give service to the Army and Navy during the war.



TYPICAL of the Spokane of three years ago is its beautiful civic center, pictured here. Today, no one scene is typical. This city with the tumbling river, built from the products of agriculture, mining, lumbering and water power, now hums with war activities as large and as varied in character as those of many places several times its size.

A pioneer would rub his eyes in wonder at the sight of sailors crowding the downtown streets. Yet sailors there are, thousands of them, from nearby Camp Farragut on Lake Pend Oreille in Northern Idaho and from the Naval Supply Depot in Spokane.

What about the Army? It's there, in force. There is Fort George Wright, on the edge of the city; Geiger Field, a large heavy-bomber base; the Spokane Army Air Depot, where fighting planes are repaired and overhauled; Baxter General Hospital, with 1,500 beds, and Felts Field, commercial airport largely taken over by the Army for flight training.

This is only a start on a long list of war establishments. There is an aluminum reduction plant, an aluminum rolling mill, and a magnesium reduction plant. Power from Coulee Dam makes possible this production of light metals, and Spokane people are not crystal gazing when they predict a big future in this field. Flour mills, lumber mills, all the standard industries that have built the city, are war plants now, joining with the new industries in supplying materials for the fight.

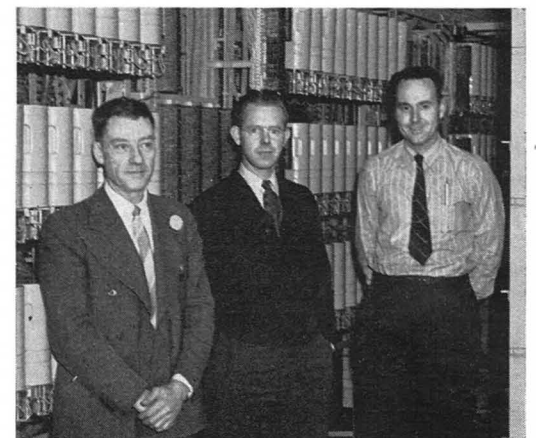
It would take pages to describe in detail the part the telephone family is playing in all this. Led by the district department heads, B. H. Callison, commercial; C. D. Phillips, plant, and G. D. Steiner, traffic, the Spokane force, 700 strong, is carrying competently a daily load that would have been considered a crisis a few months back.



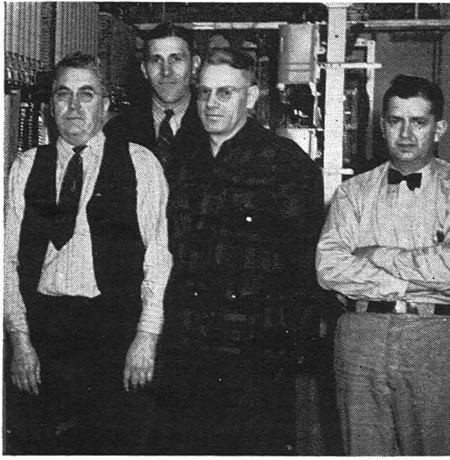
Spokane, often called the "capital of the Inland Empire," is the telephone capital as well. Highways of Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho radiate from it; so do the telephone lines. This class is learning Toll operating (from left): Katherine D. Prall, Instructor Mary Ellen Holroyd, Margaret A. White, Dorothy J. Bowers, Instructor Vesta P. West, Marion A. Nelson.



At Baxter General Hospital, built recently by the Army to care for 1,500 patients, Chief Operator Nettie Beck (standing center) and Col. A. B. McKie, commanding officer, look over the telephone office. Others in the picture are (from left) Operators Grace C. Pugh, Margaret B. Thomas, Muriel A. Sievers, Eloise Van Wingerden, Alice I. Strong and Margaret H. Kosnick.



Here are three of the men responsible for installing special equipment in military projects and war plants of Eastern Washington (from left): Foreman T. L. Briggs; PBX Installers W. R. Peterson, R. E. Whitten.



From left—J. E. Hartnett, PBX installer; D. J. Ek and R. Q. Simmons, station installers; and Ira Betts, PBX installer. Their skill helps the Spokane country meet its war production demands.



To keep 'em flying is the job of the big Army air depot at Galena, near Spokane. This photograph shows but one-quarter of one of the four mammoth repair hangars, where Air Service Command employees work on Uncle Sam's fighting planes. Many a battle-scarred bomber from the combat zones has gone out of this depot with its scars removed and its motors roaring, ready for another fight.



This group is responsible for Spokane Air Depot telephone service (from left): J. V. Wilson, district traffic supervisor; Lt. I. T. Lowe, Jessie Reinhardt, Maj. E. E. Hebb, Alice Butte, Ethel Speck, Grace Sprouse, Mary Phillips, Georgia Holmes, Juliette Roy, Helen Stark, Ellen Luedke. All women except Chief Operator Sprouse are operators.



Many new telephone people have joined our ranks in Spokane, pitching in to help provide service to a nation at war. This class in teletypewriter and telegraph service consists of Lorraine Herman, Irene G. Egan, instructor, and Enid I. Johnson.



These operators of Broadway central office, Spokane, can all say "I've been through this before." All of them handled calls in World War I. Broadway, only remaining manual office in Spokane, has for its chief operator Martha Krohn (not in the picture) who also served during the last war. In

the group are (front row, from left) Lydia Monroe, Myrtle Stoneman, Anna Durkin, Katie Kerr, Madge Burson, Frances Roth. (Back row) Lillian Lynch, Elizabeth Gerlack, Berglioth Libak, Augusta Koentopp, Flora Kennedy, Angela Crawford, Sue Coates, Irene McDonald.



Gifts for servicemen have been gathered by many groups like these Los Angeles traffic women. Among those who got together these presents for the Flying Tigers were (from left) Ramona Maus, Harriett Allen, Mary Collins, Amy Monroe, and Billy Archer, all of Drexel Toll.



Second above — Still collecting costume jewelry are (from left) Portland's Virginia Schott and Laverne Repp, accounting; Lillian Movies and Jean Force, traffic.



Above—When Governor Earl Warren toured San Francisco's Stage Door Canteen with its chairman, Mrs. Paige Mont-eagle (left), they were photographed with two of the many telephone workers at the Canteen: Virginia Gregson (left) and Mar-jorie Slaughter, service representatives.

Right—Nutrition instructors study in Spokane. (From left) Maxine George, Violet Templeton, Marguerite Martin, Eva Byers, Adeline Johnson, Instructor Gertrude Golden, Leona Tunncliffe, Teresa Gar-rett, Freda Renggli, Charlotte Covington.

TELEPHONE WOMEN, apart from their daily work which is so essential to winning the war, are engaging in a multitude of after-hour war activities. The roster of these individual and group volunteers, whose efforts benefit our armed forces and allies, includes practically 100 per cent of the women personnel. In the aggregate, the results and production achieved from this work under the impetus of wonderful esprit de corps reach truly impressive proportions.

A hasty check of our Coast-wide territory discloses that in nearly every community these after-hour activities are, and have been for many months, in progress. Engaged in the various branches of Civilian Defense are over 6,000 of our women. About 5,000 are knitting, sewing, or doing other production work for the Red Cross. Over 16,000 are active in canteen work such as contributing, preparing, or serving food and acting as junior or senior hostesses. Forty-three hundred are blood donors, some of whom have made as many as seven or eight donations. Nearly 1,500 are graduates of the Red Cross first aid, home nursing, or nutrition courses. About 200 have become Nurses' Aides while 15 have attained the rank of Gray Ladies. These figures, of course, include duplications since many individuals are participating in more than one activity.

At practically all locations throughout the company, visits are made to the Army, Navy, or Marine hospitals. One organi-

zation called the "Telephone Women's Military Service Club," with hundreds of members from all departments, sends three visitors once a month to hospitals with gifts for the men. At another location, 800 operators contributed almost \$1,000 to furnish the sundeck of an Army hospital, while at two nearby exchanges a similar amount was raised and turned over for hospital furnishings. In addition to magazine, cigarette, and record collections, one splendid example of wholehearted participation was the "bauble jewelry" collection.

Throughout this year, numerous parties and dances have been sponsored by our groups and have been of inestimable benefit to the morale of homesick boys. And, of course, there are the myriad good and unselfish deeds and gifts of individuals which often go unrecorded.

Of our 30,000 women employees, about 300 are now in the armed forces. This representation is necessarily limited in that our telephone job is a vital part of the war job. It is also interesting to note that there were, on November 1, 1943, 1,037 traffic operating employees who are housed by the company near their places of employment to handle telephone calls in especially busy offices.

The spirit of service and helpfulness which is traditionally characteristic of telephone women, and their smiling and firm challenge to difficulties, make these war days in telephone offices everywhere an unflinching source of inspiration.



Organization Changes

WASHINGTON-IDAHO AREA

Commercial

DEAN ANDERSON, unit manager, unit 5 (residence), to unit manager, unit 1 (business), Seattle.

B. B. BANNING, JR., manager, Renton, to unit manager, unit 5, Seattle.

G. R. BENNETT, unit manager, unit 4, Seattle, to manager, Renton manager area.

J. H. CASSEL, acting commercial practices supervisor, to commercial practices supervisor, Seattle.

M. E. DUGAN, advertising salesman, to telephone representative.

A. B. ERKEN, outside representative, to camp telephone manager, Walla Walla.

G. R. LORD, service engineer, to unit manager, unit 5, Seattle.

E. R. McATEE, outside representative, to camp telephone manager, Sand Point Naval Air Station, Seattle.

G. B. NOBLE, engineer, general office, Seattle, to camp telephone manager, Fort Worden.

THELMA OLSEN, instructor, to staff assistant, Seattle.

F. T. PIHL, commercial representative, to telephone representative, Tacoma.

J. H. RIVENES, service engineer, Seattle, to public office manager, Spokane.

R. R. SMITH, manager, Kent, to staff assistant, Seattle.

O. T. STEPHENS, telephone representative, to camp telephone manager, Fort Lawton, Seattle.

Plant

H. J. LIBTACK, lineman, to construction foreman, Longview.

O. E. BOTTORFF, supervising clerk, to house service foreman, Seattle.

Traffic

MARJORIE BOOHER, supervisor, to evening chief operator, Walla Walla.

EVA BYERS, district traffic instructor, to employee advisor, Pasco.

KATHARINE KOLSTO, supervisor-in-charge, to evening chief operator, Longview-Kelso.

MARJORIE WILLIAMS, evening chief operator, to assistant chief operator, Walla Walla.

OREGON AREA

Commercial

B. F. PICKETT, office manager, to manager, Portland.

H. A. RANDS, engineer, to commercial agent, Portland.

Plant

F. W. HARTMAN, powerman, to plant staff assistant, Portland.

H. F. KERRON, general clerk, to plant staff assistant, Portland.

Traffic

ALMA R. FREER, appointed agency manager, Falls City.

PAULINE GIRARD, operator, to chief operator, Independence.

C. S. INGALLS, traffic chief, Phoenix, Arizona (Mt. States Telephone Company), to traffic chief, Medford.

W. E. QUIRK, traffic chief, Medford, to traffic assistant, Long Distance unit No. 3, Portland.

CONSTANCE SMART, payroll clerk, Portland, to evening chief operator, Salem.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA AND NEVADA AREA

Accounting

R. H. BABCOCK, chief accounts supervisor, to supervisor of methods, revenue accounting, San Francisco.

J. F. COONEY, supervising clerk, to accounts supervisor, revenue accounting, Coast division, San Francisco.

N. J. PARKER, supervisor of methods, to revenue accountant, East Bay division.

R. P. PATTERSON, accounts supervisor, to chief accounts supervisor, revenue accounting, Coast division, San Francisco.

Commercial

G. W. ALLEN, division commercial employment supervisor, Coast division, to commercial employment supervisor, general office, San Francisco.

A. C. CALENDER, special service representative, to district commercial manager, district No. 1, San Francisco.

H. H. CHARLESWORTH, commercial employment supervisor, general office, to division commercial supervisor, Coast division.

B. H. FOTTRELL, district commercial manager, district No. 1, San Francisco, to district commercial manager, Salinas district.

C. S. GEORGE, staff assistant, to commercial employment supervisor, general office, San Francisco.

W. H. GILMARTIN, engineer, to market and development engineer, general office, San Francisco.

G. A. HUMPERT, district commercial manager, Richmond district, to division commercial employment supervisor, Coast division.

N. A. KULISH, assistant manager, to public office manager, San Jose.

L. T. MARSHALL, division commercial supervisor, Coast division, to district commercial manager, Richmond district.

J. C. McCLARAN, district commercial manager, Salinas district, to commercial agent, general office, San Francisco.

J. I. McEWAN, assistant manager, to manager, San Jose.

EVA S. PATTERSON, service representative, to coach, Palo Alto.

Plant

W. E. BRADY, installation foreman, to safety supervisor, San Francisco.

C. B. BUSH, engineer, to acting district plant engineer, San Jose.

W. T. DODGE, plant staff assistant, San Francisco, to installation foreman, Palo Alto.

A. E. ELLISON, plant practices supervisor, to general plant supervisor, San Francisco.

J. FRANCIS, senior clerk, to supplies supervisor, Oakland.

L. E. FULLER, PBX repairman, to technical man, San Francisco.

SPENCER HALL, general plant supervisor, San Francisco, to division plant manager, Coast division.

J. J. JENKINS, splicing foreman, to plant staff assistant, Sacramento.

E. NELSON, construction foreman, Oakland, to special agent, San Francisco.

J. L. PHELAN, plant staff assistant, to division plant supervisor, San Francisco division.

J. B. PRATT, division plant manager, Coast division, to division plant manager, East Bay division.

H. F. SCHROEDER, special agent, to supervising special agent, San Francisco.

R. WALTHERS, installation foreman, to special agent, San Francisco.

Traffic

GRACE M. ALVAREZ, supervising operator, San Jose, to evening chief operator, Vallejo.

MAY E. BUELNA, supervising relief operator, to night chief operator, Berkeley.

IMOGENE A. CLEARWATER, central office clerical assistant, Richmond, to specialized record clerk, Richmond district office.

RITA R. CRUMMY, operator-in-charge, to chief operator, Fourth Fighter Wing PBX, San Francisco.

GRACE GARRETT, supervising operator, Stockton, to chief operator, Lathrop Quartermaster Base.

CATHERINE F. McCREARY, supervising operator, Reno, to chief operator, Ely.

DELMA R. PHELPS, evening chief operator, Vallejo, to chief operator, Fortuna.

FLORENCE E. PIPER, operator-in-charge, Vacaville, to chief operator, Suisun.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA AREA

Plant

J. E. EVERETT, construction foreman, to engineer, engineering department, Los Angeles.

K. E. HEGARDT, plant staff assistant, to engineer, engineering department, Los Angeles.

A. F. KELLY, construction foreman, to engineer, engineering department, Los Angeles.

H. M. RULON, repair foreman, to supervising plant service foreman, Los Angeles.

Traffic

J. C. NORTON, JR., district traffic superintendent, Glendale district, to Pasadena district.

ANGELINE V. SEAMAN, senior operator, San Diego-Main office, to chief operator, Fort Rosecrans.

