

# The Journal of **ELECTRICAL WORKERS** AND OPERATORS

RECORDING · THE · ELECTRICAL · ERA

VOL. XXVII

WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER, 1928

NO. 12



FOR  
**CHRISTMAS FIRESIDES**

*Stories, Articles and Art*

By

*Electrical Workers on the Job*

Also

*A. F. of L. Achievements*



**OFFICIAL PUBLICATION**  
INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD  **OF ELECTRICAL WORKERS**

DEVOTED TO THE  
CAUSE OF  
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AFFILIATED WITH THE  
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OF LABOR IN ALL ITS  
DEPARTMENTS

# "CHRISTMAS GIF"

Were you ever on an old southern plantation at Christmas time?

Early on Christmas morning, even before daylight, the house servants leave their cabins and go to the "big house." Entering softly, Aunt Adeline, the first to arrive, goes from room to room, calling "Christmas Gif, Miss Mary, Christmas Gif, Cap'n," and the response comes sleepily, "Christmas Gif." From that time on, on all sides, and from every person, comes the greeting, all the colored servants managing to appear at the "big house" during the day for their remembrances.

"Christmas Gif" is like a game. The one who says it first is rewarded by some gift, however small—a piece of fruit or some candy—or something more substantial. There is everywhere a sense of excitement, and as each new person is seen, there are immediate calls of "Christmas Gif," not only as a cordial Christmas greeting but also to avoid the penalty of giving unexpectedly to the one quick enough to say it first.

All through the day, at the Christmas tree, at the feast in the cabins and at the big house, and even during the fireworks in the evening, can be heard the same greeting, until Christmas is over for another year.

\* \* \*

Whatever the setting, south, west, east, or north, and whatever the greeting, "Christmas Gif" or "Merry Christmas," the same feeling of excitement, goodwill, friendliness, and tender thoughtfulness, prevail at the Christmas season.

\* \* \*

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

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**Magazine Chat**

Pride has been called an unjustifiable virtue. But we might as well out with it; we are inordinately proud of this issue; primarily because of the fiction and the art supplied by our members and a member's wife. We do not believe that for substance, insight into human hearts, and sheer gusto of narrative, any better stories, by amateurs, have been published in this country this year. And the work of Brother Stickney with the brush is such as commands admiration of both the untutored and the connoisseur.

Once a year, we may stop and do homage to those who depict industry — those who catch its massive, and sometimes ominous overtones. Don't forget the other articles in this issue. The Federation has just closed a convention, and the news from Panama is extremely important.

When we see you again it will be 1929, and this suggests the question, "What about the Journal next year?" It will be better than in 1928. This is true because we are getting widespread co-operation from more and more people. A magazine is an adventure in collaboration. It could not go on without the printer boys of the National Publishing Company; without the staff in the office; without the able and loyal press secretaries; without the members; and without the generous contributors outside the union.

During the last few years, the Journal has made a place for itself in journalism. It is being quoted widely; in England, in Panama, in Canada. It is being reprinted very widely (sometimes without credit); and it is actually influencing contemporary opinion.

We see two dangers just ahead. One is indifference of our members. We don't want that to happen. We want our members and our members' families to read the Journal every month. We are not going to sleep. We expect to interest, stimulate and inspire. But, as we have said before, we don't expect to compete with Snappy Stories and Whiz Bang.

And the second danger is that our press secretaries will grow tired. We don't want this to happen. We need the local scribes. They are important, and very often deserve more appreciation than they sometimes get at home.



Indian Resting at Water Hole in the Arid Country of the Zuni.

A painting by Brother F. H. Stickney, L. U. 38, which has had public exhibitions, and wide favorable comment.



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## In Good Faith—A Thrilling Story of the Trade

By J. M. GRIGG, L. U. 134, Chicago

**C**ONTRACTORS were paying a forfeit of \$3,000 per day, while leaden skies and daily snow flurries boded the imminent fall of winter. In fear of the freezing, huge lake freighters, with fires banked, holds bulging with wheat and profits drooling away in wages, chafed at their moorings in the harbor slip. At the Olympian Milling Company, a stone's throw off, a Herculean task was under way. Against the delay, the daily forfeit and the fear of freezing, men were risking their lives in the construction of a new unloader—the Olympian's first of the endless chain, scoop conveyors that dip directly into the hold of a boat.

Weighing hundreds of tons, comparable in size to a large lift bridge, yet flexible of movement as a steam shovel bucket, the unloader reared its skeleton of iron and steel from dock level to roof, 150 or more feet in the air. Sheeted in corrugated iron, it had the appearance of an outside elevator shaft. In this sheeting window openings had been left; but when one went inside it seemed that outside weather rather than light entered, and the interior was filled with a semi-darkness, draughty, and thick with whirling snow. In this spectral gloom, and clinging onto the steel work like human flies, mechanics plied their trades—mostly electricians and millwrights, long since weary of hardship and hazard.

### Two Electricians Employed

Of these workmen were two, electricians, employed about half way up the chute. Seated on a two-inch plank that rested on the steel work, an electric drill tied between them, they were trying to extend a conduit riser up the structure. Because of the cold, frosty breaths stood out before them, and they shrank from the chill and gloom with narrow shoulders and quivering bodies. In the expression of each was something of a wan hopelessness; and the faces themselves, besmirched where gloved hands had touched, were pinched and blue. In all there was no enthusiasm; distrustful and uneasy, each movement of the hand or body executed with a painstaking care, they went about the task with a conservative deliberation, as if each act had been carefully thought out.

If they looked down they could see other men and their plank across the shaft; if up in the dim light still other men and planks; and higher yet, higher than all and lined against the skylight, still another plank and a man on it.

"A bloomin' bricklayer, patchin' up," one of them had grumbled with dismay at the last discovery. "See—the mortar board, and that stack of bricks—if ever that plank should tip—"

Well enough he knew the hazard—the danger of falling tools and material. Sometimes one dropped a wrench; with the millwrights hoisting machinery, the plank, and

Here is a story Joseph Conrad might have written if he had been an electrical worker. Tense, deep, completely reflective of the dramatic saga of the electrical trade, this is work of a man on the job, who knows men's hearts as well as transformers and rheostats. Here is something new—something we all can understand and like.

one's perch as well, was occasionally jostled. A 700-pound counterweight or a six-foot gear, dangling at the end of a long steel cable, grazed a plank and the cry, "Look out below!" was followed with a shower of bolts and nuts and maybe tools. Once a two-inch plank, even, had crashed noisily down.

With equal dismay the second man, whose name was Brinkerhoff, had looked, first where old Dave had pointed, then with a sort of mutual self pity at Dave himself.

"And Larry promises to fire one of us," he inferred sympathetically, "if we drop anything."

Old Dave seemed pleased to have company in his misery.

"I believe he would, too," was the answer. "Leave it to that assistant he's got; I know he would."

Though the reply had already been framed in Brinkerhoff's mind, Dave's unexpected reference to the assistant foreman had suddenly changed it all. Instead he made no reply whatever. As a man quickly sobered at some unpleasant recollection he fell into a speculative mood, and resumed his work, thinking of many things, past and future.

The past in his mind just now was largely the sum of his recent impressions, the future the possibilities these impressions foreboded. The impressions them-

selves were closely interwoven with the last twenty-four hours of his experience, things that he had seen and felt and heard; part and parcel of circumstance and now recalled with the brief mention of the assistant foreman.

### Brinkerhoff Recalls Trouble

One after another, details of these impressions recurred in his thoughts, not in proper sequence, yet making a connected, orderly whole. There was his start, only the day before, and that, his first day, spent down below in the "bull" gang. With this the chance to learn the gossip of the job, and the plenty there was to be heard in the "bull" gang. Working in the shadow of calamity, they had dissension, bitter and ill-omened, in their ranks, he had learned. Better than half a score of men, recruited from rival factions, they had been split into two camps, owing to the petty bickerings of one or two. Mainly responsible for this, and the one on whom most hatred was concentrated, was the assistant foreman, Clifford—a sneak, they had said, trying without scruple to scheme himself into the high places, and telling tales which some were ready to believe.

If Clifford had been the principal on one side, then certainly his bitterest enemy was the principal on the other—old Dave, fat, ugly, honest, simple and forgiving and generous to a fault; yet if stirred up as madly destructive as an infuriated bull. Clifford detested old Dave, and in mean, insidious ways, it was claimed, not only made the going harder for Dave, but as well registered unfair digs behind his back. It was owing to Clifford's doings, they also insisted, that Dave had to work in the air, notwithstanding that he was too old and too fat.

But the maligning of Clifford had not greatly surprised Brinkerhoff. An intimate acquaintance, discounting much that he heard, he remembered Clifford to be a man of few friends. While he had seen in the present illwill the logical result of the attempt to stand alone, at the same time he had partly justified the enemy hatred of a man who spurned friendship and aid with a Nietzschean disdain. On the other hand, while regarding the matter largely one of misunderstanding, he still had not held Clifford above reproach; Clifford was a wrangler, and vengeful besides.

### Old Dave vs. Clifford

Nevertheless, with these disclosures Brinkerhoff had felt himself placed in an awkward situation. Unbeknown to the gang, he owed his job to Clifford, the man so much maligning. Out of work, facing a jobless winter, a family to feed and clothe, Clifford's aid in getting him started he had accepted with a beggarly thankfulness, now to find himself allied with an unpopular

### SUGGESTION

Many scores of our members have sent in inquiries and applications for life insurance policies under our family policy plan. We suggest that you read again the offer as outlined on page 632.

cause, and one doubtlessly wrong. Not long enough in the gang to share the fierce passions of their partisanship, and partly because he lacked the courage to declare himself, he had withheld his tongue; but that first day, even, suspecting he owed allegiance to the wrong side, he had looked forward with no certain uneasiness.

Then, to top all, the second morning Dave's former partner had got his scalp grazed with a falling nut, and Brinkerhoff himself, the new man, had been sent up by Larry from the "bull" gang to work partners with old Dave. And here he now was, sensitive to Dave's merest reference to Clifford, and looking forward to the culmination of it all.

He did not have to look forward long. Very soon an incident happened which started things and which, if nothing else, showed the intensity of feelings and the extreme which might be led to. The current had gone off the electric drill and Dave, knowing where to lay hands on the blown fuse, had volunteered to climb down and replace it. After 20 minutes, perhaps, Moran, another electrician, with a coil of wire on his shoulder, came toiling up the iron stair at one side of the chute.

"We almost lost the straw-boss," he panted, as he paused level with Brinkerhoff to get his breath and pass the time of day.

Brinkerhoff started toward him uneasily. "You mean Clifford?" he asked with betraying eagerness.

Moran gave him a silent look and nodded. "Yes, Clifford," he affirmed. "Old Dave tried to throw him into the harbor just now, and would, only for interference. Man! Was he angry, and Clifford—he was white as a sheet."

By noontime all had heard of the affair and feelings were pitched in a high key. Brinkerhoff had learned the cause of the attack—some derogatory remark of Clifford's that had got to Dave; but neither this nor the retaliation were to be condoned, and he decided that something must be done and soon.

#### Brinkerhoff Plots Good Will

In his mind a plan had evolved which, simple and natural enough, was based on the principle of human fellowship. He believed that if one of the participants could be made to show evidence of good intentions, the other must necessarily conform. In this he could not look to Clifford for the initiative, he knew, but from old Dave he expected much.

With the plan in mind he evoked the good offices of the steward, who, himself thoroughly alarmed, was more than willing to help. Moreover, the men themselves were ready to welcome any deserving and well meant diplomacy, and so, for the most part, they responded willingly when the steward called them together.

"And now, men," the steward exhorted, as they stood, foremen and all, in respectful silence about him. "let us make friends. With no dishonor upon any, let the past sleep, unavenged. Forget this petty nagging and scheming—wipe the slate clean, and with a new start let's go along in peace and understanding." More yet than this he said, but as a final clinch to the effort he finished with, "who will not consent, let him speak now."

In the hush that settled down was a scene in which men ceased to breathe. Old Dave, fat, ugly, and ungainly wide in his overalls, was to be observed, awkwardly elbowing through the crowd, with his eyes alight and unmistakably fixed, and his huge hand put forth in open friendliness, he sought that of his enemy with a frankness and straightforwardness little short of amazing. Though his face was unshaved and the stubble streaked with tobacco juice, whole-hearted forgiveness was written all over it. There was not a man who doubted the warmth of feeling with which he clasped the hand of

Clifford, nor doubted the honesty and sincerity of his intentions. It was an inspiration, and all, excepting one, were moved by the manner in which old Dave acquitted himself.

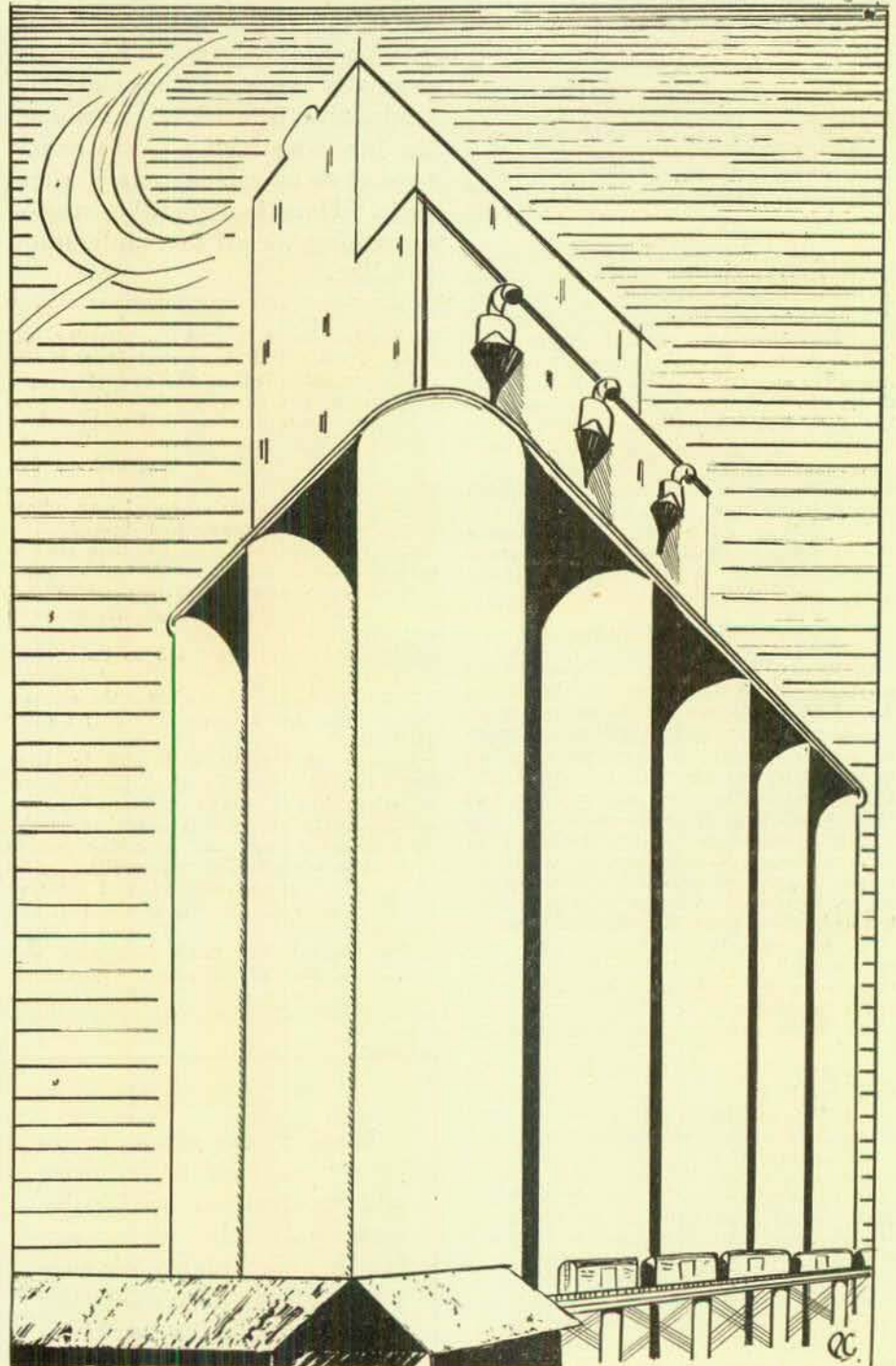
#### Clifford Gives Lean Response

This one man was Clifford. Spare and tall, his thin, hard lips tightly compressed, he took the proffered hand, conventionally and only because, under the eyes of the gang, he could hardly refuse. His fierce blue eyes did not meet those of Dave—they shifted away awkwardly; and if only Dave's generosity had not blinded all other eyes, it would have been noted that Clifford did not relent. His was a different nature, perverse and unforgiving, and rebellious at the spectacle of public conciliations. The humiliation of the proceeding meant to him only another score to settle. He would have to be broken before he could see the light.

But for the most part, with fresh resolves and with feelings of relief such as had not been felt in many days, the men returned to their places. Brinkerhoff had experienced an honest admiration for old Dave; like the others, he had thought the conciliation complete, and the feeling of relief it provided was perhaps the most satisfying. To him the incident was closed, and his a lucky escape from what so recently had promised a most impossible situation. What he did not see was the strange working of the leaven in his diplomacy; until he had seen he could not judge.

An hour, perhaps, had passed. Brinkerhoff had climbed down, intending to carry up another bundle of pipe. Old Dave, sitting on the plank, leaned heavily on the electric drill, wearing a hole through an I-beam. Beside him, laid in the center of the plank so

(Continued on page 664)



AT OLYMPIAN MILLING COMPANY A HERCULEAN TASK WAS UNDER WAY

# Stickney's Hand Wields Pliers and Art Brush

TO most Americans, there is magic in the phrase "One of our boys." Lindbergh was "one of our boys," and that accounts, in a large part at least, for his extraordinary popularity. We confess to harboring the prevailing weakness. For instance we get satisfaction out of the fact that F. H. Stickney, rising young artist of Cleveland, Ohio, is a member of Local Union No. 38, International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers. He has been "one of our boys" for years. We just can't help being proud and gratified that he is still working at his trade in Cleveland, while he burns the midnight Mazda, mastering the intricate art of mixing pigments, and of committing emotions to canvas. We get a peculiar glow about our editorial heart when we learn that Henry Stickney, the electrician—Old Hen—is now engaged in painting the lurid night skies, the carmine furnace mouths, the great humpy cauldrons of the steel industry. There is something appropriate that industry's product should turn back to industry for inspiration. We are pleased and honored that we can publish two of Stickney's paintings, works that show exactness of detail, as well as calm, rugged, masculine spirit. We predict a real field for Stickney's talent, and we welcome him to the ranks of industrial artists, who have contributed to these columns. It is well to remember these:

Alonzo Victor Lewis, Seattle sculptor, whose "Man with the Hoe," was unveiled at the convention of Electrical Workers in 1925.

Max Kalish, Cleveland sculptor.

Waldemar Rannus, union stonecutter, whose statues have won widespread commendation.

Gerrit A. Beneker, noted painter, whose industrial types, have lifted him to a unique place among American artists.

And now Henry Stickney.

Stickney is head electrician at the Halle Brothers Department Store, Cleveland, Ohio. We quote with pleasure from that institution's house organ:

"This is the story of a dream that did not die while a profession was being mastered, a living was being earned and a family was being reared.

"This is the story of a dream that did not prevent these other things from happening, or cause unhappiness.

### Taught Himself

"This is the story of Henry Stickney, electrical engineer of The Halle Brothers Co. and his love for art.

"An exhibition of line drawings and oil paintings recently aroused favorable comment and much surprise at the signature 'Henry Stickney.'

"'Why he's the electrician,' we said. 'Is he an artist, too?'

"He is. He might have been famous had he followed his own inclinations instead of his mother's wishes. He may even yet.

"Henry's father left America to study art in Paris. But before he had a chance to achieve success in his chosen profession he fell in love. Whereupon he gave up art and set about making enough money to enable him to marry the lovely French girl.

"The son of this romantic couple inherited his father's love of art. Perhaps to save

him from the decision his father had to make, his mother discouraged his dream of becoming a great artist. At any rate when he stole away and went to night art school, she forbade him to continue.

"Those few nights at the little art school in Paris were all the formal instruction he ever received in art. For the rest of his knowledge he gained within the past five years by studying books, by experimenting with different methods and by selecting the most effective.

"For decades he put art completely out of his mind. He had gone to school, haphazardly. His parents divided their time between New York and Paris, and he went to school wherever they happened to be.

"'By the time I had learned to think in French, we would be back in New York,' said Mr. Stickney. 'But my parents wanted me

to be a French-English translator, so I studied until I had finished the eighth grade.'

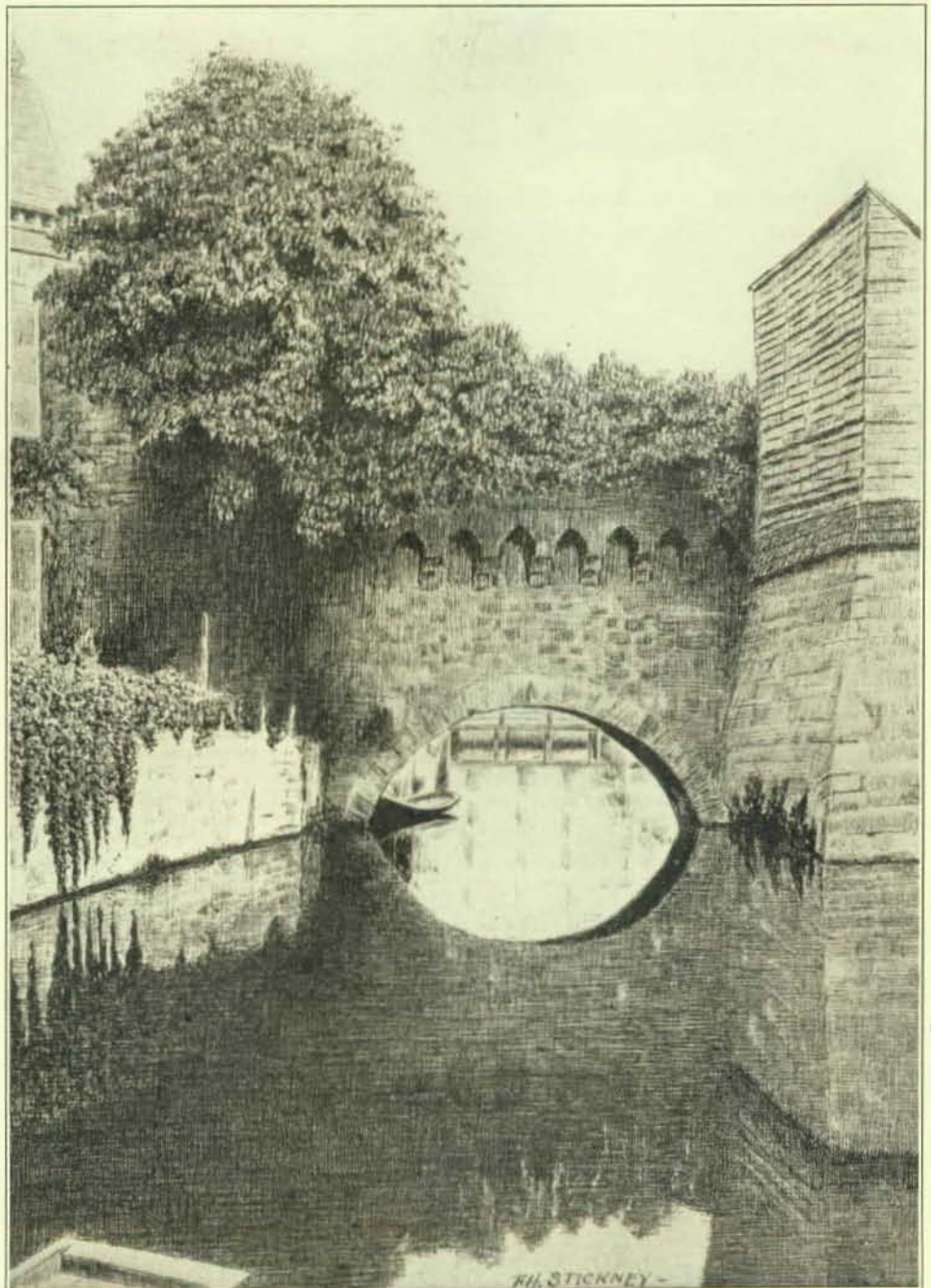
### Taught Himself the Trade

"His degree as electrical engineer came from the school of experience. He was interested in things electrical and dabbled about, asking questions and reading books that might contain the answer. He worked in shops, on ships, on docks, wherever there was a job which might teach him something.

"And then he, too, married. It was work in real earnest then. Art was forgotten and the dream of some time becoming a great painter slept.

"Shortly after his marriage he came to the conclusion that money was too scarce in France, and so he brought his wife and children to the land of his fathers.

"At the advice of a friend he came to



A PEN AND INK SKETCH IN A LITTLE TOWN IN FRANCE BY STICKNEY

Cleveland and had no difficulty whatever in obtaining work, for by this time he was a trained electrician. He found that he still had much to learn, however, because much greater progress had been made over here in the development of electricity than in France.

"Seventeen years ago he became head electrician for the Halle Brothers Company.

"In all these years he had thought but little of his dream. The boys had grown. One son fought for his country in the great war . . . Time passed.

"Five years ago his fingers began to itch for the brush. He had had no schooling. He was a busy man with a job that took eight hours of his time and most of his energy. He had no time to go to art school.

"But there were books! And so from the public library he got volumes that would tell him about line and color. He read with avidity.

"And when he came to put into practice the things he had read, he found that there were a great many more that the books hadn't mentioned. So he made experiments, trying this means and that of gaining the desired effect.

"The paintings in the exhibit—two of which are reproduced here—show the result of his work."

#### Will "Do" Industrial Subjects

The painting of this Indian was made last spring and was exhibited in Carnegie Hall in connection with the Pantomime Ballet taken from the Legend of the Zuni Indians. This playlet was written by Miss Rene Burdett and given by the pupils of the Nepp-Shillett Ballet School. Many well known Cleveland artists assisted in creating an appropriate atmosphere for the Ballet by contributing canvasses depicting Indian life in the desert country of Arizona.

The paintings were later transferred to the Eastman-Boltman Studios in the Allentown Hotel Building for a two weeks' exhibit. There they received considerable attention and favorable comment.

The other exhibit is a pen and ink drawing of a little town in France, called Vendome, not very far from Tours where many of our boys were camped during the World War. He was sent there from Paris to do some draughting for an English firm and in his spare time he made several sketches—some in water colors and others in pencil. As a rule he finishes his pencil sketches in Chinese ink. This sketch took him many hours to complete—and it did not help his eyes either.

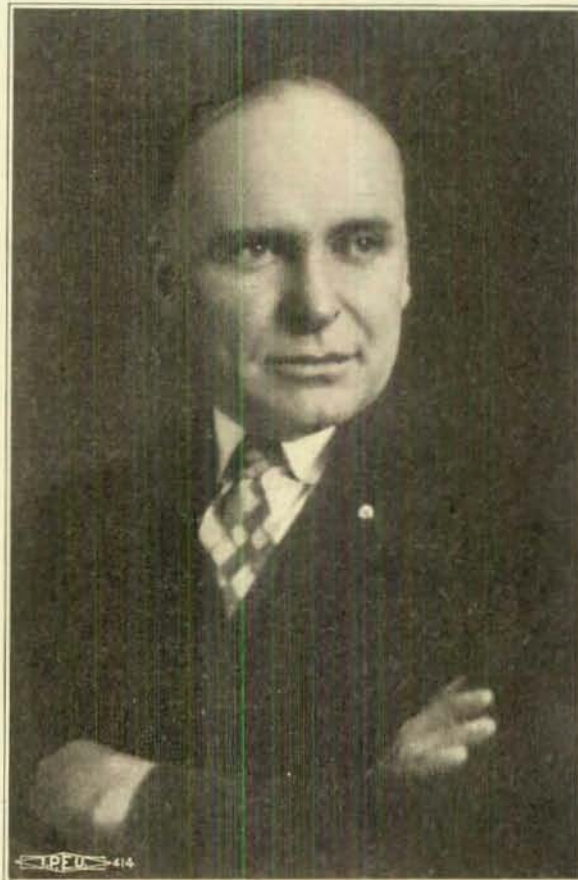
About a year ago he made a sketch of a large steel mill in Cleveland and showed it to one of the big guns of the American Steel and Wire Company. He was so pleased with the work that he gave orders to his secretary to issue Mr. Stickney a pass for any of the plants belonging to the company that he desired to visit for the purpose of sketching—and as a result he has started to make a thorough study of steel mills at night when the sky is sometime illuminated by the glare from the fiery furnaces—combined with the smoke, steam, etc., it all contributes to art. He has made so far about 14 sketches done in pastel and expects to finish his series, when he will have about 25 of them. Then he will exhibit them in several large cities like Washington and New York City, where people are not accustomed to seeing steel plants.

The painting of the Indian is for sale and

any other particulars can be received from the ELECTRICAL WORKERS JOURNAL.

### Why Sky is Dark at Night

The long-standing astronomical mystery of why the sky is dark at night instead of shining brilliantly like the frosted globe of an electric lamp, was attacked by Professor Heber D. Curtis, Director of the Allegheny Observatory, in a recent lecture to the American Institute of the City of New York. Explanation may be found, Professor Curtis said, in the fact that the universe is granular, like sand grains in a dust storm, in-



F. H. STICKNEY

stead of being uniform all the way through like a mass of clear jelly. Men are so familiar with the dark skies of night time, illuminated only by the few bright points of the stars, that no one thinks of this as paradoxical. Yet if the stars are infinite in number at least one of them ought to be in sight at each possible point of the sky. No matter how faint they are their light should combine, astronomers have argued, into a general glare. The paradox is explained, Professor Curtis said, if one assumes, with the great Swedish mathematician Charlier, that the stars are arranged in enormous clusters or galaxies, at great distances from each other as compared with their diameters. Mathematical reasoning proves, Professor Curtis said, that this arrangement would produce a sky that is dark, not bright, even for a universe infinite in extent. This is precisely the structure that seems to exist in the part of the universe visible in man's telescopes. The solar system is inside one of these galaxies or "island universes." Outside this are thousands of such groups of relatively close-packed stars; the groups lying at greater distances from each other like a very few grapes scattered through a large amount of fruit jelly.

### Ancient City Somewhere in England

An ancient Roman town, complete with streets, houses, temples and arenas for amusements, is being walked over unsuspectingly somewhere in Great Britain, although its plan lies visibly on the ground for anyone to see. Where this mysterious, invisible city lies is still known only to two people in England; to its discoverer and to Dr. R. E. Mortimer Wheeler of the London Museum; although a photograph of the ancient streets and building plans was shown by Dr. Wheeler recently during a lecture at University College, London. The explanation of these paradoxes is that the ancient town is not visible from the ground but only from the air, as has proved to be the case with many ancient roads, fields, ditches and other archeological objects. On the surface of the ground the lines of the ancient streets are totally invisible, even if one walks right over them. But to the wider, bird's-eye view of an aviator a thousand or two thousand feet in the air, tiny variations of level or of the condition of soil which are invisible on the ground combine into an unmistakable pattern. The photograph exhibited by Dr. Wheeler was an air photograph, on which the entire plan of the ancient town was clear. The site of the discovery was not disclosed, Dr. Wheeler explained, because arrangements have not yet been made for the excavation and study of the relics probably lying underneath. Until this scientific work has been provided for it is thought best not to let the public know where it is crossing the forgotten city's grave.