W. E. STOKES, district traffic superintendent, Pasadena district, to Glendale district.



Some of the men who saw to it that 75,000 maneuvering soldiers received the best possible telephone service: (from left) Ferris Abbott, H. C. Kerron, Bend manager; H. B. Judy, Claude Palmer, Herbert Tollison, Douglas Wright, Stanley Bacon, and Major Robert F. Tindall, executive to the signal officer.

Busy Days on Wall Street

by R. V. McGEE, Oregon Administration

WALL STREET was packed. Long queues of soldiers waited to get into restaurants, theaters, stores, their voices making a steady din. Some of them, tired out, sat on the curb. One building in particular, seemed especially busy, with men going in and out of the door, hurrying. Inside, in a space no bigger than a good-sized living room, were 80 men. Some were reading, some talking, some lined up at a counter, some just waiting.

Wall Street? No, not Wall Street, New York — Wall Street, Bend, Oregon. When? September and October. The busy room? A vacant store building, converted in a hurry into a well-equipped telephone center.

The Army was staging a 60-day mock battle in that vicinity, with 75,000 soldiers taking part. Again, the ability of telephone men and women to meet abnormal demands got strenuous trial, with the usual result—unqualified success.

Army maneuvers consist not of one continuous "battle," but of a series of "problems," each lasting for a period of several days to a week, and separated by two or three-day "breaks," during which time a large proportion of the men are given liberty. To the average soldier who has lived on dust and K-rations for five days that means but one thing—heading for the largest nearby town. Being by far

the largest community within a radius of a hundred miles, Bend was a natural magnet, and it is literally true that the soldier population of the town at times could be counted not in the thousands but in the tens of thousands.

With a peacetime population of only 10,000, the public telephone facilities of the city, although previously augmented to serve the men stationed at nearby Camp Abbot, obviously were inadequate to meet the enormous demands placed upon them. Before the maneuvers got under way, therefore, there was a series of consultations with Army officials and a meeting of heads within our company.

One of the first steps was to add two positions of toll board and two positions of recording table to the existing facilities. Nine operators were borrowed from other exchanges and new ones were hired, bringing the force to a total of 48—exactly double what it was at the beginning of the year. Outdoor-type booths were placed at strategic locations in the downtown district to supplement those available on a 24-hour basis at hotels, restaurants and at the telephone office. At the latter point modified attended service was provided during office hours.

Besides the Wall Street center, with eight booths and a single-position switchboard, other centers were established at maneuver headquarters at Camp Abbot,

and at Lapine, a small community 30 miles south of Bend, where there were to be large concentrations of troops. Chairs, tables and reading material were provided at all locations.

Had the facilities been double what they were, calls still would have been delayed during peak hours, due to the congestion of toll lines and because of the abnormally heavy traffic over the lines leading out of this area. Circuits which carried an average of about 550 long distance calls a day several months prior to the maneuvers, now were being called on to handle almost double that number on "normal" days when the troops were in the field. On days between problems, the volume went up additional notches.

The job of handling this tremendously increased volume of traffic, of explaining the delay on calls, and otherwise rendering a friendly, personalized service obviously was too much for the local telephone force, headed by H. C. Kerron, manager; Minnie Livingston, chief operator; and Homer Davis, wire chief. Two men from the Portland sales department, Douglas Wright and Ferris Abbott, were sent to help out, and during the busier hours were in the thick of things at one of the telephone centers. H. B. Judy, of the general traffic office, also was on hand a major portion of the time, while Stanley Bacon, of the assistant chief engineer's staff, occupied a desk in the signal office at maneuver headquarters throughout the period. Two Portland plant men, Claude Palmer and Herbert Tollison, also were dispatched to bolster the local forces.

That our company did everything in its power to make the use of our service as pleasant and easy as possible in the face of extremely difficult conditions, was the oft-voiced sentiment of officers and men alike. One high officer stated that, in his opinion, the greatest contribution which the Bell System has yet made to the war effort has been its program to serve the common soldier.

EDITORIALS

A Significant Address

WALTER S. GIFFORD's address, on the occasion of his being awarded the Vermilye Medal for achievement in the field of industrial management, appears in this issue of the magazine. All telephone employees—and for that matter, all Americans—will find it well worth reading. It is significant, not just because it is an expression from the head of the Bell System, but because it is an outline of the system of free enterprise on which our country is built.

We can all take pride in the award itself. It was made in recognition of Mr. Gifford's leadership and accomplishment in the last two years. The leadership continues. So will the accomplishment.

One Organization

I have often heard the Bell System referred to as a big family, but it was not until we established this new little office on the desert that the word "family," as applied to the telephone company, took on a real meaning for me.

Our initial group of employees was made up of men and women of the traffic and the plant departments. Each employee was from a different place and as far as the plant department was concerned, most of us were from different jobs in the company. In other words, there were new duties for all toll men except the chief testboardman. We were just out of a ten weeks' school and fortunately we had a swell boss. The point is, we were all strangers at first, starting out to establish a new office, develop telephone company good will among the townspeople and good will and friendship among ourselves.

We cannot forget to give the traffic department their full share of honor in this story. It can truthfully be said, if it had not been for the traffic's grand co-operation, friendship and, yes, good food, this office in all probability would not have developed as it has.

There is no line drawn between traffic and plant. It is one organization. Traffic problems are plant problems, and plant troubles traffic troubles. It is this inter-departmental interest and family spirit that makes the job easier and the living conditions, which are not too good, more bearable. This last, living conditions, is where the good food comes into the picture.

When we first arrived in the town, it was almost impossible to get food at a restaurant. If you succeeded at all you had to stand in line anywhere from one to three hours. It was not long that this situation persisted. The operators have a rest room with cooking facilities. They asked us to eat with them. Some mighty good meals come out of that room. The family spirit certainly prevails as the room is quite crowded when everyone is in it. There are not enough dishes or chairs to make it possible for everybody to sit down to eat at once, so we eat in shifts and wash dishes between servings.

Our work often takes us out of town. We do not know when we will be back, but it makes no difference. There is always someone there ready to prepare a meal. It is just like home and for those of us that have left our families in other places, it is swell. Believe me, it is one for all and all for one.

—C. R. Drake, Needles Plant.

140's Stars — Christmas 1943

Again the feast of Christmas dawns
Upon a war-torn world. His life,
Whose birth it marks, the truths He taught,
Opposed once more by greed and strife.

No "Peace on earth" this Christmas day,
"Good will toward men," a cherished hope—
The youth of nations faced each hour
With Death as through war's night they grope.

The eve of Christmas once more finds
The star of Bethlehem obscured
By smoke of battle and Mar's cloak
Of fierce destruction long endured.

☆ ☆ ☆

Two stars ONE-FORTY'S portal now
Adorn—the one a star of gold,
A symbol of the valiant band
Whose mem'ries we enshrined shall hold—

Who, not long past, among us toiled,
But now in far-flung places lie—
No more to join us here—save that
In spirit they shall never die.

The other star—a star of blue—
Four thousand odd now represents,
From ev'ry group gone forth to join
Our Country's many regiments.

And there are many thousands more
For whom no star of any hue
Appears—they also serve, and seek
No glory for the task they do—

These are the workers, each of us,
Whose daily toil brings final yield—
To forge the magic link of speech
That wings the words in ev'ry field.

For stars of blue and those unarmed
Now jointly comes the clarion call
To keep the faith—that not in vain
Shall stars of gold have given all.

Each one the best his part must play
To speed the day when we shall see
Our forces homeward bound adorned
With wreath of final victory.

The victory that shall proclaim
The system of free enterprise
That fosters in each heart and mind
The will to win that never dies.

☆ ☆ ☆

So when at Christmas time this year
ONE-FORTY'S lobby is transformed—
Cathedral-like with Yuletide hymns—
Let not each heart fail to be warmed

By pride in stars both blue and gold—
With faith in ideals each presents—
Proud also of the part we've played
In these two years accomplishments.

And may our simple prayer be that
The star of Bethlehem again
Shall next year shine upon a world
With "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

—J. J. Flynn, Northern California Accounting.

NEW STYLES FOR OLD... *home*

By Anne Ramsay

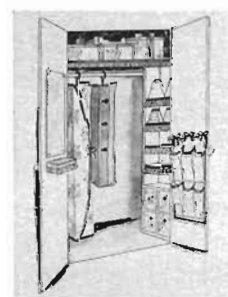
EVERY so often most women want to change their surroundings. They tire of room arrangements, of a once-admired color scheme, just as they do of an old dress—no matter how becoming or suitable it really is. That's why, this Christmas season, Sally's Scrapbook pages have turned into suggestion sheets, holding, we hope, some ideas for homemakers—ideas in tune with the thrifty times and with the motto of "making things do."

Furniture, of course, is the biggest, most costly item in the home-decorating field, and there's practically no one without a problem piece of some kind on her hands. It may be outdated, have an ugly finish, yet play a useful and necessary part in the room. Even if you're lucky enough not to own any such misfits, you may have still another problem—the lack of certain pieces you feel you shouldn't buy right now, times being what they are.

Ways out of difficulties like these aren't as hard as you think, so long as you're willing to work at the job. With paint,

hammer, and saw—plus ideas plucked from your own or someone else's imagination—you can work wonders of transformation on old furniture. Whether it's your problem piece, a discarded relic from the attic, or a bargain buy from some second-hand store, you'll be pleased and surprised at what can be accomplished—and with a minimum of expense.

Right—Well-fitted and attractive closets do wonders for a woman's morale. With a place for everything, there's little temptation to accumulate junk or pile up disorder—and certainly clothes respond gratefully to careful storage. Closet accessories pictured in this sketch did not come from a closet shop but were homemade, according to direction sheets we have available. If you'd like to try your hand at making a set, send a self-addressed envelope to Sally, Room 2321, 140 New Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

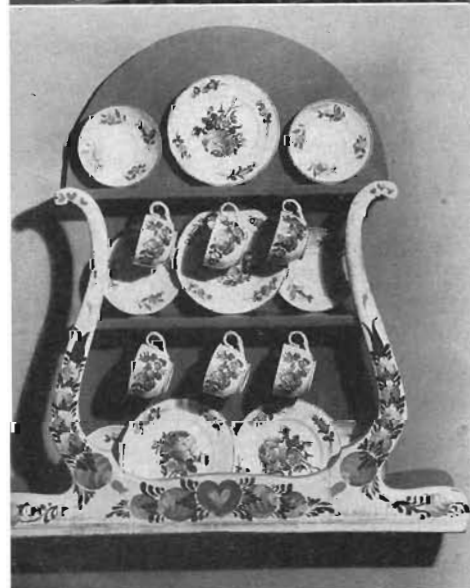
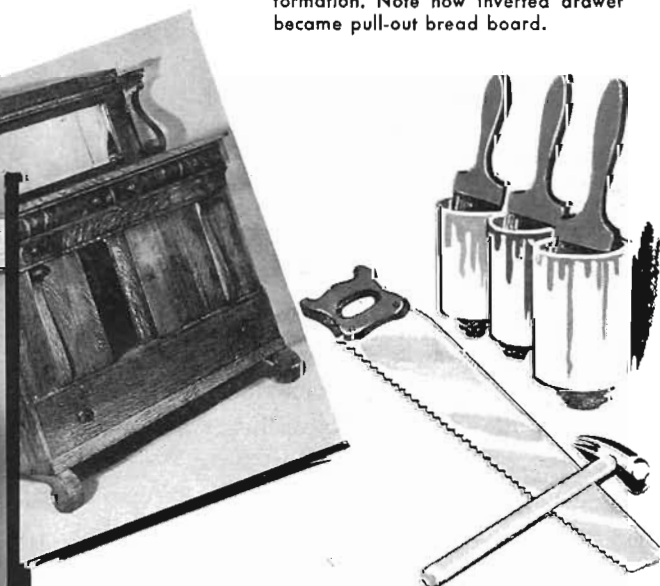


Pictured on these pages is a group of ugly ducklings which have been turned into useful and good-looking pieces of furniture. The transformations were wrought by Peter Hunt, Provincetown artist, and should give you a good sample of what can be done. Incidentally, these pictures represent only a few of Mr. Hunt's suggestions. Many more have been incorporated into a special booklet, put out by the Dupont people and obtainable through your Duco paint dealer. Besides being full of ideas for your consideration, the booklet contains practical helps for novice painters—listing the various types of materials and their proper uses, explaining different finishes and how they are obtained.

Careful browsing in second-hand stores—the junkier the better for our money—can lead to definitely useful finds. Two we've seen and particularly admired were cabinets—one with half a dozen movable shelves for holding music, the other a long-legged radio console of 1930 vintage. Removal of shiny varnish, a coat of stain, and careful waxing gave

Below—From golden-oak buffet to colorful kitchen cabinet is a happy transformation. Note how inverted drawer became pull-out bread board.

Left—Bright, modern chest comes from an old chiffonier. See corner picture for what can be made of discarded mirror frame.



decorating you can do yourself

the music cabinet a mellow mahogany finish. Shelf rearrangements made it into a decorative and practical extra dish cabinet for a small dining room. It could just as easily have been used as a cellarette or for linen.

The radio cabinet with its pair of well-fitted doors was nicely finished and lent itself to modernization by means of



Left—Slip covers work magic with home decorating. They protect new upholstery and disguise the old. For drab, toneless rooms, they offer the speediest way to add the color and gaiety that make living pleasant. Anyone who sews a seam can make her own slip covers—and at a substantial saving. Directions for covering a wing chair or sofa like those in the sketch can be yours for the asking. Just send a self-addressed envelope to Sally, Room 2321, 140 New Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

carpentry. Screened grilles that had concealed the set and speaker were moved to close up the open cabinet back. Legs were shortened by sawing them off between the crosspiece that held them together and the bottom of the cabinet. The cabinet was then nailed to the crosspiece, which made a sturdy but unobtrusive base. (Doweling is best for this process if you have the necessary skill.) Now the once-discarded piece, about the size of a modern console radio, serves as a handsome and roomy record cabinet. In a small apartment, it could hold extra bedding and pillows in the former speaker compartment, with spare linen on the shelf above.

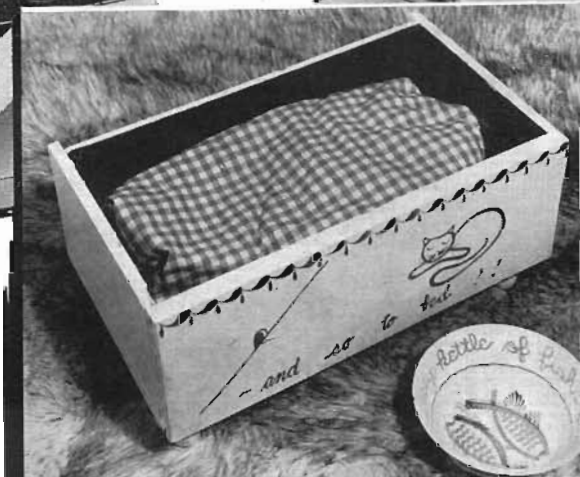
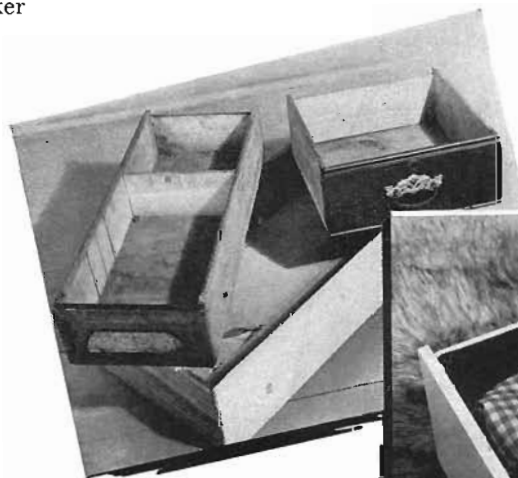
Other tonics for tired rooms might be washable slip covers or new closet accessories. See the two small sketches and accompanying captions for information about making them yourself. . . . Perhaps you'd like a colorful screen to accent plain walls that can't be done over 'til the war is won. Why not cover a plain one with brocade, chintz, or gay wallpaper. . . . For the kitchen you might cut out a bright oilcloth splash-back and paste it above the sink. (Use wallpaper paste, bought in bulk at any paint store.) . . . Cut a tablecloth or mats to match and save on laundry. A yard will make eight mats measuring 9 by 18 inches.