### Whether Body is Older or Younger Than Years

A scientific test for youth or old age, not depending on grey hair or fading eyes or wrinkles and which cannot be fooled by any art of the beauty parlor, was described by Dr. Alexis Carrel of the Rockefeller Institute of New York City before a recent meeting arranged by the New York Academy of Medicine for discussion of human old age and of what physicians can do about it. The test depends on Dr. Carrel's well known method of growing living tissues outside the body, in artificial solutions kept at constant temperatures in incubators. For nearly twenty years Dr. Carrel has kept alive thus a bit of tissue from the heart of a chicken which died years ago. If living cells of the kind called fibroblasts are grown artificially in fluid prepared from the blood of the person whose age is to be tested, the rate at which these cells grow is an index, Dr. Carrel told the New York physicians, of the age of the individual. The age thus measured is, however, the "physiologic age," the actual youthfulness or senility of the body tissues, not necessarily the same as the age in years. Such tests might be useful, Dr. Carrel suggested, in determining whether people who undergo gland operations or other alleged methods of rejuvenation are really made any younger. Another possibility, not mentioned by Dr. Carrel, is that insurance companies might use such tests to select persons apt to live longer than the average number of years.

Start a Read-the-Journal-Every-Month-Club. No dues. No officers.



# Minute of Darkness—Drama at the Power Plant

By HERMIA HARRIS FRASER

PETER Treherne imagined that his work bored him. When a friend slapped him on the back, exclaiming:

"Hi there, old chap! Sitting pretty, aren't you? Eight hours of doing nothing but waiting for something to happen—well now, that's the kind of job I've been after for years."

Peter was annoyed. No use for him to mention the monotony of those waiting hours, or the cruel energy-draining night shift. Nothing to do was nothing to do, wasn't it? Yes; Peter was a lucky boy, his friends insisted.

The sub-station seemed especially dreary after the gaiety and excitement of his wedding to Daphne Barton.

Peter went over in his mind the events of the year, as he sauntered down the long stairway and entered the locker room. He boiled water for tea, and set a table as usual in full view of the generators which boomed and buzzed in steady, rhythmic fashion.

Being married to Daphne had been the happiest experience known to Peter until three months ago. Tough luck, her illness! It was hard to watch the fresh, blooming girl change into an invalid. He wanted his spirited, beautiful bride again. And the bills! Ye gods, the bills! Doctors, nurses at the rate of five dollars a day, and housekeepers!

He shouldn't have begun to pay for that bungalow. He shouldn't have kept up the payments after Daphne's collapse. It made the losing of it seem harder. She hated flats. "Little chicken coop," she called the one his sister rented.

## The Devil's Own Luck

He had to hand Briggs \$600 for the mortgage on Monday. It wasn't as if he had started penniless either. It wasn't as if he and Daphne hadn't scrimped and pinched. Just luck—the devil's own, as it were!

He wondered how Daphne was making out tonight. Poor kid! She had been longing to get out of the hospital to be with him again. He resolved to run out and see her when he got off in the morning.

The noise of the generators was small in comparison with the turmoil of his own scattered thoughts: Bills! Hang Briggs! That mortgage! Night shift was the dickens of a time to brood over such things.

"There's a way out—you know, you know," Peter imagined that a voice rose out of the air, suggesting this.

"I don't know—I don't know—" he denied, sipping the scalding tea as he tried to switch the subject.

Ring, ring, ring! There was that old telephone bell—

Peter dashed upstairs and entered the booth, shutting out as he did so most of the noise of the plant. He recognized the oriental accent at once.

"Is that you, Mister Treherne?"

"It is," he replied abruptly.

"You remember time—one thirty—you help me, eh?"

With a deafening roar, Peter said "No," and banged down the receiver.

"To hell with the damn Chinaman," he thought.

The tea was cold when he returned to it, and somehow he had small appetite for the thick sandwiches before him. He sat staring at the black, whirling discs.

Last week a young Chinaman, a well-dressed fellow of the dandy type, had walked into the plant. Subtly and politely, he had introduced himself to Peter, claiming to be a

With a sensitiveness to all the vicissitudes of the power operator's job, Mrs. Fraser has written a story, both homely and dramatic. She is the wife of a power operator living in Victoria, Can.

student interested in electricity. Could Peter turn the lights off right then if he wished? Could he turn them on and off at will?

Yes, Peter admitted that he could, but it would be foolish to do so, as it might have serious consequences.

"I see," the Chinaman had said, and then he mentioned casually the reason for his visit to the power station. He was, he derisively revealed to Peter, a partner in a thriving gambling den up Fantan Alley. It would be to his advantage for the lights to go out for a minute or more at 1:30 a. m., on Saturday. The request perplexed Peter. He guessed that darkness was needed in which a messenger, arriving at Fantan Alley with the correct number for the lottery, could be intercepted and the ticket altered in favor of the owners of the dive.

## Peter Laughed

The young Chinaman had mentioned \$100 as a possible sum they would be willing to give the operator for switching off the city lights.

Peter laughed at the sheer audacity of the scheme, then his face had hardened.

"Get out, or I'll kick you out," he commanded grimly.

"One thousand, then," said the Chinaman, quickly, "Here—I give you money now—"

There was a menace in Peter's grey eyes; there was a twitching about the mouth; his hands clenched. The oriental beat a retreat \* \* \*

That was last week. Now Peter knew that these gamblers would pay, if he were to reconsider his decision. A thousand dollars would settle with Briggs, and buy a number of luxuries for Daphne. Besides, he was a trusted employee, and not likely to be blamed if the juice was cut off for a time. Couldn't he say that the cause was a wire blown down by the force of the storm then in progress on the river, and no one would

be the wiser? Daphne would be shocked if she knew he had tolerated the idea even for a second, but—men had to look facts in the face. Bills were facts, weren't they?

Then, something happened.

The lights in the sub-station flickered and went out. The rhythm of the generators altered.

Trouble! Experienced operator that he was, he knew that not only one, but several minutes of darkness might be expected.

He laughed hysterically, and glanced at the illuminated clock on the wall. It was 1:27.

He shouted, his voice lost in the din, "There you are, Chinkie; take it! Take your darned minute, now."

But his old self, the man loved and trusted by Daphne, returned. He suddenly tore upstairs, a madman of efficiency, darting here and there, doing single-handed the work of two operators.

## Lights Flash On At Last

At last, he triumphed. The lights of the plant and in the city were switched on again, and Peter sank relievedly into a chair, beads of perspiration on his forehead.

He got up after a while and made tea once more. He was opening a copy of the evening paper when he was summoned by the bell on the telephone upstairs. He went without haste, too tired to lift his feet high as he dragged himself up the stairway.

He recognized this voice, too. It was Doctor Travers West, once a lover of Daphne's dead sister.

"Peter, is it you, man?"

Peter grew cold with dread.

"What is it?" he cried; "Is—Is Daphne—"

"It's all over, and she's fine—fine, and you'll be glad to hear it was a boy—born at 1:30, which reminds me, did you have any trouble down there at that time?"

"Only for a minute," said Peter.

"Hm! Glad it wasn't longer. A lot can happen in a minute when the lights go out—but, thank God, they came on again in time, and—you've still got Daphne, and a son."

Peter put down the receiver. He was trembling as he walked out of the booth.

A lot can happen in a minute, Travers had said, but he, Peter, had done his duty, and so Daphne's life, her lovely, treasured life, had been saved.

He slid down the railings, a happy man.

## WHAT IS GENIUS?

Men give me credit for some genius. All the genius I have lies in this: When I have a subject in hand, I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I have made is what people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought.—Alexander Hamilton.

## THE DUTIES OF MAN

"Workingmen! Brothers! When Christ came and changed the face of the world, he spoke not of rights to the rich, who needed not to achieve them, nor to the poor who would doubtless have abused them in imitation of the rich; He spoke not of utility nor of interest to a people whom interest and utility had corrupted; He spoke of Duty, He spoke of Move, of Sacrifice and of Faith; and He said that they should be first among all who had contributed most of their labor to the good of all."—Joseph Mazzini.



# Men and Monikers: How Silent Won His Name

By CLAUD PHIPPS, L. U. 18, Los Angeles

THESE may not be much in a name but I often think that the Chancellor of the Monikers who passed out the original names was new at the game, or else the descendants of the original name owners evolved; that is, if the names were based on the characteristics of the named. If the job of naming people was wished on me the first thing I'd do would be to visit a few gangs of linemen and take notes. The names one hears in that select bunch either fits the bird who wears it or the name is a sarcastic reverse. Take for instance the job I just came off of. Here is a partial list of the men who manned that job:

Shorty Byers, Silent Johnson, Ichabod Crane, Ham Gravy McCallister (I did not know about the McCallister part until the occurrence of the incident I am going to relate), Deacon Nash and Slim. That last name if barked by the boss puts your truly in motion. Shorty Byers would be the shorty if he was working in a gang of Tom Thumbs.

## No Irony in Crane's Name

Ichabod; well, there was the exception that proved the rule. The Crane part fits his gangling form to a T. He seemed to have grown longer where he stuck through his clothes and he was more or less bowed down under the Ichabod.

Silent Johnson, as you would guess, was the loquacious Swede. The man who draws the cartoons of Ham Gravy and Olive Oil must have received his inspiration from a squint at McCallister.

Nash showed quality and polish all over and he dressed like he was going to work in a bank, instead of hiking up and down poles and spinning wires. I guess that's why we called him the Deacon.

That name Slim has stuck to me like my laundry mark. When I land in a new place I wonder what they will be calling me when the new wears off and invariably they seem to be in need of a Slim. It all started when Silent joined the gang.

## Swede's Tongue Hung on a Pivot

We needed about three more men and when the boss put in for them the supervisor just sent out the Swede. Guess he must have thought we wanted men for talking purposes and that he had a bargain.

Silent made his debut along with the truck one morning and when the truck stopped before the waiting bunch, sunning themselves on a street corner, Silent looked looked them over, dismissed them from his mind as much as to say, "I can't be bothered," and began to whistle. I saw at once I had a rival in the whistling business for that always has been my main diversion.

We were ignored by Silent for two or three days; then Ichabod laid off with the toothache or something and it fell to my lot to work with Silent, until Ichabod got over the toothache, or whatever he was taking for it.

We were perched on an eighty-foot pole and Shorty and Deacon were on the next one and we were stringing four O bare coppers over a 33,000-volt high line, which followed the intersecting street. It was necessary to shift the safety cradle to a new position each time after dead-ending a wire and this took lots of time, so we were kept on the one pole nearly all day.

When we first went up I thought: "Here's where I am marooned with a mummy"; but

**There is more sound, graphic information about the linemen's trade in this vivid chronicle than in dozens of manuals and treatises. This is a bully yarn—as exciting as melodrama — well worth your reading.**

I don't know just how it happened; I guess something was said about Alaska, and then I found I had worked one time with a stuttering galoot Silent had buddied with up there.

Well, we got to laughing about the nutty line this guy used to peddle and then the talk started.

What did we talk about?

What didn't we talk about?

Mining, geology, zoology, biology, kilowatts, lumbago and prize fighting.

## Laughed In Order To Talk

I say we talked. Let me modify that a little. I'd maybe start a subject in my own kind of lingo, and then he would inform me I was discussing blank-ology. When he would get to frothing at the mouth he would start laughing, only more of a running giggle to hold the place, while he filled up on air for the next outburst.

Finally when he did wind up a subject he would end with, "However," and pause. I would quite naturally think it was up to me to help him out and then before I could offer some objection to his last statement he would dismiss the subject by proceeding with "I can't be bothered."

That would relieve me because mentally I was hanging on the ropes yelling, "enough."

After that day whenever we were at leisure the boys stood around and listened to him. That was all they could do; all except the Deacon, who ignored Silent. We started calling him "However," and it looked for a time like that name was going to take, but one day Cupie, the grunt (by the way, grunt is derived from groundhog, meaning lineman's helper), called up to Ham Gravy and Silent to tell them some order the boss had told him to pass on to them. Cupie couldn't make them hear because Ham was all deaf in one ear and probably had that ear towards the ground and Silent was expostulating, as he termed it, with too much speed and volume for either one of them to hear an ordinary yell anyway; so Cupie, who was about as big as an overstuffed hippopotamus, filled up on atmosphere and boomed "Silence."

## How He Got His Name

I think the windows rattled for about four blocks and the street cars stopped running. Anyway, it seemed silent when the echos ceased.

Well, that one word stopped Johnson for the first time since he had become wound up. He became silent for a minute and was known as Silent forever after.

At first the gang fell for his line. It was a novelty, especially since prohibition. The man had a talking complex. Pretty soon, though, the novelty wore off when the fellows were tired or in a nervous

strain. When you're making a hot tap on forty-four hundred you don't want a cracked nut explaining to you about the financial conditions of Germany being governed by the jurisprudence of the people, and so on "advalorem."

By common consent, although nothing was said on the subject, Ham Gravy became the working partner of Silent.

I think the fellows all thought that Ham, being deaf in one ear, the incessant gab would bother him only half as much as it would a man with two good ears, and besides Ham was old enough to use discretion in the matter of turning his north or south ear to the drought.

You know on a good job the boss doesn't direct every move the men make if they all know their stuff, but rather he leaves the division of the work up to the men themselves and to chance.

It seemed to me that Silent was losing popularity because it didn't look altogether like coincidence that he was catching all the easy jobs, and the jobs where he could sit half a day on a good double cross-arm, having to do only an occasional fifteen minutes' work because his work dovetailed in with the work being done by the man on the next stick, which man was having to hit the ball.

Nearly all the gang had arrived one morning and were sort of enjoying each other's society while waiting for the boss to say, "Put 'em on," which would refer to the harness and misery irons. The chief discussion was about one of the boys in another gang getting burned up the day before. Then Silent arrived unusually late for him. He sensed the subject and at once dove for the center of the stage.

"That reminds me of the time Romeo Russell got bumped off in Tulsa," began Silent. All eyes were on Silent, even the Deacon's.

Deacon happened to be talking to me at the time and he stopped in the middle of what he was saying and turned in Silent's direction with a disgusted sneer that you wouldn't imagine of the Deacon.

Silent continued, "You never can tell how or when you are going to get it, and after it's done no one ever is sure of how it happened."

"This Romeo Russell was working buddies with a little wart named Doc Parsons. They had always been the best of friends till just the day before and then they had a few words that didn't amount to nothing and probably would have been forgotten if Romeo hadn't done a tailspin off of a sixty on account of his scare strap being cut in two."

"This Parsons party seemed awfully cut up over the accident. He was under suspicion for a while but was freed when the investigators decided Romeo's belt was cut on a steel cross-arm that was rusted to a feather edge, but there were other things which caused me always to have my doubts."

## Deac Goes Into Action

Silent was getting warmed up, and not wanting to play favorites had turned around a time or two so all could hear him.

Deacon sprang and grabbed Silent by the shirt collar and spun him around so they faced. The Deacon was in an attitude for combat and seemed with an effort to restrain the urge.

Silent was surprised and awfully irritated

(Continued on page 672)

# "Let Working Clothes Be Sacred"—Sandburg

*Let us make pioneer prayers  
Let working clothes be sacred.  
Let us look on  
And listen in  
On God's great workshop.*

THE foregoing is a tiny fragment from "Good Morning, America," Carl Sandburg's latest book (Harcourt, Brace and Company). For a long time I have felt the wish coming upon me that readers of the ELECTRICAL WORKERS' JOURNAL should know Carl Sandburg and his work better. For a long time I have felt that if the labor skate should do anything as impractical as "write poetry," he would write like Carl Sandburg. That is, he would write about the same things which Sandburg writes about: Old river front restaurants, skyscrapers, railroad yards, gunmen and galoots, the joy in manly strength, the sense of at-homeness in the universe, the Mississippi, the prairies, the camps, Chillicothe, New Hampshire, Arizona, linemen's love affairs, the brevity of life and of happiness, and so on. For a long time I have thought of Carl Sandburg as a traveller, carrying a green card, with itchy feet, visiting this place and that, staying a little while, being a part of every job, and every party, seeing, listening in, wondering and remembering. For after all, a poem is a memory, a vivid, tantalizing memory that will not let go. And think of the swell memories a traveller has! A traveller in America.

"Good morning, America" is a record of Carl Sandburg's travels. In Burlington he heard the following story of a lineman's love:

He was in Cincinnati, she in Burlington. He was in a gang of Postal Telegraph linemen.

She was a pot rassler in a boarding house.

"The crying is lonely," she wrote him.

"The same here," he answered.

The winter went by and he came back and they married.

And he went away again where rainstorms knocked down telegraph poles and wires dropped with frozen sleet.

And again she wrote him, "The crying is lonely."

And again he answered, "The same here." Their five children are in the public schools.

He votes the Republican ticket and is a taxpayer.

They are known among those who know them

As honest American citizens living honest lives.

Many things that bother other people never bother them.

They have their five children and they are a couple,

A pair of birds that call to each other and satisfy.

As sure as he goes away she writes him, "The crying is lonely"

And he flashes back the old answer, "The same here."

It is a long time since he was a gang lineman at Cincinnati

And she was a pot rassler in a Burlington boarding house;

Yet they never get tired of each other; they are a couple.

In Cincinnati, one night he saw two street women, looking not so happy, and he made this out of the experience:

A young thing in spring green slippers,

stairway, with a white knit sweater fitting her shoulders and ribs close.

She asked a young ballplayer passing for a few kind words and a pleasant look—and he slouched up to her like an umpire calling a runner out at the home plate—he gave her a few words and passed on.

She had bells on, she was jingling, and yet—her young wild ways were not so young any more, nor so wild.

These are of the stuff of everyday life. No highbrow swag here. But a glamorous sense of the dignity and beauty of common men and things. He is very, very near to men who work.

It is wisdom to think no city stood here at all until the working men, the laughing men came.

It is wisdom to think tomorrow new working men, new laughing men, may come and put up a new city—Living lighted skyscrapers and a night lingo of lanterns testify tomorrow shall have its own say-so.

Sandburg knows what work is. He was born in the Lincoln country, poor, like Lincoln. He was a teamster. He janitored his way through Lombard College in Illinois. He tossed bricks. He became a newspaper man. He figured in labor politics. He went back to newspaper work. All the time, he was unconsciously gathering impressions about men and things. He was listening, seeing, thinking, working and dreaming. When he was about 40, he got his chance, and he achieved a kind of classic fame at once. His life of Lincoln sold 30,000 copies, for it caught the atmosphere of prairie Illinois better than any other biography.

Now and then Sandburg leaves off his musings, his ecstatic chantings, and launches forth against social wrong. Such a poem as this from "Slabs of the Sunburnt West," sears into the brain the temporal character of any materialistic civilization:

Civilizations are set up and knocked down the same as pins in a bowling alley.

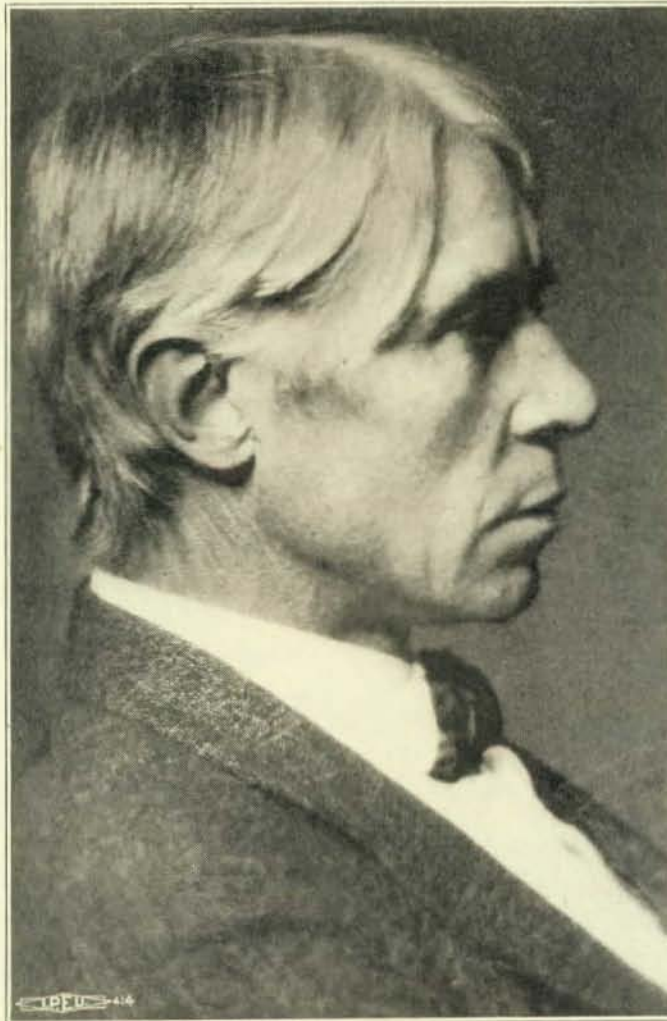
Civilizations get into the garbage wagons and are hauled away the same as potato peelings or any pot scrapings.

Civilizations, all the work of the artists, inventors, dreamers of work and genius, go to the dumps one by one.

Be silent about it; since at the gates of tombs silence is a gift, be silent; since at the epitaphs written in the air, since at the swan songs hang in the air, silence is a gift, be silent; forget it.

If any fool, babblers, gabby mouth, stand up and say: "Let us make a civilization where the sacred and beautiful things of toil and genius shall last"—

(Continued on page 669)



SANDBURG

Poet of Galoots, Bums, Wharves, Streets, Skyscrapers and Sunsets.

stocking, silk vivid as lilac-time grass, And a red line of a flaunt of fresh silk again up under her chin—

She slipped along the street at half-past six in the evening, came out of the stairway where her street address is, where she has a telephone number—

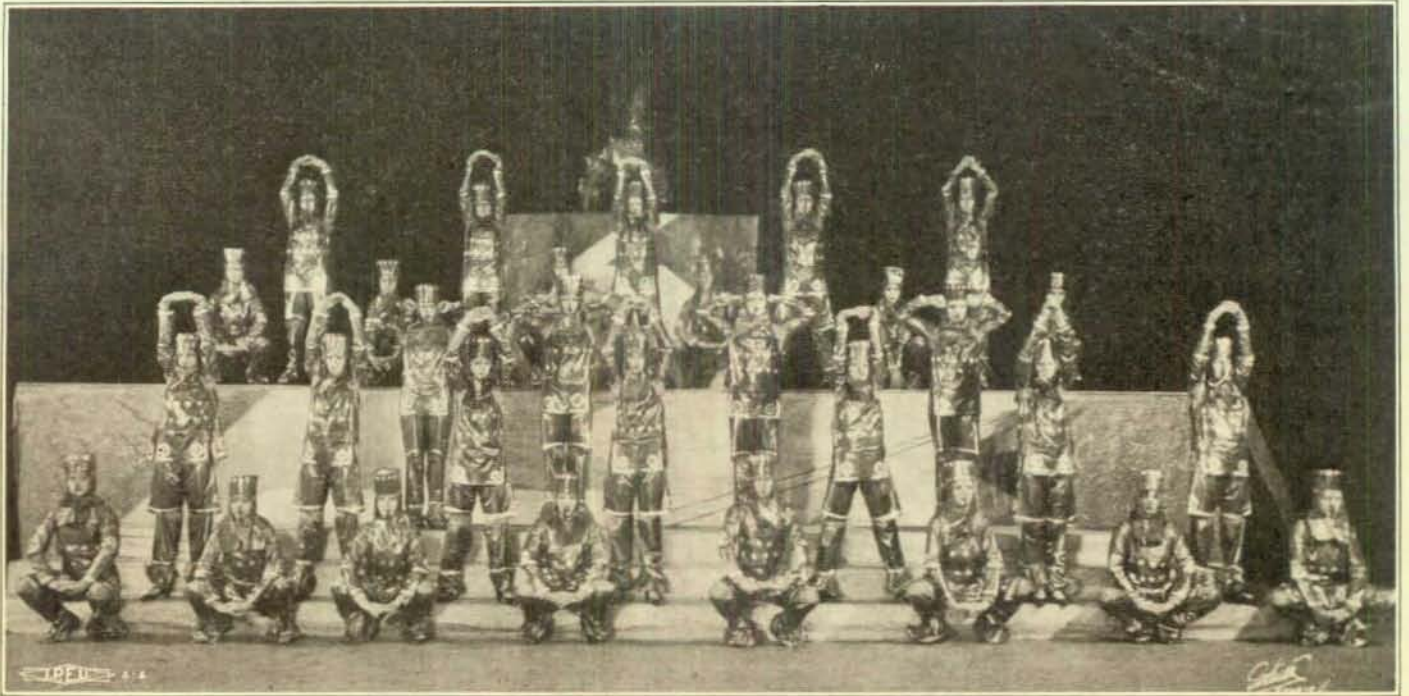
Just a couple of blocks from the street next to the Ohio River, where men sit in chairs tipped back, watching the evening lights on the water of the Ohio River—

She started out for the evening, dark brown calf eyes, roaming and hunted eyes,

And her young wild ways were not so young any more, nor so wild.

Another evening primrose stood in a

# Even Broadway at Last Begins to Understand



Yes, these are chorus girls. Funny looking costumes. And from Earl Carroll's Vanities, too—a revue noted for its array of daring and beautiful women. Save for the strange costumes, symbolic of iron and steel, and rigid movements of imprisoned bodies, the picture gives little idea of the vivid suggestion wrought by the Machinery Ballet, one of the numbers in the current show. First, you are shown the gates of a factory, and a song called "Wheels" is sung. Then midst smoke and flashes of fire, as from the intermittent opening of a furnace door, these dancers whirl and

turn, rise and fall, leap and toss, in an ensemble, which in time gives off the dizzy impression of a modern factory. The program says, "This scene was inspired by a visit to a large automobile plant, and is the first serious attempt to present a modernistic ballet in a revue." That is a true and significant fact. Broadway (as well as Fifth Avenue and Wall Street) pays little attention to the machine civilization of which we all are a part. But so insistent is the pressure of wheels, pulleys, belts, endless chains of production, upon the playground of the world, that it, too, begins to understand.

## IN PRAISE OF A DECEMBER EVE

SLOW on the waning landscape creeps the night,  
On hill and plain the gathering shadows fall.  
Till, last soft darkness, like a velvet pall,  
Veils all the fading fields and blinds the sight:  
Then from the hidden hamlets here and there,  
From hill side cot, or stately mansion fair,  
Clear through the frosty or the milder air  
Twinkles home's beacon-light.

THINE is a sober loveliness, denied  
To those glad twilights of triumphant June  
When all the flower-lit fields are glorified,  
And love and youth move to a joyous tune:  
Too strong, too fast, the impetuous pulses come,  
Too restless for the calm content of home,  
Too far afield the wandering fancies roam,  
In life's young summer-tide.

BUT though in solemn robes of sombre gray,  
The wayward, wandering fancy dost recall,  
The star-spent mantle hides the dying day,  
Gently thy kindly, brooding shadows fall;  
By June's rich voice love's melodies are sung,  
Fired with the blithe unreason of the young;  
Thine the low tranquil tones, the silvery tongue  
Which calms and comforts all.

DEAR, swift December evening, sweeter far  
Than are June's perfumed twilights, warm and still,  
Her saffron skies and primrose evening star,  
Her golden sunsets on the purple hill,  
Her sports upon the green, her village boys,  
Chasing the bounding ball with merry noise,  
Her dreaming lover's visionary joys,  
Which fill young spirits still.

TALL, swift December evening, not with snow,  
Rude gale or drenching rain, but clear and fine  
With breathless calm, or west-wind whispering low,  
Summer is gone, with anxious hopes and fears,  
Life's homely wintry joys, its precious tears  
The lamp that lights, the hearth that warms and cheers,  
Are all and only thine.

—Sent in by G. L. MONSIVE, L. U. No. 60.

# Hoover—A Nation Organized—Labor's Policies

**H**ERBERT HOOVER, President-elect of the United States, is in South America. Organized labor has closed a successful convention at New Orleans. The Associated Governors of the 48 states have closed a successful convention also held in New Orleans.

These three separate events do not make sense, linked, as above, and yet they contain the logic of a movement of nation-wide, even world-wide significance. To understand this movement, which involves the placing of America on a sound financial, industrial and social basis, we must begin at the beginning.

For more than half a century organized labor has been in rebellion against prevailing economic theories. These theories have revolved round the idea of production. Increase production, said the amiable economists, bankers and business men, and automatically you will induce prosperity. Under this illusion, in one modified form or another, the United States has been complacently operating, not without panics, depressions, hunger and misery.

Organized labor has been as one crying in the wilderness. Increase consumption, labor said, and all of the ills of the present productive process will disappear.

Then came the invention and wide-spread use of automatic machinery. Every industry was overgeared. Every industry became capable of producing from two to ten times as much goods as the consumers could absorb. To meet this anomalous situation the amiable economists, bankers and

business men—still thinking in terms of production—declared (reversing themselves): "Limit production and you will induce prosperity."

### Out of the Library

At this moment two able and determined economists and controversialists strode upon the scene. One was a business man—a director in 20 corporations—the other a writer, a teacher and logician. They were Waddill Catchings and William Trufant Foster. They wrote and published and distributed a series of books which developed in studied plainness a theory of economics, which if it was not organized labor's own, still so far resembled it that it gave labor's theory complete sanction. These men were conservatives, but with the zeal of reformers. They urged their theories with the naive assumption that they were workable, and they refused to believe that one needed to wait 100 years to see obviously needed reforms put into effect. They wanted the emphasis changed from production to consumption. They wanted business depressions avoided by increasing purchasing power at ascertainable psychological moments.

Their book, "Road to Plenty" (reviewed in the ELECTRICAL WORKERS JOURNAL, April, 1928), was a dramatic proposal—but, said the amiable ones, is it practical?

Now this proposal has emerged from the realm of theory; it has shot out of the library, where it was the plaything of professors and philosophers, into the arena of national politics.

On Armistice Day, President-elect Herbert Hoover sent a telegram to Governor Brewster, of Maine. That telegram requested the governor of Maine to go to the conference of governors at New Orleans as Hoover's own spokesman, and present views, which in marked extent are the main proposals of the "Road to Plenty." It so happened that Governor Brewster was once a student of Foster's at Bowdoin College. He is an enthusiastic believer in the economic theories of his master. He urged the governors of the states to co-operate with the federal government in carrying out this plan. In it, he advocated the creation of a \$3,000,000,000 revolving fund for public works—an essential feature of the plan—as a practical measure—a measure which every labor unionist will recognize as labor's own.

The address of Governor Brewster was reported in full to the American Federation convention by John P. Frey.

### Governor Brewster's Address—Government and Business

"In Egypt people suffered when there was a famine. In America people suffer when there is a glut.

"What is called over-production fills our store-

(Continued on page 667)



TWO CATASTROPHES

In the upper picture we see the havoc wrought by a hurricane—one of the major natural disasters. Below we see a disaster of like magnitude appearing from time to time in industry, namely, unemployment.

In the case of hurricane, society hastens to give organized aid; in the case of unemployment society also gives succor—but fails to provide for systematic aid. Hurricanes can not be prevented but economists believe unemployment can be—through proper planning.

# Building Trades Unions Oppose Stock Gambling

**A**SSEMBLED in New Orleans, with a record of growth and accomplishment behind it, the Building Trades Department of the American Federation of Labor faced new problems. Chief of these, according to President William J. McSorley, is the curtailment of building projects by the diverting of funds to the New York stock exchange for speculative purposes.

Another serious problem stressed is the tendency of certain government bureaus to employ cheap and incompetent labor, and to depress local industry.