An old-fashioned wooden commode, enameled white, would supply storage space and fit into any but the smallest bathroom. Keep the top covered with a spotless towel and use it as a setting for precious bath powder and colognes. . . . If the room's walls are plain, with an uninteresting neutral finish, consider brightening them with a colorful border that comes packaged for the purpose. It's available in a number of different patterns and is gummed on the back for easy application.

More ideas than we could ever give you here will be found in the different "home" magazines. If you don't keep clippings that have attracted you, check through the files at the nearest library. *Good Housekeeping's* Decorating Studio is particularly helpful, in our opinion. It's edited by Dorothy Draper, a professional decorator who never forgets that a home's first function is comfortable living.

So, if you're restless or lonely these long winter evenings, don't wear yourself out thinking of places to go. Instead, look over your surroundings with a critical eye, and we'll wager you can find more than enough fascinating homework to keep yourself busy.

Right—Kitchen shelf, pet bed, and woodbox—all made from apparently worthless wooden drawers. A good paint job—both in and out—is more than half the trick.



Below—Don't let an old dining table go to waste. Reassemble the parts into an oversized coffee table like the one in the picture. The center pedestal can also be re-used—as the base of a smaller table.



With the Colors

More Telephone Men and Women in the Services

WASHINGTON AND IDAHO AREA

COLFAX *Traffic*: Shirley M. Anderson.
 OLYMPIA *Plant*: D. E. Smith.
 SEATTLE *Accounting*: C. H. Seitz, Jr.
Plant: W. R. Fisher, A. S. Kirkham, Jr., E. F. Maxwell, Anna E. Spangler.
Traffic: Beatrice H. Itza, Elizabeth F. Mitchell, Marjorie M. Tate.
 SPOKANE *Plant*: J. M. Tibessart.
Traffic: Helen L. Boileau, F. Maureen Jackman.
 TACOMA *Plant*: W. T. Crider, M. J. Welfringer.
 VANCOUVER *Plant*: G. E. Brockmann.
Traffic: Evelyn M. Desler.

OREGON AREA

KLAMATH FALLS *Plant*: M. H. Wendland.
 MEDFORD *Traffic*: Dorothy Lee.
 MILTON *Plant*: R. W. Harrison.
 PORTLAND *Plant*: Walter Belknap, V. R. Gignac, J. F. Holm, H. E. Jensen, E. C. Long, Delbert Lutje, L. K. Morris, H. L. Schneider, Harold Scott, S. E. Zivna.
Traffic: Lucille Ogden, Lucille Schirman, Blanche A. Younger.
 SALEM *Traffic*: DeLores Artz.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA AND NEVADA AREA

CONCORD *Plant*: R. F. Henschel.
 DINUBA *Plant*: R. W. Harris.
 ELKO *Plant*: R. M. McKinnon.
 FRESNO *Plant*: V. R. Allen, L. L. Gray, R. O. Neilan.
 HAYWARD *Plant*: J. W. Naef.
 MONTEREY *Plant*: S. F. Mateik.

OAKLAND *Plant*: C. D. Gates, Albert Schneller, A. H. Quint.
 PALO ALTO *Plant*: J. S. Seckler, A. B. Stengel, H. E. Wisler.
 PASO ROBLES *Plant*: R. G. Fischer.
 PITTSBURG *Plant*: W. J. Frederickson.
 RICHMOND *Plant*: Albert Lamb.
 SACRAMENTO *Accounting*: D. G. Webber.
Plant: Rosemary A. Arthur, E. A. Barr, R. T. Findley, G. A. Patrick.
 SALINAS *Plant*: R. S. Delaughder, C. L. Ritchie.
 SAN FRANCISCO *Plant*: G. M. Eaton, N. L. Guinasso, W. A. Petrinovich.
 SAN RAFAEL *Plant*: R. A. Sylar.
 SAN JOSE *Plant*: G. H. Millar.
 SAN MATEO *Plant*: G. B. Hughes.
 STOCKTON *Plant*: G. C. Smith.
 UKIAH *Plant*: H. F. Hayes.
 VALLEJO *Plant*: C. L. Starkey.
 WEED *Plant*: A. C. Gunder.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA AREA

ALHAMBRA *Plant*: W. R. Watson.
 BEVERLY HILLS *Commercial*: Dorothy Parry.
Plant: R. T. Little.
 BURBANK *Plant*: F. E. Easterly, T. A. Mitchell, F. L. Newmaster.
Traffic: Loretta Thompson.
 BLYTHE *Traffic*: M. Norine Burns.
 COMPTON *Traffic*: Mable W. Armstrong.
 EL CENTRO *Traffic*: Alma Hulme.
 GLENDALE *Plant*: K. A. Beyers, H. S. Chapin, R. E. Gott, M. A. Scott, Jr., L. F. Wilson.
 LAS VEGAS *Plant*: G. C. Newkirk.
 LOS ANGELES *Accounting*: Leah B. Ament, Josephine M. Crittenden, Mildred G. Herin,

Evelyn E. Martin.
Commercial: R. E. Norris.
Engineering: L. B. Dalzell.
Plant: W. F. Arnburg, J. H. Ahead, H. J. Ashton, V. W. Carter, G. D. Chalfant, O. H. Colby, Charles Comber, C. B. Cressey, J. U. Darby, J. H. Ewing, L. C. Ferrier, J. F. Fischer, F. A. Garland, A. J. Goza, M. F. Grimes, A. J. Hadley, D. J. Hendricks, D. H. Holroyd.

L. R. Johnson, N. W. Jones, N. E. Leach, R. S. McCorry, J. R. McCullough, G. W. Mingay, James Muldoon, C. E. Muren, W. B. Norcross, E. J. Rice, B. H. Roberts, L. W. Robinson, Lillian H. Sahl, G. O. Smith, A. H. Spencer, C. E. Stradley, W. R. Thompson, R. A. Weaver, F. H. Wells.
Traffic: Patricia Beck, Irma Bradney, Clara Lee, H. F. Nelson, Arlene Page, Rose K. Reimann, A. H. Westervelt.
 NORTH HOLLYWOOD *Plant*: V. R. Goodman, A. G. Hirth, F. J. Rufo, W. G. Tiers, G. A. Van Epps, R. B. Young.
 OCEANSIDE *Plant*: Leslie Borden.
 PASADENA *Commercial*: Patricia A. Heller, Beulah G. Pyke.
Plant: D. L. Bivens, L. L. Helm, C. D. Mathews, A. B. Toner.
Traffic: Vernetta Ream.
 RIVERSIDE *Plant*: R. N. Bush.
 SAN DIEGO *Commercial*: R. P. Williamson.
Plant: H. S. Bachioni, W. R. Boegeman, M. L. Buck, O. J. Clark, P. A. Comstock, F. C. Hughes, D. L. Johannsen, M. K. Lowe, L. D. Nanney, R. H. Neer, E. K. Ward, J. D. Watson.
Traffic: Mildred G. Peterson, Edith Payne, June A. Scott, Dorothy Spaulding.
 SAN PEDRO *Plant*: J. M. McKie.
Traffic: Gertrude Fietzer, Marilyn C. Gordon, Charlotte Goshorn.
 SANTA ANA *Plant*: F. A. Dunn.
Traffic: Nannette Hubbard, Shirley L. Kohlenberger.
 VENTURA *Traffic*: Eleanor L. Olivas, Marcella J. Perl.



Pvt. G. M. Eaton
San Francisco plant



Av. Cadet Weldon V. Davis
Renton plant



Lt. Joseph N. Sertich
Sacramento plant



Robert L. Powell, Sea. 2c
Seattle commercial



Maj. Herbert W. Lasselle
Portland commercial



Dorothy J. Winder, Sea. 1c
Oakland plant



Clifford R. Thomas, R.T. 3c
Oakland plant



Lt. Will G. Mason
San Francisco plant



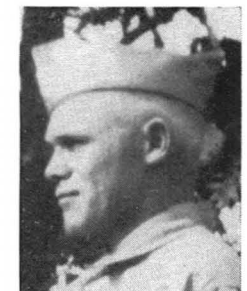
Corp. Fred E. Massa
Palo Alto plant



Sgt. C. D. Wulff
Sacramento plant



James A. Hastings, E.M. 1c
Los Angeles plant



Sgt. F. H. McClung
Centralia plant



Av. Cadet R. T. Dickason
Los Angeles plant



Sgt. John F. Webber
Sacramento plant



Meta K. Houghton, A.S.
San Francisco commercial



Maj. Arthur L. Coulthurst
Seattle plant



George P. Galios, Cox.
Monterey plant



Lt. Col. Robert J. Williams
Portland plant



James C. Reeves, A.S.
Los Angeles plant



Pvt. Cyril B. Haworth
Bakersfield commercial



Corp. Wm. F. Hartman, Jr.
San Francisco plant



Marjorie E. Holder, Sk. 3c
Los Angeles accounting



Pvt. Edmond J. McCall
Seattle plant



Lt. M. Russell Fish
Seattle engineering



Lt. Comdr. R. H. Gilroy
Tacoma plant



Ens. W. C. Wilkinson
Seattle accounting



Stanley W. Peterson, E.M. 1c
Portland plant



Norman W. Johnson, Sea. 1c
Los Angeles accounting



Pvt. Frank E. Perkin
Los Angeles commercial



Pvt. Beverly M. Bellmer
Oakland traffic



Robert E. Beltz, E.M. 3c
Tacoma plant



Pvt. Wallace G. Mohrmann
Aberdeen plant



Lt. Frank G. Walsh
Oakland plant



Sgt. V. W. Wiswell, Jr.
Oakland plant



William Vann Smith, Sea. 2c
Bellingham plant



Capt. J. Felix Hukkala
San Francisco plant



Lt. Harold K. Lown
Pendleton plant



Corp. Glen P. Hinton
Los Angeles accounting



Sgt. Harry E. Ball
Tacoma plant



Lt. A. B. Coppens
Beverly Hills plant



W. C. Webster, Jr., E.M. 2c
Tacoma plant



Capt. John L. Walsh
Fresno plant

Speaking of Our Service People

Sergeant Rex L. Murphy, a former lineman in Chico, distinguished himself recently by being awarded the Order of the Purple Heart. He also received an air medal for 100 hours of combat service over enemy territory. Sgt. Murphy has been stationed in China for the past several months.

• • •

Lt. Commander Delwin W. Classman, U. S. N. R., writes his friends in the San Francisco plant department as follows:

"As you probably know I have led a rather rugged life during the last 15 months at sea. So far have had five major combat missions and more bombing and torpedo attacks than I have a record of receiving. My ship had the distinction of being one of three of the entire United Nations sea forces to participate in the first landing opposed by Japanese troops at Guadalcanal, and the first to invade the continent of Europe at Gela, Sicily.

boats, submarines and foul weather; land the combat units in our boats and provide them with their tools after which we try our best to get out as quickly as possible—and in one piece. So far, we have a row of Jap and Nazi flags painted on our bridge wings which testifies as to our ability to hand it out to the glorious 'eagles' of Tojo and the Luftwaffe.

"I wonder sometimes what keeps the wheels grinding—there are so many of the old-timers away, and you fellows must have a problem with the accelerated pace of war. Certainly you should have a medal for civilian merit. But things look lots better at present, as the Axis seems to be taking it on the chin on all fronts now, and maybe we'll be home before we realize it. I should be very happy to even get to the states again in the near future, but such things are hard to prophesy. Since the 5th and 8th Armies have joined up near Naples—we hope it won't be too long."

• • •

Lyle W. Parsons, R.T. 1c, former frameman in Seattle and now in the Navy, writes home about life in the South Seas:

"As for recreation and liberty! It has been weeks since I have seen a town, except for a few native huts, and the only people I see outside the crew, are the most ferocious looking individuals you ever saw. They tatoo themselves all over and pierce their ears. Along with a great head of bushy hair they are quite a sight. However, they are friendly and sell their pretty shells, carved canoes and so on for a few cents. The water here is about the best for swimming I've ever seen, but the sharks got here first—so we stay out! One was caught a few weeks ago. It was about 500 pounds and nine feet long. So, if we had any doubts about the swimming conditions, we haven't now."

• • •

Private Irene E. Gumm, a service observer in Portland traffic before she be-



On a recent visit before assignment to the South Pacific, Lt. Charles R. Crouch of the San Francisco sales group was presented a 15-year service pin by Division Commercial Manager Lyle M. Brown. In the background are flags of the division sales Honor Roll.

came a WAC, is now in charge of a post telephone office "somewhere in England."

"I really enjoy the work very much," she writes. "It is quite different from the American way and took a bit of doing to learn the little tricks here. I am very fortunate in the girls I have, as most of them have had Bell System experience, and that is really an asset. The people here who live out in the country really have a much easier time figuring out the food problem, as everyone has a garden and some chickens. Fresh eggs are a real treat here, and since arriving at the E.T.O. I've had four—which is a good record. If I can figure out these British scales, I've lost about 15 pounds. But these scales weigh you in 'stone,' and darned if I'm sure how much I do weigh!"

• • •

Lt. Commander A. S. Oakholt, wrote this amusing letter to the gang back in the Los Angeles engineering department: "Don't believe I told you about my new garden. A French lady gave me a begonia cutting. I found a tin can, and now the begonia graces my balcony. The soil by our building is so terrible that I used coffee grounds as a substitute—so, if this thing is going to belong to me, it'll have to learn to drink coffee!"

"Please inform the Chamber of Commerce that I spent last evening with a French family extolling the beauties of California. I was told that we were going



This snapshot of Aviation Cadet Ernest C. Bean, formerly frameman in San Francisco, was sent in by his sister, Lorna Lambert, also of San Francisco plant.

Some of the details of those operations are still clothed in secrecy, but will have lots of stories to tell at our future reunions of the old clan. We are an amphibious transport and take them in under fire of shore batteries, bombers, E

to have something unusual and choice for dinner—in fact the idea was built up to the point where I was beginning to feel I would absolutely have to dress for dinner. Quelle Flavor! What a dish! I was told it was to be a bird found in these parts. When the bird finally arrived as the third course, I was reminded of that old nursery rhyme about who killed cock robin, because it looked exactly like the illustration for the poem in a book I had as a child. No, the likeness was not quite complete because this bird was more the size of a sparrow, and someone had been careless enough to remove its feathers. Otherwise the likeness was striking—what with its eyes closed in eternal rest and its cute little toes curled up in resig-



Cox. Robert C. Snyder of Riverside, whose citation for valor was described in our last issue.

nation of the end. When I saw that the first step in the procedure was to use the table knife to deftly sever the head, I gave up and waited for the next course. Strange, but I haven't been hungry all day!

"The news still looks pretty good, although so far I have not entertained any idea of catching the next boat—nor have I made any plans for planting a garden next spring!"

• • •

Sergeant Frank McDevitt of Sacramento plant, and **Cadet Robert B. Reade** of Chico plant, both received special honors recently.

Sgt. McDevitt was among a group of eight members of the Signal Battalion Construction Company that was officially commended for its work on building the Army's network of telephone and tele-

graph lines on the island of New Guinea.

Cadet Reade was presented with the Brayton Primary Flying Award as the outstanding cadet in his group.

• • •

Private Albert Majers, former switchman in Seattle, keeps in touch with his friends even if he is a long way from home: "After a long hard year of outpost duty, I finally got reprieved. Much of what happened 'out west' I won't be permitted to write about.

"I can tell you that we had a very white winter. It has never occurred to me that the Bering Sea might freeze up. But there it was before me. From the top of a hill on the island, as far as I could see, solid ice. It was so white and smooth that there was no noticeable break where the island left off and the sea began. I remember seeing in motion pictures scenes of arctic storms in which the air was full of powdery dry snow and the sheltered

side of an enemy object had a snow-drift behind it. In movies it seems fanciful, but on a barren island it is so natural that no one is awed.

"On an isolated island where the men had to associate in confined areas and under adverse conditions, the better side—or finer character—always seemed to dominate. It was at first astonishing to find this, then later I was aware of a comforting reassurance in the whole of humanity. A world of experience was handed me there.

"Here at Anchorage I have a different kind of a job—maintenance. In some respects Alaskans are more advanced than people in the States. They send telegrams with as little thought as some one in Seattle might send a postcard. Whenever travel is contemplated, they first inquire about airplane schedules—then boats and trains. This is partly out of necessity, true, but I don't believe they would change if there was train service to all points in Alaska.

"I've met many ex-Bell men lately—some of them from Seattle, too. Also met a friend from Western Electric. What a splendid feeling to walk down 'Main Street' and meet people I know."

• • •

Lieutenant William R. Brown, manager in Portland commercial, and now with the Military Police in Sicily, writes that he is "really taking care of P.L.I.'s over here."

He goes on to say that Sicily used to be a busy place, but that "the war isn't doing it any good. It is tough to walk down the street and have a crowd of kids, as well as older people, begging for something to eat. The Army is cleaning it up, but it takes time."

• • •

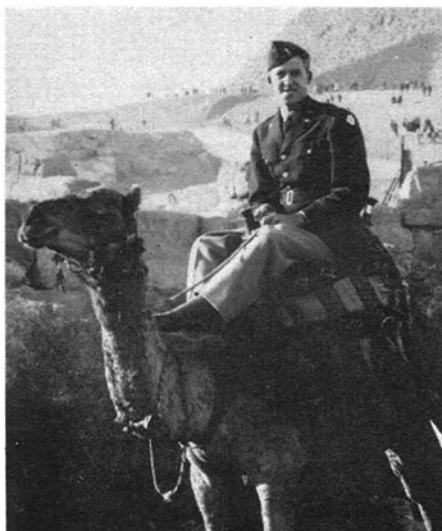
Frances Cook, A.S., San Francisco commercial, finds the life of a Wave very interesting, according to her last letter:

"I'm still here at Staff Headquarters tapping out the dots and dashes to various ships and shore stations. And, believe me, it gets very exciting. The only thing that bothers me is that half the time I don't know what I'm sending or receiving because the originators always encrypt their texts. So, as far as I'm concerned, it's just a bunch of letters. I do get a chance to decode some things we receive, and it's fascinating.

Below left—Francis McClatchie, transmission man on leave from Los Angeles Toll, in Washington, D. C., where he attended the Navy's Radio Matériel School.

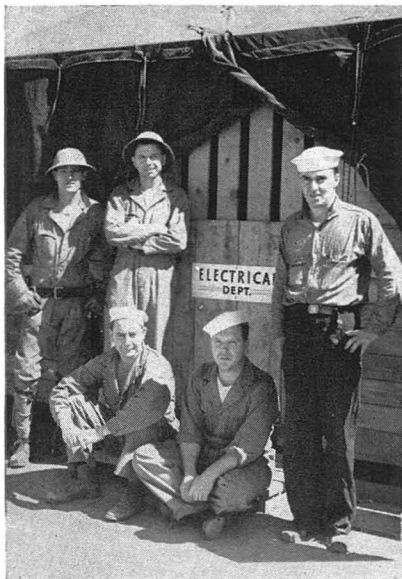


Above right—Pvt. Richard A. Butler, former driver in Emeryville, posed for this snapshot in South Dakota.



Right—From an "undisclosed location" comes this picture of Lt. Theodore B. Wood, on leave from Los Angeles plant.

"There are about 60 of us Waves out at our barracks now. We live at the Advanced Naval Training Station on Lake Union. There are about 500 fellows there and we are treated just like them. Most of us are petty officers. I've been studying like mad for my second class rating but the material is terribly hard. I've passed my code sending and receiving speed, and now have to pass the Maintenance work (all about circuits, generators, wave lengths, frequencies, etc.). Greek to



This group of Seabees, pictured at an advanced base somewhere in Australia, includes two Northern California men: Merrill L. Bates, E.M. 3c (standing second from left), former Fresno station repairman, and Ralph N. Hirst, E.M. 2c (seated right), formerly an engineering assistant at Sacramento.

me, but am keeping at it, 'cause I want two stripes on my sleeve.

"Have been aboard a couple of carriers and British minesweepers. Even had lunch with three British lieutenants in the Officers' Mess. I was scared stiff—but I loved it!"

. . .

Sergeant Charles A. Brown of Los Angeles plant is now in England. This is an excerpt from a recent letter:

"We are not very far from London, so I have had the good fortune to do a little rubber-necking. Was entertained very royally by the officials of the telephone organization (luncheon served in the Directors' Room!). They are a grand lot, and their step-by-step equipment is well in advance of ours. I wish you could see

the new SxS selector. It's a wow!

"The Tower of London is likewise, in its own way. And the tradition of the English speaking races, and the great moments in English literature ooze out of the pores of half the buildings and streets in London. The English people are a success at civilization, blitz or no blitz. And the other fellow is finding out by now what a blitz is really like—so the score is evening up."

. . .

Ensign Colman Schwartz, a former member of Fresno commercial department, writes that although he is a long distance from home he is still in the telephone business: "I am at present well occupied with the compilation of records for a new directory, and it looks like quite a job. Few records have been kept, and I am getting some first-rate experience in trying to organize a card-file system. Have devised one similar to our service application card and also an alphabetical card system. It's difficult though, as there are no filing boxes or cabinets, and little clerical help.

"Our trip here was quite long but the last leg was made by air and it was a real thrill for me. It was my first time up and although the planes are similar to those flown on commercial air lines at home, the conditions are of course very different and there are many exciting possibilities. Wish I could tell you of the country I've seen, the people, climate, vegetation, etc., but it's restricted. We all requested sea



These San Francisco division commercial men in service met accidentally in New York and stopped to have their picture taken. They are Lt. Thomas P. Coyne (left) and Lt. William J. McDonald.

Robert J. Van Bezey, SK 3c, Emeryville plant, wrote this "thank you" letter to the gang back home: "The surprise that beats all is the package that arrived tonight from my good old telephone company. The first thing I did after showing my mates what I had, was to put up the 'pin up' girls (at a handy spot). Then, I tried the galloping dominoes, put the pencil in my pocket for checking cargo, and sent one of the postcards to my wife. I forgot to mention that I passed around the candy (much to my regret). Haven't played chess as yet, but here is my chance to learn, although I hear it's a game for the intelligent. The books I will read shortly as they sound interesting. In other words, everything in this nice package I have use for.

"I don't know who to thank in particular, but I do know even in the short time I've been with the telephone company, that if every person throughout our fine organization is as good as those I've already met in Emeryville plant—then.

(Continued on page 34)



These Seattle plant men on military leave are Corp. Hugh J. Brandt (left) and Pvt. Daniel A. Jones. Corp. Brandt is the son of O. D. T. Brandt, also of Seattle plant.

duty at first but were informed that there was little chance for some time. I am very happy where I am located, and hope to stay now."

. . .

DIED IN SERVICE

LT. WILLOUGHBY STRAIT, Los Angeles plant.

PANFILO R. VILLANUEVA, Off. Std. 2c, Los Angeles traffic.

MISSING IN ACTION

BENJAMIN F. ABEGG, E.M. 1c, Los Angeles plant.

PRISONER OF WAR

LT. CURTIS CHURCH, San Francisco commercial.

Red Ribbon for Wreaths

(Continued from page 2)

Michael had laughed about it. "It'll come in handy when I bring home a brief case full of letters. That is, of course, when I'm important enough to *have* a brief case full of letters."

And suddenly Marcia was crying—crying almost outright—her throat choked and hurting, her head buried deep in outstretched arms.

It was not until later that she remembered she could bring Michael back for a moment if she wished—that she could, by putting a little black disc on the dictaphone, actually hear his voice again.

She was very clumsy about starting the machine—about fitting on the disc. Mike knew all about it, but she didn't. She'd only watched that night, laughing while he said ridiculous things into the little tube, then played it back to her.

Her hands were shaking as she held the tube—a little away from her ear, the way Mike had shown her. Her knees were shaking, too—so much that she had to sit down again in the dark leather chair.

"Marcia!" It was Michael's voice—a little mechanical, a little strained—but Michael's voice. Her lips parted as she waited for the familiar nonsense to follow. She couldn't believe it when it didn't follow!

"You're going to be as mad as a little wet hen when you find out the shaving kit I sent you over to Aunt Maggie's for is upstairs in my grip. You see, I wanted to get you out of the house so I could make a speech. I'm doing it this way because there's so little time—because I know you'd never let me say all I want to say—and because I think some day when you're lonesome you'll remember this old gadget and come in to listen to all the stuff I said that night. I guess I *know* you'll do that, darling—because it's what I'd do.

"First, I want to thank you for giving me the courage to go," his voice went on. "Because you did, you know. Sometimes people get sort of frantic with fear about themselves, and it keeps them from doing what they know is right. I was like that, Marcia, until I talked to you. I knew I should go—I wanted to, and yet I was afraid of leaving you alone—afraid of what might happen to Tim—our home—our future. I should have known how

you'd be. I'd seen your faith—your courage often enough. Like the time I lost my job and all we had was that \$1.30 in the sugar bowl—remember? Yes, I should have known the kind of a soldier you'd be. You've never been a quitter in your life.

"It's not going to be easy to leave home tomorrow. A man's sort of like a child about his home, Marcia. It's a refuge—a place to come back to no matter what happens. At least that's how I feel. So, until I can come back I'm going to keep remembering—remembering even crazy little things like yellow cups at breakfast, smoke coming out of the chimney, Christmas, Tim's face when he sees his tree.

"I may be pretty far away by next Christmas—there's no way of telling, of course. But I know that's not going to stop you from making it as happy as it's always been. Why, I'll bet my sergeant's pay you'll tie bright red ribbons on all the wreaths next Christmas—because that's just how spunky I think you are, Marcia—that's just how spunky!

"I guess that's the end of my speech. I could go on and tell you how pretty you are even if you do have a turned up nose, but I won't. I have to keep some things to tell you in person . . ."

Almost without realizing it Marcia turned off the machine. Then she leaned back, her cheeks flushed, her blue eyes shining. It seemed that the sound of Michael's voice still echoed through the room. She could hear it—she could feel it resolve into a conviction in her heart.

There was a light from Timmy's room knifing across the upper hall, but still Marcia opened his door very softly. He was sound asleep, one hand beneath his cheek, the other upturned upon the coverlet. As she bent to tuck him in she whispered softly:

"Forgive me, Timmy. I'll make it up to you—I promise."

It was late when all the work was done—when the house was in order, and a small, freshly ironed blouse hung over the back of the kitchen chair. Before turning out the lights, Marcia glanced again at the list she had made to take into town in the morning. That list was very important—after all, there were only three days until Christmas! Popcorn, candy, greens, a tree. Then, picking up her pencil she underlined the item at the very

top, a smile pulling at her lips as she said aloud:

"And red ribbon for wreaths!"

LAND OF OPPORTUNITY

(Continued from page 4)

prise and confidence in the ultimate solution of problems, no matter how difficult. I believe much of our recent pre-war troubles were due to a wide-spread defeatist attitude on the part of people generally. I am not referring to those people who were unemployed and had a real cause for despair. It would be difficult to overestimate the damage done by this defeatist attitude and it was so un-American that it was hard for me personally to understand it. We must approach our post-war problems more realistically. To expect wide-spread unemployment and the end of private enterprise is, in my view, not being realistic. It is more realistic, I believe, to expect plenty of employment and the abandonment of government wartime controls, including taxes that discourage enterprise, as rapidly as practical with resulting further progress in improving our standard of living and in providing equal opportunities for all. Defeatism has no place in America. I know many who are responsible for management of large and small business enterprises. I know none who is not confident of the post-war future. It is with such confidence that management has accomplished so much in the past and will, if not unnecessarily hampered, accomplish so much in the future.

I look forward to good times, to good wages—to a period that will create capital and well-being. That is the usual history of our people. In that creative progress industrial management is one of the important forces. I am proud to be an officer in the army that is producing the wherewithal with which the fighting men will win victory over the Axis—over the planners of National Socialism in Germany and Fascism in Italy and Militarism in Japan and which likewise will produce the wherewithal with which Americans can continue to win victories over poverty and want as they have since the Constitution set up that liberty which insures economic opportunity. Let us have faith in the democratic way—the way of America.



Part of the group attending the get-acquainted party given recently by employees of the traffic department in San Pedro.

Here and There

FLOYD MacGILLIVRAY, service engineer in Los Angeles, has taken care of the telephone needs at Lockheed's since 1939. Under his guidance a major telephone system was planned, developed and placed in operation.

Recently "Mac" assumed new duties as a staff assistant in the commercial practices department at Los Angeles. Needless to say the people at Lockheed were reluctant to see him go, and expressed sincere appreciation for his splendid efforts at a luncheon given in his honor. As a farewell gift they presented a beautiful chrome plated "P-38" ash tray, and tucked into the cockpit was a poem written by a Lockheed employee to "Mac—a really great guy."

PORTLAND TELEPHONE MEN on duty at the Kaiser Oregon Shipbuilding Corporation, were not forgotten when all employees of the yard were awarded World's Champion Shipbuilders' pins. The event took place when the yards established a new world's record by launching 24 ships from its 11 ways. With each pin went a citation reading in part: "In recognition of your outstanding achievements in making this the World's Number 1 Shipyard."

Telephone men receiving pins were Gentry Phillips, service engineer; Fred Gavin, PBX maintenance foreman; PBX Repairmen Noel F. Mercier and Ray Horgan; E. D. Perrott, R. J. Robinson, D. E. White, H. C. Crowley, PBX installers.

H. F. O'DONNELL, outside representative in Garfield Unit of the San Francisco busi-

ness office, is blessed with a "green thumb."

Last year Mr. O'Donnell entered five exhibits of begonias in the San Francisco flower show, and received five blue ribbons. This year, of course, he concentrated on his Victory garden—but he still found space for enough flowers to win two first prizes and two second prizes with four entries.