"Our present decline in building permits began in June," said President McSorley, "and was, in my opinion, because of the action of many of our banks and corporations, in taking their surplus funds out of the local channels of investment, one of which is the building industry in all localities, and using the funds of the depositors to promote stock market gambling in order to get the high rate of interest prevailing on 'call money.' For this action, we must place the responsibility and blame upon none other than our Federal Reserve bank officials, who have boosted the rates and made the field of brokers' loans more alluring and attractive, and have caused much money to be taken out of the local real estate investment fields all over the country, which naturally has caused a decline in building operations, and may prove to be dangerous in other ways.

## Slight Legitimate Investments

"The Associated Press recently issued a statement from New York, showing that brokers' loans had increased in the month of October by \$366,081,377 and at the end of October this year a new high record of such loans of \$5,879,721,062 had been reached. This shows clearly what has caused the decline. Money from financial institutions is more available for stock gambling than for the legitimate investment field. This, in my opinion, should be corrected by the Federal Reserve officials as soon as possible, by reducing the interest rate and thereby making the stock gambling field less attractive than it is at the present rate.

"It is a pleasure to report that during the past year the success of our department is not alone reflected in the large increase of our membership or the increase in our financial condition over those of last year. We can also state that we have made much progress along the lines of eliminating strikes, and it is pleasing to be able to report that we have again this year made another new record by reducing the number of strikes of building trades mechanics to a point lower than ever before in our history. This, coupled with the fact that the wages of building trades mechanics during the past year have been shown to be

more stable than at any time in our history, as very few changes have been made in the wage condition of the building tradesmen during the past year. Our relations with our employers have been more friendly and cordial, and a better spirit of co-operation has prevailed between us. All of these factors have, in my opinion, tended to promote and advance the interests of not only our department alone, but of the building industry in general."

## Government Practices Hit

He outlined the practices of government bureaus thus:

"In my opinion, government building projects have been used as the chief instrumentality through which the standards of wages as well as the working and living conditions of building trades mechanics in several localities throughout our country have been jeopardized. For some time past several bureaus of the government have seen fit to award contracts to contractors who have made it a practice to employ cheap, incompetent, underpaid building trades mechanics. This practice has become alarming to the extent that we as building tradesmen must sit up and take notice, in order to try to prevail upon our government, through our Congressmen and Senators, to put a stop to the government departments and bureaus aiding and abetting this type of contractor in destroying our standards of

living and working conditions, and by attempting to reduce wages to such levels as to make it impossible for decent standards of living to be maintained under such employment conditions. The government requires from a contractor nothing more than a bond from a surety company as a guarantee of his responsibility.

"This condition existing in several of the government bureaus, particularly as it refers to building trades mechanics, has been brought to the attention of the legislative committee of the American Federation of Labor, and they in turn have secured the introduction of two bills in Congress, aiming to remedy this condition. One of the bills is known as the 'Bacon Bill' and the other is the 'Crampton Bill,' and both have for their purpose an attempt to remedy this condition, whereby the government has become a party to the attempt to destroy the standards of living and working conditions of our membership in several localities. It has been necessary in several localities to strike government jobs where some of these contractors were attempting to reduce our standards by employing incompetent underpaid labor.

"I am firmly of the opinion that this convention should in the most emphatic terms condemn the action of the government bureaus who have been responsible for this condition existing on building construction work, and that we transmit a copy of our action to all members of the House and Senate, requesting favorable action upon the two bills above mentioned, which I believe will at least give partial relief from the unfair attitude of the government bureaus towards the building trades mechanics of this country."



"THE FOREMAN"

Copyright by G. A. Beseher

## Fireproof Books

Paper clothes for firemen who must enter burning buildings; fireproof partitions made of paper sheets; burglar-proof, fire-resisting safes made of compressed paper for the storage of valuables; to say nothing of paper books that fanatics of another Inquisition could not burn if they tried, all are foreseen as results of the invention by a German chemical engineer, Mr. Franz Franck, of a way of making paper fire-proof. In a recent demonstration in Berlin Mr. Franck took a sheet of ordinary newspaper, crumpled it into a ball and wrapped this highly combustible object in a sheet of his fireproof paper. Thus protected, he held it for a few minutes in the flame of a laboratory blast lamp hot enough to melt a glass window pane or to burn a hole through a plaster wall. Not only did the fire-proof wrapping survive but the ordinary paper inside was not even scorched, so great is the ability of the new paper to repel heat.

# Post-War Period Ends For A. F. of L.; New Era Opens

It is now ten years since the World War ended. Within this decade, organized labor may be said to have met successfully every issue involved in the post-war period, and to be now ready to enter a new era. The New Orleans convention of the American Federation of Labor just closed is likely to landmark another period.

**1. Deflation.** The movement to decrease wages immediately following the war was defeated. Today the union scale is advancing. Labor has accomplished not only this, but has successfully demonstrated that prosperity rests upon buying power, and buying power of the masses upon a high wage level. This economic conception has become part of current economic theory.

**2. Company Unionism.** The answer to this hypocritical concession to organization, is union co-operative management. In the ten years following the war, labor has demonstrated that only the bona fide trade union can make worthy technical contribution to industry. Only trade unionism can stabilize industry.

**3. Conditions.** The sweat shop in those industries where unions flourish is an antique. Labor not only combines to better conditions, but again has demonstrated

the soundness of its economic doctrines. The five-day week—a dream of organized labor yesterday—is today becoming a fact.

**4. Education.** Labor has learned a new way to fight. Heated, malignant assertion is giving way to aggressive use of statistics and research information. Labor has brought into being a workers' education system, within the ten years since the war, and has founded a research organization of its own.

**5. Democracy.** Labor has demonstrated that industrial democracy is feasible and that it returns dividends. Arbitration has grown as a tool in industry, and arbitration of a revolutionary type where labor representatives serve equally with employers on arbitration boards, is a fact in many industries. This is industrial democracy of real character.

Of these various gains, the executive council of the Federation spoke thus to the New Orleans convention:

**"Wages:** Trade unions have been building up the practice of collective bargaining during the past four decades. The results have been substantial benefits both to workers and to industry; wages have increased and hours of work decreased, thus

providing opportunities for better life. In addition to the service which the union renders by effective collective bargaining are union benefits which add measurably to the workers' status of members of economic society.

**"Union-Management Co-operation:** When the union is accepted as the method by which the workers shall participate in industry and collective bargaining is established the workers have a real contract that gives them status in the industry. This status makes possible a sharing of interest in production that is the essence of partnership. Interest brings a desire to contribute and hence a release of creative initiative. Sometimes this happens among the workers as individuals and sometimes in an organized way through the union. The latter, of course, brings the more valuable results. The form that this concern takes varies greatly; sometimes it is a joint educational project to provide skilled workers for the trade or industry, sometimes an employment service that connects these workers with employers who need workers, sometimes a contribution to administrative problems, or participation in improving production standards, the regular adjustment of misunderstandings and difficulties that come in all live situations, and finally

(Continued on page 667)



ELECTRICAL WORKERS' QUARTETTE—A HIT AT THE NEW ORLEANS CONVENTION

ATLANTA, L. U. 84, SENT F. A. THOMAS, FIRST TENOR; A. P. THOMASON, SECOND TENOR; J. T. COOK, BARITONE; J. P. WAITES, BASSO, AND M. B. STROUD, PIANIST, TO ENTERTAIN THE DELEGATES.

# Labor Crashes News Columns of World Press

THERE was a time when labor did not make news. Today the policies and practices of trade unions, the economic influence wielded by labor, is considered news anywhere and everywhere. Today labor is very much in the news. It makes the front pages in most journals. It is no longer the back-room step-child of the economic system.

With labor's wage policies being promulgated by corporation heads as their own, new labor policies offered are being listened to with respect. Below is one morning's gleanings from the daily press:

## Sweden

New York, Nov. 17.—The recently-formed Conservative government in Sweden has called an "industrial parliament," which will consist of representatives of organized employers and the trade union movement, according to cables from Stockholm to the Herald-Tribune of this city.

The purpose of the "parliament" is to reach a common ground so as to avoid future strikes, lockouts and boycotts. The originator of the plan is Minister of Social Welfare Luebeck, who has served as conciliator in recent labor troubles.

The proposal follows the failure of compulsory arbitration, which the unions resisted, and costly strikes in several industries the past few years.

The last Swedish parliament passed a law setting up a labor court by which operating agreements are to be interpreted. This court cannot prohibit strikes and the new government will try to institute conciliation rather than compulsion.

The government and large employers seem to agree that the workers will accept no substitute for their unions, and that every attempt to destroy or weaken the labor organizations will fail.

## Great Britain

British labor now controls 27 municipalities, including large boroughs of London, Leeds, Leicester, Derby and other industrial centers. Through these victories the trade union movement can achieve social protection for workers on the political field. Protection of mothers and children living in wretched slum areas, the demolition of the slums, the cutting of the death rate and the strengthening of public ownership in light, power, water and other public services will be some of the results of labor's municipal victories.

## Mexico

The Mexican nation, according to the Baltimore Sun, describing President Gil's labor proposal, would be divided into six districts and there would be a labor tribunal made up of a judge and workers and employers, empowered to handle disputes involving two or more states. The peak of the system would be contained in a national court of labor, with five magistrates named by the president of the republic. This national court would have the final word in the findings of the district tribunals and would maintain official relations with the International Labor Bureau of the League of Nations at Geneva.

There would be also a National Labor Council of three representatives of workers, three of employers, one representative from each labor court, one representative from each of the Ministries of Industry, Agriculture and Finance and the National Department of Accountancy, one representative of

the banks, and one from the National Economic Council. This National Labor Council would be presided over by a representative of a court of labor and have charge of obligatory arbitration disputes of a general nature. It would arrange agriculture credits, regulate the general scale of salaries, promote industry through conferences and the like.

The second provision is for a corps of labor inspectors to be created under the supervision of the Secretary of Industry and Public Employment. They are to have offices in the capitals of the various states.

Third, the proposed law recognized the right to strike, but bars violence, and provides for voluntary, then obligatory arbitration of disputes.

Fourth, it fixes on an eight-hour day and a six-day week, with four annual holidays as obligatory, and makes obligatory annual vacations with pay.

Fifth, it stipulates the founding of obligatory insurance organization at the Government's expense, to be maintained thereafter by contributions as follows: Employees 5 per cent of salaries and employers 7 per cent of salaries paid out. This is based on the principle of the company's profits being used to benefit employees.

Sixth, saloons and gambling houses are banned in labor centers.

Seventh, a minimum wage would be fixed in accordance with the cost living.

Various details already enumerated also are covered seriatim in the list of provisions.

## United States

**Dwelling Construction Cost per Family.**—The Bureau of Labor Statistics in the Monthly Labor Review for November shows the cost per family of the erection of the different kinds of dwellings in the larger cities of the United States during the first half of 1928.

In the 14 cities of the United States having a population of 500,000 or over permits were issued for 30,323 one-family dwellings. The average cost of these dwellings as stated in the permits was \$5,169. The most costly single dwellings were built in the city of Washington, as \$8,534 per dwelling was spent in the capital city for the erection of this type of dwelling. In St. Louis permits were issued for 934 one-family dwellings and their average cost was only \$3,619. The average cost in Baltimore was \$4,001. In other words, the average single-family dwelling for which permits were issued during the first half of 1928 cost over 100 per cent more in Washington than in St. Louis or Baltimore. Whether this means that Washingtonians are building 100 per cent better houses than St. Louisans or Baltimoreans, or are paying more for construction could only be determined by an exhaustive comparison of plans and specifications in these cities.

New York, Nov. 17.—General Motors Corporation, America's richest industrial concern, declared another stock dividend. This time it is on a two-and-one-half-for-one basis.

A holder of 100 shares of old stock will now own 350 shares. The \$5 dividend and extras that were paid on the old stock is now changed to \$3.50 a share, or \$10.50 a share per year for the 350 shares.

If workers even made a hasty study of corporation statistics they would secure an insight into the tremendous profits concerns like General Motors and United States Steel are making. These profits are being quietly

distributed among the stockholders in the form of extra cash dividends, bonuses and extra stock, known as stock dividends.

Under the stock dividend system low interest detracts attention from the high amount a stockholder actually receives because of his additional stock.

As this pyramiding of stock continues, the workers are called upon for greater efficiency and speed-up methods are constantly installed to earn interest on the increased capitalization that grows and grows.

In the first nine months of this year General Motors earned a net profit of \$240,534,613. This is a record that no other American corporation has ever approached in peace time.

New York, Nov. 17.—Opposition to repression by the injunction process and by other arbitrary acts is included in proposed additions to social ideals that are submitted by a committee to the Commission on the Church and Social Service of the Federal Council of Churches.

The additions would also include approval of constitutional guarantees of free speech, assemblage and press "as the necessary means to democracy and discovery of truth."

The churchmen declare that the church should call for the abandonment of luxurious living by self-imposed standards and for wider distribution of property as an aid to the development of personality.

It is also stated that "we favor a determined attack upon the problem of employment, based upon the principle that if a reserve of labor is necessary to industry, the maintenance of such a reserve is a legitimate charge against the industry itself, within limits to be determined by the best scientific methods available."

This recommendation is made concerning imperialism: "That while demanding that the protection of investors in properties in foreign lands be limited to securing them equal treatment with citizens of the country in which they do business, we sanction the request of missionary boards and of missionaries themselves that our government use only such methods, in times of crisis, to protect mission property and missionaries as are compatible with international good will."

Attacked and denounced as scarcely any other institution ever has been, the unions have thriven and grown in the face of opposition. This healthy vitality has been due to the fact that they were a genuine product of social needs—indispensable as a protest and a struggle against the abuses of industrial government—*John K. Ingram, LL.D.*

The worker needs credit most. He needs it in small amounts for sickness, for emergencies, for starting housekeeping, as well as for the building of a home. These are the primary needs of every man and a properly organized banking system would enable most every one to secure credit for all those purposes.—*Frederick C. Howe.*

Why not, then, take from the few the power to break peace? Why not provide that aggressive war shall be declared only by vote of the people? If the people want peace, why not give them an opportunity to vote for peace? Why not take from the minority the control of war-making machinery?—*Allan Benson.*



# Battle to Make Big Panama Projects Union

By AN ELECTRICAL WORKER

**NOTE:** The writer of this important article is known to the editor. For obvious reasons he wishes to remain anonymous.

**"A**RE the building trades craftsmen in the Panama Canal Zone—American citizens—going to be replaced by alien negroes of England in the employ of the U. S. Army?" This is the burning question in Panama—one that is agitating every union man's heart. The negro leaders are ever alert and much pressure will be brought to bear on the efforts of American employees who are strong to uphold the American skilled mechanic. The "Star and Herald" devoted to West Indian interests, reported in full my letter, to the JOURNAL OF ELECTRICAL WORKERS of September, which opened this question, and gave a two column editorial comment. It said in part:

"It is true that West Indian labor, by the rate of pay it received, makes it possible for the United States Government to operate the canal at a greater profit than if the occupations they hold were filled by United States citizens, but this is no condition created by the West Indians themselves. For several years those people have been straining at the economic ropes which have bound them to a life of hand-to-mouth experience, and even now they are asking for better wages—wages commensurate with the nature and quality of the services they are rendering.

"They do not present a problem to the Government, nor do they menace the interest of United States citizens. They have a right here, and a right to a respectable living, too. The opposition of certain classes of the canal labor force carries no significance, when it is remembered that the American government is only performing a natural duty by giving suitable employment to thousands of aliens who came here under its invitation, and who would become a problem, not to the personnel of a hostile labor body, but to the Government itself, if, on the ground of national sentimentalism they were relieved of the positions they now hold."

Recently there have been important conferences between members of the Army Staff and representatives of union labor. The immediate point of controversy was over the employment of aliens on small building projects at Corozal part of the Albrook Field Project. The significant fact is that these four cottages were being built out of general funds appropriated for Albrook Field. Electrical workers and plumbers were affected.

There is little use in going into detail as to the character of these extensive conferences, suffice it to say that these union representatives left no stone unturned, and that they moved by gradations from staff men to the powers-that-be. The upshot of the matter is that the army officers showed a spirit of co-operation, and finally an order was issued replacing the said aliens by American citizens. Whether this incident is

**Conditions in Panama Canal Zone are fast moving toward a condition where American union workers are replaced by alien colored workers, according to our correspondent. A situation is being created with international complications. A matter of national safety is involved.**

to create a precedent in favor of employment of American citizens remains to be seen.

During the next five years it is expected that about \$12,000,000 of construction work is to be done on the Canal Zone. This will be done by the Army, and by firms to whom contracts are let. It has been reported that the fill for the Albrook Field project will be made by the Canal. The danger for the building trades standpoint is that they may be left out of the contract. There is even danger that a foreign contractor may get the work.

It is essential that the labor movement in the states be made fully aware of the situation here, and that it be awake to render full service at the other end. We can not imagine why aliens should be employed in preference to American citizens.

Union workers here are anxious to inform, and to keep informed, the various internationals at home so that full co-operation can be given. Certain international officers are already on their way to Washington to aid in the fight.

Union workers here are just a little perplexed at the turn of affairs. They can not understand why there should be any question about the permanent employment of American citizens. They feel that, if for no other reason, patriotism and national pride should make the powers-that-be want only American citizens employed. But larger questions are involved. There is the question of quality of work; and there is the question of national safety. In time of war, what will be the status of alien workers as compared with American citizens?

In closing I can do no better than quote from my article in the September issue:

"The two major subjects looming above the horizon, in fact they are very high up, are the alien employee of the United States

Government on the Panama Canal, and the retirement legislation, the latter now in legislative committee. By the 'alien' is meant the negro subjects of England, or Great Britain, who came from the West Indies (Jamaica and Barbadoes principally). The clerks are affected most by these aliens, although several skilled trades have been supplanted by them, using Americans in the capacity of foremen in charge of the gang. The carpenters and painters are the hardest hit among the skilled trades though others are more or less affected. According to law the pay of these aliens cannot be more than \$75 per month or 40 cents per hour. Overtime paid only after 10 hours. Compare this with the states' rate of these two crafts and study the effect or bearing it has to the electrical workers and machinists, the only remaining major crafts not seriously affected, as yet.

"The electrical workers of Locals No. 397 and No. 677, over 200 strong and about 90 per cent organized, are going to try to keep you posted as to conditions here, showing you where and how you can help us. It will be your moral assistance that we will need the most, the feeling and assurance that you are behind us in any just and lawful grievance we may have.

"We are one of the few remaining crafts on the Canal whose work is not being done by English negroes in the employ of the United States Government. Are you with us?"

## Phonograph Needle Bears Down Like Tons

One reason why phonograph records do not last forever is made clear by a remark of Mr. Halsey A. Frederick of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, of New York City, in a recent communication to that institution's "Record." The ordinary phonograph needle bears on the groove of the record, Mr. Frederick says, with a pressure of about 50,000 pounds to the square inch; not far below the bearing pressures which are considered safe for brick or steel built into tall buildings. This is more crushing pressure than a man would exert by standing on a small glass bead just large enough to see. If extended over the whole of a 12-inch record this pressure would amount to more than 2,000 tons. The only thing that saves the ordinary phonograph record from being mashed instantly to powder when one begins to play it is that the needle presses on only

a small point of the record at any one time. The smallness of that point, indeed, is why the few ounces of weight of the ordinary arm and reproducer are able to exert so enormous a pressure per unit of area. For playing experimental and test records made of soft wax. Mr. Frederick explains, special counterbalanced arms and needle-carriers have been devised by which the crushing pressure of the needle point is reduced to a safer figure.



CONTROL HOUSE, GATUN LOCKS. ATLANTIC ENTRANCE IN THE DISTANCE.

## Insurance for Electrical Workers' Families

As announced in the October and November issues of the Journal, insurance for the members' families can now be obtained under the provisions of a special policy developed by the Union Cooperative Insurance Association, known as the Electrical Workers' Family Policy, which will give members of the electrical workers' families life insurance at about one-half of the amount they are now required to pay for industrial insurance on the weekly-payment plan.

### Age Limits and Amounts of Insurance Offered

On account of the liberality of the plan the insurance is limited to those persons comprising the members' families who are between the ages of one and fifty years, and who can furnish a statement of good health.

Two units, or \$500.00, of this insurance will be issued to persons between the ages of six and fifty years, inclusive, but only one unit or \$250.00 will be issued to children between the ages of one and five.

### No Medical Examination and No Red Tape

There is no red tape about this plan. No medical examination is required, so that the inconvenience usually connected with applying for life insurance is removed. The plan also eliminates the annoyance of insurance collectors calling weekly or monthly.

### What You Do

The procedure is for you to sign the application form which is carried in each issue of the Electrical Workers' Journal and mail it direct to the **International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers**, 506 Machinists' Building, Washington, D. C. Additional application forms for other members of the family will be mailed on request, or can be obtained from the local secretaries, as supplies have recently been sent them.

Money orders or checks payable to the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers should accompany the application.

**Cost and Method of Payment. This Insurance Costs Only a "Penny a Day," or Thirty Cents a Month for Each Unit of \$250.00**

If possible the annual premium of \$3.60 for each \$250.00 of insurance desired should be enclosed with the application to avoid delay in issuing the insurance. The payment should be made by money order or check, as noted above, and cash should not be sent unless the letter is registered. On receipt of the application and money, the matter of issuing the certificates will be taken up as

rapidly as possible. In case it is found necessary to reject the application, the money will immediately be returned to the applicant.

Where it is impossible for the applicant to pay the full annual premium in advance, the premium payment will be accepted on the semi-annual, quarterly, or even the monthly plan, but it is strongly urged that the premium be paid annually in advance. If two units, or \$500.00, of insurance are desired, merely double the amount of the remittance, sending \$7.20 to pay for \$500.00 of insurance for one year.

### Certificates to Insured

The policy contract entered into by the Brotherhood is dated October 15, 1928.

Certificates to persons insured under this policy will be dated the first or fifteenth of the month in which they are issued, according to the date of approval of the application by the Union Cooperative Insurance Association.

For example, if your application is approved on any date between the eighth and twenty-second, inclusive, of any month, the certificate will be dated the fifteenth of that month. If the application is approved on any date between the twenty-third of one month and seventh of the following month, inclusive, the certificate will be dated the first of the month.

Receipts issued for premium payments will show the date when the next premium payment is due. No additional premium notices will be sent.

### Results to Date

Many of the members have sent in application blanks for their immediate relatives, and requests are continually arriving for additional blanks and for information.

Some members are so well pleased with the plan that they have sent applications for themselves, not realizing that the insurance is for relatives and not for members, as they are already insured in the E. W. B. A.

Now that applications have been furnished to each local union the response will undoubtedly be greater as the delay in obtaining blanks in addition to those printed in the Worker will be eliminated.

### Join Up Without Delay

Each member is urged to send in applications for each eligible member of his family, without delay, to the **International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers**, 506 Machinists' Building, Washington, D. C., so as to take advantage of the opportunity offered of obtaining insurance protection at extremely low cost.

(See Reverse Side for Cost and Age Limits)

# APPLICATION FOR INSURANCE ELECTRICAL WORKERS' FAMILY POLICY

UNION COOPERATIVE INSURANCE ASSOCIATION,  
Washington, D. C.

I certify that I am the..... of..... a member  
(Give relationship)

of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, Local Union No....., and I hereby apply for.....  
units or \$..... life insurance, and will pay \$..... each.....  
for same. (Year, half-year, quarter or month)

I certify that I have no impairment in my health or physical condition, and no deformity, except.....  
.....  
(State any exceptions)

Date of Birth..... Occupation..... Race.....  
(Month-Day-Year)

Birthplace..... Sex.....

Beneficiary..... Relationship.....  
(State full name and relationship of person to whom insurance is to be paid at your death)

Address of Beneficiary.....

My name is.....  
(Print your name in full—not initials. If married use own name, such as "Helen Smith" and not husband's name, as "Mrs. James Smith")

My address is.....  
(Street and number—City and State)

Date.....  
(Signature in full)

Fill in this application and send to the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, Washington, D. C., with check or money order for the first year's premium.

(The Union Cooperative Insurance Association reserves the right to reject any applicant for this insurance for any cause whatever and in case of rejection will return to the applicant the full amount of the payment forwarded with this application. The insurance will become effective on date issued by the Union Cooperative Insurance Association at its Home Office in Washington, D. C.)

**QUESTIONS ON BACK HEREOF TO BE ANSWERED IF APPLICANT IS A MINOR**

Cut Here  
Cut Here

## SUPPLEMENTAL QUESTIONS

Additional Information to be Furnished if Applicant is a Minor.

1. Father of Child.	Full Name	Birthplace
	Birth Date	Occupation
2. Mother of Child.	Full Name	Birthplace
	Birth Date	Occupation
3. Premiums will be paid by:	Name	
	Address	

.....  
(Signature of Parent or Guardian)

**NOTE: Age limits—1 to 50 years.**

Issued in units of \$250.00.

Limit of insurance for any one person:

Ages 1-5, inclusive—\$250.00.

Ages 6-50, inclusive—\$500.00.

**Cost per unit:**

If paid annually, \$3.60.

Semi-annually, \$1.80.

Quarterly, 90 cents.

Monthly, 30 cents or "Penny a Day."

Receipts issued for premium payments will show date next payment is due. No additional premium notices will be sent.

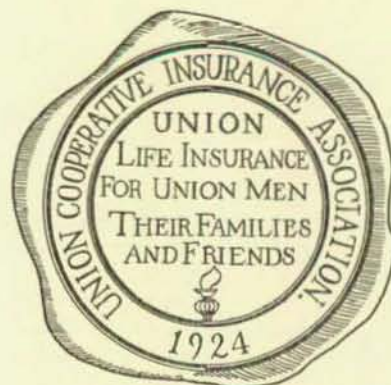
Make Checks Payable to

INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD of ELECTRICAL WORKERS

G. M. Bugniazet

and Send with Application to the Brotherhood, 506 Machinists' Building,

Washington, D. C.



# How A Scribe Feels When His Letter's Turned Down

By BOB KECK, L. U. No. 466

WELL, Mr. Editor, if you are so inclined and have time to spare, I would like to take you for a little stroll back into the dim, dizzy past.

You 'member back yonder when we were kids and there was always a tabby-cat cat-napping on the front or back stoop? No? Well, maybe you had a neighbor who had one. No? Not in a very good humor since the office force got back from their annual strut, eh? Well, let's step in a little closer, up to about the mid-Victorian age. Maybe the apple-of-your-eye had one, eh? Ah ha! Then you remember one evening you had gone over to her house just to ask about the old folks and if she thought they would come back before 10 o'clock, and after she had quieted your fears, she says, "Come on down in the cellar, Ed; I want to show you something." Yes, I understand your name's not Ed, nor do I imagine that she was aware that you were destined to be the head pusher of one of the most up-to-date trade journals in the country, but just now we're looking back into the vague past and I'm saying she called you Ed. (For the love of Mike, man, lend yourself to the occasion.) You know we write the letters for two reasons: Firstly, to boost your (our) magazine, and lastly, but not leastly, to satisfy our own individual conceit that we can write. (How about it, press secretaries?) So you see, Brother International, you'll have to lend yourself to the occasion—step into the atmosphere, so to speak. There are times when we should step into the atmosphere to get the advantage of one another's arguments. Of course, there are exceptions to all cases, the exception peculiar to this case is "Do not step into the atmosphere when aeroplaning." Then there is the exception to the exception, i. e., except when you have a parachute. One gentleman tried that in Europe a few weeks ago and the result was that the foreign market went down as fast as he did, and he floated around in the English Channel like a Portuguese Man-of-war for several days before he hove in sight. Still, if you don't care to step into the ozone, Mr. Editor, at least you may safely lend yourself to the occasion.

Now, to get back to our catastrophe.

## Down, Down, Down, Down

So, you picked up the lamp and went down into the cold, damp cellar, and over in the corner of the cold, damp cellar was an even half-dozen kittens, with eyes unopened. Thoroughbred felines, with all the shades, stripes and spots that any alley might be proud of. And as you gazed down into that dark corner, holding the lamp high over your heads, she murmured, "the darlings!" and you rumbled, "ain't they cute?" or at least you could have done so. There's not much else of intelligence a fellow can say at such a time. Then the kat's kittens were put in a nice comfortable basket, taken upstairs and put behind the kitchen stove. 'Member the old amphibian that would go just as long or strong on wood or coal, dry out your wet shoes or heat the entire house? It was one of the household requisites that was its own reference, it and mother, how they used to get along together. Then 'member the big space behind it, 'twixt it and the wall—a good place for a cord of wood or a couple of scuttles of coal, or maybe every once in a while a place for Tabby and her tab-lets.

Then, about the time you had them well tucked in and stowed away, along came Tabby herself, her proud head erect, her mainmast high and her chest thrown out like a Dutch admiral's awaiting the annexation of a couple of more pounds of iron crosses, on her way to the cold, damp cellar for evening muster.

And you followed her down with the lamp in your hand, down into the cold, damp cellar, and she went over to that dark corner with that purr-r-r-ring noise that only a happy tabby cat can make. She nuzzled around the corner, sniffed the air and the ground, visited all the corners she could find (beginning to remember now, ain't you?) and you stood there turning and shining the light for her from corner to corner, from nook to nook. Finally she came back to the one particular corner, looked up at you with that bewildered,



puzzled look, and then let out a cry—a cry that only a despairing mother cat can make—not so loud, but in a tone that could not be misunderstood by man or cat, and seemed to say "How come?" After enjoying her agony you took her in your arms, up the stairs, up and out of the cold, damp cellar, and put her behind the kitchen stove where she belonged.

## That Look of Bewilderment

Remember Tabby going from corner to corner, only to meet with disappointment and defeat at each turn? That look of bewilderment—unable to understand?

That, Mr. Editor, was the condition of one of your press secretaries the other day when he picked up the WORKER and proudly gazed upon the cover, read "Magazine Chat," glanced through the special articles, scanned the editorial sheet, working firmly, though swiftly—as all press secretaries do—to the correspondence columns, observing who of the regulars were in or not in, when, lo and behold! the cold, dark corner was empty! Ye gods, can it be true! The wastebasket! Sleepless nights improvising; hours practicing a one-finger sonata on the Underwood. What, wasted? No, wastebasketed!

Back to the cover page, under the cover page, another journey from corner to corner, the story, the advertising, hoping against hope—the old immovable object—then realization, and that mournful moan that only a press secretary can make; but

there was none to take me in their arms and put me behind the kitchen stove. "Ah, how beautiful the moon doth shine tonight, and how clear and muddy the river. I'm coming, Brother Gabriel. Glub! Glub! Glub!"

Brother International, you sure do feather a wicked blue pencil.

Well, that's what I get for gallivanting 'round among the neighbors; that's what I get for tarrying along; that's what I get for being press secretary. That's what I get. But I would like for Deacon Woodall, out in Tulsa, Okla., to know that I made an attempt to answer his call for statistics.

We are sorry to see "The Copyist" step out from under. He was a good heavy contributor, and steady. We acknowledge his successor, and may he thrill us now and then as old Nick the Sr. used to do in the days of the "penny dreadful."

In view of the fact that I was officially obliterated last month, I'm not going to write any letter this month. So there!

BOB KECK.

## "Punch Drunk" Fighters Victims of Blood Clots

How hundreds of tiny blood clots, each no larger than a pinhead, may form inside the gray matter of the human brain and ruin its ability to think or to control the body is explained by Dr. Harrison S. Martland of Newark, N. J., in reporting to the American Medical Association the first scientific study ever made of the unusual prize-fighter's disease called "punch drunk." So little has this condition been studied by physicians, Dr. Martland reports, that there are even some brain experts who deny that it exists. Nevertheless Dr. Martland has compiled a list of twenty-three former fighters who show its symptoms; chiefly dragging of the legs or arms, uncertainties of movement and slowness in thinking and in speech. Every experienced promoter or manager of fights or fighters is familiar, he says, with the occasional appearance of these symptoms in former sparring partners of hard-hitting champions or in other fighters accustomed to take heavy punishment, especially blows on the head or face. In an accident case which came under Dr. Martland's observation a blow on the head caused, it was found on post-mortem, hundreds of the tiny blood clots, each due to the rupture of a small blood vessel. Not much blood escaped from any one break but the presence of the many small clots in the substance of the brain damaged that organ, in this case fatally. It is very probable, Dr. Martland believes, that repeated severe jars to the head like those received in prize fights may cause just such blood-vessel ruptures, resulting in the disturbances of movement or of thinking which the "punch drunk" ex-fighter shows.

Vital as is the necessity in time of war not to hamper acts of the executive in the defense of the nation and in the prosecution of the war, of equal and perhaps greater importance, is the preservation of constitutional rights.—Judge Mayer.

We should not let ourselves be burnt for our opinions themselves, of which we can never be quite sure, but we may perhaps do so for the right to hold and change them—Nietzsche.

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to the  
Cause



of  
Organized  
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**Christmas and the Christmas Spirit**

Christmas is supposed to have a softening effect on difficult human nature. Story books tell us so.

During the war, bloodthirsty fighting men left the trenches to fraternize with the enemy—at Christmas time. And we remember something about a peace ship sponsored by a big American automobile maker "to get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas."

We have not the slightest doubt that there are instincts for co-operation and mutual aid, for kindness and fair play, in all of us that don't get used for want of opportunity. We do not want to be cynical but we want to be realistic. As this Christmas time rolls round, we can not see eye to eye with certain American statesmen; we don't believe that chances for peace and international goodwill have been increased during 1928. Certain peace prizes are going to be misplaced.

Before the election, we heard a lot about American marines being in Nicaragua to safeguard an election. But since, we have heard nothing about their removal. The American State Department has set semi-official seal on a book by one Cumberland advocating a new loan for Nicaragua, which means refinancing, and the virtual purchase of that sovereign state by American bankers. President-elect Hoover makes a gesture of international goodwill, but he makes his trip to South America in a battleship, and he fails to tell the United States why real happenings at the Pan American Conference in Havana last year were never published in U. S. newspapers. He does not reveal why South American republics fear and hate us. President Coolidge makes a speech on Armistice Day, which is interpreted abroad as camouflaging a machine gun with a lot of olive branches. In short, these gestures of peace, are only gestures. They hide the true extent of the rapid Americanization of the rest of the world. John Carter, an American journalist, in his book "Conquest: America's Painless Imperialism" lets the cat out of the bag. He says, "America is buying up the world." Study the recent financial history of any American corporation and you will see how true this statement is. America is setting out upon a career of world dominance.

Mr. Carter calls it "peace-fare," not war-fare. True no small, weak nation can resist us, and yet in Nicaragua and Haiti it was not peace-fare. Wait, until the great merchandizer Uncle Sam clashes with John Bull, the great mer-

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chandizer, or with Hans, the German boy, with world ambitions. Will it be peace-fare then? We are asking, why the hurry to rush into a naval race?

No—Christmas time 1928 does not bring real assurance of a peaceful world.

As for labor—every thoughtful unionist knows that he fights the wars, and pays for them, too. He can get out of that what peace of mind he can at Christmas.

**Herbert Clark Hoover**

The election is over, and Mr. Hoover no longer belongs to the republican party, according to his late illustrious opponent, Al Smith. Friends very near Mr. Hoover tell us that there are three great pillars in his philosophy, aptly described as individualism, conference and co-operation. His life seems to bear these impressions out. We remember his conference on the elimination of waste in industry, his unemployment conference, and his efforts to eliminate seasonable unemployment in the construction field. Conference and co-operation are two great instruments of social advancement, and labor has always stood for them. Labor would be untrue to its organized traditions, life and philosophy, if it did not respond to these brave words and wholesome practices. But there is a question about individualism. Does individualism exactly fit into a method of conference and co-operation? And how? Or is individualism opposed to co-operation and conference?

It is labor's experience that the most individualistic, the most autocratic employers, are the ones that refuse conference and co-operation. It is labor's experience that the profiteering corporation is generally the anti-labor corporation, the non-co-operating corporation. And this individualism is a very serious blight upon our national life. We believe it was the spirit of "I" against the spirit of "We" which animated the oil grafters, and the other anti-social buccaneers of this generation.

Mr. Hoover's education is not finished. His education in public affairs is really just begun. We are hoping, as it progresses he will find that conference and co-operation will loom larger and larger and individualism smaller and smaller. Mr. Hoover can help this shrinkage in one, and growth in the other, or he can become the friend of the ranging individualists of his administration, who put private above public good.

**Following the Pathfinders**

When E. G. Grace, President of the anti-union Bethlehem Steel Corporation, arose and spoke to certain of his executives the other day, he said:

"American industry faces no more important task today than to protect the buying power represented by wages. In the last ten years a new order has been created in our economic life. It is recognized that high standards of living are based on the greater earning power of labor, and second, that continued prosperity and high wages go hand in hand."

Perhaps Mr. Grace did not know it, but was voicing the economic principles of Samuel Gompers and William Green. Perhaps Mr. Grace's employees do not and will never know it, but they are beneficiaries of those terrible labor unions, who have fought for fifty years, that the economic views, Mr. Grace is now learnedly expounding might be put into effect.

**Opposition in Order**

Labor is once again face to face with proposed universal draft legislation. Though Paul V. McNutt, National Commander of the American Legion, spoke eloquently at the American Federation of Labor, in behalf of the bill, he failed to cite concrete clauses in the bill, which provided for the drafting of dollars as well as of men. His predecessor in office, Edward Spofford, it is recalled, testified before a House Committee that "you can not draft capital." The bill as drawn has several peculiarly vicious features. The bill drafts labor, not only in war times, but whenever any President may see fit to declare an emergency. It permits the exemption of citizens not engaged in industry. Only labor and farmers are to be drafted. It pretends to draft capital.

This bill deserves the immediate, sweeping and militant opposition of every labor unionist. It is vicious, unfair, and hypocritical. And it will get that opposition without interruption until it is defeated.

**How Much is Good Wages?**

Again speaking of Christmas, it is remarked by certain optimistic editorial writers on employer newspapers, that holiday business will be good this year because of the heavy dealing in stocks on Wall Street. We hide a smile behind our hand. Yet this suggests the economic aspect of Christmas, and we wonder how many wage-earners in the \$2,500 a year class—the great bulk fall below this figure—will have enough money for Christmas shopping. As they curtail this item and that item, it might be well for them to employ their time in studying the figures given out by the Bureau of Internal Revenue. These exciting figures indicate that 283 Americans paid taxes on incomes of \$1,000,000 a year or more. This is an increase of 50 multimillionaires over 1926, and 209 over 1923. A man with such an income must have at least \$25,000,000 productive capital.

This leads to other questions, we believe legitimate questions. What is a fair wage?

The post-war era is ending. Wages are pretty well stabilized. The most prosperous worker is making between \$2,000 and \$2,800 a year. Has he any right to expect more? Bearing on this question is the recent report of the Heller Committee for Research in Social Economics of the University of California. This Committee startles us with the suggestion that the family of four of the professional class needs \$6,500 a year. And says Universal Service:

"Here is the way in which the average California family spend the \$6,500 annually in attempting to live at the accepted professional standard:

Food .....	\$1,043.28
Clothing .....	893.44
Housing .....	1,343.30
House Operating.....	2,228.00

"The wife gets approximately half the entire appropriation for clothing. The remaining half is divided between the husband and children. Under the miscellaneous classification is included \$650 for savings and life insurance, \$328 for automobile upkeep, \$275 for medical care, \$259 for recreation, \$136 for education, \$125 for gifts, \$123 for social entertain-

ment, \$60 for charity, \$60 for incidentals, \$54 for tobacco, \$50 for church, \$46 for barber and cosmetics, \$40 for carfare and \$36 for organization dues."

Now we want to know, what is the difference—inherent God-given difference—between a worker's family and a professional man's family?

**Brunette Women of the Nile**

Haldeman-Julius of Girard, Kansas, is being heralded as the Henry Ford of literature. He is the publisher and merchandizer of 100,000,000 books, and he has recently taken the public into his confidence as to how the miracle was accomplished in a book entitled "The First Hundred Million." This volume might have been called "What's in a Title?" for, as he relates, he sold the classics by doctoring their titles. A life of George Sand which sold at first like overcoats at the equator jumped into brisk demand when the title was changed to "A French Woman's Love Life." This illustrates his method—it does more, it reveals much about the tastes and interest of the American public. He found that there were four sure-fire appeals: (1) Sex; (2) Self-improvement; (3) Free thought; (4) Entertainment, chiefly humor.

Now this is the same public that labor has to reach with its pleas for social justice and fair play. Labor must interest men in such abstract, and fundamentally important questions, as social wages, child labor, business cycles, craft skill, and equitable distribution of wealth, when men prefer to read about blond women of Troy or brunette women of the Nile, or how I can become a brilliant conversationalist in five lessons, or how to reduce the weight without drugs. The fact that Americans are like that magnifies labor's job many times.

To be sure, labor does not ignore any one of the four appeals with which Haldeman-Julius baited his hook. For instance, when labor tells a prospective union member that he will have more security on the job if he joins the union, labor is indirectly making an appeal to the highest sex instincts, protectiveness. When labor tells a prospective union member that he will have a chance to join worker education classes if he joins the union, labor is making an appeal to the man's instinct for self-improvement. Still the fact cannot be blinked that labor is trying to sell the idea of co-operation and mutual aid in an individualistic world; that it is trying to sell the idea of prevention of social suffering and economic maladjustment by engineering and forward planning in a disorderly economic system; that it is trying to sell the idea of justice in a world often cruel and unfair.

But there is little doubt that new appeals can be thought out for merchandizing labor's principles. The American Federation of Labor is advocating a nation-wide organizing campaign, and it seems to us the first step is to discover new ways of approaching American workmen. The old slogans won't carry as far as they once did because old conditions have passed away.

Whether labor will follow Haldeman-Julius' lead is a big question. We doubt it. However we have tried it in this editorial. At first we headed this comment "Labor's Task." This we erased, and substituted, "Brunette Women of the Nile." 'Fess up, dear reader, did it make any difference?



# WOMAN'S WORK



## Christmas—Union Made *By PENNELL CROSBY*

**T**HUMPETY-THUMP! Thumpety-thump! Terry Lund walked along the railroad track, his heels coming down extra hard because the ties were a little too far apart for the comfort of his short legs. He was a small, sturdy boy with steady blue eyes; a few freckles danced impishly over his short nose, but at this moment they did not cheer up the rest of his face as they usually did, for his expression was thoughtful, worried, though not downright morose.

There was a man walking the track just ahead of him and although his longer legs vouchsafed him the convenience of being able to step from tie to tie with ease, he walked slowly, and Terry, steadily gaining on him, scrutinized with care the stained overalls and mackinaw jacket of the other traveler. His old felt hat was dented in a jolly way, as though some one had sat on it and the wearer had not bothered to straighten it out very well.

Now he was abreast of the man: one quick glance into the other's face, then a longer look, for children and dogs have intuition. The red, weather-beaten skin, eyes of a warmish gray, narrowed from gazing into cold wind, and with a fine spray of wrinkles at the corners; about the generous mouth, heavier wrinkles that proclaimed the pathway of smiles. And one of those smiles, at that moment, was flashing around the corners for the benefit of the small boy.

"What's this town?" blurted Terry, checking his pace.

"Marshallville," said the man, in a deep, pleasant voice. "Where you aiming to hit tonight?"

"Oh, gotta keep goin'," Terry replied, with a vague gesture toward the horizon, where the sun was setting in a lather of pink clouds. The chill, wintry twilight was blowing in and the lights of houses began to twinkle in the town.

"Goin' to be cold tonight," the man suggested, casually. Terry drew a deep breath. Plenty cold, tired and hungry, too, but that was all right.

"Had plenty to eat today?" the stranger asked, kindly.

Again Terry measured the man with his eyes, and what he saw must have satisfied him.

"Got up early and missed breakfast, but I had a hunk of cornbread with me," he answered, gruffly as his boyish voice would permit.

"Hum. Well, this is where I turn off for home. Say, shucks, boy, you must be starved. Why don't you stop over at my place for a little snack—that is, if you are not in any particular hurry?"

Terry turned off the tracks into a small pathway with woeful eagerness. Whatever his inner satisfaction, it did not extend to the stomach.

"I like company," said the man, as though justifying himself. "Ain't had much lately."

### A Tired, Generous Man

In the combination kitchen, living room and dining room of the snug two-room

shack, Terry appraised his host once more. Hat off, his hair showed white and he did not seem so tall, and he was undoubtedly weary. A tired man, who perhaps regretted his generous impulse as he rummaged in the cupboard for food for a homeless boy.

"Let's see—cold potatoes, cabbage, ham, and eggs. Not fancy, but fillin'." He stirred up the coal fire in the range and lifted the iron skillet off the hook.

"Hey," said Terry, eager but embarrassed, "How about letting me do the cooking?"

"Good cook?"

"Medium," the wayfarer admitted, modestly. "Honest, I—I like to cook. Please let me!"

"Shucks, if you want to—Well, I sure need a good, competent cook around here. Get awful tired of my own cookin'."

"Well, now, you sit down and lemme do it," the boy commanded. "Hey, you like a little onion sliced with the potatoes? I think it sets 'em up."

The boy turned competently to the stove as his host laid out thick china plates and mugs on the oilcloth-covered table. Then the old man sat down in a padded rocker and appeared to sink into himself, like a turtle into his shell. Terry did not disturb him till the meal was ready.

Supper was consumed almost in silence, for Terry was too wolfishly hungry to talk, and his host also ate with gusto, with an occasional compliment to the young cook.

"My, I do admire anybody that can fry eggs without busting the yolks," he mentioned. "Handsome flavor to that ham." And later—"Now, you do seem to get just the right amount of pepper to the potatoes—"

When both were replete, the host tilted his chair back against the wall and lit a knobby black pipe.

"What I would really like to know," he said in a mild voice, "is how a young fellow like you got to be such a master hand with the skillet."

Terry looked apprehensive. "You'd send me back?"

"You wouldn't want to stay away and keep your folks sick with worry—"

"I haven't got any folks," said the boy, soberly. And then, recklessly, he confided: "I ran off from the Stoneville Orphan Asylum this morning. And nobody's going to get me back there, neither!"

### "Pile of Soiled Rompers"

Although there is not much pleasure in being an orphan at the Stoneville institution, you don't notice it if you've never known anything better, Terry explained. That was before the advent of Joe. Joe was a friendly demi-god and presiding genius of the kitchen, and Terry had been assigned to help him. It had been a period of rapture, with between-meal lunches and tremendous tales of the outer world related by Joe, who promised to teach Terry his trade so some day he could be chef in a swell hotel. But alas, demi-gods do not make satisfactory cooks for orphan asylums. They are too prodigal with the butter and

eggs. So they got one who would be stingy. He had other unpleasant traits, Terry declared. Broken crockery was charged up to the cook, and after being smacked with the flat side of a cleaver for breaking a platter, Terry left the asylum under a pile of soiled gingham rompers in the laundry wagon.

"Please don't send me back," he pleaded. "I think that guy would spear me with a slicer. He was mean \* \* \* An' he wouldn't let me cook. Gosh, I wish I could stay right here and cook for you. Honest, you wouldn't send me back?"

"Well, I don't know," said the old man, uneasily. "You can stay till morning, anyway. What's your name?"

"Terry Lund. The 'Lund' is just tacked on, kinda, but 'Terry' was on a piece of paper, pinned on my baby dress. My mother loved me enough to give me a name, anyway."

"It's a good name, Terry. My own name is Dennis Callahan. The young fellows call me 'Uncle Denny.'"

Terry and Uncle Denny bunked cosily together that night and in the morning the boy fairly outdid himself in a masterpiece of breakfast. He made sandwiches and packed Uncle Denny's lunch in the battered tin box and helped him on with his coat. The old man looked at his watch.

"Shucks," he assumed vexation, "I can't send you back today if I wanted to. It's late and I must get to work. But don't you run off, now! I'll be home with some groceries this evening and we'll talk it over again."

Terry never went back to the asylum; indeed, before long Uncle Denny had taken out adoption papers fearing lest the asylum should step in and snatch the boy away from him. They were a queerly-assorted, happy pair, Terry fussing over the old man's comfort like an old-fashioned wife, rushing home from school to market, cook and clean. Love and gratitude bubbled in his heart, and he expressed them as best he could. Uncle Denny worked at his trade—when work for an oldish man could be found—or sat in the padded rocker by the fire, watching Terry bustle about. The old workman was satisfied if he made enough to keep them in clothes and food, with an occasional movie show, and to pay his dues to the union.

And now it was a week before Christmas and Uncle Denny was laid up with rheumatism and almost the last of the money had gone by Messenger Terry, down to the union hall.

A fresh fall of snow had transformed the city-soiled drifts into immaculate mountains again; the morning sun made the streets dazzlingly bright, but there was no brightness in Terry's heart.

Beany White hailed him from the window of a sleazy tenement—"Wait, Terry!"

Beany ought to feel worse worried about Christmas than he did, Terry reflected, for his father never worked. But the Whites got along somehow. If the Salvation Army



# Fashions

*Spangles!!  
Alas, they're very  
faded and glitter so  
gaily in Christmas  
lights. A black velvet  
helmet (above) makes  
a rich contrast for a  
spangled pattern.*

*Flares and  
gadgets provide  
fullness in a smart  
ensemble (above) of  
wool and rayon fab-  
ric, collared and  
cuffed in  
caracul.*

*The new cape  
ensemble - as worn  
by Ruth Elder, the  
Trans-Atlantic flyer -  
(left) is of gray tweed  
trimmed with trimmer  
in blending tones. The  
white blouse is  
tweed trimmed.*

*The home  
seamstress  
might copy these  
"brother and sister  
suits" of cambric,  
simply but effectively  
trimmed with white  
bands and fine  
black cording.*

wouldn't help them, the Family Welfare came to the rescue. They were so humble, so grateful, such "deserving cases" for the city's charities.

"What you doin' for Christmas, Beany?" Terry asked, as his friend clattered down

the street in hand-me-down boots two sizes too big.

"Got an invite from the Civic Club for their Christmas party, an' they give every kid a big basket of groceries."

"Gosh, wish I had a ticket!"

"You hard up, Terry?" asked Beany sympathetically.

**A Nice Brown Turkey**

"Broke," Terry confessed. "Uncle's got  
(Continued on page 668)

# Modern Substitutes For The Magnetic Pole Star

By PROFESSOR C. M. JANSKY, Electrical Engineer, University of Wisconsin

THERE is nothing in the record to show that Moses used any direction finding device when he led the trekking Israelites from Egypt into the promised land. Whether he directed his course by the position of the heavenly bodies or whether faith was his only guiding star, the record saith not. Nevertheless, ever since man first noticed that more moss grew on the north than on the south side of the trees, that is in the northern hemisphere, his movements over the face of the earth have been greatly facilitated by direction finding and position locating devices. These devices not only facilitated his movements over land, but by their aid he extended his explorations to unknown seas and more recently to the air above. With the increased range of his explorations the limitations of the direction finding device became more apparent and improved and new devices were sought. Thus the magnetic compass, while suitable for short journeys, soon was discovered to give erroneous directions when used on long voyages. The earth's magnetic field which oriented the compass was not directed in a north to south direction on all points of the earth's surface. The isogonic lines did not coincide with the meridians. Before navigation could be safe over all the seas, the earth's magnetic field had to be plotted first. A knowledge of the magnetic condition of every point of the earth was obviously of the highest importance to navigation.

When the wooden ship was superseded by the steel ship, new influences disturbed the indications of the compass, and again the magnitude of these disturbances had to be known, or better yet, a device not subject to these influences was sought. The many inaccuracies of the magnetic compass led to the development of the gyroscopic direction indicator or compass.

While the purpose of introducing the gyro-compass into this article is merely to emphasize the progressive changes, in the development of directing devices and not to explain in detail its operating principles, a few lines concerning the laws governing its operation may not be amiss.

## Toy Reveals Laws

The gyroscope as a child's toy may be purchased at any notion store. Experiments with this same toy will disclose some of the laws that govern its use as a compass. As ordinarily mounted, the gyroscope may move around any one of three axes mutually perpendicular to each other. These axes are the axis of the wheel, the vertical pivot, and a horizontal line passing through the pivot. If while the gyroscope wheel is spinning rapidly one end of the axle be placed on the vertical pivot it will be observed that the axle has a tendency to remain in a horizontal position. The force of gravity combined with the forces of inertia of the spinning mass operate to place the plane of the wheel in the plane of the force of gravity, and the axle, or axis, of the wheel in line with the axis around which the force of gravity acts. This same principle can easily be demonstrated in another way. If the flywheel of an automobile be mounted and spun on a horizontal shaft one end of which is attached to the vertical spindle of a drill press it will be found that an attempt to turn the drill spindle will develop a force tending to raise or lower the

axis of the flywheel into a vertical position. In short, the spinning body moves in such a manner as to place its axis of spin parallel to the axis of the unbalanced torque.

When a gyroscope is mounted and spun in a Cardan ring or in gimbals so that it may turn freely about any one of three rectangular axes, the unbalanced torque is introduced by the rotation of the earth and the gyroscope wheel places its axis parallel to the axis of the earth, and thus indicates a true north and south direction. Thus navigation was freed from the dangers incident to the use of the magnetic compass.

## Airplane Uses Gyro

While the gyroscopic compass is now regular equipment on warships and many commercial vessels, its use on airplanes is limited primarily on account of its cost and the necessary auxiliary equipment to drive it. In short, a new means of transportation presents new problems for solution. The limitations of the magnetic compass on an airplane are the same as on an ocean vessel with the additional one introduced by the nonhorizontality of the earth's magnetic field. So long as the airplane remains horizontal the compass needle is controlled by the horizontal component of the earth's magnetic field. But the earth's field also has a vertical component which in the northern hemisphere is stronger than the horizontal component. When an airplane deviates from its horizontal flight, the vertical component of the earth's field comes into play and causes erroneous indications. A device which is in a measure free from these limitations is the so-called earth inductor compass to which Lindbergh gave credit for his successful flight across the ocean. The earth inductor compass is essentially a direct current two-pole generator with movable brushes. The difference between it and a commercial machine is the absence of any field winding. The armature consists of rectangular coils mounted so as to rotate about a vertical axis, and the magnetic flux cut by these coils is the horizontal component of the earth's magnetic field. The indicating device is a sensitive millivoltmeter with the zero in the center of the scale. The manner in which an earth inductor connected to a millivoltmeter is used to indicate direction will be more clearly understood by reference to Fig. 1, which is in outline a top view of the generator and indicator. The broken lines show the direction of the earth's magnetic field, and the circle is the drum on which the coils are wound. With the brushes in the position shown, no e. m. f. is manifest between the brushes, and hence the indicator stands at zero. So long as the flight of the airplane is parallel to the earth's magnetic field, the indicator pointer will remain at zero, and conversely any deviation of the pointer from its zero position is an indication that the plane has deviated from the course. Furthermore, whenever the pilot desires to change his course by a certain number of degrees, he shifts the brushes in the opposite direction a corresponding number of degrees and then turns his plane so the pointer again stands at zero.

While Lindbergh credited the earth inductor compass with the success of his transoceanic flight, Chamberlain, who also used such a compass, deviated considerably from his course. The earth inductor compass is

thus not an infallible direction finding device, but has many of the limitations of the magnetic compass.

The earth's magnetic field near the surface of the earth has been mapped quite accurately, and corrections for its deviations from a north and south line can readily be made. Whether or not it deviates from a north and south direction in the upper regions no one knows, and, therefore, no corrections are possible. Furthermore, so long as the airplane maintains its position relative to the earth's magnetic field, it may drift at right angles to its direction of flight and this drift is not indicated by the compass. Thus while the earth inductor compass is an improvement on the magnetic compass, it is not an infallible guide for long distance flying.

## Radio Aids in Orientation

The next step in the making of aviation more safe was the use of radio. As is well known, a loop antenna, when used either for transmission or reception, has directive properties. When used in transmission, the strongest signal is transmitted along a line in the plane of the loop.

When used in reception, the strongest signal is received when the plane of the loop is in line with the transmitting station. This directive property of the loop antenna at once suggested its use as a direction finding and locating device and when so used it was called a radio compass. In the first attempts to use radio in locating an airplane in flight a complete receiver and transmitter were installed in the airplane for communication with at least two stations whose locations were known. The receiving antenna was either a small loop mounted in or near the cockpit, or else it consisted of an arrangement of wires strung along the wings of the craft. When the pilot desired to locate his position, he got in touch with the two base stations, and while they transmitted steady signals he turned his receiving antenna until the loudest signal was received from each. The angle between the two positions of his loop antenna together with his compass reading gave the pilot his bearing with reference to the two stations. By plotting these bearings on a chart he could determine his position by triangulation. While from a theoretical viewpoint the radio compass should be the most satisfactory aid in aviation it did not prove to be so in practice for many reasons which will not be enumerated here. Suffice it to say that the apparatus occupied too much room and its operation was too complicated and uncertain.

To obviate the necessity of the pilot determining his own bearing, the next step in the use of the radio compass was to assign the role of navigator to operators at the ground stations. A transmitter and receiver were still used by the pilot, but these were no longer directional, the compass was transferred from the plane to the ground stations. The pilot sent out signals which were received by the ground stations which were also in communication with each other. When each of the two stations had determined the bearing of the airplane with reference to the station's location it was a comparatively easy process to combine the bearings and by triangulation locate the airplane, which location was then communi-

(Continued on page 670)

### THE CAROLERS



# EVERYDAY SCIENCE

## World's Lightning Power Equal to Less Than One-Twentieth of Controlled Electric Power in the United States

All the crashes of lightning in the world produce, at any given time, power equal to less than one-twentieth of the amount being generated by the light and power companies in the United States, according to computations based on estimates of F. W. Peek, Jr., consulting engineer for the General Electric Company.

There is an average of 1,800 thunderstorms in progress in the world at any one instant, according to Mr. Peek. These give 300,000 flashes per hour, of 1,500,000 horsepower operating continuously.

This is compared with the 32,500,000 horsepower capacity of generating stations in the United States.

### "Suspender" Lights

The first ceiling lights designed for using the new electric lamps forty years ago were suspended from the ceiling by a tape with an electric wire sewed to either edge. Because this tape resembled that used for men's suspenders, the electricians promptly dubbed the new lights "Suspender" Lights.

## TELEPHONE PROGRESS

### First Loading Coils

The first telephone line with loading coils was put into commercial use on May 18, 1900, between West Newton and Jamaica Plain, Mass.

The loading coils, placed at regular intervals on telephone lines, tend to reduce energy losses and permit much longer talking distance. In other words, the coils conserve the electric current but they do not amplify the current as does the telephone repeater, a recent invention.

### Ten Thousand Horsepower Plant That Runs Itself

New England is to have a 10,000 horsepower electric generating plant that will run without attendants. This plant is being built in Massachusetts on the Deerfield River just below the Vermont line. Power will be supplied by water impounded in a reservoir by the building of an earth filled dam 100 feet high. Power will be generated at 2,300 volts and stepped up through transformers to 110,000 volts for transmission to various points in the New England Power System.

The station will be entirely automatic and regulated from the Davis Bridge station 2½ miles away by means of three control wires.

### Electric Lamps Glow Without Filament

Tiny electric lights that have no filament are now available. They produce a little light by the activation of the contained gas which gives a negative electrode. These lamps will illuminate small clock faces, act as night markers of various sorts or serve as indicators by which to determine whether electric irons or cellar lights are shut off. Some are so tiny that they could be burned for 5,000 hours for 1 cent, except for the fact that the normal life of such lamps is 2,000 hours—about double that of the average electric lamp.

## Forty-Five Years of Growth in Electric Light Business

Forty-five years ago, on September 4, Thomas A. Edison started the first public electric light and power plant in the world, on Pearl Street, New York City. The total capacity of this first station was 559.5 kilowatts, or about 750 h. p. The largest generator was rated at 125 h. p., and when running full power could light about 1,500 16 candle-power lamps. Recently, the successor of this company placed an order for a single generator unit of 210,000 h. p. which will be installed in a new station having a total capacity of 1,500,000 h. p. when completed. This is 2,000 times the capacity of the entire first plant, a single unit being 1,700 times as large as the first unit. This new station could generate enough electricity to light more than 4,500,000 six-room houses, and the single unit referred to above will be able to light 600,000 homes.

The first plant ran 14 months without a breakdown and during that time the number of lights in use increased from 5,500 to 12,732 with a total of 508 customers. Today there are more than 18,000,000 customers in the United States.

## New York Uses More Electricity Than Any City in the World

During 1925, the total output of electricity in the United States was in excess of 60 billion kilowatt hours, and of this huge amount, New York City with 5 per cent of the population used practically 12 per cent of all the electrical energy. In terms of man power, this would mean that every inhabitant of New York City has potentially at his disposal electrical energy equivalent to the labor of thirty human beings, and yet the consumption of electricity in New York represents only a small fraction of its possible use.

New York City alone consumes almost as much electrical energy as the whole of France or Italy.

## HATCHING CHICKENS BY THE MILLION Enormous Incubators Take the Place of Hens

The day when dependence was placed entirely upon the lowly hen to furnish eggs and also raise broods of chickens to maintain their species has long since passed. Today, hens are kept only for laying or for the market, and the hatching of chickens is done entirely by artificial means.

A single chicken farm in California has produced as many as 3,000,000 baby chicks in one year. This mammoth hatchery has electric incubators which take 500,000 eggs at one time. Each setting weighs approximately 30 tons and each egg is automatically turned 6 times a day. A temperature of 103 degrees is maintained and at the end of the twenty-first day electrically operated gears open the long line of incubator doors so that the new chickens may have light and air.

The eggs are carefully inspected and tested before being put into the incubators to remove all infertile eggs. The temperature is maintained at an even degree by means of thermostats.

It is claimed that a larger percentage of eggs is hatched when electricity is used than by any other means.

## Samuel Rea Says Gas Will Do All Heating Fifty Years Hence

That some of the most notable achievements of engineering in the next 50 years will have to do with the elimination of waste in the use of fuels, and with the recovery and utilization of by-products of distillation and combustion, is the belief of Samuel Rea, ex-President of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Pointing out that various estimates of the available supply of anthracite coal and oil predict their ultimate exhaustion, he believes that by 1977, if not before, bituminous coke will be the sole source of heat supplies for the country, and that gas developed in central plants will be the chief reliance for distributing heat to both industry and the home.

"Some time in the future," says Mr. Rea, "perhaps by 1977, if not earlier, we may conceive that all small and inefficient plants will be closed down and heat and power obtained from central plants where production costs are at minimum. Certainly this is both possible and practicable in cities and even in closely settled suburban or country districts.

"Fuels are destined to become so valuable to the human race as a whole that they will be placed only in the hands of those who can to the greatest advantage control their combustion. Scarcely anything is more archaic in our civilization, or more wasteful in the eyes of the economist, than our individual house heating systems, in which all but a small fraction of the potential heat of the fuel is dissipated upon the outside atmosphere.

"The gas business, as a public utility, will supply practically all heat distribution in urban localities. As capital cheapens, it will become possible to construct distribution systems furnishing cheaply produced gas for house heating purposes as well as cooking. Industries in many cases will similarly be supplied with gas for fuel instead of burning coal in individual furnaces under boilers. We may then realize the smokeless city, and added sunlight will greatly improve the health of urban dwellers."