Left—Operator Laurel Holt, Trinity office, Los Angeles, and a two-year collection of Liberty nickels. Miss Holt purchased a \$100 War bond with this "small change."

Below—These San Francisco traffic girls prepared these gifts for servicemen. (From left) Jennie O'Farrell, Helen Wade, Catherine Abbott, Marie Mallonee, Lillian Carlson, Shirley Crummett, Mildred Jensen, Rae Petty. Bertha Corden (not in the picture) is also a member of this group.





Left — Los Angeles district No. 3 plant people with Christmas packages for servicemen. (From left) Mae Williams, C. J. Clark, Margaret Zimmerli, Irving Messenger, C. J. Stommel, Florence Renyer, E. F. Stamp, Dorothy Case, and Frances Rogers.



Right—Southern California traffic and employment people at one of the luncheons given to acquaint United States Employment Service officers with telephone work. (Head table, from left) H. G. Armstrong, Horton C. Williams, Mabelle Fyfe, J. L. Cory, R. H. Griest, Hildegard Anderson.

Below—H. F. O'Donnell of San Francisco division commercial with prize begonias.



Above—A. F. (Mac) MacGillivray of Los Angeles with trophy presented by Lockheed in honor of his work as service engineer.

Right—This Pioneer party was given by the Sabin Chapter at Sacramento.



Above — Five Northern California accounting men, now retired, who represent more than 200 years of service. (From left) H. J. Fleming, retired East Bay revenue accountant; R. F. Patton, retired assistant auditor; A. P. Norton and T. S. Kennedy, retired traveling auditors, and H. H. Ruh, retired revenue accountant. The picture was taken at the retirement dinner for Messrs. Fleming and Kennedy.



Left — Portland telephone men receive World's Champion Shipbuilders' awards from Al Bauer, general manager of Oregon Shipbuilding Corp. (From left) E. D. Perrott, Gentry Phillips, R. J. Robinson, D. E. White, Mr. Bauer, H. C. Crowley, N. F. Mercier, Ray Horrigan, and Fred Gavin.

Right — San Francisco's Delaware office employees gave this luncheon to honor Chief Operator Anna Bernhard on her 30th service anniversary. (Seated at head table, from left) R. J. Wood, district traffic superintendent; Ida C. Tierney, assistant vice-president, and Mrs. Bernhard.





Above left—Ruth Monroe, service representative in Pendleton was the subject of this picture by Photographer Bus Howdyshell of the "East Oregonian."

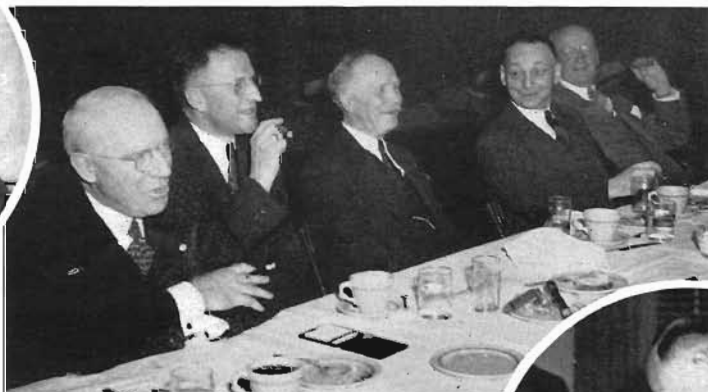
Above—This group of telephone people was caught by the cameraman at the recent all-employee party given in Oakland by the East Bay Council Pioneers.

Below—These groups of Long Beach traffic women got together to welcome new employees and to congratulate others on service anniversaries.



Above — Frank W. Purcell, R.M. 2c, Renton plant, pictured with his wife Elaine, operator at Renton, before he left for duty at Guadalcanal.

Left — Little Sonja Kucala, and A. J. Gock, WarChest representative, smilingly accept Southern California area's \$33,500 check from B. G. Wright.



Head table at the "Red" Spindler banquet in Seattle. (From left) L. G. Fitzsimmons, C. E. Mong, the guest of honor, L. T. Coombs, and W. C. Barbour.

Right — Jeanetta Steppan, Sacramento traffic, pictured with M. G. Kincaid at a service anniversary party in her honor.



Left—George R. Morrison, Southern area building engineer (seated center), pictured with a group of engineering people on the eve of his retirement.

Right — Eastern Washington Chapter Pioneers were hosts to new telephone employees at this party held in Spokane.



Left — A Spokane gang. (From left) Construction Foreman Jim Himes, Carl Roning, Neal Rozelle and Lynn Drake, linemen.

Right — "Red" Spindler with Seattle Long Distance girls on the day of his retirement. (From left) Mildred Matheson, Sylvia Turner, Mable Secord, Florence Berg, Eleanor Sinclair, and Geraldine Nelson.



Above—Compton traffic's kiddie party. (Front row from left) Esther Kile, Jean Kime, Mary Louise Norton, Betty Colligan, and Alveretta Medicus, hostess to the group. (Back row) Rita Pellegrin, Maree Lou Dix, Alice Hutton, Martha Ross, Catherine Henry, Margie Nilson, Shirley Lavalle, Gerry Adrian, and Betty Wright.



Left—Hazel Fabregat (left) and Mildred Hess, evening chief operator, Thornwall traffic, Los Angeles, won recent service awards.

Above — Sam Champion Pioneers. President Maurice Dyer and Senior Vice-President John Strohsen are fifth from left and far right of first row.

Below—This group of Southern California high school girls is working part-time in Long Beach Toll.



Left—San Francisco's Evergreen plant force sent this picture to co-workers in service. (Foreground, from left) Les Taylor, Bill Werthing, Harold Johnson (seated), Bunny Bendele, Eddie Stubbs, Ray Shour, George Dingmann (seated), Fred Hollingstad, Sil Belletto. (Standing) Jim Nash, Harold Linkins, John McInerney, Ev Tenney, Frank Johnson, Frank Hammond, George Allen. Absent were Dick Hartwig, Stan Spencer, Earl Odell, Fred Peterson.

Below — E. A. Henderson, Southern California guard recently retired. Mr. Henderson was never late or absent during his many years of service.





Extreme left—This happy group is from San Pedro clerical forces. (Front row, from left) Helene Anthony, Roma Demaestri, Martha Stauss, Kathleen Handly, and Ermalene Raney. (Back row) Dorothy Reeves, Esther McAllister and Mary Curry, guests of honor; Nell Fitzgerald, Eloise Reel, Euritha Osment, and Evelyn Pardee.

Left—Willing KP at San Francisco's Stage Door Canteen is Virginia Hannon of Long Distance.



Jesse M. Lightfoot (left) retiring from Washington plant, receives best wishes of P. A. Woolfolk, general plant engineer.

PORTLAND'S T.E.A.A. stage and vaudeville show was canceled this year due to the pressure of wartime activities. However, Portland employees made their usual contribution to the Sunshine Division of the Police Department, through proceeds derived from a Christmas dance.

AMOS E. PECK, Escondido wire chief, was honored at a dinner party upon the occasion of his retirement after 35 years of service.

Among those attending were G. A. Stinstrom, district plant superintendent; C. J. Wolf, supervising wire chief, who acted as master of ceremonies; J. H. Ilse, division plant manager; A. E. Scott, district commercial manager, and G. M. Osborne, who presented Mr. Peck with a framed life membership certificate in the Telephone Pioneers.

SANTA ROSA TRAFFIC PEOPLE gave a party recently to honor Florence L. Miller, operator, upon her retirement. Sixty telephone people from all departments attended.

Highlight of the evening was a scenario on Mrs. Miller's telephone career which was narrated with a musical background. A leather volume, prepared by the Santa Rosa employees, was presented to the guest of honor. This book contained, in addition to the historical scenario, snapshots, and a section with individual signatures and good wishes from each employee.

"CIGARETTES FOR OUR FIGHTING MEN" was the slogan of the recent drive held by the members of Tacoma District Council Telephone Pioneers. The committee in

charge, consisting of Edith Oliver, traffic; Alice Northstrom, commercial; A. K. White, plant; and W. F. Mason, engineering, hoped the drive would net enough to buy 40,000 cigarettes. However, response was so great, that 130,000 were purchased—110,000 going to the Southwest Pacific area, and 20,000 to Alaska.

SAN DIEGO AND IMPERIAL VALLEY telephone people and their families enjoyed a picnic held recently in Felecita Park, near Escondido. About 500 people attended.

Arrangements for the outing were made by the San Diego Council, Telephone Pioneers, and the Social Association of Telephone Employees of San Diego. George M. Osborne headed the Pioneer group, and Carter Kenney, president of the social association, was in charge of his group.

SACRAMENTO TELEPHONE PEOPLE gave a dinner not long ago in honor of Jeanetta Steppan, Long Distance Unit No. 6. The occasion marked Miss Steppan's completion of 30 years with our company—all of which have been spent in Sacramento.

About 60 people attended the party—among them M. G. Kincaid, district traffic superintendent—who did the honors when a beautiful corsage was presented the guest of honor.

CHARLES "RED" SPINDLER, building serviceman in Seattle, has retired after 32 years on the job.

Few people have been honored as "Red" was honored on this occasion. Six parties were given for him during the

week of his retirement, and the gifts and good wishes that poured in from all sides were proof that his cheery smile and kindly interest had endeared him to all who knew him.

The Long Distance girls started "Red's" festivities with a luncheon, and that same evening the Building Service Employees' Union tendered him a dinner. Other groups entertaining in his honor were the plant department women, disbursement accounting people, cafeteria employees and traffic office employees. To top it all off, a stag banquet was given at the end of the week by employees of the plant, traffic, engineering, accounting, commercial and administration departments.

Everyone will miss "Red"—his stogy and his smile, and they're hoping he'll miss them enough to come back for a visit now and then.

ANNA M. RADZINSKI, Alhambra traffic, is Southern California's answer to the New York nomination for the Bell System employee having the most immediate relatives in the service. The New York employee has eight—three sons and five brothers, while our Southern California nominee has 10—one sister and nine brothers.

Four of Miss Radzinski's brothers, two of whom are reported missing, are in the Navy, three in the Army, and two in the Army Air Force. Her sister, Veronica Radzinski, on leave from the company, is now a WAC.

MARY A. DUFFY, night chief operator of the Glencourt exchange in Oakland, retired in November. Miss Duffy has spent 31 years in the company—having begun her career in 1912 as an operator in the Piedmont office.

GEORGE R. MORRISON, building engineer of the Southern area, was honor guest at several parties upon the occasion of his retirement in December.

Mr. Morrison, who has had 37 years of service, began his telephone career in 1906 as a draftsman in the engineering department in San Francisco. He became chief draftsman in 1914, and was appointed engineer in 1922. In 1924 he was transferred to Los Angeles as building engineer. Following the earthquake of 1933 he directed an area-wide program rehabilitating buildings that had been damaged.

Mr. Morrison plans to live on his ranch in Mendocino County now that he has retired.

PLANT ENGINEERS IN SEATTLE sponsored the dinner given for Jesse M. Lightfoot who, after 37 years of service, recently retired.

Fifty telephone men attended—eight of

these being engineers from Tacoma. Ernie Paradis, as master of ceremonies, introduced General Plant Manager L. G. Fitzsimmons, the first speaker. Paul Woolfolk, Washington and Idaho area general plant engineer, spoke next and told of the 20-odd years he had been associated with Mr. Lightfoot. D. J. Lundy, Ed Barr and A. E. Crosse also talked, paying sincere tribute to the guest of honor.

Later in the evening J. H. Kendle, Ernie Paradis and Fritz Berntsen led the group in singing appropriate songs.

Everyone attending the party insisted that credit for its success should go to Jim Broulette, Lester Nolte and Joe Keith. After all, they collected the red points for all that steak!

SAN PEDRO'S SUNSHINE CLUB gave a successful get-acquainted party recently with about 130 members present.

Entertainment was provided by Evelyn Barker, Pauline Andrew and Lou Ella Kendall. Jon Ethel Rogers was master of ceremonies for the evening while Mamie Wingate and Velma Moore were in charge of refreshments. Eloise Reel is president of the club.

SAN FRANCISCO'S LONG DISTANCE TRAFFIC people are doing what they can to see that our wounded servicemen are not forgotten. Through a food sale held not long ago, they raised enough money to recondition two radios and buy 375 one-pound boxes of candy to be sent to the U. S. Naval Hos-

pital in Oakland. Each box of candy contained a card.

Many letters of appreciation have been received from the boys—one with sixteen signatures. A letter was also received from the Chaplain, who said in part: "This is the largest amount of candy which we have received for the patients at any one time since my arrival at this station, and I assure you that the men who will be the recipients of these pound gifts will be most appreciative."

IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA a plan has been worked out whereby representatives of the United States Employment Service have an opportunity to get first-hand information on operating procedures. At small meetings, attended by traffic supervisors and chief operators, U. S. E. S. members have explained to them the intricacies of the toll switchboard, DSA board, Information and TWX. They are then conducted on a tour in order to see employees actually handling calls, and inspect the many features installed for the comfort and welfare of the personnel. Luncheon is served the group in the company dining room, usually followed by the showing of the picture, *Voices of Victory*.

The entire program gives U. S. E. S. members a fuller understanding of the present employment problems, and numerous letters have been received in which they have expressed appreciation for the plan.

Right—Part of the crowd attending the Victory party at Tracy.

Below, right—Members of the 8-team Tacoma Telephone Bowling League inspect the trophy for which the teams will soon compete. (From left) K. W. Kramer, district traffic manager; G. L. Proctor, plant; H. L. Higgins, president of the League; T. M. Prince, district plant manager; W. J. Billings, district commercial manager, E. E. Meader, League secretary.

Below—Merle Sloan, secretary-treasurer of the Tacoma District Council Pioneers, presents a check covering the purchase of cigarettes for fighting men overseas to F. L. Goodner, a tobacco company representative.