## Electricity Keeps Switches Clear

Electricity has solved one of the great difficulties in the operation of railroad terminals, both steam and electric, in the winter months in the keeping of switches open during snowstorms.

Last year, the Pennsylvania Railroad experimented with a new type of electrical switch heater. This heater is so shaped to fit into the side of the rail so that the heating surface comes directly against the web and flange, the back being insulated against heat losses. The heater is so arranged as to be easily and quickly bolted to the rail.

Six units are usually applied to a switch, the capacity of each unit being rated at 660 watts. At the rate of 1 cent per k. w. h., the cost of keeping a switch free from ice is about 95c for 24-hour full operation. Compared with the present method of keeping these switches thawed out by shoveling and the use of coal oil, the cost is much less and the results much better. Based on the experience of last winter, it is believed that these heaters will last for a period of three or four years before replacement will be necessary.

# CONSTRUCTIVE HINTS

## Connections

The contact surface of nuts, busbars and cable terminals must be thoroughly clean so as to insure good contact, and the threads on the studs of the instruments should be clean and bright. If at any time a nut screws on too tightly, it should be run over a tap of the proper dimensions, otherwise the threads on the stud may be damaged on the stud turned in the instrument, thereby breaking the internal connections.

After the apparatus has been aligned, all connections should be firmly clamped. Current leads of ammeters should be large enough to carry the maximum current without undue heating. For potential leads of voltmeters No. 12 wire is suitable.

## Automatic Pole—Type Induction Regulators Care

The mechanism must be kept free from dirt and dust, and all wearing parts must be well lubricated. Under ordinary operating conditions it is not expected that the regulator will need attention more than once every two months, possibly less often, depending of course, upon local conditions.

During the periodical inspections, the following points should be kept in mind:

1. Check up the oil in the tank as this evaporates slowly. If the oil level is 2 in. below the lower surface of the casting supporting the mechanism, more oil should be added so as to raise the level to 1 in. below the casting. Use only special transil oil as originally furnished with the regulator.
2. See that the oil in the dashpot is clean and to the proper height which is on a level with the lower section of the dashpot. The lower part of the dashpot can be unscrewed and taken out for cleaning. In replacing, see that it is screwed up perfectly tight against the leather washer.
3. See that the oil well for the motor worm is filled with the proper oil as directed under the subject of "Operation" and fill all other oil holes.
4. Give the lever of the grease cups for the motor bearings about four (4) turns and if grease is used up, refill with "Tule," grade 2VH.
5. Clean the collector rings of the motor by using a wiper of felt or cloth moistened in light oil, preferably kerosene.
6. Inspect the carbon brushes for the motor and replace before worn down far enough to pit the collector rings.
7. It is recommended that the motor be disassembled once a year and carbon dust cleaned from the windings and carbon film removed from and between the collector rings. The cleaning can be done most readily with the motor running, using a piece of cloth moistened with kerosene to clean the rings, and a narrow strip of fine sandpaper, on a sharp piece of wood, to clean the fiber section between the rings. Attention should be given that all carbon is removed and that no sand particles remain on the collector disk after cleaning.

The motor bearings should be cleaned to remove any lubricant which may have caked from use. With the motor running, flush each bearing in succession by admitting kerosene through the grease cup, at the same time tipping the running motor so that the oil in the bearing will run out of the cap at the end which is being cleaned. The kerosene should be allowed to

churn in the bearing for a short time and the cap at that end then removed. This can be done by loosening the small screw in the cap and turning out the cap. Remove the lubricant washed to the bottom of the bearing housing and replace the cap exactly as it was before. Care must be given to this for if cap is turned in too far, it will cramp the balls and if not in far enough, end play will result, to cause hammering of the ball race. After one bearing is thoroughly cleaned, attend to the second, in similar manner. After cleaning the bearings fill each with a cupful of grease and then refill the cup.

## TROUBLES

### Tight Running

If the regulator turns hard, the trouble may be located either in the worm and segment or in the bearings for the rotor shaft. If a liberal amount of lubricating oil supplied to the rotor top bearing and to the worm and segment fails to relieve the trouble, it will be necessary to remove the regulator with the mechanism from the tank in order to apply corrective measures. It is in general not recommended that the customer attempt to do this, but in case of emergency, the following procedure should be followed:

1. Disconnect the control leads at the fuse block and at the resistance terminal block. Chip out the compound around the regulator cables so that they can be pulled through the porcelain bushings, or cut the cables inside the tank.
2. Remove the two bolts A which hold the top frame to the tank.
3. Remove regulator with mechanism from the tank. Two tapped holes B, are provided in the regulator frame, to be used for lifting studs. It is therefore necessary to provide studs  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch diameter about 18 inches long, with one side threaded  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch—16 threads for about 1 inch, while the other end will be bent into a hook or provided with an eye-nut.
4. It may now be determined if the binding is in the mechanism or in the rotor bearings and corrective measures taken.
- In order to remove the mechanism from the regulator, proceed as follows:
  - A. Loosen the cap screw in the segment.
  - B. Remove the positive stop for the segment from the mechanism support.
  - C. Turn the segment counter-clockwise until free of the worm.
  - D. Remove the three bolts holding the mechanism to the regulator frame.
  - E. The base on which all the mechanism is mounted may then be raised so as to clear the shaft.

### Noise

Noise in regulators is due generally to one or more of three causes: Air gap between rotor and stator not uniform; too much clearance in the bearings; too much clearance in the gearing.

It is not recommended that the customer attempt to remedy this trouble, and the best course is to return the regulator to the factory for overhauling.

### Windings

It is, in general, not recommended that the customer attempt to repair a short-circuited or grounded regulator, particularly on account of the special, rather unusual method, of insulating the primary coil.

## OPERATION

When the control switch is closed by the operator, the oil circuit breaker the tripping coil is energized. The plunger, in rising, releases the dog by disengaging the roller stop. This allows the springs to throw the breaker to within approximately  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches of full stroke in either the open or closed position. In the meantime, by means of one of the cam actuated motor switch fingers (the master finger), the motor and magnet clutch have been energized and, through the worm gear, the motion of the breaker is picked up without interruption and the stroke is completed with the breaker in the ultimate open or closed position.

If the mechanism binds, or for any other reason is not in proper adjustment, the compression springs may not be able to start the breaker when the dog is released. To guard against this, a safety switch is provided which is closed by the rising of the tripping coil plunger. This puts current on the motor and clutch, and starts the stroke by bringing the main toggle sufficiently over center so that the springs may operate the breaker and the motor complete the stroke as described above. While the motor is carrying the breaker to the ultimate open or closed position, it is also compressing the springs for the return or opposite stroke of the breaker.

Automatic operation of the breaker, under abnormal overload condition is accomplished by means of a relay which, through its secondary contacts, energizes the tripping coil in the mechanism, the subsequent operation being the same as described above.

## Care

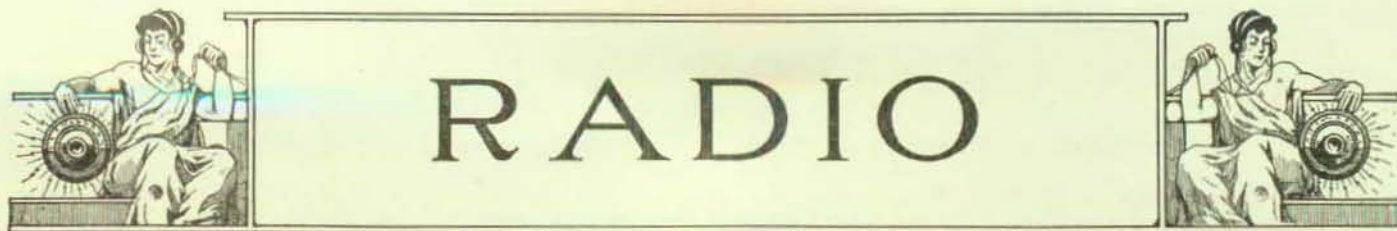
Satisfactory operation having been obtained according to the preceding instructions, the necessary service connections having been completed, and the oil tanks having been filled to the proper level, the breaker is now ready for actual service. As previously recorded, the safety and successful operation of connected apparatus is dependent upon the proper operation of the oil circuit breaker. Therefore the importance of giving the breaker regular and systematic inspection cannot be too strongly urged.

The following points are especially called to the attention of the operator:

1. Keep the breaker and mechanism free from dirt and dust.
2. See that all bolts, nuts, cotter pins, etc., are always in place and properly tightened.
3. All bearing surfaces of the mechanism should be properly lubricated.
4. Examine the contacts frequently to see that they are properly aligned and that contact surfaces bear with a firm, uniform pressure. If circuit interrupting contacts become badly burned or pitted, replace by new ones.
5. See that all terminal connections are properly tightened at all times.
6. See that oil is kept at the proper level in the oil tanks and that the full dielectric strength is maintained.

## POLYPHASE SYSTEMS

Single-phase regulators may be used for regulating the voltage of one, two or three phases of a three-phase system.



## Centralized Radio and the Electrician

By *AUSTIN C. LESCARBOURA, Member A. I. E. E., Member I. R. E.*

THE two systems of centralized radio which have recently been developed by the engineers of the Radio Corporation of America and its associates, have done much to solve our long-standing city radio problem and are certain to be in great demand in the near future. The simple, routine installation of both of these systems offers a wide and promising field for the practical electrician, who therefore makes no mistake in acquainting himself with the basic principles of each.

Centralized radio takes two forms. The first of these, known as audio centralized radio, solves the broadcast reception problem for the transient listener temporarily without a set and satisfied with a limited choice of radio entertainment. The second system, known as radio-frequency centralized radio, caters exclusively to the needs of the permanent tenant who has a set of his own and who wishes to select his own programs. The systems have, however, one point of similarity and that is that the purpose of both is to provide hundreds of listeners in one building with a satisfactory type of broadcast entertainment.

Let us begin by examining audio centralized radio which was the first of the two systems to be developed. The purpose of this system is to distribute broadcast programs throughout hotels, hospitals, auditoriums and other large buildings from a central location. The underlying principle, of course, is not new, and the past few years have witnessed innumerable attempts in the same general direction. For the most part, however, these former systems have made use of the conventional receiver and amplifier, connected to a large number of loud-speakers and head-phones scattered throughout a building.

### Community Receiving Station

Audio centralized radio differs from all of these in everything except purpose. The basic elements of this system are a central installation and an elaborate and highly efficient distribution system. The central installation, which is nothing less than a community receiving station, receives and amplifies the programs, while the distribution system, as its name implies, takes these programs to the various loudspeakers and head sets in the building. The entire equipment needed to receive, amplify and distribute one program is known as a "channel." Thus, it will be seen that a two-channel installation, for example, is capable of distributing just two separate programs. If desired, a central installation may include as many as four channels.

A receiver, a monitoring loud-speaker, a jack panel, a control panel and anywhere from one to three amplifying units, depending upon the power output desired, comprise the entire equipment of the central installation. All this equipment is mounted vertically on a steel rack, in usual switch-

board style, and is operated directly from the electric lighting circuit. The receiver employs a tuned radio-frequency circuit, slightly modified and operated with A-C tubes. Each power amplifier unit incorporates two UX-250 power tubes, arranged for push-pull amplification. Such an amplifier unit has a maximum undistorted output of approximately ten watts and will operate anywhere from 33 to 198 loud-speakers, and from 2,000 to 3,000 head-sets. The power output of the installation may be increased at will by the addition of extra amplifying units. The flexibility of the equipment is such that these units do not have to be included in the original equipment, but may be installed whenever the need arises.

The operation of the central installation has been reduced to simplest terms. The panels contain a number of automatic, protective devices designed primarily in the interests of the listener. On the power amplifier panel, for example, there is a "distortion indicator" which tells the operator when the amplifier is being overloaded. A time clock switch on the control panel automatically starts the programs and shuts them off, and, once the receiver of any given channel has been tuned to a particular program, the station selector and volume controls are securely locked in position by a device on the receiver panel. Some installations include a special electric pick-up for the playing of phonograph records. In this case, a simple switch on the control panel effects the change of entertainment from broadcast programs to phonographic selections with a minimum of effort.

The central station equipment is preferably, though not necessarily, installed in a pent-house on the roof. Wherever the central installation is located, however, care should be taken to see that it is protected from the unauthorized meddling of those who know nothing about operating it. In any case, its location should be determined largely in accordance with (1) accessibility of power supply; and (2) nearness to the termination of the distribution lines and the antenna lead-in. The operation of audio centralized radio equipment has frequently been added to the duties of the telephone operator, the central installation being placed near the telephone switchboard.

### Wiring Follows Standard

The wiring of the distribution system, leading from the central installation to all parts of the building, is simple and follows standard practice. It may be executed without difficulty by any experienced electrician. We learn that the R. C. A. organization furnishes a detailed list of specifications, prepared by its own engineers, for any given installation, so that the electrician may handle the job with positive assurance. Lack of space permits only the briefest mention of the wiring system here. Suf-

fice it to state that it should be of permanent character and properly shielded. For this latter purpose, iron conduit, lead covering, metal moulding and flexible conduit (BX) are suggested. RCA engineers recommend a minimum size of No. 18 B & S gauge wire, insulated for 500 volts.

Many types of outlet equipment are available for use in connection with the audio centralized radio installation. Without a doubt, the most popular of these is the compact cone speaker. Made up in units especially designed for flush wall mounting, this speaker can be neither stolen nor tampered with. The channel selector and volume controls may or may not be mounted directly with the speaker. In the latter case, the controls are supplied with an extension cord which permits the operator to select the channel and to modulate the volume from any convenient location.

Now, while this system is ideal for the hotel guest who is temporarily without a set, or again for the hospital patient who is thankful for any radio entertainment at all and who doesn't care whether the program is changed every five minutes or not, it is not calculated to satisfy the permanent apartment-house tenant. Most tenants own their own receivers and desire to select their programs in accordance with their individual tastes. Until very recently, however, the tenant-listener was quite unable to derive much enjoyment from his radio programs, due to the well-nigh intolerable conditions surrounding city reception. We say "until very recently" advisedly, for the successful debut of radio-frequency centralized radio has placed city broadcast reception on a par with that of the rural and suburban districts.

### Grant Community Aerial

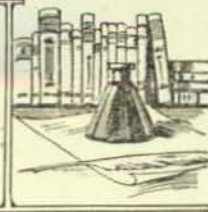
The engineers of the Radio Corporation of America and its associates dealt the city radio problem a death blow when they advised a system which successfully eliminated the root of all the trouble—the antennae which one sees in such profusion on the roofs of our apartment houses. Realizing that these congested antennae were the cause of electrical interaction between sets, resulting in interference and diminished signal strength, the engineers conceived the idea of replacing the scores of individual antennae with a single, giant aerial, swung anywhere from 50 to 75 feet above the roof of the building. This lone aerial, which is virtually the trade-mark of the radio-frequency centralized radio system, is capable of supplying as many as 200 broadcast receivers with ample signal energy.

The lead-in does not, of course, go directly to each of the individual receivers in the building. Instead, it joins the antenna to a battery of central coupling units located in a convenient pent-house on the

(Continued on page 669)



# CORRESPONDENCE



## CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY

Editor:

The writer of this article has been working in the capacity of general chairman for the electrical workers, employed on the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, or what is known since 1917 as Local Union No. 214, I. B. E. W.

It may be news to some of the readers to know that the electrical workers employed by the C. & N. W. Ry. do not have a system council, and that the jurisdictional rights of Local Union No. 214 cover all the lines of the C. & N. W. Ry.

With one local union, the expense of maintaining a number of local unions and a system council is eliminated. With a membership of approximately 300 we have, at all times been in a position to meet the expenses of the local union and maintain a monthly-paid general chairman since the year 1917; with office space and a stenographer in conjunction with the federated crafts in the city of Chicago.

At the present time we have two assistant financial secretaries, who collect dues at two of the large shop points. Otherwise all other business matters are handled by the officers of Local Union No. 214.

All officers and the general chairman are elected by a referendum vote, and any business matters which affect the membership as a whole are also submitted to a referendum vote, giving each and every member an opportunity to vote upon the question at issue, regardless of where he may be located.

The above is simply an explanation as to how we function with only one local union covering 10,000 miles of railway.

We feel proud to inform the readers that in securing working conditions we have been more or less successful. This is perhaps due to the activities of our membership and the friendly co-operation that exists between the management of the C. & N. W. Ry. and the membership of Local Union No. 214.

On July 29, 1926, the operating of portable cranes was awarded to the electrical workers, as second-class electricians' work, or, what is more commonly known as crane operators under 40-ton capacity, at the 68c rate by special agreement. Since January 1, 1927, 71c rate has been applied to these operators.

Travelling electricians who perform construction work at a monthly rate of \$197.25, based on straight time rates for the regular eight hours, week day, and time and one-half for Sundays and holidays, are not required to perform work on Sunday and holidays; for which no time is deducted.

On the other hand, an electrician working at an outside point, who is desirous of leaving for his home point on a Sunday or holiday, is not allowed his expenses, but does receive eight hours at time and one-half rates.

This was agreed to by the C. & N. W. Ry. officials, in order to equalize time for night riding, to which a travelling electrician is subject. Their work is confined to electric construction and repair work, and they do not perform any locomotive or car department electrical work.

Only in emergency cases, such as cyclones, washouts, or something that may happen, unforeseen, will such monthly mechanics be

## WISHING

All ye scribes, and  
All ye readers,  
An old fashioned Christmas.  
We have had a pleasant  
Journey together this year, and  
The beauty is, it is not ended.  
Tomorrow a New Year, and a new  
era of accomplishment.  
Let's march hand in hand again  
Through the pages of the Journal.

required to work on Sundays or holidays. Telegraph linemen are paid and work under the same conditions as explained above.

The management of the C. & N. W. Ry. at all times cooperates with this office in securing the necessary members of electrical workers to meet the requirements of the service. This permits us to furnish proper and efficient electricians.

In all instances where the electricians employed on the C. & N. W. Ry. here in Chicago have been assigned to perform construction work in violation of the I. B. E. W. constitution, we have co-operated with our sister building trades local union representatives in securing for them the work that properly came within their jurisdiction, by holding conferences with the management.

It may be well to mention that the results of such conferences have been to bring about an attitude on the part of the C. & N. W. Ry. officials not to require us to perform any work that may come within the jurisdiction of another local union.

Although this condition has resulted in some of our construction men being affected by lay-offs, we believe eventually that such classes of work will be recognized by the railroads allowing the rates of pay that pre-

vail within the jurisdiction of such building trade local unions.

Much can be said on automatic train control and oil—or gas—electric cars, especially the schools which have been installed for the purpose of educating our members on train control; also, as to the various classes of work on train control and oil—or gas—electric cars, which have been defined as machinist's or electrician's work. However, it may be well for fear of making this writing too lengthy to impart this information at a later date, if the readers would be interested.

ROY WESTGARD,  
General Chairman, L. U. No. 214.

## PENNSYLVANIA STATE ELECTRICAL WORKERS ASSOCIATION

Editor:

The elections are over and, as Governor Smith advises, the will of the majority should be respected and every citizen should get behind President-elect Herbert Hoover and help to make our country a better place to live in under the present laws. And the will of the people will be respected by our representatives in Congress for better laws under state rights.

That point of state rights is governed by the state's conditions industrially, which I believe you will all agree, differ with every state and in fact the territories throughout every state are affected by different industrial conditions.

I believe every American who knows anything about politics will agree with me that the Republican party policy is for local working organizations of citizens who believe in the Republican principles of government, and they are composed of men and women, local organizations, holding meetings every week of the year, working out policies beneficial to their party control.

How about that control? I believe I don't need to answer that question, as I believe you have witnessed the result of Republican preparedness in the past election. How much effect had the women workers in this result for the Republicans?

As a Democrat with some knowledge of that party policy, I advise the leaders and rank and file to investigate the working business policy of the Republican party that is working, planning and organizing men and women into stronger local organizations in every city, town and hamlet in the country right now—getting their lines straightened out and building their plans and policies for the attack four years from now. I wonder if the Democratic party and organized labor have learned any lessons from the Republican party on continual co-operation, thorough organization the whole year through, every minute, day, week, month and 12 months of each year, by local men and women's organizations, believing in the principles and policies of their political party.

I would advise our members to read over carefully the letters of Local Unions No. 292 and No. 245 in the October WORKER, and if after analyzing the reasons why Brother Edward E. Dukeshire, of Local No. 245, of Toledo, Ohio, expresses the faults of 99 out of each 100 locals, and Brother W. Waples, of Local No. 292, Minneapolis, Minn., expresses

## SPECIAL MENTION

- The new South and its problems, by L. U. No. 982.
- Modern Red Men, by L. U. No. 230.
- The Journal and the individual worker—a valedictory by Lindell, of L. U. No. 46.
- What about apprentices? A request for discussion, by L. U. No. 98.
- About live issues in Paterson, by L. U. No. 102.
- Mopping up after the election, by L. U. No. 675.
- The true Christmas Spirit, by L. U. No. 723.
- Host to the A. F. of L. delegates, by L. U. No. 130.
- A good man passes on, by L. U. No. 65.

the same brand of complaint, and nearly every other scribe has expressed himself likewise for the 35 years that I have been affiliated with the labor movement, and have read over the monthly letters of workers of nearly every craft in the building trades, who carry the same complaints.

Now, don't you think we should do something about it to improve these conditions complained about? Are we satisfied to hear repeated this worn out fairy tale month after month? Science is trying to find out what is on the planet Mars. We believe the only method of removing the slackness of interest complained of and advancing our industry with the public, through our employers and through state and national legislation, is by strong state associations of electrical workers and strong auxiliaries of the women folks of our members working together on all matters affecting those men folks working at the electrical business.

It took years before the women won suffrage and the vote and I believe any union man with an ounce of brain matter, who observed the powerful influence and the weeks of toil and sacrifice, can say to himself, why can't they do as much for the organization from which they receive their daily bread and which represents their home fireside?

We say, organize your womenfolks into Women's Auxiliaries under the banner of the Women's Trade Union League. Write to Miss Christenson, secretary Pennsylvania Branch, 929 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., or Miss March, secretary to Mrs. Grace B. Klueg, chairman, 247 Lexington Ave., New York City, N. Y., for information how to organize your local auxiliary and they will give you all the information and assistance at their command, as that is their business and they have years of experience behind them. With your local officers and members get down to the business of trying to relieve your local union of the conditions complained of by Local Unions No. 245 and No. 292, and every local connected with our International and all other crafts affiliated with the A. F. of L.

Another case of sickness afflicting the union labor movement is getting the union man to purchase union made goods. I ask you if it isn't true that your women folks buy your working shirts, clothes and in fact nearly everything that bears the union label? And you expect her to be interested in a subject she knows little or nothing about. Why? Because you never talk union affairs to her and when slack times come she blames the union and complains that the local union is no good, just robbing her husband or men folks every month of their dues to take care of a lot of bums and robbers. Now you can correct these conditions if you will study your local troubles and adopt these two suggestions to start with: Make a strong state association and affiliate with the women folks of every member of the state's local unions, and I will bet if your membership wants relief they will get it in co-operation with the Women's Auxiliaries combined with the state associations and the internationals of the A. F. of L., and the union label question will be settled in a way that, to my way of reasoning, will answer all questions of how to put over the union label.

The desire of every local union member should be to gain successful results from every endeavor started by local action. To move to do a thing is just the start; the success of said action is the accomplishment of that action, brought about by intelligent thought, preparation and co-operation. Our mistake in this matter of success has been a lack of proportion. Success is a fine ideal, and no man worth his salt can afford to ignore it. But the only thing that can make for success and therefore happiness is a clear

understanding of what we mean by success. Most things in life are relative to time and place and capacity.

I believe by banding the men and women who are receiving financial benefits and conditions from our industry and thorough education every day in every way constantly will bring the results to cure many ills now before us and complained of.

Many people see success only in terms of gratified desires; they are irresponsible children who press their noses against the window pane of a confectionery shop and imagine how happy they would be if their greedy little stomachs could devour all the mountains of candy that make their young eyes big with desire. But a man with a head on his shoulders faces life's big show window and then measures his capacity and his need by his talents and his endowments. Unless he is born a shirker and a human parasite, he realizes that his best bet for success is to stick to his natural bent.

We believe that when once we get the electrical worker to realize his natural bent for his individual benefit collectively, all these things will be added by him through the co-operation of the International Office as per the constitution, when he shows collectively through his local union that he is desirous of said co-operation and means to go through with it, as I can testify they have done for 35 years. But they can't help any individual, local union, or state association if they don't do something to help themselves.

The individual must use common sense and his finer instincts, in the first instance, and observation in the second shows him that the elemental passions of his own body and the natural greed of his untamed, uneducated nature are not reliable guides to success or happiness when he neglects to take proper interest in his local affairs to help advance the welfare of himself through the work that can be done through his local union when he will place some of the burdens upon his shoulders and not leave it all to the other fellow. A good conscience, an easy full stomach, the love of a loyal wife, who is a member of his local Woman's Auxiliary, and good healthy children—these are the only permanent and abiding satisfactions of any man. Napoleon, glutted with power and wealth, sighed for the affection of a faithful wife and a little child. Only the seemingly incurable romantic selfishness of the human heart leads a man to put his trust in dollars and excitement (such as treated by the Brothers of Locals No. 292 and No. 245). There are no short cuts or royal roads to success, be it as an individual, local union, state association or international, in the labor movement or outside of the labor movement. The only successful movement must travel the long road of hard work and self-discipline. Some of our members are like children who cry for the moon, and the so-called half-baked young and old adolescent members expect that some magical goddess is going to drop the good job, good money and the breadfruit of happiness into his lap without any effort or cost to him. Don't mistake me. I don't mean the money cost alone. That is the last and least part. But to use your heads with other interested, earnest heads every night in the week, and twice on Sunday to suggest and work out policies and help to work them out for the benefit of the local union and yourself. The effect reflects to the credit and benefit of the whole Brotherhood.

The following are comments from the daily press of interest to the electrical industry and electrical workers:

Reading Railroad authorizes \$20,000,000 expenditure in Philadelphia area. One hundred high-speed coaches are ordered. Reported by Agnew T. Dice, president, that Reading company will electrify its lines in metropol-

itan area of Philadelphia. (Local No. 98 should get some of this money.)

Advertisement in New York Times: "The Sherman Corporation. Industrial production, sales management. Subject, 'Change, the Basic Business Fact.' Twenty-five years ago a small town livery stable proprietor organized a movement against the automobile because it was 'changing things.' The movement swelled up. In due course, like most things which swell up instead of grow up, it subsided with a squawk, like a penny balloon. The automobile today gives employment to hundreds of thousands and has wrought far-reaching economic changes and so forth." (Our state associations must grow like the automobile.) "The tallow candle and oil lamp manufacturers used some such methods to save their business. Nothing can stop the advancement and progress. The Sherman corporation is an organization of business engineers in the surveys and development of plant operation, production control, wage systems, market and sales research, merchandizing council, organization and development of new distribution ideas, new products, community industrial development programs, engineering surveys and analysis for mergers and consolidations."

I have copied this to show that under a like policy, adopted by our International convention, creating a department to co-operate with state associations, using the state associations to work out state policies peculiar to state conditions. Giving each state state autonomy will better help International Representatives when called in to assist any local condition without embarrassment to our organization or the electrical industry such as has been in the past, as records will show. This is food for intelligent thought of our membership. The real union man born of union principles is an interested being, but absolutely, almost coldly impartial. Why? Because he is a disinterested being to legislation other than that which reflects by act and deed, that brings out not so much definite personality as a force having personal qualities. The future life is not a distinct personal life but life co-operatively based on said principles.

I read in the New York Times of Monday, November 19, under the heading, "Labor Plans Drive to Double Unionist": "Co-operation of the A. F. of L. with industry is stressed in report at New Orleans. Gain to nearly 6,000,000 members will be sought during the coming year and the executive council suggests that Mr. Green be empowered to appoint a commission on workers' education, which will be charged with a general appraisal of the work of the workers' educational movement of the last 10 years and to outline a program for the future." (I would like to state that I believe Brookwood College should be given due consideration and the Women's Trade Union League, also.)

I read in the Wilkes-Barre Times-Leader, of November 18: "Schwab favors Sherman law modification." He states in part: "One price policy and a mutual settlement of the difference between steel mills producing structural materials and the fabricators who purchase the product was advocated by Charles M. Schwab in his address before the American Institute of Steel Construction at the Edgewater Gulf Hotel, Edgewater, Miss., November 17, 1928."

I want to record to bring out a point from the above article that I note in the A. F. of L. article in the New York Times under the heading "Peaceful Victory Sought." Stressing the argument that labor's betterment depends upon associated activity and co-operation with industry and not upon antagonism or conflict, and that the report of the executive council of the A. F. of L. asserts that "by following policies based on this understanding trade unions are lifting their



understanding and undertakings to the spirit and purpose of economic statesmanship."

I hope that in the near future when our internationals are so equipped with machinery to further such policies, our Pennsylvania State Association will be so organized as to be able to assist the International Office to successful accomplishments for our electrical workers in Pennsylvania and all other states through their state associations.

Hope to see some comments on this question.

W. F. BARBER,

Honorary Secretary, P. S. E. S. A.

**L. U. NO. 1, ST. LOUIS, MO., RADIO DIVISION**

Editor:

The recent ruling of the Federal Radio Commission which came into effect November 11, has affected radio conditions in St. Louis, just as it has other locations all over the country. Up to the present time from the reports received from all sections surrounding St. Louis it seems the ruling has benefited this district. However two local stations, KWK, The Missouri State Life Insurance station, and WIL, The Missouri Broadcasting Corporation, were forced by the original order of the commission to share time on 1,450 KC. This put a great hardship on both stations. KWK finally proved to the commission by taking a delegation to Washington that they deserved full time on 1,450 KC. and by recent order they were granted that privilege. By the same order WIL has been moved down to 1,480 KC., with full time, but power cut to 100 watts. The owners of WIL are protesting this order on the grounds that they deserve a higher wave and at least 500 watts for being one of the pioneer broadcasters in St. Louis.

Station KMOX, The Voice of St. Louis, has been given a cleared channel of 1,090 KC. and full time for its present transmitter, 5,000 watts, and a permit for a 50,000 watt station. During the recent change from 1,000 KC. to 1,090 KC., KMOX has installed a new crystal control oscillator panel, which enables the station to keep on its assigned frequency with great accuracy. The new equipment is so designed that either of two crystals each of the same frequency may be used, which makes the operations much more reliable. In addition to keeping the wave steady the crystal allows a considerable increase in the percentage of modulation, which, of course makes for a stronger signal both locally and at a distance. After the installation was completed a special test program was broadcast between the hours of one and six-thirty in the morning to determine just what the transmitter was doing in the way of distance. Over 1,000 telegrams were received from all parts of the country commenting on the quality and volume of the signals, with the longest distance report British Columbia, Canada. In addition to this KMOX has installed a new studio amplifier, a Western Electric 8-C, which is the latest development of A. T. and T.

In closing it might be well to state that on November 27, between two and two-thirty a. m., a short test program was broadcast by two local stations, KSD and WIL. For the test WIL used the channel of 580 KC. while KSD was broadcasting on their regular wave on 550 KC. As there was no interference noticed during the test it is hoped the commission will grant WIL this channel rather than the one they are now using.

DELMAR W. FOWLER.

Start a Read-the-Journal-Every-Month-Club. No dues. No officers. No obligations. No work. But three hours of pleasure and profit once a month all the year.