Service Anniversaries

October and November



HARRY M. SPOWART
45 Years



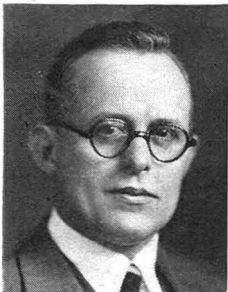
GRACE E. DARBY
45 Years



CORA E. SCHOOLER
30 Years



DALE W. GIBBS
35 Years



WARREN M. NELLIST
35 Years



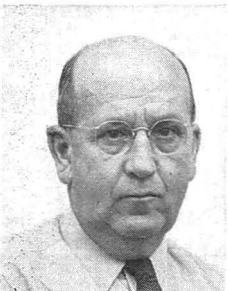
VESTA R. BURLINGAME
30 Years



BENJAMIN W. NORTHUP
35 Years



HELENA L. LOOMIS
30 Years



CLYDE W. YOUNG
40 Years



ULYSSES G. HILL
35 Years



CHARLES C. CAMPBELL
35 Years



ETHEL F. GRIDER
30 Years

Washington and Idaho

40 Years
MILLER, EDWARD A. Seattle

35 Years
NELLIST, WARREN M. Tacoma

30 Years
QUANN, MARGARET M. " "
STOMNER, BERTHA M. Seattle
STONEMAN, MYRTLE I. Spokane

CLAYPOOL, GEORGE W. Seattle
HAWORTH, JOHN P. " "
NOBLE, G. B. Spokane
ROBINSON, B. F. Seattle

25 Years
BRICE, CLARA Bremerton
FULFORD, MABEL E. Seattle
GERLACK, LILLIAN Spokane
RANKIN, MARY C. Seattle
TROUSDALE, ELIZABETH " "
WALQUIST, MARY Bellingham
WRIGHT, GRACE Spokane

CAMPBELL, MALCOLM Seattle
HALE, ROBERT H. " "
HILLEARY, WILLIAM E. Centralia
HOLT, OLAF Seattle
HUNT, CLARENCE D. " "
RIVERMAN, B. J. " "

20 Years
ALLEN, CARRIE Northport
ATHOW, MILDRED M. Tacoma
BEST, MERTIE Summer
DAY, HAZEL M. Seattle
DOW, GENEVIEVE H. Tacoma
HANRAHAN, ALICE Spokane
HERREN, DOROTHY S. Seattle
JOHNS, EDNA F. " "
JORGENSEN, THELMA Tacoma
LAMON, BESSIE L. Seattle
LUNDGREN, GEORGIA B. Aberdeen
TAPLEY, JEAN E. Seattle
YOUNG, EUNICE Spokane

CASSEL, JAMES H. Seattle
CONRAD, HENRY Spokane
HEINTZELMAN, B. R. Seattle
HILL, LEON A. Spokane
HODGSON, RUSSEL H. Vancouver
KNICKERBOCKER, E. L. Seattle
MARTINI, STEVE M. " "
MOORE, FRANK C. " "
WILLIAMS, GEORGE O. " "
YEJOFF, PAUL P. " "

15 Years
BRAND, RITA E. Bellingham
COLGAN, CATHERINE E. Seattle
DUNN, MABEL F. " "
FITZPATRICK, IRENE L. " "
GEDDIS, EDA P. " "
GREEN, KATHLEEN M. Tacoma
HAIN, OPAL O. Seattle
HRUBY, ALBA " "
KETCHAM, MARY T. Spokane
KOSNICK, MARGARET H. " "
NORMAN, ADA L. Tacoma
SHRAUGER, ANN M. Seattle
VICKERS, CHARLOTTE H. " "
VOLKIRCH, MARY K. Tacoma

APPLEGATE, JAMES C. Vancouver
ATWELL, ORA C. Seattle
BECKER, RUDOLPH F. " "
BELLINGER, E. E. Bellingham
BROWN, CHARLES F. Spokane
CASKEY, EDWARD W. Seattle

CLARK, HYZER PEARCE Seattle
CROSBY, WILLIAM M. Spokane
DILDINE, CHARLES E. Bellingham
FLETCHER, JAMES R. Seattle
FULTON, ORVAL D. " "
GRAHAM, ROLLAND A. " "
HANSEN, FRANKLIN L. W. Tacoma
HOLDEN, HARRY L. " "
HOLLAND, EUGENE J. Coulee Dam
JOHNSON, GEORGE Seattle
KOONS, FRANK L. " "
KRAUSE, EDWARD J. Tacoma
LAWRENCE, HAROLD A. Spokane
LEWIS, EDWARD M. Tacoma
LIHOU, HARVEY L. Seattle
MCWILLIAMS, ROY Tacoma
MELVEY, ERNEST Seattle

MILLAR, M. STANLEY " "
MILLER, CLYDE Spokane
MOSHER, HOWARD P. Seattle
PATTERSON, NORMAN E. Tacoma
PETERSON, WILLIAM R. Spokane
PICKARD, WARD L. Seattle
PIERCE, CLAUDE A. " "
SCHMIDT, CONRAD Walla Walla
SKIBENESS, A. J. Seattle
SMITH, FREDERIC K. " "
STOWELL, GUY " "

5 Years
GALUSHA, MARVELANN Chehalis
LEE, LILLIAN S. Bremerton
STOLT, EDNA A. Tacoma
WHITE, ELLEN E. Seattle
WILSON, BONNIE F. Bremerton

Oregon

35 Years
DAVENPORT, HENRY L. St. Helens
HILL, ULYSSES G. Portland
WETTERBORG, ALFRED N. " "

30 Years
HANSEN, HELENE " "
JOHNSON, MINNIE N. " "
WHITMORE, THOMAS L. " "

25 Years
ANDERSON, CLARA GRACE " "
BRADFORD, LOUISE " "
BURNELL, AGNES " "
DUDLEY, RUTH W. " "
GRAY, WILLIE M. " "
JOHNSTON, JULIA F. " "
KNOPE, HAZEL F. " "
SCHMIDT, MARIE J. " "
HENDERSON, JAMES " "
TRACY, M. E. " "

20 Years
BADE, VIOLET " "
BLAGG, STELLA M. " "
CURTIS, ROBERTA C. " "
CUTLER, DRUSE " "
FOLEY, MARY J. Corvallis
HAYDEN, DAISY B. Salem
KOLKOSKI, MARY E. Astoria
MCCARVILLE, HELEN M. Portland
MCCARVILLE, KATHERINE G. " "
MCCOY, CORA L. Falls City
SCHULTZ, BERNICE V. Portland
SECANTI, HELEN I. " "
SMITH, LAUREL O. " "

BAILEY, RAY O. " "
DODGE, JOSEPH B. The Dalles
ELBERT, GEORGE Portland
HOUSE, FLOYD H. Medford
JOHNSON, RUDOLPH A. Portland
LEVENDAH, WALTER G. " "

15 Years
CALLAHAN, C. M. Seaside
GARRETSON, VERA M. Pendleton
HITE, VERNETTA H. Albany
LEE, FRANCES Portland
MYERS, AGNES JEANIE Medford
ROGERS, MILDRED V. Eugene

BRODERSEN, CARL M. Portland
GOLEMAN, EMIL T. " "
HEIDEGGER, JOSEPH H. " "
LAND, WILLIAM C. Eugene
PORTER, RICHARD A. Portland
QUIRK, J. F. " "
ROBBINS, CHESTER M. Baker
SORENSEN, STERLING M. " "

10 Years
DARRAR, WALINE Madras
ROBERTSON, GEORGIA Canyon City

5 Years
WALKER, MABEL K. Arlington
WINDLE, LUCYLLA Eugene

Northern California and Administration

45 Years
DARBY, GRACE E. San Francisco
SPOWART, HARRY M. Oakland

40 Years
BLESSING, JAMES H. Palo Alto
GEARY, THOMAS B. San Francisco
OLMSTED, HENRY M. Oakland
SPILLER, THEODORE W. San Mateo
WILLSON, DONNELL C. Reno

35 Years
O'BRIEN, ANNIE Crockett
REED, JEAN E. San Francisco

DEEBLE, CHARLES ALBERT " "
GOEDEN, WILLIAM Fresno
NORTHUP, BENJ. W. Sacramento

30 Years
BARTON, MAUD Oakland
BERNHARD, ANNA V. San Francisco
BLUCK, ERNA MARIE " "
CLARK, EUGENIA J. " "
MADEIRA, EDNA E. " "
PURCELL, GERTRUDE M. " "
TOPHAM, QUEENIE A. San Jose

BRASWELL, CHARLES GRAY Fresno
BUCKNAM, EZRA T. San Francisco
LAURISTON, JAMES WALKER " "
MCCAMBRIDGE, ALTON H. Chico
MERCER, HOMER JOHN Hanford
THOMPSON, EARL A. San Francisco
WATROUS, CHARLES J. Bakersfield

25 Years
BEARDSLEY, ELEANOR J. Oakland
BELLMER, ANNIE Sacramento
BLAKE, ANNA T. San Francisco
BUSHMAN, GERTRUDE E. Berkeley
CONWAY, CECEILE San Francisco
FIELDS, REGINA M. " "
FITCH, MARY A. " "
FREEMAN, CLARA LOUISE " "
GRIEVES, DANA " "
GRIFFIN, ADELINE I. " "
HARPER, BESSIE So. San Francisco
HAUBER, ADELHEID L. Hayward
HICKEY, FANNY E. Stockton
HUTH, MANILA Visalia
KRATKY, ELSIE M. San Francisco
LASHLEY, EDNA Oakland
LONG, MARIE L. " "
MOIT, ANNIE E. Stockton
MOROVANNI, ELEANOR Pittsburg
NEWMAN, ANNA So. San Francisco
ROY, HELEN L. Oakland
SILVERFOOTE, VIRGINIA " "
SLOANE, ETHEL M. San Jose
SMITH, NELLIE R. San Francisco
STUART, BELLE LOUISE Oakland
SULLIVAN, CLAIRE S. San Francisco
SULLIVAN, LORETTA E. " "
TENNYSON, MARGARET Angels Camp
WRENN, MILDRED San Francisco

BUCK, LAWRENCE F. " "
CRAWFORD, MARTIN A. " "
FRANKE, WILLIAM G. Oakland
SHAFFER, GLEN L. San Francisco
STROHBEEN, JOHN P. Santa Cruz



STANLEY E. LINCK
35 Years



BETHEL M. FRAZIER
30 Years

20 Years

ANDERSON, ROSALIND D. Oakland
ANDERSON, RUTH OPAL Reno
ARODIAN, SARA E. San Rafael
ARTEMENKO, MARY A. Stockton
BARCELOUX, MONICA M. Willows
BARKLEY, MAGGIE G. Martinez
BARNHART, BERNICE D. Oakland
BLUMENTHAL, LENA San Francisco
BOURDIEU, MARTHA SARA San Jose
CARETTO, INEZ E. San Francisco
CONNOR, VIOLET "
CORNWELL, LILLIE San Jose
GABBARD, HARRIET Sacramento
HANSEN, LOUISE San Francisco
HARDING, JENNIE F. Woodland
HARRIS, ESTELLE C. San Francisco
HILLIER, SYBIL MARION "
HURLEY, ROSE L. Oakland
KNOTT, SUSIE L. Sebastopol
LAING, DOROTHY GLYNN "
LORETZ, KATHLEEN San Francisco
MACMULLAN, BETTY H. "
McCULLAH, MARY AGNES "
McLEAN, LENA ROSE "
MICHIE, BETTY ANN "
NOLAN, SYLVIA O. Oakland
NUNES, MARIE FRANCES Stockton
PAULSEN, IDA K. San Francisco
POOL, MARGARET MARY "
ROCKWELL, CHARLOTTE H. Visalia
SCHAAF, AUDREY M. Sacramento
STARR, LOUELLA Livermore
STEPHENS, JANE R. San Francisco
SYLVA, ANNA ANTONIA Oakland
TOOHEY, ALICE C. San Francisco
WEYAND, FRANCES E. "
WILLIAMS, EDITH Oakland
WILMOTH, BERTHA H. Vallejo
WYATT, LOLA VIRGINIA Oakland
ZICKERMANN, DOROTHY CLARA San Francisco

BAAK, HERBERT V. "
BAILEY, HAROLD F. Stockton
BARBERA, R. R. San Francisco
BRAHM, RUDOLPH T. Richmond
BROUGHAM, R. G. San Francisco
BROWN, VINCENT G. "
BURROWS, JOHN W. Oakland
DAVIS, CLAUDE A. "
EGLIN, PERRINE J. "
ERSKINE, HENRY J. San Mateo
FISHER, CHARLES J. Oakland
FORNEY, RICHARD H. San Jose
GRAY, JOHN S. San Francisco
GRIFFITH, LLOYD E. "
HUDSON, RAYMOND A. "
JANUARY, WILLIAM A. "
KAY, WILLIAM H. Sacramento
LOOMIS, SHERMAN B. San Francisco
LOWERY, ROBERT A. Stockton
MANKIN, J. E. Fresno
MAXWELL, JOHN L. San Francisco
McEWAN, JOHN I. San Jose
McMURRAY, R. C. San Francisco
NILES, RUFUS Oakland
PARKINSON, R. D. San Francisco
PEACOCK, COLIN C. Santa Rosa
RAWLINSON, ALBERT Oakland
RILEY, WILBUR C. "
RINGCHOP, CARL San Francisco
SCOVILL, HAROLD H. "
SEYMOUR, CARL A. Sacramento
SMITH, ROBERT R. San Francisco
STRASSER, FRANK E. Turlock
WARDLE, HORACE W. Monterey
WHORFF, F. E., JR. San Rafael
WOODARD, WESLEY E. Sacramento

15 Years

ALLMOND, EUPHAMIE D. Salinas
BENNINGHOVEN, EMMA San Francisco
BERGESEN, BERTHA "
BLAINE, KATHRYN "
BLOCKER, GRAYCE M. Oakland
CLAY, LETA Watsonville
CORSINI, SYLVIA E. San Francisco
COSTA, ELSIE M. "
CRONAN, AGNES M. "
EADS, LOUISE E. Grass Valley
ERNSTER, LILLIAN W. Oakland
FERGUSON, DOROTHY B. Lemoore
FISH, RUTH M. Bakersfield
FLOWERS, BEATRICE San Francisco
GARDNER, ETHEL M. Modesto
GARDNER, EVALENA San Francisco
GRAY, NORMA E. "
HODGE, AMY E. Modesto
KNIGHT, FAY San Francisco
LEAHY, LILLIAN G. "
LUBECK, AUDA Eureka
MacINTOSH, IRENE San Francisco
McELROY, MADELINE A. "
MOORMAN, ELSIE H. Oakland
MOSS, MYRTLE Y. "
NIELSEN, FLORENCE A. Salinas
NORTH, MELISS C. San Francisco
NUNAN, GENEVIEVE M. "
OLIVER, FRANCES I. Monterey
PALMER, CORINNE R. San Francisco
PERRY, ANN "
PERRY, HELEN F. Sacramento
PHENICE, WINIFRED A. San Jose

POLLICITA, LORENA San Francisco
PRATT, ARTRUDE V. "
ROBUSON, CAROLINE A. "
SCHNEUER, ALICE E. "
SMITH, CHRISTINA V. "
SPILLMAN, LEVONNE "
TUCKER, JOHANNA M. Oakland
VAN PATTEN, MYRTLE Livermore
WISHART, LAURA E. San Rafael

BABCOCK, JOHN W. San Francisco
BIGGS, DALLAS P. Sacramento
BOBO, ORTHEL T. Fresno
BOYSOL, CHARLES W. San Jose
BROGDON, CLAUDE K. Fresno
BROWN, DAVID E., JR. Santa Rosa
BUCKLEY, GEORGE H. Elko
BUSH, LESTER W. San Jose
CALVIN, JOHN S. San Francisco
CLAUDILL, CLYDE E. "
CRAMPHORN, K. J. Palo Alto
CROUCH, CHAS. R. San Francisco
DANIELSEN, GEORGE Fresno
DAVIES, VINCENT Oakland
DRIVER, FRED Reno
DUNGAN, STANLEY E. Oakland
DVORAK, WILLIAM D. Fresno
EATON, MEADE W. Watsonville
EGGLESTON, A. G. San Francisco
GOELZER, EDWARD S. "
GOODING, MILTON A. San Jose
GORDON, WESTON C. San Francisco
GRAY, JACK Chico
GREEN, RAYMOND T. Bakersfield
GREEN, WALTER T. "
HANSEN, LESLIE A. Santa Rosa
HARRINGTON, CHAS. C. Sacramento
HEDSTROM, LUDWIG A. Oakland
HETTICK, ALONZO P. Fresno
HIEMFORTH, O. O. Bakersfield
HINES, OSCAR O. Vallejo
HOFF, HERMAN A. San Francisco
HOLLYDAY, EDWARD T. Sacramento
HUDDART, DONALD B. "
JOHANNSEN, EDWARD San Francisco
JOHNSON, GORDON O. Sacramento
JOHNSTON, JOHN R. Emeryville
KEENEY, BEN F. Palo Alto
LANDWEER, ANDRE E. Oakland
LARISON, JOHN F. Sacramento
LINES, WALTER W. Stockton
LOCKHART, JOHN P. Marysville
MEUTER, ALLAN J. Oakland
MISURACA, S. E. San Francisco
MONIZ, ARTHUR J. Oakland
NOLTE, OLIVER J. San Francisco
NORWOOD, I. C., JR. Sacramento
ORTH, GEORGE I. Hayward
OSBORN, DALE W. Santa Rosa
OSLIN, RAY V. San Jose
PERRY, WILLIAM San Francisco
PETERS, ELMER H. "
PETERSON, JOHN E. Elko
POORE, OSCAR M. Modesto
REID, WILLIAM H. Oakland
SCULLIN, FLOYD B. San Francisco
SNOW, FRANK Sacramento
SPARKES, AYLETT Palo Alto
SPARKS, THOMAS A., JR. Newcastle
TASOZAV, MARK San Francisco
THOMAS, MANUEL "
THOMPSON, HAROLD K. "
TODD, LESLIE C. Sacramento
TOLOTTI, EMIL P. Elko
TUMBLESON, REGINALD T. Salinas
WALLACE, JAMES Oakland
WARREN, EARLE M. San Francisco
WATKINS, CHARLES J. Fresno
WEISSBURG, BENJAMIN E. San Jose
WOODY, SAMUEL C. Oakland
YOUNG, GEORGE W. San Francisco
YOUNT, LAURENCE H. Monterey

10 Years

ALBIN, RUTH L. San Francisco
BERNING, MARGARET Redwood City
BLOOM, ROSEMARY Oakland
CONNELLY, KATHRYN Sacramento
COOPER, RUTH M. San Francisco
DAMCKE, GERTRUDE Sebastopol
FLECKENSTEIN, BEATRICE Arcata
GRAY, HOLLIE E. San Francisco
KELLY, EVA M. Monterey
LINDEN, MILDRED L. San Francisco
LITTLE, MARJORIE O. Sacramento

MAXWELL, LORRAINE J. Oakland
OWEN, MARTHA L. Vacaville
READ, MINERVA D. Sacramento
SHAMBORA, ROSE E. San Francisco
TERRIBERRY, THEODORA San Jose

5 Years

ALLEN, LELA B. "
BARGER, VIRGINIA J. Oakland
BERG, ALICIA S. "
BERRYMAN, FREDALEEN L. Crockett
BETZ, HAZEL M. San Jose
BURRESS, ELIZABETH Sacramento
CAMERON, ISABEL R. San Mateo
COHOON, FLOSSIE W. Reno
FERREL, BLANCHE M. Oakland
KALLIO, SYLVIA L. San Francisco
McDONALD, DOROTHY L. Oakland
MEYER, COLETA F. San Francisco
MILLS, HAZEL M. Pittsburg
PERKUT, MARIAN J. Palo Alto
POWELL, MARGARET P. Emeryville
RIEDBERGER, VIOLA San Francisco
ROSENSTRAUCH, EMALINE C. Richmond
SANTOS, ROSEMARIE Benicia
SULLIVAN, CLARICE I. Healdsburg
SULLIVAN, LORETTA San Francisco
TOY, ELEANOR J. Sacramento
WISE, LYDIA E. San Rafael

Southern California

40 Years

STAFFORD, ANNA W. Los Angeles
GRIEST, R. H. "
MATHEWS, THOMAS E. "
SOULE, T. A. "
YOUNG, CLYDE W. Pasadena

35 Years

ALLEN, HENRY B. Los Angeles
CAMPBELL, CHARLES C. "
CAMPBELL, LEON E. "
GIBBS, DALE W. "
LATIMER, WALTER S. "
LINCK, STANLEY E. "
MASON, LYNNE E. "
SMITH, FRED A. "
VEILLON, GASTON J. Pasadena

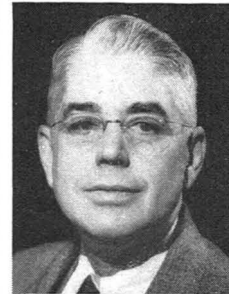
30 Years

ARAPOS, RHODA Los Angeles
BAUER, HAZEL S. "
BURLINGAME, VESTA R. "
CAMPBELL, EMILY E. "
CLINE, MARIE D. "
FABBRI, FLORIS "
FAULKNER, ISABELLA R. "
FERGUSON, MAUD "
FRAZIER, BETHEL M. "
GRIDER, ETHEL F. "
HILL, ETHEL F. Glendale
LOOMIS, HELENA L. Holtville
O'BRIEN, MARGUERITE Los Angeles
SCHOOER, CORA E. Long Beach
SILVY, BESSIE E. San Diego
SNETHEN, LILLIAN F. Los Angeles
SNUFFIN, BURDETTA "
WELLS, VERA "

BEAVIS, I. C. San Diego
BENSEN, ALFRED Los Angeles
BLICK, FREDERICK N. Pasadena
BROWN, EMETT L. Los Angeles
FORGEY, GEORGE S. "
IRVINE, WILLIAM W. "
LENNERT, J. P. "
PEAK, WARNER L. "
REED, CHARLES H. "
RUTHERFORD, GEORGE R. "
STIMSON, HAROLD T. "
TUSCHER, R. C. Glendale
WATSON, ELMER H. Los Angeles
WOSLAND, HARRY S. "

25 Years

ADUDELL, EULA M. El Centro
ASHBY, PHYLLIS M. Pasadena
BERRY, MARGARET Los Angeles
BRADFORD, LILLIE M. "
CHANDLER, MILDRED H. Orange
COMPTON, ELSIE P. Los Angeles
DAVIS, MATTIE O. San Pedro
DEARLOVE, ADRIA S. Los Angeles
ELLIOTT, BERTHA Pomona



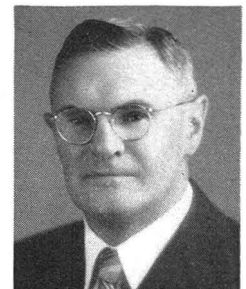
R. H. GRIEST
40 Years



HENRY M. OLMSTED
40 Years



THOMAS B. GEARY
40 Years



THOMAS E. MATHEWS
40 Years



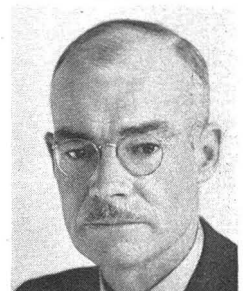
MARIE D. CLINE
30 Years



THEODORE W. SPILLER
40 Years



DONNELL C. WILLSON
40 Years



WALTER S. LATIMER
35 Years



ALFRED N. WETTERBORG
35 Years



MAUD FERGUSON
30 Years



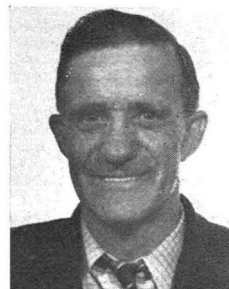
LEON E. CAMPBELL
35 Years



EDWARD A. MILLER
40 Years



JAMES H. BLESSING
40 Years



WILLIAM GOEDEN
35 Years

ELLIS, LUCILLE E. Los Angeles
 FERRELL, ELIZABETH B. San Pedro
 FLANERY, RUTH
 GREGORY, ELIZABETH Los Angeles
 HARRINGTON, LENA
 HART, MAZIE
 ILIFF, MAE M.
 LYDEN, OLGA A.
 MORRIS, HAZEL Needles
 RICHARDS, LUMMIE G. Long Beach
 RICHARDS, ROSE H. Glendale
 WEISSMANTEL, LILLIAN Alhambra

AMICK, EARL Los Angeles
 BROWNING, R. N.
 COLLINS, T. L.
 COLVIN, ELLIS A.
 FULLINGTON, E. R. San Diego
 HODGE, PIERCE A. Los Angeles
 HUTSCHNECKER, LEWIS Alhambra
 JOHNSON, GEO. H. Los Angeles
 LYNCH, IRL J.
 MASTERS, FRANK L.
 MYNATT, HUGH L.
 NUNN, ROY E. Glendale
 RAYNAUD, T. Los Angeles
 RYDER, CHARLES H. San Diego
 THOMAS, ROBERT W. Los Angeles

20 Years

AHLBRAND, HELEN M.
 ALLAN, MARIE I.
 AMMONS, MARGARET M.
 ANDREWS, ERMA G.
 BAIRD, MARGARET
 BALCOM, HELEN M.
 BENN, ANNA
 CARLISLE, MILDRED No. Hollywood
 CORBIN, ROSE M. Newport Beach
 COUEY, CORAL L. Los Angeles
 DART, ELLEN
 DAVIS, WANETTA M. Santa Ana
 DEAVULT, CHARLOTTE Los Angeles
 DE WITT, MARY H. Long Beach
 DOREMUS, GENEVIEVE M. Burbank
 DURLING, GENEVIEVE Los Angeles
 ELWORTHY, MARIE
 GALE, NETTIE J.
 HALL, ALEXANDRA
 HEALD, CECILIA E.
 HIGGS, LULU V. Glendale
 HODGE, ETHEL Los Angeles
 HOLMQUIST, ADELAIDE K.
 HOLT, LAUREL G.
 JOHN, AUGUSTA Del Mar
 JOHNSON, MARGARITA Los Angeles
 KEDDIE, ORPHEA K.
 KELLER, MARGARET I.
 KILLION, CECYLE M.
 LAWLESS, DOROTHY D.
 LORING, BERDENA
 MARSHALL, CLARA E.
 MARTEL, FERNANDE G.
 MEKEEL, MILDRED T.
 MENZER, ANASTASIA L.
 MONTEITH, MARGARET Pasadena
 MORENO, NAOMI M. Alhambra
 MORRIS, ALTADENA Los Angeles
 MYERS, PAULINE D. San Diego
 OWENS, LILLIAN F. Wilmington
 PETERS, GEORGIANA Y. Hawthorne
 ROBERTSON, FLORENCE L. San Bernardino
 SALBER, MILDRED J. Glendale
 SCHNEIDER, FLORENTINE San Bernardino
 SCHUESSLER, NORA A. Pasadena
 SEAMAN, ANGELINE V. San Diego
 SPORRER, KATHERINE T. Alhambra
 WAIN, LUCY E. Pasadena
 WARREN, GOLDIE Ventura
 WILLIAMS, ELLEN L. Los Angeles
 WINTER, LILLIAN E.

BOND, PAUL R.
 BROKE, PAUL
 BROWN, CHARLES A.
 COLEMAN, ROY W. Anaheim
 CONOLLY, LEO A. Los Angeles
 CULBERTSON, GLENN R.
 DEVINE, EDWARD J.
 DUNIGAN, G. P.
 ELLIOTT, RAYMOND B. Pasadena
 FANCY, RALPH S. Los Angeles
 FERGUSON, K. H. Culver City
 FIBIGER, RUDOLPH San Diego
 FOSTER, THOMAS M. Los Angeles
 FRIEL, JAMES A.
 HAIDY, JOSEPH J.
 HANSEN, CLARENCE W.
 HARTDUNG, THEO. W., JR. Pasadena
 HATHAWAY, RAY R. Pomona
 HERRING, ERNEST W. Los Angeles
 HUTCHINSON, ROBERT
 JAMES, HAROLD C.
 JOHNSON, HARRY R.
 MCKERLEY, A. J. Santa Ana
 MILLS, ALBERT L. San Diego
 NICHOL, GEORGE R. Los Angeles
 ORLOW, ERIC
 PADE, RALPH L. Alhambra



—Courtesy Collier's.

POPE, JACK L. Los Angeles
 POPHAM, HENRY R.
 PULLEN, DON W.
 REICHMAN, CARL San Diego
 REISER, ARTHUR A. Los Angeles
 RICH, LOUIS
 RUSSELL, EDWARD J.
 SHERMAN, EDWARD R.
 SHINE, JACK San Diego
 SINCLAIR, G. M. Los Angeles
 SMITH, CARL C.
 STEWART, C. H. San Pedro
 TAYLOR, J. WARREN San Diego
 TYER, HUBERT A. No. Hollywood
 WADDELL, H. S. Los Angeles
 WAGNER, EUGENE P.
 WELDON, EARL M.
 WOOD, ORWIN C. San Diego

15 Years

ANDERSON, LUCILLE D. Los Angeles
 ARMOUR, DOROTHY G. Alhambra
 ASH, ELIZABETH G. Los Angeles
 BEARDSLEY, CATHERINE F.
 BLUME, VERA
 BRIDGEFORD, MARTHA J.
 CODISH, CLARA A.
 COHEN, ANN
 CROW, EMMA L.
 CURRY, RUTH Long Beach
 DOUDY, LEONA E. Los Angeles
 DRAPER, SUZANNE C. Riverside
 EDMUNDS, IRENE W. Los Angeles
 FALLER, JULIA I.
 FEISER, AUDRAE P.
 FOWLER, EUNICE B.
 GEORGE, VERENA M. San Diego
 GISH, ELSIE F.
 GRAY, NATALIE S. Los Angeles
 HAIDY, JOAN
 HANCOCK, ESTHER L. Burbank
 HARRIS, VIVIAN E. San Pedro
 HEFFERN, MARY E. Los Angeles
 HEMINGWAY, HELENE L. No. Hollywood

HOOKE, MAUDE B. San Bernardino
 JOHNSON, LORRAINE E. Lomita
 KEGG, HAZEL A. Pomona
 KNUDSEN, VIOLET M. Los Angeles
 KRAUSE, MARIA
 KUTCHER, SADIE B.
 LOKKEN, CORRIE J.
 LUTHER, ELSIE R.
 MCCALL, KATHLEEN L.
 MCCREARY, GLADYS E. La Jolla
 McDOWELL, ESTHER Los Angeles
 MCNEAL, CAROLINE L.
 MILLER, LILLABEL
 MILLER, LYDIA L. Ventura
 MORRISON, ROWENA S. Los Angeles
 NEBLE, ELLA C. San Diego
 PARENTEAU, LAURA B. Alhambra
 RHOADES, LEILA M. Long Beach
 RINEHART, FRANCES Los Angeles
 RUFO, PAULINE M.
 SHEEHAN, MARIE A.
 SMILEY, LUCILLE
 SPENCER, DOROTHY M. Pasadena
 STEINMAN, DOROTHY Los Angeles
 STORM, GERTRUDE M.
 SWEET, MARY A.
 THOMPSON, REBA M. Whittier
 VICKERS, IDA C. Burbank
 WALKER, VIOLA I. Los Angeles
 WARD, RUTH E.
 WEITZ, CHRISTINE San Bernardino
 WILKENS, CLARA L. Los Angeles
 WILLIAMS, MILDRED A.
 WILSON, THELMA J.