**ATTENTION, MEN**

**When mailing photographs to the Journal, please do not roll. Send flat, properly protected with board. Rolled photographs break, and become unfit for publication.**

**L. U. GOVERNMENTAL BRANCH NO. 26, WASHINGTON NAVY YARD, WASHINGTON, D. C.**

Editor:

It can be done; and we have started. Being in existence since March of this year, we now have 84 members out of 119 workers in the electrical department of the Navy Yard. You can bet, it won't be long now, before we have the other 35.

This year has been very successful. We are about to elect our new officers for the coming term. Our president has done wonderfully and we all want him to repeat, but due to his being made a quartermaster in the Yard he could not accept the job.

We have not had any entertainments, due to our limited capital, but expect to "blow out" shortly.

Will write more about our growth and work later on.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM.  
5314 5th St. N. W.

**L. U. NO. 39, CLEVELAND, OHIO**

Editor:

If we could educate ourselves to prepare for "Labor Day" in the same manner we prepare for the "Spirit of Christmas" I wonder how much better off the country at large would be. At this time of the year from Thanksgiving to after New Year we are using almost all our efforts in making these holidays more successful, yet we have the usual amount of hardships and distress. It is hard to state accurately of just how many of workers that are idle today that the machine is now doing their work. And this is about the only argument organized labor can use to show that they are in favor of labor saving devices in so far as the introduction of these mechanical devices does not interfere with the future welfare of its workers. When machines are used to replace men and women and these same men and women are forced to be idle these idle interfere with the future welfare of its advancement. No sane worker objects to progress and the workers are doing all in their power to help things progress in a legitimate way. It is nothing unusual to hear workers discuss in a straight business-like manner the possibility of introducing the same business application that business has applied so successfully.

Who was it that said, "Each generation is getting wiser but weaker?" Who ever it was knew his onions, as there seems to me a great deal of truth in that saying. The worker continually hears the walls of the small business man who is complaining and wondering how long he will survive if the chain store system is introduced in his particular line. One bank in this city has gone into the insurance business due to the fact that this bank claims that the big old line insurance companies have been taking some of their business by selling the endowment policy, as they (bank) claim that they sell this policy on a savings bank principle. When the average citizen hears all of these different claims from these different sources,

he tries to think of some way that may help those conditions. Perhaps we will be making a lot of resolutions and don't forget to include some that will pertain to the business attitudes that your local should be governed by. Brothers, this is the age of business. We must adapt ourselves to business ways. We like to hear the business way the worker discusses things.

Just keep the good work up and your actions will be self evident as to your intent. Wishing all the Brothers a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

ENYAW.

**L. U. NO. 40, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.**

Editor:

I am writing this letter while on a three night location at Santa Ana, Calif., with the Fox Film Co. They are shooting a picture the working title is "Headlines." It is a combination newspaper, bootlegging, gang-war story.

I am also having the pleasure of operating the largest motor generator set in the picture industry, if not in the country.

This set belongs to the Creco Studio Equipment Company. The motor is rated at 385 K. W. 2,200 or 4,400 volts. Synchronous type, self starting. The D. C. generators are rated at 150 K. W. apiece, 110 volts. When connected together as used in the studios they form a three-wire 110-220 volt circuit. This plant is guaranteed to deliver 4,000 amps, but has already carried 4,500 amps without heating.

Practically all of the other motor generator sets of any size are mounted on trailers. This plant is self propelled. It is mounted on a powerful American La France truck, six wheels. The big advantage of this outfit is that it can go to distant locations under its own power, can be moved around at the location, without the necessity of having a large truck standing by to move it, with its added expense.

No doubt you have all read the agreement with the Electrical Research Products, Inc., in October issue of the JOURNAL.

As far as Local No. 40 is concerned it don't mean a thing, because we are not getting any of this work in the studios. Local No. 83 is doing the installation of the necessary wiring, but the installation of the regular equipment or apparatus necessary for the production of the sound pictures, is being done by imported workers of the Research Company.

President Noonan assured us by letter to the local that we had the installation of all equipment, but as yet we are not allowed even in the rooms where this equipment is being installed, let alone being allowed to install it.

The International Office is to be congratulated in the signing up an agreement with a subsidiary of the Bell Telephone Company, but let the Brothers remember one thing, that it was the work in the theaters that this company was after.

That is why we obtained this agreement and we hope that the Brothers are criticized Local No. 40 for signing our local agreement with the I. A. organization (conceding them certain electric work in the studios) will remember this in the future.

Incidentally it was not 40 that was the real creator of this local agreement, we were only complying with a decision rendered in 1921, and we never complied with it until five years later.

What Local No. 40 is interested in is the electrical work connected with the taking of sound pictures. After the installation work is over, and the studios start shooting with men on these jobs who are not

entitled to this work, it will be hard to organize.

We do not anticipate any trouble obtaining jurisdiction over this work, as our agreement with the local I. A. T. S. E., and also the agreement between the moving picture producers, and the international labor unions committees, which met in New York November 26, 1926, gave us jurisdiction over all constructions, maintenance, generator and shop work. We do the work connected with the hanging and wiring of fixtures, miniatures and explosives. The operation of wind machines, pumps, compressors, panorams, electrical trucks and cranes. We have been also conceded and do the installation and operation of all telephone and radio equipment, loud speakers or public address systems.

The new sound equipment was not mentioned in either of the above agreements, because they had not at this time become publicly known.

This new improvement in pictures is an entirely electric operation, being a combination of telephone and radio work, which naturally should come under 40's jurisdiction in the studios.

I recently attended a school conducted by the Metropolitan Studio, for the purpose of acquainting enough men to operate their studio's sound equipment.

I mention this for the following reason: Our instructor on the final day of school wrote on our blackboard the necessary qualifications that were needed to operate this sound equipment, or as it is technically known as a "sound symphony systems" which are as follows:

**Wax recorder.** This man is in charge of the machine that records the voice on a wax record, which can be played back and approved or rejected by the director within a few minutes after the picture and sound have been filmed. This man must have good hearing, good eye sight, mechanical ability, lathe experience, and also be a radio or electrical engineer with knowledge of acoustics.

**Film recorder.** This man records the voice by means of light and sound energy on the edge of the films. His qualifications are the same as the wax recorder, with the addition of knowledge of photography.

**Mixer.** This is the man responsible for the entire and correct working of the system. He checks up on the sound action both by electrical meters and audible means. His duties can be likened to that of a tester cord wire chief in a telephone exchange. This man must also have the same qualifications as the others; he also is supposed to be an electrical engineer.

**Portable equipment operator.** This will be the apparatus that will be used on locations, and also to obtain sounds, impossible to reproduce, by synthetic methods in the studios. This man must have the ability of all the others combined, except the wax recorder. He must, on occasions, be the sound director also.

This man must also have good eyesight, good hearing, moving picture photographing experience and be a radio or electrical engineer, and understand acoustics.

**Battery and maintenance man.** This man must be a practical electrician, with battery and motor experience as the sound systems depend on their success mostly, by the operation of synchronous motors, which at all times must be in phase with each other.

**Microphone men.** These men are the men who will have the placing, or doing the sound work on the set that is being filmed. They must have telephone or radio experience, good hearing and a knowledge of acoustics and moving picture technic.

Each one of these men will require two

or three assistants. It will not take much of a set to employ 15 men, and when a studio has two stages in operation, they will need at least 25 men in the sound department.

As you can see by the outline of this work as given by an expert, it is an entirely electrical operation.

There are about 12 studios building or contemplating building sound studios. All the larger studios have at least one sound building completed and ready and waiting for the installation of the final equipment.

That would make at least 250 new members that Local No. 40 should get.

The assertion that our men lack the necessary technical experience or knowledge to install these devices is not sufficient reason why our men are not being employed on these jobs, because half of the men that are being employed or sent out here from the east, didn't have any more experience at this particular work than we here in Hollywood possess, and half of these new men still don't know what it is all about. They will also have to learn the moving picture business besides.

There are 22,000 moving picture houses in the United States. About 19,000 will have some kind of sound reproduction apparatus installed.

The Research Company does not expect to equip more than 3,000 of these houses by the end of 1929. Even this amount is going to make a lot of work in each town, so keep on your toes and get this work.

Our union functions in the moving picture industry, therefore, we must be responsive to the changes within that industry. The changes that have taken place within the last two years in the studios have revolutionized studio work. I am referring particularly to incandescent lighting, sound pictures, radio picture possibilities, and the improvement in color photography.

These changes are, and will be basic. They will not only affect our union, but all unions indirectly.

If the tools of a trade, or the equipment change, then we as trades unionists must be prepared to change also. If new operations must be performed to accomplish new or old ideas, then we as individuals and as locals must be ready and prepared, not only to take care of our own best interests, but also to take care of the interests of our whole international body.

The greatest tool or weapon we possess, is our nationally linked labor temples and halls, central bodies.

Within these halls we can develop and educate the worker, by means of moving pictures, quicker and better than any other possible method, and make money with this idea besides.

What a fertile place to disseminate knowledge and give amusement to thousands (in our labor temples) provided and equipped to show moving pictures, and by this means make union labor the power in this country that is rightfully hers.

We would also like to ask the Brothers to forward us any knowledge they may possess, in the line of circuits, drawing or any technical information about the sound picture equipment, that would be of value to the boys, that are attending our locals sound school.

Most of our Brothers are trying to inform themselves about this new work, but find it hard to get any new or satisfactory information.

Strange as it may seem, the most antagonism to sound pictures is shown and originates here in Hollywood.

Studio managements are only building new stages and arrange for talkie produc-

tion, not because they believe in it, but because they are afraid their competitors here and in New York may gain some unforeseen advantage over them, or their studio.

These men hate new inventions or innovations just like the rest of us when it costs us money.

The manufacturers of all sound devices should take the attitude, that men who have made their homes and worked for years in the picture business of Hollywood, can do them more good in breaking down this antagonism, than all the experts they may flood the town with.

These men who are known and established in the studios (insignificant as the thought may appear) greatly help to break down this inborn opposition which always appears, and fights against any new changes.

In closing, I wish to state that although Local No. 40 does not censure or blame our past International Officers for allowing the jurisdiction of most of the electrical work in the studios to get away from our control, because no man or set of men could foresee at that time the wonderful advancement that would take place within a few years in the moving picture industry, but we hope that the present officers and heads of the I. B. E. W. are men of vision, who can, and will fight for our rights, and retain the jurisdiction of this new and wonderful development in an industry that is destined to become, some day, the workers' salvation and liberation, through education and dispensed by organized labor, in the form of instructive amusement, to all the people in owned and operated union labor theaters.

PAT MURPHY,  
Recording Secretary.

#### L. U. NO. 46, SEATTLE, WASH.

Editor:

I told you so, Hoover won and now for four more years of prosperity! It takes two Smiths to make a cough drop but only one Hoover to make a clean sweep.

Local No. 46 has had in effect for some time now an apprentice schooling system, the boys are attending Broadway High night school where they take up electricity from the ground up so to speak. While the schooling for apprentices is mandatory the committee as a whole are very pleased at the number of older members who are availing themselves of the opportunity to brush up on electricity, which goes to show that the electrician of today is earnest in his efforts to better himself in his education as well as in the matter of pay.

December the first will see Local No. 46 located in a new and spacious hall with plenty of office space, a large lounging room, plenty of locker space for the boys, a wonderful hardwood floor and lots of light. The address is 1525-1527 10th Avenue, one block above Broadway.

A committee from the Ladies' Social Club of No. 46, composed of Madames Hilpert, Beck, Leaf, Harroun, Hahneman and Lindell and a committee from Local No. 46, composed of apprentices, fixturemen and wiremen led by Brothers Bert Hemen, Lou Bertsch and Jim Bowe are going to put on an opening dance and boy, she's going to be hot. Plenty of entertainment along with dancing to a five piece orchestra and topped off with the usual EATS.

Inasmuch as our election comes the last of December and yours truly intends to step down and leave the job of press secretary to some one else this should be my last letter to the JOURNAL; however, if I do that we would not have a letter in the January number and I want to see Local No. 46 before the

eyes of the world each and every month so will make the January issue my last letter.

Looking back over my experience as press secretary for the past two years I have this to say, if every member realized the good to be obtained the job would never go begging. First of all one really doesn't appreciate the JOURNAL as a whole until he has seen duty as a press secretary, for I'll admit I never read the JOURNAL through from cover to cover till I became press secretary. Then too, if the member sees fit to elect a Brother to the job he should see to it that there is a letter in each month even though that letter may not amount to a great deal; it keeps the local in front of the membership as well as giving those Brothers who have travelled news from the home town. Last but not least the job is an education in itself. One never knows the emotions pent up within himself until he sits down and writes a letter. How your thoughts wander, and how you want to shout right out loud and tell the world you are glad you are a union man with a union man's ideals and how you dream of the day when we will all have supreme faith in each other, when there will be no petty jealousies and man to man we will honestly work for the good of all mankind.

Pick Ups of the Day:—Paul Enfield at work at 9th and Pike. John Wenzler, Jr., married and got a wife. Bert Hemen taking his youngsters to night school. Art Jourdan on time. Patterson a mighty fine vice president. Bernard Hahneman talking radio. Frank Goodson devouring a chicken tamalae and Jimmy Thomas squisit his finger in the elevator door.

Christmas is with us again and thus endeth another year, a year which if we look at the sunny side we are glad we have lived and well. We of L. U. No. 46 wish all the Brothers and the International Officers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year and especially do we wish to congratulate Brother Bugniatet and his able staff for our wonderful JOURNAL, may you carry on to an even bigger and better JOURNAL, for we are justly proud of your accomplishments.

I refuse to mention EATS at this time of the year. Please pass the cranberries.

W. C. LINDELL.

**L. U. NO. 65, BUTTE, MONT.**

Editor:

The Montana Standard had the following to say of the funeral of our late Brother James Keefe. Keefe was very widely known and honored in this state.

"Floral tributes in profusion, filling an entire truck preceded Hose Truck No. 1 of the Butte fire department which yesterday morning bore the body of Butte Fire Department Electrician James Keefe to its final resting place in St. Patrick's cemetery. The cortege bore a touch of color with uniformed police officers and firemen and the department equipment utilized in the long parade of vehicles. Members of the Eagles and Elks lodges of which the deceased was a member were present in large numbers.

"Practically all of the city and county officials, including Mayor Kerr Beadle, Fire Chief Fred Martin, Police Chief Jere Murphy, the county commissioners and other public servants with whom Keefe was constantly in contact attended. For nearly a third of a century James Keefe had been the electrician of the Butte fire department and was eligible to retirement on pension. His entire life had been devoted to his duties, which he continued although an ample pension from the Firemen's Disability fund was at his disposal if he had wished to retire.

"Jimmie Keefe as he was best known, was the most lighthearted man around the de-

partment. He was the man who 'Put a smile in the city hall.' A confirmed practical joker, the stories of jokes he had played in his time are legion and many were retold since his death. Coupled with a sincere devotion to his family was an outstanding loyalty to his friends. There was no effort he would not make to oblige anyone of his city-wide acquaintances."

JAMES M. DABEL.

**L. U. NO. 77, SEATTLE, WASH.**

Editor:

The members of Local No. 77 that are working on the outside have been blessed with made-to-order weather for their work, not much rain and very little cold as yet. Not many failures on the lines to help the O. T. boys.

We are taking in an old timer now and then and a few new members each month, no outburst of speed but just plugging along. There is nothing new starting up, but just the same old jobs, but we are trying to make them all the time. That is up to the Brothers and the job in most cases is to not be thinking radio and auto too much and give a little thought of where they get this \$5 down and \$5 per month and that some one else besides a 44 shirt and

**NON-UNION BEAVERS**

(A pair of beavers which made one dam after another in Queensboro Brook, in the Interstate Park, are condemned as nuisances and sent to the Bronx Zoo, never to be free again in all their little lives. They will have a considerable period of penitence for unchecked industry.—News.)

The Dam Builders' Union is satisfied, quite,

Perpetual confinement for "scabs" is but right;

This pair disobeyed the specific instruction

To slack, thereby checking their daily production,

And now, we suppose, with the greatest astonishment

They view the result in deterrence —punishment.

They worked over hours with no increase of pay,

By light of the moon or by light of the day;

Whenever they noted that gone were bystanders

They dammed 'most as fierce as "the Army in Flanders";

Confirmed devotees of the oldest of sciences,

Mankind and their fellows they met with defiance.

Now, good union beavers, remember that you,

If likewise affected, will go to a zoo;

Stick close to your union, nor scorn its advices,

Pay dues and assessments, whatever the price is;

For if you display this ill-fated proclivity,

You'll find there's no fun in a life-long captivity.

J. A.

(Sent in by Gerald Sidner, L. U. No. 3.)

No. Four hat had a hand in bringing these things to a reality rather than a dream. We are going to move pretty shortly to a new location just a block and a half from our present place and I think it will be much more satisfactory as it will be much quieter, that is not such a lot of racket from outside by Lizzies and street cars, all the big noise will be within.

Election is over and every one is getting back to normal again and I think the rank and file of labor in this state feel that most everything came out pretty good. No. 77 did not go hog wild about any one in particular but just sawed wood, so we feel we are not in bad with anyone and have no apologies to make to anyone.

E. M. McDONALD.

**L. U. NO. 79, SYRACUSE, N. Y.**

Editor:

Gone but not forgotten should prove a very suitable heading for the following few lines. Inasmuch as in the recent leaving of Mr. Frank T. Bolster, as superintendent at the Fulton St. Plant of Syracuse Lighting Co., where he had advanced during a period of years from a beginning as an humble lamp trimmer, on up through the various stages of promotion to the highest office obtainable outside of the actual management or presidency of the incorporated concern, has left a feeling of deep regret to every employee of the various electric departments, particularly the line department where the longest and closest associations, both pleasant and otherwise, had established a confidence unshaken, and a sense of justice unquestioned by the majority of the members of Local No. 79—who among the many from the other departments joined in giving a very successful farewell dinner, at the Elks Club, October 26, 1928. Various forms of entertainment were furnished by the able committee in charge, and a splendid roast duck dinner was served, after which songs and speech making—heads of the Syracuse Lighting Company—Mr. J. C. Delong, Mr. G. J. Vincent, Mr. L. L. Cross and others spoke in most complimentary terms lauding Mr. Bolster, who now as honor guest was called upon for a few words. Mr. Bolster arose to the occasion, and although seemingly somewhat choked with emotion, responded with kindly words of appreciation, and further and with deep feeling, elaborated on the confidence and well wishes expressed in a letter sent to him by L. U. No. 79. To repeat the exact words of his speech, would be asking too much of a poor scribe, but you can get a reasonable idea of what was the gist of the speech by reading the personal letter sent to L. U. No. 79, and which shall be numbered "Among our Souvenirs." (The letter.)

"To my very good friends of L. U. No. 79:

"Some one has said, 'A man is known by his friends.' If this be true in my case, I am content, for no man was ever higher blest in that respect than I.

"You have spoken of my advancement, and your good wishes have been very gratifying to me, but my friend, it is you and those others who have given me such staunch backing, such complete co-operation and kindly encouragement that have made it possible.

"In making this change, I realize the contact will be less frequent, but the knowledge of your friendship will always be a source of strength and comfort in difficult places, and as long as life lasts I shall have the deepest and friendliest regard for my friends of Local No. 79.

"Sincerely,

"FRANK T. BOLSTER."

Of Mr. Bolster's successor we know very little, but hope to know more, and sincerely trust that he will prove to be worthy of the same trust and confidence as was the man he succeeds. Mr. Pratt, be assured that L. U. No. 79 extends to you its very best wishes for your future as the successor to our friend Mr. Bolster; be assured also, that L. U. No. 79 will go a long way to co-operate on any kind of a square deal proposition.

Now that being that, we must not overlook our other head man, Brother Jack Neagle, our president, who has been laid up since Labor Day, with what at first seemed to be nothing more than a slight cold, which after a couple of weeks proved to be a very severe case of bronchial pneumonia, and without the least idea of it Brother Jack was very close to the brink in "The Valley of the Shadow," but with him, besides the Lord, was a very rugged constitution, and a few drops of spirit (?). In any event, he made the turn, and left the shadow standing there. Is now convalescing, and has hopes of being able to be about again in a few weeks, providing he can "kid" the doctor. Take your time, Jack, we are still with you.

Work outlook not so brisk, still nobody idle. Fair enough. Now you fellows who carry cards out of Local No. 79, and are doing a mail order business with the local, have simply got to get out and attend these last few meetings. We've got to have material for our officers for the ensuing year, and you must help to select and elect it, and you can't do that through the post office. Come on out.

With best wishes and Season's Greetings.  
PRESS SECRETARY,  
Pro Tem.

#### L. U. NO. 98, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Editor:

As I write the flames are creeping steadily nearer, threatening my instant destruction! The stairway is a roaring furnace, the floor of my room is beginning to sag, as the rafters beneath give way. In vain the firemen have tried to reach me, the outer walls are tottering—the breath of hell bursting from my windows drives them away again and again. I am resigned to my fate. There is no escape. Already my face and hands are blistered in this inferno. As I write I must constantly beat out the sparks that fall upon my clothing. Though this be my last message I am trying to finish it. I will throw it out the window in hopes that it be picked up. But wait! I'm letting my thoughts run away with me. There isn't any fire—of course. But suppose you and your local union were in such a predicament. Hemmed in on all sides—lost—no hope.

In my opinion that is what our International Brotherhood is leading to, and all our electrical workers will suffer. This will be the result if a strict apprentice system is not adopted. Apprentices are continuously advancing to journeymen.

Schools turn out thousands annually. This class is not ready to become wiremen, nevertheless they are injected into the electrical field. The majority turn out to be "scabs."

I understand that some locals throughout the International Brotherhood have as many helpers as wiremen. This means that every four years that local will double itself, or rather they will have more "scabs" to contend with. It is the old story of more supply than demand. It is actually staring us in the face at the present moment. Read your JOURNAL over and every month you will find a big majority of locals notifying you to stay at home.

Now is it not up to us to correct this

condition? I hope each and every scribe will give this topic thought. Let us have your local's apprentice system explained. Let us scribes, if possible create a better system. It may be investigated at our next convention.

In my next letter I hope to give you Brothers more local news. I believe our agreement with the contractors will be negotiated by that time.

One last word to my Brother Scribes. All I ask of those who read my letter is to give their opinion on the sentiment of the local you write for in regards to my thoughts. Scribe of Local No. 211 (Atlantic City) commended my article on the same subject in the October issue. I ask him to please start the ball a-rolling and reserve a little space in the next issue on this subject.

Here's hoping for a greater response next month.

W. C. JOHNSON.

#### L. U. NO. 102, PATERSON, N. J.

Editor:

Back to the old reins. Back to you once more after absenting myself for quite awhile. The tremendous large guns stopped roaring. The wave of enthusiasm is over. The mountain peaks, rivers, and, yes, everything in our solar system is at normal again. The political battle is over and the building trades, the most intellectual force God created for manual labor, as red blooded Americans will support all candidates in office, whether they backed them or not.

Our by-laws, which are now being formulated by the priceless knowledge of the committee, will mean a great deal to the future of the organization. Roy Stagg, chairman of the by-law committee, should be highly commended for his sincere and courageous attitude with the by-laws. In face of all hostility which was prevalent, while the by-laws were being read, Mr. Stagg has emphatically stressed the fact, that he is the one who must read it as submitted by the by-law committee and the members of the organization. Mr. Stagg carries more responsibility in Local No. 102 than any officer from president to business agent. He is at present chairman of the trustees, chairman of the by-law committee, and also chairman of the agreement committee and has proven himself a faithful servant to Local No. 102.

Our business agent was down at the vocational school and gave an inspiring talk, "Why Should We Go to Night Vocational School." Nick Cantalina conducts a meter class on Monday evening, this year only. Many more should have grabbed the opportunity and enrolled. The instructions in all classes are simple, that could be grasped by anyone, with the best available faculty staff.

James Trueman, who says he is not an atheist or an agnostic, is certainly a humanitarian. Jim pleads in all respects for those who cannot bear the heavy burden thrust upon them. If Edmund Burke was living today, Jim would have been his peer.

Peter Muse is showing the right attitude and should be commended for his sound and timely advice which is of great value to our local. Pete is in a position to know a few things, he being business agent for 17 years.

I wonder if Morris Dworetz is still in the local. Where are you, Morris?

Dave Vogel will soon see plenty other meter men. He better watch out for his brother Johnny as he looks like the one to put your money on.

Ben Cohn and Steve said they are contemplating of buying Wrights. Look at the combination, no wonder the stocks are going up.

#### Interesting Facts Labor Should Know

The year of 1928 will now close with 278 new laws on our books. What did labor get? Well, they got Senate bill 54. But how? There was a combined effort to defeat the State Federation of Labor's pet measure, which caused quite some excitement in the last moments of the legislature, March 30, when they adjourned for the year. A motion for adjournment had come up. Senator Richard strongly opposed it till labor was considered. The bill then in the assembly was being tampered with. Minority leader Barison, of Hudson, made a brilliant speech thus saving the bill in the assembly.

Those in the Senate who voted for the adjournment were Senators Abell, Morris; Carhart, Warren; Case, Somerset; Cole, Sussex; Davis, Gloucester; Forsythe, Camden; Larson, Middlesex; Pierson, Union; Prall, Hunterdon; Reeves, Mercer; Stevens, Monmouth, and Stiles, Salem. Those who fought against adjournment vigorously and had it reconsidered were Senators Richards, Atlantic; Yates, Passaic; and Wolber, Essex, thus giving labor \$20 a week instead of \$17 a week compensation. Bill S-61, licensing of master electricians and journeymen, which was in the hands of our newly elected governor while he was in the Senate, is still floating on the Atlantic Ocean, somewhere near Europe. The writer has been in Trenton, with the official committee from the union on three different occasions, interviewing personally Senator Larson. Oh! What a buggy ride we got from our new governor. Better luck for 1929. Now that Larson is governor, there will be no excuses, for labor will not fall for it.

George Small is going to give a large turkey away, "free" for Christmas.

In our new agreements we are asking for five days a week and more money. Many more items which I suppose do not interest us right now.

Politics touches one's whole life and should be thought of a great deal more and not knocked. Last month's JOURNAL has a very interesting story that should be read, page 508. Many Brothers in our local were helped out in various ways through some Brothers being affiliated with either party.

Election talk could be heard quite a bit. There will be quite a change in the next election. The forty-eighth annual convention of the American Federation of Labor will be held at the Atheneum Hall, New Orleans, La. A great contest in the election will take place for the convention, predicting the younger element will win out. It is understood that we do not want has-beens or men because of their old age to represent us, what we want is pep combined with intelligence and clear thinking.

Please, Brothers, take advantage of the classes offered in the Passaic Labor Lyceum, free.

Former District Court Judge Cabell will teach law on Wednesday night, then we have parliamentary law being taught on Thursday night, which some of our Brothers should know for their own benefit.

There are other courses offered on different nights.

Wishing you all a Happy Christmas and a Merry New Year and wishing I could have some of that Kosher turkey with you. Happy! Happy! Christmas.

SAMUEL MOSKOWITZ.

L. U. NO. 103, BOSTON, MASS.

Editor:

Local No. 103's by-law committee has at last proved they are alive, and have been very much alive for some time back. Some of us were wondering why they did not come to life. Well, I happened to have seen the pile of suggestions, letters and data they had to talk over, change, add to and rehash, and I am of the opinion the committee did credit to themselves in the manner in which they handled the whole thing. Two notified meetings were consumed to ratify the new by-laws by the local and very few changes were made from the original draft. The whole committee with Brother Steve Murphy as their chairman are to be complimented on their work. As soon as the new by-laws receive the O. K. by the International Office they will be printed and every member will sign for his copy. In this way the moss-covered excuse, "I never received a copy," will be out of the question. A number of important changes are noticeable. Among these are:

All Brothers are forbidden to use their aeroplanes going to and from work except when special permission is granted by the executive board. However, our business agents, Major Capelle and Bill Horneman, may use them at any time in connection with their duties, if landing areas are provided by the contractors.

Another radical change is also noticed: Machine guns may be used by members to plug holes in concrete buildings, provided all men on the job wear suits of armor.

Well, Brothers, this is going from bad to ridiculous, so, to eliminate any mistakes, I advise you all to read and memorize your new by-laws.

I may have made a slight error in those I quoted.

Goody.

L. U. NO. 130, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Editor:

You all know the A. F. of L. Convention was held in New Orleans, these past 10 days and believe me, Brothers, they have been some busy. Of course you know that most of the Federation's business is done in committee, but the committees had their hands full, and from the daily proceedings much has been accomplished.

Last Friday we had a visit from some of the delegates, among them were Brothers Bugnizet, Tracey, Paulsen, Cleary, Joyce, Saunders and McDonogh; each of them gave the local very instructive as well as interesting talks, and I must say was appreciated by the membership in attendance.

I believe the delegates had a good time during their stay here, and we tried to entertain them as well as we could, but we have had quite an unusually bad summer, and very little in view until the spring so the locals were not in very much of a spending turn of mind, but with all of that I believe everybody had a good time. One thing we did have for the delegates, that was good weather, just cool enough to be pleasant.

Well, it's all over now and I hope all of you who chance to read this have had your Thanksgiving dinner, and enjoyed yourselves, and hoping you will have a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

E. T. BROWN, SR.

Labor is really life. It is the strength and energy and time of human beings given day by day to someone else. To give it without any return is slavery; to take it for an unjust return or insignificant return is only so much less.—*Samuel Gompers.*

On every job—

*There's a laugh or two!*

*Whoops! Our old friend Oggie, of Oil City, breaks his silence to send us some contri- buns and we heartily echo the sentiment he expresses in this poem—*

Help Us Pleas(e)

Pause awhile, Oh gentle reader,  
In this strife to make ends meet,  
Give some thought to other matters  
As you rastle for the beef.

Give some thought, Oh! I implore you,  
And a little of your time,  
Thinking, thinking of a wise crack  
That will tickle me and mine.

Something light and blithe and merry,  
Something snappy, something gay,  
Something just to ease the humdrum  
Of a toilsome, busy day.

Just think something, I beseech thee,  
Something that is full of fun,  
So that all of us can chuckle,  
When we read a snappy pun.

And when you've thought of a good one,  
Do not stop, but drop a line  
To the good ole 'lectric Journal  
And be sure it's there on time.

There on time, for the next issue  
So that all of us can smile,  
As we keep the pot a-boiling  
For another little while.

Ye Editor, then, he, too, will smile  
And entertain a passing thought  
That he is not just like the man  
That other men forgot.

OGGIE,  
L. U. No. 1099, Oil City, Pa.

Green For Clear Track

First Flapper—"Do you suppose they keep green lipstick at the drugstore?"

Second Flapper—"Green lipstick? What's the big idea of wanting green lipstick?"

First Flapper—"I've got a date with a railroad man tonight."

That Was His Name

The telephone rang in the local electrical contractor's office and the brisk young salesman hastened to answer.

"Hello! This is Mr. Mucklebauer and I—"

"Just a moment," interrupted the salesman, "I didn't quite catch your name—?"

"Mr. Mucklebauer, and—"

"I beg your pardon, but there's so much noise here, wait while I close this door \* \* \*

Now what was the name please?"

"Mucklebauer!"

"I'm sorry, I can't quite get it."

"Mucklebauer!" roared the infuriated customer.

"I certainly beg your pardon," said the salesman, sadly, "but all I can make of that is—ah—Mucklebauer."

—he didn't make the sale.

Not So Strict Then

He—My ancestors came over in the Mayflower.

She—It's lucky for you they did, for the immigration laws are much stricter now.

*Gosh, Duke, watch your step on the poles. We don't want to lose our best contributor!*

Epitaphs for Linemen

The body of a lineman lies in here  
Who ignored the warning: Keep in the clear.

This man died young; the reason he's dead—  
The man above kicked the pot of lead.