ZIEBARTH, FLORENCE M. Los Angeles

BARCOCK, DEXTER B. Calexico
 BAILEY, LOUIS L. Santa Ana
 BARNARD, JOSEPH A. Los Angeles
 CARMODY, JOSEPH J.
 DALLY, EDWIN L. San Diego
 DARUGH, FREDERICK H. Van Nuys
 DE STAFANO, J. J. Los Angeles
 DORITY, LEO R. Santa Ana
 FERGUSON, MEADE H. San Pedro
 GARNER, RONALD G.
 GRUBEN, JOHN H. Los Angeles
 HAGERTY, JOHN W. Santa Maria
 HARRIS, GURDON C. Los Angeles
 HINDS, G. W.
 HORNE, OTIS San Diego
 HOWE, HENRY G. Los Angeles
 JENSEN, BYRON A. Alhambra
 KERNS, KENNETH C. San Diego
 KEYS, HERMAN B. Los Angeles
 KIERBOW, ERWIN O. Bishop
 KLEFFEL, FRED. E. Los Angeles
 LANGLEY, CARL J.
 LEITZ, GEORGE
 LITTLE, FRANK O.
 LUTZ, CARL L. Inglewood
 MACGILLIVRAY, A. F. Los Angeles
 MCGEE, H. S.
 MILLER, CLARE E. Ventura
 MYERS, EMMETT T. Los Angeles
 PONSO, EMIL J. San Pedro
 PRICE, HARRY F. Whitewater
 RICKETTS, CHAS. W., JR. San Diego
 SCOTT, S. M. Los Angeles
 STOCKWELL, EARL L.
 TOLOTTI, JOHN L. Ventura
 TROMBLAY, JOHN L. Los Angeles
 VROOMAN, HERBERT Pasadena
 WALDO, CHARLES F. Santa Ana
 WEDEL, W. E. Anaheim
 WEST, MARKLE E. Alhambra
 WILEY, LELAND Los Angeles
 WILSON, RALPH A.
 WINSTON, ROY A.

10 Years

DARBY, JESSIE M. Riverside
 FANKHANEL, PHYLLIS San Diego
 FRACIONE, DOROTHY Van Nuys
 HESS, AGNES B. San Diego
 HUMPHREY, FRANCES Los Angeles
 MCELROY, CATHERINE San Diego
 NOVAK, MARGUERITE S. Los Angeles
 QUILLING, FERN
 SALK, MARY E.
 SEALS, DOROTHY M. Santa Ana
 THAIN, MARGARET C. Los Angeles
 THAYER, VIOLET J.

5 Years

BAILEY, ALVINA R. Glendale
 CONNOR, BERNICE M. Los Angeles
 FENZL, LORETTA E. San Diego
 FISK, LORRAINE J. Los Angeles
 GEIER, HELEN
 GRATE, FLORENCE
 HAAS, MARION L. Hawthorne
 HARTMAN, WINIFRED Los Angeles
 JOHNSON, ANNIE Santa Monica
 LUNDE, ALICE Pasadena
 MCKAY, ALICE L. Newhall
 MEYERS, EVELYN Los Angeles
 MOTT, HELEN F. Ventura
 ROGERS, JON E. San Pedro
 SHARPE, ANNAMAE Los Angeles
 STROM, ELMA E. Pasadena
 SUTHERLAND, LOLA J. Los Angeles
 SWEENEY, BETTY M.

Our Service People

(Continued from page 24)

I can thank the telephone company itself for this welcome and thoughtful gift."

William C. Paynter, on leave from Sacramento plant, writes this amusing account of life as an aviation cadet:

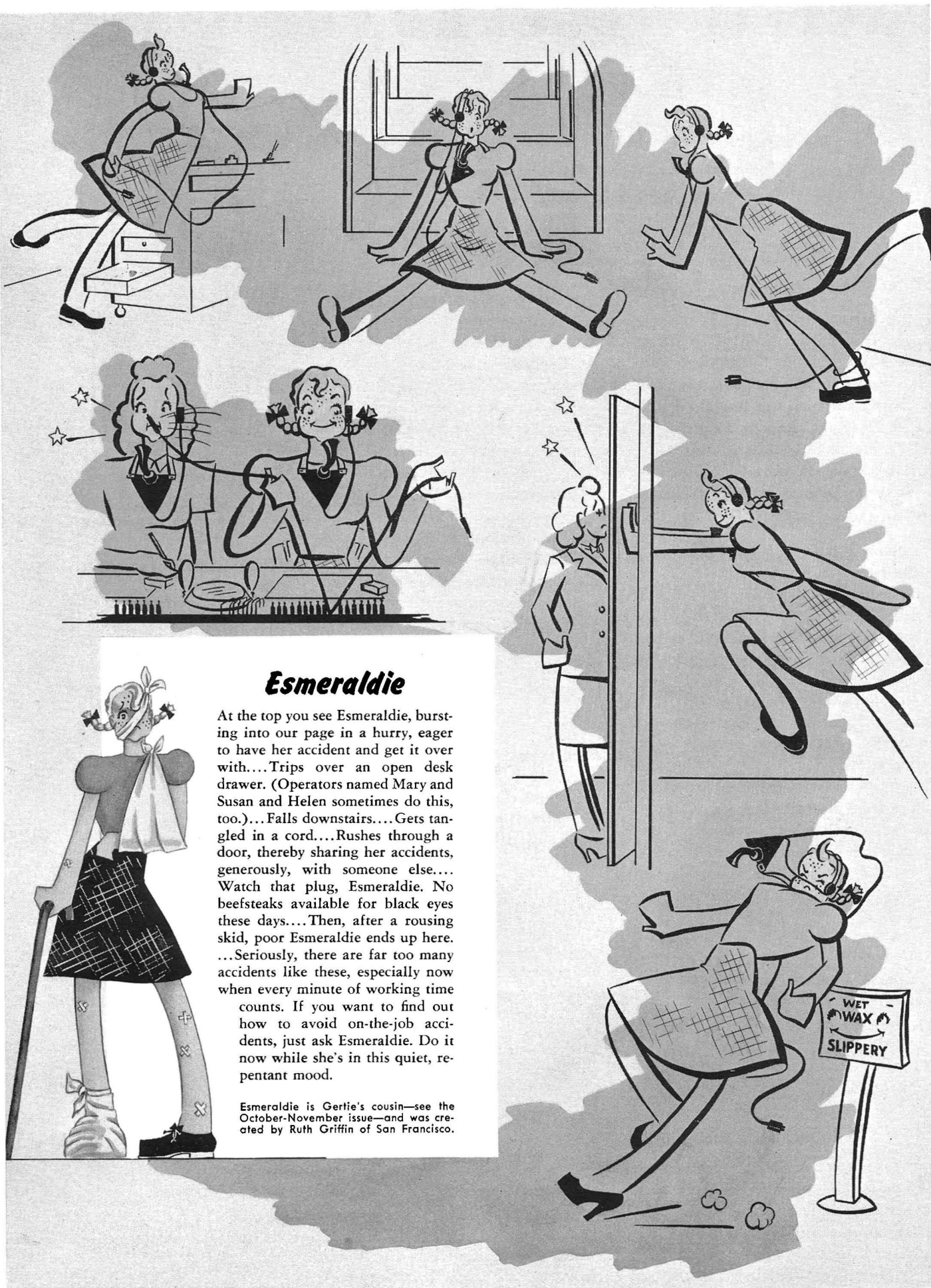
"An aviation cadet is a man who usually receives his mail a full month after it is mailed. He is a man who is confused, harassed, and bewildered by the most appalling regulations, requirements and duties ever conceived. He is expected (and struggles mightily) to absorb a college education in a few months, march like a West Pointer, become an expert flier, and an athlete of no mean prowess. His uniform is always pressed, sir. His belt buckle and shoes gleam blindingly. his cap is one inch above his right eyebrow and one-half inch above his right ear. His bed is tight enough to bounce a coin (an inspecting officer's coin; the cadet doesn't have any) and the blanket is four inches from the pillow. He will leap, wild-eyed to rigid attention at the very mention of the word 'officer' and usually his nightmares concern being caught in need of a shave or a haircut."

Lieutenant C. R. Garvin, Seattle plant and now in the Navy, writes home: "Can you imagine me an instructor? I go out on ships and inspect the sound equipment and then instruct the officers and enlisted men in the fine art of chasing subs. Had a trip to Bermuda—it's some place. Nice and warm—in fact, too warm. The most unique thing about it is the horse-and-buggy taxis."

Frank O. Rogers, C.E.M., formerly of San Francisco plant, reports on his duties "somewhere in Britain."

"I am still doing telephone work for the British Navy as they have no telephone men of their own. Today we set ten poles and ran 16 spans of wire for one telephone. My crew consists of five little girls, three civilians, and one installer from St. Louis and myself.

"The other day when I was given a Fire Alarm System to put in I hollered for more men, and they sent me four more girls and one little English sailor! When I get back to San Francisco I will never complain about our job."



Esmeraldie

At the top you see Esmeraldie, bursting into our page in a hurry, eager to have her accident and get it over with....Trips over an open desk drawer. (Operators named Mary and Susan and Helen sometimes do this, too.)...Falls downstairs....Gets tangled in a cord....Rushes through a door, thereby sharing her accidents, generously, with someone else.... Watch that plug, Esmeraldie. No beefsteaks available for black eyes these days....Then, after a rousing skid, poor Esmeraldie ends up here. ...Seriously, there are far too many accidents like these, especially now when every minute of working time counts. If you want to find out how to avoid on-the-job accidents, just ask Esmeraldie. Do it now while she's in this quiet, repentant mood.

Esmeraldie is Gertie's cousin—see the October-November issue—and was created by Ruth Griffin of San Francisco.

PACIFIC TELEPHONE MAGAZINE



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ERLE HANNUM, EDITOR



City and began dialing. Every five minutes he called Miss Brown and posed this question: "Will you marry me?" At the end of \$6.95 the answer was still "no." But on the 140th call—Pvt. Rubin said he lost five pounds during the ordeal—she consented. The historic words were these:

"All right, Marvin, I'll marry you. There's nothing else I can do, I'm worn out."
—Telephony.

To Operators

LIKE Private Bill Simons, who wrote for us the article entitled "A Direct Line Home," in the August-September issue, Sergeant Jack Seligmin, stationed at Camp Stoneman, was impressed with the efficiency and cheerfulness of the telephone operators who handle his calls. For the "Poet's Corner" of *Stoneman Salvo*, camp newspaper, he wrote these verses:

Somehow, I can't help wondering, as I sit here by the phone, of the Voice behind the magic wire, the voice of a girl unknown.

I know not what she thinks of, as her "hello" flies through space;
Nor can I know if her heart is sad, though a smile is on her face.

To every town and villa, her tones send strength and joy;

To a million fearful mothers, she brings love from a soldier boy.

To wives and sweethearts everywhere, the voice they've longed for so . . .

Is preceded by the gentle reassuring one of the girl who says "hello."

She has no rank, nor title—no uniform to wear,

Yet like the sentry standing guard—I know she's always there.

No ribbons for display are hers, no medals to prove her might

Yet she wears a smile as her fingers dial, for she knows she's part of the fight.

Letter

THIS is a faithful copy, so help us, of parts of a letter received by the dining service people in Los Angeles. The writer, a former employee, is a Filipino. He's now in the Navy.

"I forgot to tell you before invasion,

we went down to Belfast and then to Glasgow and there we group the invasion force. Gee, the first time really I've seen those hundreds and hundreds of ships moving down south and it was in Africa. We celebrate our fourth of July there as I told we got a lot of fun, that never in my life. One day before we get to Algier we start shooting those Junkers 88 over head as we move on. We close in the beaches and spread all the barges we got in the darkness and in the morning we lost all the barges smash on the beach while planes were over head. For three days there every morning enemy planes are visiting us. Then we shove off and that same night we got torpedoed. Six killed in the engine watch and the rest were save to death. That's all my experience that never in my life. I believed we are going back and see more fun. I'm getting brave and like to see action, but promised that I'll be safe.

"I'm third cook and expect to get the next rate for few months. Got a new captain and I'm only cooking for him alone. He is swell and I like him and he likes me.

"Well, thats all for now and I am sending my best to all 740 and 433 and hope everybody got a good time and good health. I'm O. K. and hope to see you as soon as we go down to the West Coast."

Persistent

AN eleven-hour telephone offensive during which he popped the question 140 times ended victoriously for Pvt. Marvin Rubin, 22 years old, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Beatrice Brown, 19, also of Brooklyn, found his telephone persistence too great and consented to marry him.

Armed with \$7 in nickels, Pvt. Rubin entered a telephone booth in New York

December, 1943

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A message for Pauline Revere

In this war, Paul Revere would reach for a telephone instead of a horse. To the operator at Lexington he would say: "Listen, Maisie, the Nazis are coming—do your stuff!"

For, in this war, *everybody* reaches for a telephone—the general, the business executive, the doughboy, the factory head, the rail superintendent, the wharfinger, the housewife, the President. And everywhere telephone girls and telephone men respond by doing their stuff—magnificently.

In this war, the Government, the fighting, the production, the essential civilian services are all, you might say, run by telephone. The telephone is one thing common to every form of war effort. Yet the only service you don't get is the service you give up voluntarily to ease the awful load.

What's more, the handicaps have been tremendous. At least 4,252 telephone people from the Pacific Coast alone have gone into the services. Nearly all telephone material is essential and restricted. The country's hundreds of military establishments—many a city in size—had to have new or expanded exchanges *right now*.

So the accomplishment is not one of machines but of *people*—the operators and the linemen and all the rest who daily achieve the impossible. New and old, young and veteran, they're doing a job surpassed only by the men and women on the actual fighting fronts.

To Standard of California, as to every other producer of vital war materials—as to every American, in fact—these telephone girls and telephone men are a strong right arm. To them we'd like to say—a person to person call, if you please—"We think you're swell!"



Our Appreciation to Standard Oil Company of California for this
Splendid Tribute to Telephone People

THE SEARCH THAT NEVER ENDS



IN THE industrial life of America, research has been of constantly increasing importance. And today it is a national resource, for the research of industrial and college laboratories is proving its value in War.

To the Bell System, research is an old idea, for the telephone itself was born in a laboratory. Behind its invention, sixty-nine years ago, were researches in electricity and acoustics and in speech and hearing.

And, ever since, there has been a laboratory where scientists have searched to know more about these subjects; and with their associated engineers have applied the new knowledge, fitting it with all the old, to make the telephone better and better.

Their fields of inquiry have broadened and deepened through these years; they inquire into all the sciences and engineering arts which have any promise of improving the telephone. Much has been learned but still more will be, because their search goes on. That is why the telephone laboratory grew to be Bell Telephone Laboratories, Incorporated, today the largest industrial laboratory

in the world. And it exists to improve telephone service.

Improvements in industry can be left to chance in the hope that some one, sometime, will think of something useful; that some good invention will turn up.

The other way to make improvements is to organize so that new knowledge shall always be coming from researches in the fundamental sciences and engineering arts on which the business is based. From that steady stream will arise inventions and new methods, new materials and improved products.

This is the way of Bell Laboratories. Its search will never end. And as fast as it can the Laboratories will apply its new knowledge practically to the design of equipment and communication systems.

At present—and this started before Pearl Harbor—its trained scientists and engineers and all their skilled associates are concentrating on products of importance to our armed forces. But when this work is happily over they will be ready to continue their developments for the needs of peace.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

"Research is an effort of the mind to comprehend relationships no one has previously known; and it is practical as well as theoretical." . . . BELL TELEPHONE LABORATORIES