Here lies a truck driver, a good one, too;  
Saw an amber light—Thought he'd get through.

This lineman forgot to inspect his glove—  
He's either in hell now or else he's above.

This man was busy sawing a limb,  
But sawed on the wrong side of him.

This man was raising an arm aloft,  
The knot untied: the rope came off.

The pole was rotten. This man didn't try it,  
He cut all the wires and didn't guy it.

This man grabbed hold of a cross arm brace,  
The lag was loose, now he rests in this place.

This man was a ground man. A wire fell  
down.  
He picked it up when it hit the ground.

It was only an arc circuit, in the day time  
dead,  
But this time wasn't. Now he's dead instead.

This man didn't tape his pliers. The arm  
was wet.  
And no rubber gloves, or he wouldn't be here yet.

Now this is a starter and perhaps enough  
If not, you press secretaries, help out with this stuff.

DUKE OF TOLEDO.

Abe was troubled with a pain in his foot and upon the advice of his son he saw a dentist and had his teeth extracted. The pain continued and his son then insisted that he see a doctor and have his tonsils taken out. The doctor advised that this be done. A few weeks later the son returned to the city from a business trip, and greeted his dad with: "How's the foot, father?" "Oh, it's fine! Would you believe it, just yesterday I found a nail in my shoe!"

*W. C. Lindell of L. U. No. 46, Seattle, contender for the knife and fork championship of the I. B. E. W., sends in a joke which he claims is old but funny. Well, we never heard it before:*

Teacher: (to the class) Will some one give me a sentence using the word pendulum?

Little Rebecca: Pendulum Franklin invented electricity.

She Knew

A teacher of a primary class was trying to explain to the children the difference between natural and man-made wonders, and was finding it difficult.

"What," she asked, "do you think is the most wonderful thing man makes?"

A little girl, whose parents were obviously harassed by the question of ways and means, replied solemnly, "A living for his family."—*R. R. Telegrapher.*

**L. U. NO. 151, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.**

Editor:

Another election has come and gone with the winners happy, I suppose, and the losers either good losers or at least trying to be. S. F. only had about 65 amendments to vote on, state and city, one in particular that hit in an underhanded way at our municipal operation of public utilities. About three years ago the Bylesby Corporation took over the privately owned street car system in San Francisco to try to pull it out of the financial difficulty and loss of public good will lost by the former management, and they have spent lots of money trying to do so. As a great many of their franchises expire next year they spent something over \$1,000 per day for the last two or three months trying to get what they called a revocable permit. Had they got away with it they would have had a perpetual franchise, as the city would have been tied up so they would never have been able to have taken over their properties. The majority of the voters could not see it the way our Chamber of Commerce and other down town organizations did, so it was defeated by a very good majority.

Mother Bell's child, or Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company is still trying to convince the state railroad commission here that they need \$7,000,000 more a year from the Bay District rate payers or the poor child will die in the poor house. But if they do not pay their employees more money some of them will die there. I would not be afraid to gamble their electrical workers wages all over the Pacific Coast will not average \$5 per day.

C. D. MULL,  
Business Agent.

**L. U. NO. 196, ROCKFORD, ILL.**

Editor:

We are about to close another year which has been full of many upsets in all lines and we hope that 1929 will be a better year for all. News is very scarce here in Rockford. We had a cyclone here in September which tore things up a little but in these modern times it did not take long to get things back in shape. You know, that strong white mule kept many of the boys awake nights who in the olden days would have been asleep.

The boys are now meeting in a new hall donated by our president, Brother Dunn, at 311 South Main Street. The hall is more centrally located now and with the help of Brother Cox the boys will attend, too, at least two meetings a month. All the boys are around. Ed DeCota still is bald. I am commencing to believe that if he would use that stuff on his scalp instead of internally he might grow some hair. We are going to give Ed a new job keeping our hall clean. I know he will make a good janitor. Brother Cox, as I said before, is still alive. I am going to let him keep track of the members who don't attend meetings regularly.

Well, as I said before, there is not much news so I will have to close, wishing all the locals a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

SAM SASSALI,  
Recording Secretary.

Wherefore, O judges, be of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth—that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death. He and his are not neglected by the gods. The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways—I to die, you to live. Which is better, God only knows.—*Socrates*.

**L. U. NO. 211, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.**

Editor:

Well, the election is over and now the debating club that holds daily sessions in the day room can take up other important matters for discussion. The weather prophets had the floor. Brother Cameron's remarks of shad being caught in the pier nets along with mackerel, frost fish and flounders, caused Brother "Hod" Turner to prophesy that it will be a mild winter. He bases his conclusions on the two blue nose sharks caught off the coast last week. It seems these sharks visit this vicinity in summer, but almost 30 years have passed since they came within two miles of shore at this time of year. The pair caught last Saturday had become entangled in cod nets a mile and a half from the beach. Their combined weight was 1,500 pounds.

The writer agrees with them and bases his argument on the fact that we need a mild winter to get action on the new jobs to be started so that they may open for next season, and calls attention that our steady going, even tempered treasurer, Brother Edgar Kohler, after fifteen years with the Rogers Shop had decided to call it quits. I have it from a reliable source that he informed our financial secretary, Brother "Sheik" Heppard, the day of the "big bust," that when he started he didn't think it was going to be steady.

Then there's Brother "Buck" Taylor's Astrakhan ??? collared coat. Back in the days of the pompadour, before the boyish bobs, when "Buck" broke out "the" coat it was time to put on your red flannels, and look after the wood pile and coal bin, at least that's what my "gran' pap" told me.

It may not be cold now, but do not take it for granted that the resort is going to escape wintry blasts. Brother "John" Bennett declares it is going to be cold and then some. He bases his conclusion on the crabs and eels caught recently. He states that the crabs have stored up much fat for the winter and the thick skin on eels is proof that the denizens of the deep are aware of coming low temperatures. However, he gives assurances of an early spring—that's "something."

An early and severe winter is in store for South Jersey if the movements of birds are any indication, is the opinion of Brother "Parson" Jones. This is his story and he sticks to it.

While taking an early Sunday morning stroll, "6 A. M.," the sky was suddenly overcast as though a rain storm was approaching and looking up, saw the sky literally blackened with south bound birds. The migratory flight took nearly half an hour to pass; whether the birds were swallows or blackbirds, he was unable to ascertain. Brother "Limber" Turner's guess is that they were swallows from the "apple orchard."

The writer made a special trip to New York to look over the Paramount Theatre and left there feeling that it was the last word in electrical control, but after an inspection tour guided by our Brother T. H. Emerson, who is the engineer on the job for Fischbach and Moore Co., and a former member of Locals No. 3, New York, and No. 134 Chicago, along with Brothers Hurley and Ulmer, city electrical inspectors on the job, we have decided that the electrical installation being installed in the Convention Hall is one of the most elaborate, flexible and efficient systems ever designed for a project of this kind. The entire auditorium is lighted indirectly. This method assures efficient, soft and pleasing light. There are 540 1,000 watt flood lights installed in the mammoth trusses. Each flood light being equipped with three color screens and individual

screen winding machines. These machines are remote control and are electrically locked, making all machines operate in synchronism. The auditorium stage is equipped with Kliegl disappearing footlights, pylon, border and proscenium arch lights. All of the above lighting is controlled through a contactor and dimmer switchboard, making it possible to have the most selective and beautiful lighting schemes.

The indirect lighting is also carried out in the ballroom in the most unique manner. There are twenty-six lunettes, 1,000 feet of mirrored reflector and 138-300 watt flood lights concealed in the inner and outer coves surrounding the room. The lunettes and reflectors are wired for three color circuits and are controlled through a contactor and dimmer switchboard. The stage lighting effects are obtained in a similar manner to those in the auditorium.

The ballroom and auditorium projector booths are equipped with every modern electrical device used in the theatrical world.

Electric service to exhibitor booths of characteristics needed during the conventions has been the most trying and complicated. The engineers on this project have solved this problem in a very able manner. In the auditorium proper, on the Georgia and Mississippi Avenues sides at the foot of the large trusses, are 20 separate electrical service rooms, in which are six exhibitor panels; namely, single phase, three phase, direct current, low tension, telephone and general lighting. These panels are built with wire slots and wing bolts; making connection readily accessible. The entire exhibitors space is tied into these service rooms by net work of 3 inch conduits and pull boxes. There are four thimbles in the slab at points where pull boxes appear. These boxes are spaced at approximately every 40 feet over this great area. One can readily appreciate with this method, how quickly and safe service of any kind can be furnished to the exhibitors.

Current will be furnished by the Atlantic City Electric Company. Two 22,000 volt, 3 phase primary circuits direct from the power house to a sub-station in the lower level of the auditorium. At this point the service will be changed to the desired current characteristics by the various banks of transformers. Two 440 k. w. rotaries, one 50 k. w. motor generator set.

There are seven banks of transformers.

Banks 1, 2 and 3 consist of two 300 K. V. A. oil cooled transformers 22,000 volt primary, scott connected on three phase. The secondary being two phase, five wire, 115/230 volt. On the secondary side of each bank of transformers are single phase induction regulators, controlled through contact making volt meters, assuring a constant voltage.

Bank No. 4 consists of three 200 K. V. A. single phase oil cooled transformers connected Delta Delta.

Bank No. 5 consists of one 75 K. V. A. three phase oil cooled transformers.

Banks No. 6 and No. 7 consist of three 200 K. V. A. 22,000 volt Delta connected primary, 187 volt secondary 50 per cent tap being made for starting the synchronous converters.

The secondary side is equipped with induction type regulators mechanically interlocked and operated by a relay and contact making volt meter.

In the lower level are the high tension buss structure compartment, oil switches, potential and current transformers, batteries, auditorium contactor and dimmer switchboard. On the upper level are the low tension oil switches, induction regulators, rotary converters, motor generator set, the

A. C. and D. C. switchboard, the largest of its kind in the United States.

Twenty-seven panels on the A. C. switchboard and twenty-four panels on the D. C. switchboard. These boards are equipped with every modern safety device.

To give one an idea of the magnitude of this installation there are 350,000 feet of steel conduit, ranging in size from 1/2 inch to 5 inches inclusive and 650 miles of copper wire ranging in size from No. 16 up to 1,600,000 C. M. There are 236 motors with an aggregate sum of 2,000 horse power. These motors are equipped with the most up-to-date safety starters. The total lighting load is 3,500 K. W. Lineal feet of conduit laid end to end is equivalent to 66 1/3 miles.

Last but not least—from engineer to office boy all are members of Local No. 211. So it seems to me that Mohammed will now have to go to the mountain.

"BON NOEL,"

G. M. S.

L. U. NO. 230, VICTORIA, B. C.

Editor:

I have always been much interested in games of skill and chance, especially of those which were prevalent among the natives of this Island in its early history, some of which are still in vogue among rapidly dwindling remnants of those once proud and warlike tribes. The great poet Longfellow describes the origin of one of these games in his poem, "The Song of Hiawatha," as follows:

Thus he taught the game of hazard,  
Thus displayed it and explained it,  
Running through its various changes,  
Various chances, various meanings;  
All the old men and the young men,  
Played for dresses, weapons, wampum,  
Played till midnight, played till morning.

One bright sunny day a few years ago my vacation had taken me along a beautiful winding road near the sea some distance from the City of Victoria.

The sun had reached the meridian and on looking at my timepiece, a well known standard make noted for its accuracy, I perceived that the hands stood exactly at twelve o'clock and even as I looked I heard the faint tones of the City Hall clock chiming the hour which showed that the two synchronized, which spoke much for the accuracy of the latter.

Close by stood a large empty house with a spacious porch which offered a quiet retreat for me in which to eat my frugal lunch while perusing a small treatise on ancient Greek philosophy, written by the learned Dr. Dryasdust which I had brought with me. But my plans were doomed to disappointment for just as I had sat down in a comfortable position a large chariot resplendent in colors of scarlet and gold came speeding up in a cloud of dust, stopped suddenly, and like a volcano in eruption vomited out a half dozen or more lusty warriors.

The dark color of their faces caused me at first to think that they were on the war path but on closer inspection I found that this dusky hue was due to the absence of rain.

Throwing off heavy, leather belts which held their tomahawks, scalping knives and other weapons of offence and defence they did not remove the climbing irons which were strapped to their legs and used for the purpose of ascending and descending the wooden poles which serve to carry electric wires.

I now saw that they were of the class of workers known as linemen. In return for doing "light services" they are allowed to make bi-monthly raids on the treasury of the

A NEW SERIES OF HISTORIC PHOTOGRAPHS



1, William Downey. 2, "Shorty" Poyer. 3, Fred Jolly. 4, James Rushford. 5, Walter Crother. 6, Frank DeLousy. 7, Jack Donohue. 8, James McIntyre. 9, Phillip Bender. 10, John Rosy O'Grady. 11, Jose Coty. 12, John Burns. 13, Del. Malloy. 14, William Stack. 15, Patrick Stack. 16, Thomas Sloan. 17, J. C. Carroll, Jr. 18, William Hurley.

Through the courtesy of Phillip Bender, L. U. No. 9, we publish herewith the second in a new series of historic photographs, reviving the old days of union life in Chicago. The subject of this month's picture is "Baseball Teams of 1901, Commonwealth Edison Co. vs. Chicago Telephone Co." All are members of L. U. No. 9.

Benevolent Utility Company by whom they are employed.

Hastily bolting their lunches they all repaired to the porch where I was sitting. Their Chief, a tall, saturnine individual with whom I was slightly acquainted, nodded to me.

I was much interested in the proceedings which followed.

They all knelt down in a circle and one of the warriors produced a couple of small, highly polished ivory cubes upon the sides of which were inscribed certain cabalistic signs.

At a command from their Chief each one deposited a coin of the realm in the center of the circle, this was called a pot but the term is misleading for at no time during the game was such a utensil visible. After each had contributed to the so-called pot the one with the cubes rubbed them vigorously between his palms, blew his breath upon them and then calling out the name of a heathen goddess, "Snake-eyed Annie," cast them forth upon the floor.

As soon as they came to rest all gazed eagerly at the signs uppermost. The first thrower was unsuccessful and he passed the cubes on to his neighbor on the right.

The Chief called out "fattenerup," an Indian word unknown to me but which resulted in each man adding another coin to the pot.

The next thrower, a tall, handsome warrior named Melancholy now cast the cubes while calling out "Box Cars." Evidently his totem was strong as the signs on the cubes denoted the number seven and he immediately took possession of the contents of the pot amid the doleful wails of his companions.

I now perceived that the lucky numbers in this game appeared to be seven followed in the next throw by eleven.

After the pot had been replenished Melancholy cast the cubes again but this time was unsuccessful so he handed the cubes to his neighbor, a dark haired, black eyed warrior by the name of Comealong.

The pot was again replenished and Comealong in pathetic tones informed his totem

that "Baby wants a new pair of shoes," but the throw was also unsuccessful which so enraged him that he dashed the cubes violently on the ground arose and stalked away uttering words which I shall not repeat.

The next warrior by name "Pierce Eye" made his throw while calling on a totem by the name "Ruddy-headed Jehu" and was successful, and so the game went on with varying success until the Chief, pulling out a large brass timepiece, announced one o'clock whereupon they all arose, were swallowed up by the red volcano and whirled away leaving me alone to ponder on the pomps and vanities of this wicked world.

Since that time by the strenuous efforts of zealous missionaries the tribe has been persuaded to forswear this ancient game and are now investing their wealth largely in mining stock of the "panther class."

"SHAPPY."

L. U. NO. 245, TOLEDO, OHIO

Editor:

Electrical Workers: This program is brought to you at this time each month through the courtesy of Local Union No. 245, of Toledo, Ohio, and, as this ends the broadcasting for 1928, I hope there will be a new announcer for the coming year.

In opening our program this evening I want to wish each member of the I. B. E. W. and his family a Merry Christmas and a very Happy and Prosperous New Year. The old year is practically history now and we know not what the new year has in store for us. The greatest and most prosperous year in history is about to perish.

What; you don't believe that this has been a year of prosperity? Then ask any banker, study the returns of any manufacturing company, or, better yet, look at your daily paper and read of the rampage that the New York Stock Exchange is on. Isn't that proof enough? What's that; you haven't saved or made any more money this year than last? Behave yourself! Do you suppose that millions of American and English dollars could be handled on Wall Street

each day if the worker received a part of the earnings? That is the source of the surplus that is gambled with. Wages are not a liability; indeed not; wages are an asset, and dividends were never paid from assets. If some miracle should happen—like the Jews giving America to the Americans, or something impossible like that—that would grant every working man a five-cent increase over night, then what would happen on Wall Street? Or, in other words, if some of these millions of dollars paid annually were to go to the wage earner instead of being paid out as dividends?

It is an established fact that a seat on the Wall Street stock exchange would not bring \$530,000. But we, the workers, are satisfied. All we want is something to eat today and a place to sleep tonight. Tomorrow? Well, that will take care of itself. If we don't work for what the boss offers, he may get mad.

Suppose we join one of those labor unions and get one of them union buttons and wear it on our hat and forget ourselves and walk right past the boss and he sees it. Wow! If we all had them he might fire the whole bunch and close right up and go out of business and then we wouldn't have any work. And suppose all the linemen of every light company should belong to unions and the big bosses would all get sore and go out of business. Why, there wouldn't be any lights or power. Well, there are only four or five of us out here and who knows, maybe after they close up they will give me a job as sort of watchman around their properties. This is the attitude of too many men today and that is the reason that there are so many dividends to pay and why the stock exchange has to work a night shift to take care of the millions of dollars handled daily through the manipulation of securities that pay dividends. A company that pays big dividends is better thought of and gets more favors through the state utilities commission than the companies that pay big wages. In fact, the wage payers never achieve success, for they can't pay dividends and wages, and the investor realizes this and invests his money with a company with a future. The average worker don't even spend his money where it profits the workers most. Ninety per cent of us when we want something to eat will go to a place where the menu reads something like this: Roast beef, pig feet, stromberry pie, zoup, and kups kauffee. And when we buy gloves, shoes, overalls we patronize a store where a ham sandwich is as popular as Al Smith was in his own state, and by buying food and clothing you soon send your hard-earned American dollar across the sea for kings and even nations to fight over.

Yours truly had the pleasure of visiting Local No. 17, of Detroit, Mich., three weeks ago, in their splendid new temple, but owing to the lateness of the hour and the long drive back I was unable to stay through the meeting. I was successful, however, in meeting the man that made the smile famous, "Billy" Frost, and I shook hands with their president—Brother Lyons, I think his name was. For the few minutes that I was able to spend with them my reception was kingly. I hope for another opportunity of going up there again, soon, in fact, Local No. 245 is considering coming up there about 30 or 40 strong some social meeting night. All we are waiting for is an invitation. I hope to see something in the JOURNAL from Local No. 17, hoys.

Well, as this is December this is probably my last correspondence, as my successor will probably be elected this month. With this job goes my best wishes and all the grief. Glad to see you other press secre-

taries read my articles. Glad to hear from Brother King, of L. U. No. 584, Tulsa, Okla., and Irvine, of L. U. No. 1037, Winnipeg, Canada. You boys both sling a wicked pen, yourselves. Drop me a line; will be glad to hear from you any time. This goes for all of you members out there in the open spaces.

What's this? Well, well! I just got notice that with each congratulation, if properly extended to William Coy, you get one perfectly good smoking cigar. It's a boy, I understand, and both the baby and its mother are doing well. No matter how bad the storm here the trouble man can never find Coy, but the old bird knows where to find his house all right. Four times he has called, and "Mac" has six pairs of shoes to buy now.

There is another stock campaign on here now and hunting season is open and I have wondered why the men will insist on calling on their prospects attired in hunting togs.

Our first nomination of officers is now history and every man present at our last meeting was mentioned for at least two offices, six or seven being mentioned for every office with the exception of the financial secretary. Oliver Myers has no competition. On election night there will be at least seven at the meeting and they will be those who hope to give their jobs to some one else.

J. V. Peck, of 5602 Summit St., Sylvania, Ohio, is the only member this month who has told me of not receiving the JOURNAL, and he wonders why. The only reason that I can see is that his name has not been turned in for mailing before. Please take care of this. Thank you. There are a couple of names that you might take off of the mailing list. There are a few men getting the JOURNAL that should not get it, so in order to keep the union paper in the hands of union men, remove these names from the mailing list: Ralph Charles, 512 Conant St., Maumee, Ohio, and Floyd Steakley, Point Place, Toledo, Ohio. Last June these men came to the hall with enough noise to start a rebellion and very near succeeded. But as time passed so do they. They came in in June and both owe July dues. Now fine members. Are they working? Sure.

Among the nimrods who took in the first day of hunting here, L. C. Shaub, N. T. Oberdoff and H. "Poggy" Martin were there with bells on. Shaub and Oberdoff got their limit. Poggy shot two field mice and three sparrows, then bought a dressed rabbit at the meat market on the way home. Mrs. Martin can't understand how the government puts them stamps on wild rabbits. But he will kill a rabbit some day if he has to tie one to a fence. Elsworth Wingard and Nelson Sasse, of Maumee, both went hunting and tramped that wooded section all day, but when I asked them of their luck both avoided the question. Chicken at their house, no doubt. Ed Holland is the only truthful man that I have talked to about hunting. He says that he never missed a rabbit in his life (he never hunts).

Now, in closing, I want to wish every member a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. This goes for you in Washington, as well.

EDWARD E. DUKESHIRE.

Democracy is not a water-tight compartment. It is a great adventure, and in order to prepare people for that adventure we have to teach them to think for themselves on the problems they will have to face when they grow up. It is not simply teaching them the ideals of the day—we must train them to make the ideals of tomorrow.—*Z. Chaffee.*

L. U. NO. 292, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Editor:

Another presidential election has passed into history, leaving in its wake some few causes for rejoicing, with perhaps more for regrets, also a considerable number of melancholy reflections, one of which is the enormous amount of money that it has cost the American people to go through the formality of sending certain men back to serve another term in the offices they were already holding, or replacing them with others, and in deciding which of two men, with the selection of whom they had nothing to do, should become the chief executive of the nation.

We may discern a sad and serious criticism of the aggregate intelligence of the public presented by the facts, when we consider the enormous waste of energy, time and money expended in this business of selecting those who, as public servants, are to administer the functions of the machinery of government, supposedly for the benefit of the general public.

Theoretically, governments in general, and this one of ours in particular, are institutions organized and operated by society for the promotion of the development of and safeguarding of civilization, or, as the Declaration of Independence has it, "governments are instituted among men for the purpose of securing to all members of the community the inalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed," their functions being to administer that portion of the general business of the country which is of common interest to all members of the community to enact and enforce laws, to promote and insure the general safety, well being and prosperity of the entire community and in accordance with this ideal, the holder of public office should be the servant of the people, concentrating his best efforts on impartially serving the entire public on the basis of the "greatest good to the greatest number." Therefore, the natural and logical supposition would be that the public official should be selected solely on the basis of the two qualifications of character and ability. The first consideration being that through experience, training, education or aptitude he is especially fitted to efficiently administer the duties of the particular office which he is to fill, and the second that, on account of his integrity and trustworthiness, he can be depended upon to use this special ability honestly for the best interests of all the people.

So much for the theory; what are the facts?

In order that we may reach a full comprehension of the actual conditions of affairs as they really are, we must bear in mind that political government is an important factor, yes, one of the major influences in, of and affecting our industrial, social and economic life, as I have said before in some of my previous letters, and, therefore, in any consideration of the workings of our political system it is eminently essential that the reaction of our social, industrial and economic life to that influence be taken account of.

To begin with, the filling of political offices in the hands of principally and almost exclusively two large organizations, the two political parties, into the fold of which have flocked thousands of self-seeking individuals who realized the many personal advantages accruing to one holding public office. These and other conditions have made it possible for sufficiently powerful interests to gain virtual control of either or both of these parties and then dictate who their candidates should be as well as what their policy or platform should be. This gives the above-mentioned controlling interest an enormous advantage over its rivals, whose only alternative to submission to the dominance of the



other group is to pursue the same tactics, and, naturally, this is being done more or less in every political campaign, and the candidate is not chosen on account of his special fitness for the particular position that he is to fill but because he can be depended upon to represent the special interests of the group that has chosen him and to make these interests paramount before all other considerations in the administration of his office. Thus our public official does not represent the interests of the whole people or even those of the people of the community or area from which he is elected, but only the interests of the particular economic, social or industrial group that has placed him in nomination and help to elect him.

Now it is plain to be seen that this state of affairs is not only out of accord with the theory of popular government, as stated at the beginning of this letter, but that it is subversive of the very spirit and ideals of that theory.

This traditional theory of popular government may be ever so grand, ever so beautiful, even ever so desirable, but whether we like it or not, it is impossible. The process of social evolution, working in the development of governmental functions to conform to social requirements, is changing our form of government from one of geographical representation to one of industrial representation. The conflicting interests of different geographical areas of the country grow to be of less and less importance while the struggle for supremacy even for survival between the various industrial and economic groups becomes more pronounced every year.

The basis of our present social order is essentially and fundamentally industrial, and that being the case, it is inevitable that natural development should produce this result.

The humorous or pathetic (according to the view point) part of this situation, and what makes "confusion worse confounded," is the fact that we are trying to live up to our traditions of a government based upon popular per capita representation from geographical areas, and incidentally kidding ourselves that we are doing it, when, in actual practice, we are in the anomalous condition of electing men from geographical areas to represent special industrial groups. Is it necessary to say that this political confusion is the principal reason why labor so often exhibits such a lack of intelligence at the polls as well as why labor finds itself so poorly represented, among the many striving industrial interests in this government of ours?

These are the facts indicative of the condition we are faced with. What are we going to do about it?

Shall we make the mad attempt to unscramble the egg, to turn back the tide of evolution, to arrest the natural course of development, and thus try to bring back once more the so-called "halcyon days of the long ago?" I think not. Or shall we like the Turk fold our hands and say "kismet," it is fate? Again I think not. Or, like the ostrich that buries its head in the sand, refuse to face the problem? Absolutely not. No! If we are to get anywhere we must courageously face the facts, whatever they are, and honestly and fearlessly make the attempt to solve our problems and overcome our difficulties.

I believe that our most valuable resource in this contingency, as it is in so many others, is education. We must deliberately and unequivocally admit that we are no longer deceived by the empty shell of the old forms, that popular representation in government is a delusion, that the government of the present is principally a

battle ground of the various industrial interests for special privilege and governing ourselves accordingly, try to educate our membership to the idea that we must play the game as the other groups play it, by lining up solidly behind our representatives that we may have them to go in and fight for the special privileges that we want.

W. WAPLES.

#### L. U. NO. 308, ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.

Editor:

As this is the time for "Thanksgiving" allow me, an humble scribe, to thank you for the send-off you gave me in our November number of the JOURNAL. The Brothers said I was getting a little too deep for them, but as the inspiration came out of the cellar that accounts for it.

Tidings of great joy have come to us. Brother Edwin F. Davis announced that Mrs. Davis gave him a pre-yuletide present of a 10 pound boy. Members of Local No. 212 please take notice.

The Brothers all felt so elated that of course they must give vent to their joy. A party was in order. Oh! What a time. Contractors, wirepatchers, helpers and apprentices and even some of the theatrical world were there. Such a time they had words would fail me if I tried to describe it, and anyway space is valuable. As the night went on, a little African golf was played and

it was a real friendly game. At the height of this spectacular extravaganza some one slipped a little of that high tension stuff into Brother Baker's cup, and after he drank it, he swore he either had a dead short or was grounded. We cannot have too many little parties like that, as it has a tendency to promote good fellowship and friendly feeling toward one another.

We will have nomination of officers this month and I hope the able Brothers that are called upon to do their duty, will not make excuses and pass the buck. You know, Brothers, there must be some one to guide the ship, so choose wisely. It means much to you if you stop to think.

By the time you read this you will be doing your Christmas shopping and I hope that all the members of the I. B. E. W. will be in a position to do that shopping. There is one good present you might put on your list, get wifey or the kiddies an insurance policy from the Union Cooperative Insurance Association, and if you have that feeling that you want to do something for someone, just demand the union label on everything you buy. And any of you Brothers who have gone away and are indebted to Local No. 308, try to make a settlement and call it a Christmas gift.

The Brothers of this local wish every officer and member of the I. B. E. W. a very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

THE WOODCHOPPER.

## Rays of Sense and Sanity Traveling

By JOHN F. MASTERSON, Cleveland, Ohio

Our International Brotherhood is now a complex organization of 640 different local bodies. Its officers exist to direct us, to instruct us and to serve us in every way. It would astonish you to find out how kindly they feel towards us—as friends and older Brothers. Sometimes we do not view things as they do. In such cases we must be open-minded enough to feel that when our judgment conflicts with theirs the chances are that the officers are right and the members wrong. To hold an office does not make a man infallible, however. If one feels certain he is right, discuss the case good-temperedly and fairly with them, show them the respect which is their due. They are your counsellors and expect you to bring your troubles and perplexities to them, for advice and untangling. In all matters we can expect a sympathetic hearing. They give us every consideration as men; we are treated with justice always, patience generally, and with malice never. As a body of picked men, it's up to us to reciprocate and be kindly and considerate, just in our judgments always, vindictive and revengeful never.

The wage-earning activities of life have absorbed us. We have taken up the burden of men, and shown our courage; for only strong men knowingly enter where their portion is man's work; where every fiber of manliness, pluck and endurance is called for, as we want to be strong enough to conquer and swift enough to win. The strength we need is not all brute strength—far from it—and our swiftness is not all speed. There is an element of persistence in winning a race, an element of skill in conquering. We have already given evidence of our ability to conquer and to win, for our paths trended right and we have kept eternally moving.

Our International Officers are anxious to keep every man shoulder-to-shoulder with his mates. When a man gets behind on anything he is a cripple and not keeping step with the procession. It gives the local trouble. It must consider him and doctor him or penalize him—penalties that are constructive, not destructive. Since the locals must march in a body, it would not be good generalship to shoot a man's leg off when he lags. We prod him with a pen and urge him to keep up. If, however, he cannot keep up, he must join the troublesome crippled squad. This squad is a burden on the local and our constructive policy is to keep it as small as possible. Do you know that in war time the wounded are a greater burden than the dead? We can bury the dead, but we must nurse the wounded, give them attention and protection. Every local should have a large sign over the president's chair: "Keep out of the crippled squad."

In order to make the most of the chance we now have we must make good, realize the hopes of the other Brothers and make worthwhile the sacrifices they made for us. Never disappoint them; live up to what they expect of us or die with the honor of attempting. If sometimes a profound gloom invades your mind, the wires get badly tangled, things go awry, periods of depression as it were, and a midnight fog settled down upon you, grope your way to Washington—SOS—and try a few magic rays of the sense and sanity which the International Officers will throw upon you.

**L. U. NO. 313, WILMINGTON, DEL.**

Editor:

Local Union No. 313 once more breaks out in the newsprint columns. On Friday evening, November 6, we were visited by Mr. Herman, the assistant chief of the electrical inspection department of the fire underwriters in the Philadelphia district.

Mr. Herman delivered a very interesting talk on the changes brought out in the new code rules effective January 2, 1929. He is to be congratulated by Local No. 313 for his effort to make clear to our members such changes as affect the majority of workers. Of course, all unionists are interested in living up to the rules, but we in the Wilmington district, which comes under the supervision of Mr. Walter Crossley, a former member of Local No. 98, know that in order to keep above the average we will do one thing, and that is, live up to the rules or Brother Crossley will do his stuff.

Local Union No. 313 through its I. O. Representative, Brother Meade, has gone over the top in helping to form the Building Trades Council in the Wilmington district.

Mr. Joseph M. Richie, general organizer, A. F. of L., has been instrumental in bringing together the various crafts in the reformation of this wide-awake B. T. organization. We are fortunate in having all the locals line up from the start, and we hope, that within a short time this organization will stand out among the councils in the eastern section of this old U. S. A. as a live wire outfit.

The boys in Wilmington are getting an even break in working conditions and we have some very good prospects for the winter season. Usually things are pretty dull, but we are waiting for the much heralded prosperity that the candy-dates for president bally-hooed so much about.

The Wilmington General Hospital is nearing completion, and No. 313 has had their share of the work through the Riggs Dessler Company of Baltimore, Md. Too bad the new Y. M. C. A. didn't go fair. Maybe we'll see our B. T. C. in action soon

O. C. WALLS.

**L. U. NO. 314, CAMDEN, N. J.**

Editor:

To begin my first letter in the WORKER I want to say hello to all the members of the I. B. E. W., and inform them that there is a local union in Camden, N. J. There seems to be a few who are unaware of our existence.

Well, times are as good as can be expected for this season of the year. We hope that in the spring things will brighten up a bit.

We have had several changes in the official personnel of our local during the past month. Brother Charles Foley is now recording secretary and business representative, vice Brother Tweedee's resignation. The girl friend seems to want "our boy friend" to come around Monday nights, as well as Wednesdays, consequently, L. U. No. 314 lost their smiling little treasurer. It's tough, "Wes," to have to lose you. Here's hoping our new treasurer, Brother Cowgell, doesn't fall a victim of Dan Cupid. Brother Page is now financial secretary, vice Brother Foley. So you see there has been quite a few changes, and I want to tell you, boys, we have a business agent that is out for business and he sure is getting it. We hope that he continues his good work. I want you all to know that the members of L. U. No. 314 are right on the job. We have two-thirds of our members at each meeting and they are all go-getters.

Well, the holidays are drawing near, so L. U. No. 314 sends its heartiest greetings to all readers, especially members of the I. B. E. W., for a Merry Christmas and a very Prosperous New Year.

Now to the Brothers of L. U. No. 314: Don't forget to let one of your New Year's resolutions be to attend all meetings, so, in the February WORKER, I can say we have a 100 per cent attendance.

This being my first letter to the JOURNAL, I think I had better sign off until next month, before I give you all an overdose.

WHITEY CONOVER.

**L. U. NO. 339, FORT WILLIAM, ONT., CAN.**

Editor:

Since my last effort as a scribe to our JOURNAL, Local No. 339 has been honored by a visit from our good friend, Brother John Noble, and through his hard work and timely efforts a goodly number of our old members have been reinstated back in the fold. I can sincerely say that Local No. 339 certainly welcomes these boys back to help carry on the good work of which we know they are capable. No. 339 welcomes them not only as members, but as men who are going to work hard, attend the meetings, and discuss the issues that face us, so that when spring rolls around and our agreement comes up for consideration, we will be on firm footing and have all the data and arguments that go to make a clean cut case. After all, there is only one way to get wages and conditions, and that is to get together, stay together, work hard and harmonize. Harmony in my estimation, is the most essential point in organization. Without it no matter how strong your organization, you will never attain your objective. During the last month or so I have heard whisperings about our next agreement, something about holidays for hourly men. Well why not, is not one man entitled to holidays the same as another if he can get them? Certainly he is, but why whisper about it? Go down to the meetings and shout loud your suggestions, air them at the top of your voice. Any logical suggestions, no matter on what subject, always give food for thought and all these things tend to make an interesting meeting. But what do we find when the meeting is called to order? The same old faces, yes, meeting after meeting, we have the same old gang carrying on the business for themselves and the other fellow. Now just one word of advice to these absent members before I pass on. Why this attitude of indifference? Why be satisfied to sit back with that nonchalant air and let the other fellow do your business, for after all it is your business? Always remember that it is not the officers who control the organization but the members who sit on the side benches. I cannot let this opportunity pass without one word of appreciation to our fellow members in the Hill City.

Brother R. Burns and his gang played host to the Fort William boys at a smoker and social evening and as hosts and real good fellows we have to hand it to those Port Arthur boys. They certainly showed us a royal time. After lunch, which was prepared to the King's taste, keno was played and a social evening was enjoyed by all. The party broke up in the wee sma' hours o' the morning and everybody went their way with the one thought in mind that as hosts the Port Arthur boys can't be beat.

BILL OTWAY.

**L. U. NO. 353, TORONTO, ONT., CAN.**

Editor:

The agreement committee presented our new agreement to the contractors a few days ago, and negotiations are now on.

Our old agreement expires on May 31, 1929. There is also an increase of 10 cents per hour by this agreement on January 1, 1929, effective until the agreement expires in May. The committee is now negotiating for a 15 cent increase to start the new agreement in June. They are also after the five-day week which means no work on Saturday, and double time for all overtime.

The five-day working week and wage increases will be demanded from contractors in Toronto by all 19 unions in the building trades council when new agreements are presented, the council having gone on record for a five-day week.

Work is fairly plentiful just at present and will be until about December, when several large jobs will be near completion, although there may be enough work to keep everyone busy all through our slack period.

Brothers J. Nutland and Joe Godden are working on the star job and work is progressing rapidly.

Brother Brown is our business agent and Brother C. Shaw is assistant business agent and financial secretary.

Brothers are all requested to pay all their dues up to and including December before the New Year.

This will enable the auditors to bring in a very good report of business transacted for the last quarter when we have had two business representatives on the road.

P. ELSWORTH.

**L. U. NO. 413, SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.**

Editor:

Santa Barbara's colorful history and romance: "If you like California, you will love sun-kissed, ocean-washed, mountain-girded, island-guarded Santa Barbara."

"Santa Barbara must be beautiful for she pleases daily, outlasts novelty, survives long knowledge and the scrutiny of years." No city in the state can claim a more colorful legacy, embracing equally the picturesque history and scintillating romance of old Spain.

"First discovered in 1542, by Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, that redoubtable conqueror of the uncharted seas acknowledged the scenic beauty and equable climate of our friendly land. Next came the intrepid Sir Francis Drake, and shortly thereafter Sebastian Viscaino entered the channel roadstead, St. Barbara's Eve, December 4, 1602, dropped anchor and landed. To commemorate the event, the name of the patron saint of mariners and architects was given to the channel, mission, city and county, and the guarding islands.

"In April, 1782, the Presidio of Santa Barbara was established and four years later, December, 1786, the Mission Santa Barbara, tenth of the famous California missions was founded on El Camino Real, the Padre-highway leading from San Diego to Sonoma."

As usual we are having fine weather and all the boys are working. We have had to send out and get more help. We can see a good winter ahead. We are going to give the boys a banquet. Committee: Welch, Springer, Cusack, Cook, Brockman. I will let you know later how we agreed.

We have just heard from Brother H. V. Dodson, city inspector, who has just come up for air and has asked for our assistance. Well, believe me, it is time. We wish him good luck. We read that he is going to

make some changes which will score the builders. We hope he will cut the Foney Loom Lock out and said grounds. The Edison has a grounding three-wire system but still we have to ground their systems. It seems to me that we are doing more work on a ding bat than most other burgs.

Your writer this year made a trip up the coast as far as Vancouver, B. C. Well, in Seattle, Wash., I made several jobs. They surely don't use Loom Lock and ceiling pans. We allow for voltage and they count by the outlets. In other places they use twin rope wire, no mud bustings, no loom but use staples for knobs. How do they get by the underwriters? Well, I can see a lot of rubbs in them, except Santa Barbara. Every one of our men carries a code book and Brother Bobson has a car full.

Well, fellows, keep your eye on California. Watch Hoover and Boyd and Senator H. Johnson build the Boulder Dam. Don't forget we elected a president from the golden west and we will tell the world more about California. You have got to take your hat off to the golden west.

Wishing all the boys a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

WELCH.

**L. U. NO. 500, SAN ANTONIO, TEX.**

Editor:

The storm is over, the people of our great country have again made known their wishes and here is hoping that everybody regardless of party affiliation will step forward and put a shoulder to the wheel of progress. It matters little after all whether a man is a Democrat or a Republican so long as he is a red blooded American and understands our problems. We, the workers, are only asking for justice and no special privileges and so long as we do our part in the interest of our country no doubt but that we will be recognized.

Local Union No. 500 is progressing nicely. We are gaining members and all are working. We are having better attendance of late. I don't know whether it is due to the popularity of our worthy president, Brother Whitaker, or the cool weather, or both. However, we surely are proud to see them come up and hope some more of the Brothers will find time to attend regularly.

Brother Patrick Flowers, who was burned pretty badly some time ago, is recovering nicely and we hope to see his smiling face at meeting again before long.

To Brother Stanley Rudewick went the signal honor of being personal aid to President William Green during the American Legion Convention and from all accounts he did the job as a true craftsman should.

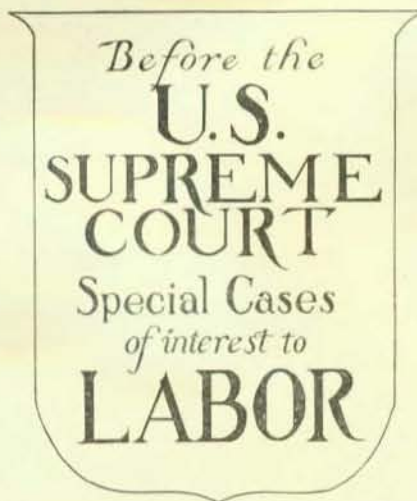
Brother Stowe is at work compiling a list of reasons why a man should belong to the Brotherhood and, with his permission, I will try to have it with my next letter.

Hoping the Brothers at large will have due mercy on my poor contributions to the writers' art.

WM. CARLSON.

I think you know how genuinely I am interested in the fortunes of the American Federation of Labor and how earnest and sincere a hope I entertain that its labors will be crowned with the best sort of success in the promotion of the best interests of the working men of the country.—Woodrow Wilson.

Start a Read-the-Journal-Every-Month-Club. No dues. No officers. No obligations. No work. But three hours of pleasure and profit once a month all the year.



**Supreme Court Will Pass on Question of Unfair Competition**

The Supreme Court consented to review the case of the Federal Trade Commission v. Alfred Klesner, doing business under the name of Shade Shop, involving the question whether the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia gave sufficient weight to the Commission's findings that Klesner was operating the Shade Shop and was simulating the name of a well-established firm called The Shade Shop, thereby misleading the public in violation of the Federal Trade Commission Act, prohibiting unfair methods of competition in commerce.

This case was once before decided by the Supreme Court on the question whether the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia had jurisdiction to enforce or set aside the orders of the Federal Trade Commission. The Court of Appeals ruled that it had no jurisdiction, but this was reversed by the Supreme Court.

When the case was argued on its merits, the Court of Appeals held that there was not sufficient evidence upon which the Commission could have found Klesner guilty of unfair methods of competition, and that Shade Shop was not such a name, to which anyone could have had an exclusive right.

The Federal Trade Commission petitioned the Supreme Court to review the case, maintaining that under the Federal Trade Commission Act its findings as to facts, if supported by testimony, are conclusive, and that it was not within the province of the Circuit Court of Appeals to weigh the evidence.

**Stonecutters' Appeal Dismissed on Technical Grounds**

The Supreme Court dismissed the appeal of the Journeymen's Stonecutters' Association from the injunction rendered against it by the District Court in New York, for violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, because the Association did not give notice of severance to the other defendants in the suit when it alone appealed the case to the Supreme Court.

The United States brought suit in the District Court of New York against the Journeymen Stonecutters' Association. The local union of stonecutters in New York, the Building Trades Council of Westchester County, Local Union No. 84 of the Bricklayers, Masons and Plasterers Union, and certain of their officers, to enjoin them from continued violations of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law.

The bill in equity charged conspiracy to prevent the transportation into the metropolitan district of New York of cast stone manufactured in other states. The District Court of New York found that 12 of the de-

fendants were guilty of violations of the anti-trust law and granted the injunction. As to the other defendants, the Court dismissed the complaint.

The Journeymen Stonecutters' Association appealed the case. It denied that it ever was a party to the conspiracy, because the acts of its officers were outside the scope of their authority as agents of the International Union, and that their acts had never been authorized either by its constitution or by-laws, or by any action of the Executive Committee, to enter into the conspiracy charged.

When the case was argued in the Supreme Court, the Court raised the question whether the appeal was properly before it, since it was taken by one of the defendants and not by the others, and there appeared no notice of "summons and severance" served on the other defendants who did not appeal. Counsel for the Stonecutters' Association were then allowed time within which to file argument on the question whether notice of summons and order of severance were necessary in the case.

The counsel argued that the parties against whom the complaint was dismissed were not entitled to notice of summons and order of severance; that only those parties against whom the injunction was issued were entitled to such notice; and furthermore, since the defendants who did not appeal were represented by the same counsel as those who did appeal, the requirement of summons and severance would be merely a technical one, which could in no way contribute to the disposition of the case on its merits.

No. 310

Illinois State Trust Co. v. Missouri Pacific Railroad Co. Supreme Court of Missouri (5 S. W. (2) 369).

Action under the Federal Employers' Liability Act. Whether a violation of the Safety Appliance Act was a proximate cause of the death of a foreman of a switching crew. Whether there was a final judgment rendered by the Supreme Court of Missouri to sustain jurisdiction for petition for writ of certiorari.

No. 312

Charles L. Douglas v. The New York, New Haven and Hartford R. R. Co. Supreme Court of New York, 9th District (223 App. Div. 782).

Action under the Federal Employers' Liability Act. Whether it is discretionary with the State Courts to take jurisdiction over cases under the Federal Employers' Liability Act, where the cause of action arises in another state.

No. 318

McPherson Brothers Co. v. Okanogan-Douglas Inter-County Bridge Co. C. C. A. 9th Circuit (24 F. (2) 798).

Suit to enjoin construction of a bridge over a navigable river, as an obstruction to navigation. Whether the complainant, operating ferry boats on the river, had a legal capacity to sue, if the construction was not commenced within a year or completed within three years after the passage of the Permit Act.

No. 327

Daniel A. Stapleton v. Reading Company. C. C. A. 3rd Circuit (26 F. (2) 242).

Action under the Federal Employers' Liability Act. Whether the employee assumed the risk of his employment when a piece of steel flew off a wheel and struck him in the eye, when he struck the wheel with a hammer in order to test it.

**L. U. NO. 559, KENORA, ONT., CAN.**

Editor:

Here we are again trying to put on a good front to see if there will be room in the letter box for this copy.

This tourist mecca local here is getting upwards in the world. We are almost 100 per cent local shop now. I believe we will be before I try my hand as a scribe again.

With three new members having received the usual or otherwise unusual initiation, it was a good thing that water flowed instead of a better beverage. We might have given the members a good reception on the eve of their inauguration into the mystic organization of the I. B. E. W.

But now we are preparing for a smoker let's hope it will be a good one. My throat is almost dry now waiting for it to come. No invitations will be required to tell the members when to come. Their sense of smell will lead them on.

As to work, it's still going forward even though winter is almost on hand; we are plugging on with lost of work perhaps to come.

Our bowling teams are progressing pretty fairly. The ten pin team with old McLaughlin on the lead is coaching us ever onward towards a decent showing for a new team. But the five pin teams are good. They are almost league leaders now, in the Y. M. C. A. league.

Before my pen runs dry I wish to thank you for finding space for my previous effort.

MICKEY.

**L. U. NO. 567, PORTLAND, MAINE**

Editor:

On account of scarcity of business within the local ranks, I am, with the permission of the editor, running the risk of ridicule by the local and I don't know what from Brother Blake by deviating a little from the general trend of letters required, to present, with an original setting, my version of an actual affair of Hallowe'en in which Brother Blake played the lead.

The night had settled and day was spent  
On Hallowe'en,

When over the Smelt Hill village went  
The regular gang on mischief bent,  
In receptive mood for any event  
Of Hallowe'en.

A form stole forth with a stealthy tread,  
On Hallowe'en.

John Blake, of whom it was often said,  
"If man or beast was never afraid,"  
In a sheet and broomstick all arrayed  
On Hallowe'en.

Like a witch of old, into the night  
On Hallowe'en,  
He sallied forth to furnish a fright  
To the gang patrolling the road that night  
But he didn't figure the spirit of flight  
Of Hallowe'en.

For the gang was out in the festive mood  
Of Hallowe'en.  
And they wouldn't be scared, and wouldn't  
be booed,  
And they wouldn't retreat the ground they  
stood,  
While rocks flew fast at the spectral hood,  
On Hallowe'en.

John saw his mistake and with fractured  
pride,  
On HaHowe'en,

His coat tails clasped to his portly side;  
The sheet and broomstick he scattered wide,  
And ran like h— to save his hide,  
On Hallowe'en.

The lesson we learn from these simple lines,

On Hallowe'en,

That every man his own business mind,  
Discard the pranks of his youth behind  
And he will never trouble find,  
On Hallowe'en.

There Brothers, now I'm going to duck  
and stay ducked.

M. M. MCKENNEY.

**L. U. NO. 584, TULSA, OKLA.**

Editor:

Not much to write about this month, as business is rather dull here at this writing. We are trying to get ready to put over the five-day week here in the near future.

Professor Whitworth is working hard on the school for apprentices and a great deal of interest is being manifested by our on-coming crop of future journeymen. This is one thing that some of us older heads never had an opportunity to take advantage of.

We had a letter from some of our Brothers who are working in Detroit saying the weather was pretty cold up there. Said "Chuck" Houghton was wearing a shirt now.

Watch your step, "Chuck," they'll have you wearing socks before the winter is over.

Our big jobs here are about finished and we have a number of men idle at this time. Some have gone to Kansas City and

Oklahoma City. Brother Mack Taylor is business agent in Oklahoma City. He is one of our former members.

There is a lot of work in the oil fields from time to time but we have never been very successful in getting this work for our members. We furnish men to one contractor who specializes in oil field electric equipment but he doesn't keep a regular force all the time.

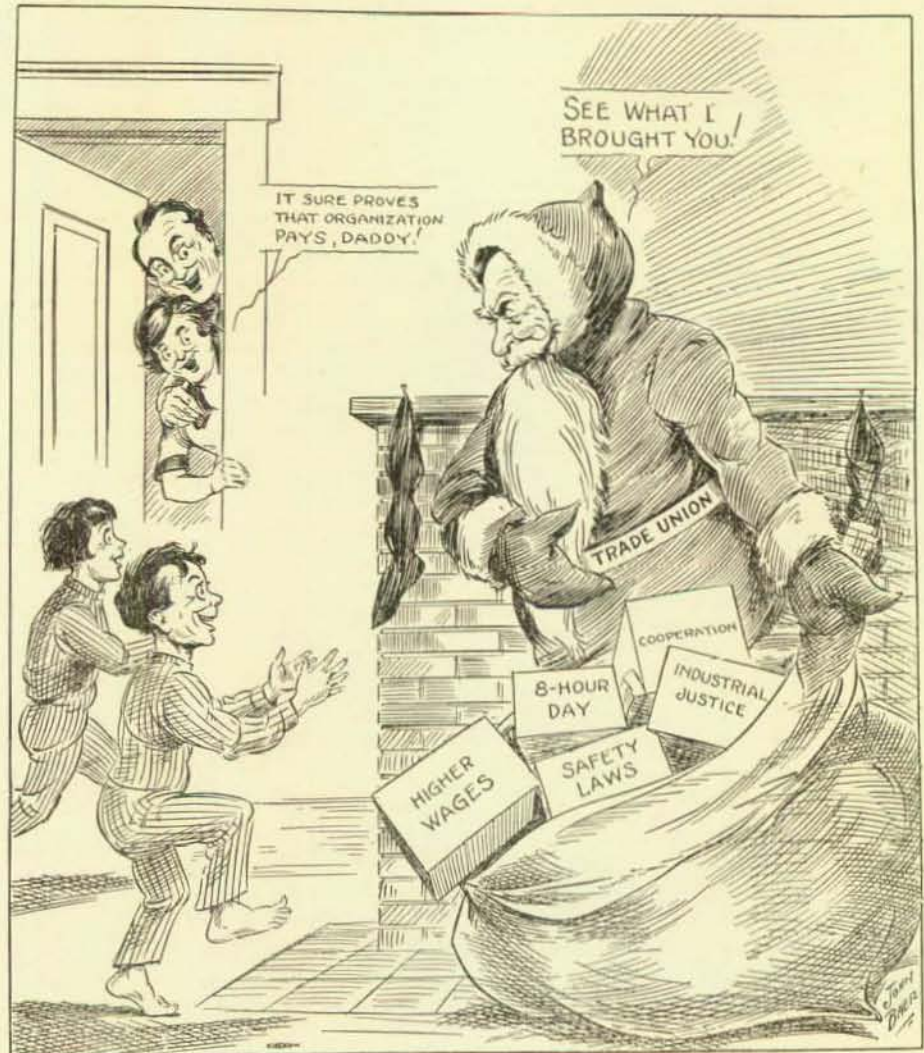
One of our real big jobs here went to an unfair contractor and through a lack of co-operation on the part of the various crafts affiliated with the building trades council he is progressing with the work. A real functioning building trades council has never been a success here for some reason. There must be some answer to the problem but we have been unable to find it.

When one craft comes in in order to get support for conditions on some job another will withdraw so that it seems to be impossible to get a 100 per cent representation of all building crafts. This is strange, too, for all crafts are well organized as pertains to their individual trades.

Why is it that men, as individuals will stand in the way of their own advancement? There are a great many unorganized electrical workers here but they seem to be satisfied with their \$6 and \$8 per day and longer hours because they must put in the required number of outlets per day and haul the material to the job in their own cars.

Well, the year of 1928 will be almost over

**An Old Reliable Santa Claus**



by the time this is read and it has been a pretty good year for the various crafts here. The new year will perhaps not be so good from the present outlook. But we expect to eat at least occasionally. We must maintain our organization and be in line for whatever comes our way.

The panhandlers are out now endeavoring to raise the yearly charity fund of \$375,000 to maintain the Y. M. C. A. and kindred organizations here, but if the hungry man without a dime can get anything there I'd like to hear about it. Charity is so highly organized that one may starve before the relief needed can reach him. Ask for bread and receive a tract. Or if the baby wakes up hungry just give him a milk ticket.

And so life goes on with its ups and downs, but it's a pretty good old world after all.

S. A. KING.

**L. U. NO. 586, HULL, QUE., CAN.**

Editor:

We are quite busy in this part of the country. Plenty of work for everybody so far this fall. Our biggest job has expanded and more than doubled the crew which will last until spring.

The excavating for the new Dominion Government building is well under way. This will call for roughing in the early spring. We are pleased to say that we will have control of this job also.

We are adding a few new and again to our list of members as the weeks roll by. Although they do not come to our way of thinking as fast as we would like, we are going to get them just the same. Perhaps if more of our members would attend meetings and lend a hand it would be easier.

We have a committee in operation to try to establish a system by which we can hold the helpers and govern them also. I understand that this problem was the cause of one local in this city disbanding some time ago.

As there is not much stirring around this part of the country at present, I will sign off until next month.

C. B. POMEROY.

**L. U. NO. 653, MILES CITY, MONT.**

Editor:

Just a few lines to tell the world L. U. 653 is still holding its own. The town is pretty well organized as far as electrical work is concerned. Still have the same old bunch and are taking in a few new members. Some of the old members will recall in 1921 we needed the whole local to hold a meeting.

At present we have five Brothers working for the Montana-Dakota Power Company, six with the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph and six with the inside shops.

Work has been pretty plentiful around here for the past year and has all indications for a good winter. There has not been much new building but a lot of remodeling.

There isn't any snow laying on the ground in the neighborhood yet but we are expecting it every day. The boys all have their sheepskin coats in waiting, also the old reliable four-buckle overshoes and all the wrecks have alcohol in their radiators.

Brother Bartlett is still wire chief for the Bell. Brother Welch is transferred to Lewiston. Brother Long is still foreman for the Light bunch. Brother Harrison is still meter man. We have the same old gang.

I see by the WORKER Brother Pitts is still in sunny California. More power to you, Brother. I kinda wish I were back; I sure dread these hard winters.

The narrowbacks got a raise here last

June of \$1 per day. Not so bad for this part of the country. I understand the Montana Power boys got a raise October 1 to \$7 per day.

It won't be long now and Montana will be up amongst the best.

HERB SCHULZ.

**The Proper Care and Feeding of Your Baby**

By J. Rozier Biggs, M. D., Medical Director, Union Cooperative Insurance Association.

Published in the interest of better babies and happier homes by the Union Cooperative Insurance Association, Incorporated, Machinists' Building, Washington, D. C.

**Nursing Rules**

Put the baby to the breast six hours after birth, and nurse him every six hours during the first 24 hours. Nurse each breast three minutes, and if the baby cries much, boiled water may be given.

Beginning the third day, when milk usually comes, nurse the baby every three hours, alternating the breasts. If the milk be scant, nurse both breasts at each feeding.



DR. J. ROZIER BIGGS

Baby should seldom nurse more than 15 minutes. Nursing should be regular by the clock. Regular feeding means regular sleep, both for mother and baby, and makes the care of the baby much easier.

Waken the baby at nursing time, and soon he will form the habit of waking at the regular feeding hour.

If the milk is delayed longer than the third day, put the baby to the breast at three-hour intervals and ask your doctor if he would advise artificial feeding until milk is established.

**Bathing the Baby**

Give the baby a tub bath every day. Tepid water should be used. The baby should be dusted with talcum powder after the bath to prevent chafing, and if chafing occurs use a 5 per cent ointment of boric acid to heal it.

**Baby's Play Things**

Do not let the baby play with anything so small that he may swallow it. Many babies swallow toy whistles, small coins, rings, etc. Also be careful that the older children do not give the baby articles of food, which will make the baby sick.

**L. U. NO. 675, ELIZABETH, N. J.**

Editor:

The article in the October issue of the JOURNAL on Boob-Voting certainly is food for thought. You wouldn't imagine an intelligent class of voters would fall for the bunk handed out by some politicians. But it's true and an insult to their intelligence; however, they seem to crave insults. People connected with organized labor crave them more than others. Our recent election in this state proved it. The Senator-elect from this state isn't even a resident; true he has a voting residence, but you don't suppose a man living in another state will serve your interest as well? The sad part of it all, is the fact he is a bitter enemy of organized labor, and men connected with labor knowing this went out and campaigned for him. Thus proving one of the points, the man with the most money wins. Sad, but true. This is not a case of picking a man from any certain party, the Governor-elect, from the same party, introduced a bill meant to have electrical contractors licensed, which would be a benefit to the electrical workers. The bill didn't go through but he showed his good intentions and when election came around the boys didn't forget him.

Speaking of voting brings to mind our coming election of officers. There has been a big change in the by-laws and whether you agree with it or not it is here to stay. Six members from the floor will now constitute the executive board. These members will guide your ship of state. In their hands lies the very existence of your local the welfare of your organization and the safety of your building. It is therefore, your duty to consider thoroughly the qualities of the Brothers you vote for. Whether they have just taken a sudden interest, previous to election, or whether they have been steady pluggers fighting for you all the time is what you have to consider. Study their past records, they will guide you but watch the one who praises himself. There are plenty candidates for all offices from all indications at the present time. At this time you will know who they are, consider their past records and activities in the local and vote intelligently. The by-law committee, Brothers Shultz, Phillips and H. Holtaway, have worked hard on these laws and you approved of them with hardly a change. Surely this committee deserves a few words of commendation.

Brothers, there is an unfounded rumor about, that Brother Nelson is unfit for the office he holds, that is, physically unfit. You know and every one of us knows that while Brother Nelson has been sick he has never neglected his duties as president. True, he has been absent from a few meetings but while he was in bed he had the trustees come to his house and he went over the books with them. These are things very few of you know and to say he is unfit for the office is a downright falsehood.

TIGHE.

**L. U. NO. 696, ALBANY, N. Y.**

Editor:

Local No. 696 will hold its sixteenth annual grand ball and electrical display on Monday evening, December 10, 1928, at Vincentian Institute and according to the committee in charge it is going over the top.

The New York State Association of Electrical Workers will hold their convention in the Wellington Hotel, December 1, 1928.

The delegates to represent Local No. 696 are F. W. Cummings and J. I. Hushion, and the alternates R. A. Hartigan and M. J. Horn.

The committee in charge for the helpers school reports that everything is going fine at the school and making good progress.

Some of the boys would like to know who are the pie bandits on the A. P. W. job.

We still have a few members out of work but we expect to have them working before the year is out.

Local No. 696 wishes all the locals and the I. O. a Merry Christmas.

R. F. TELLIER.

#### L. U. NO. 702, WEST FRANKFORT, ILL.

Editor:

I have not written a letter to the WORKER in some time. I know the boys are thinking I have given up the job. If this letter gets to press in time they will know I am still there even if I do not have much to say.

The state federation of labor convention has just dead-ended in Herrin, Ill., the much read of city. I was not at the last local meeting so I do not know the report of the delegates, but think all had a good time and a fine convention.

All of the boys are working and we hope there is plenty of work ahead of us. This is a short circuit so the fuse is blown.

W. P. (BILL) HOLLOMAN.

P. S. Wanted, a big bunch at the next meeting. Don't forget the date, first and third Sunday.

#### L. U. NO. 723, FT. WAYNE, IND.

Editor:

Noel

There is a joy that never fails  
That comes with every Christmas tide  
May it always comfort you  
Ever in your heart abide  
May its good will be your cheer  
And your blessing year by year.

Local Union No. 723 unites with me in wishing the International Office and the membership in general a very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Christmas is approaching and the shop windows are a blaze of color arranged to attract the eyes of prospective shoppers. Tinsel and red ribbon stand out in contrast against green holly leaves and laurel branches, and thousands of electric bulbs—red, green and white—gleam from amid small pine and cypress trees that form a background for attractive articles of merchandise. There is a holiday spirit in the air.

Christmas is really the most beautiful day of the year, when we allow its spirit to overflow in our hearts. Christmas naturally suggests charity and thoughtfulness for others. The poverty of the Christ Child at Bethlehem invites us to see Him in His poor and to help them at this time of the year, when we are tempted to be lavish with material favors. I trust that the spirit of Christmas will never become obsolete among us. This should be a time for doing good to humanity. I hope that members of the electrical workers will pay a great deal of attention this Christmas season to the families of members who may not be living at present under the happiest circumstances. Seek them out. Go into their homes and flood them with the choicest of Christmas blessings. You will never regret doing so. On the contrary, your own Christmas joy will be augmented manifold.

We cannot do too much for the families of our members. It is sometimes a terrible struggle to keep families intact, and nothing else is so beneficial to the welfare of society as to keep them intact. A country

cannot prosper long, unless it be a country of happy families. It is the family, not the individual, that must be regarded as the unit of society. Let us see to it then that this Christmas we pay attention to families as well as individuals. If we find that some of our electrical workers' families are in need of support, let us make the joy of Christmas for them a family joy.

Charity should also make us think of those who, at the holiday season are forced to long, weary hours of toil in shops and department stores. There are a few who do not buy something at the Christmas season. All should arrange their shopping schedule, so as to buy early. This will prevent the last minute congestion and physical strain which, year after year, play havoc with the health of so many clerks in shops and stores.

Every year, when Christmas comes, one wonders how it is possible for a man to live a selfish life. We hear, in our hearts, that great song which the shepherds in the fields heard on that first Christmas night when the heavens broke open, and the angelic choir poured out the strain of "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." When I think of what Christmas and the spirit of Christmas mean to all of us, I wonder that we do not resolve to have Christmas every day of the year.

ANTHONY J. OFFERLE.

#### L. U. NO. 734, NORFOLK, VA.

Editor:

It has been about four issues of our great JOURNAL since L. U. No. 734 has been heard from, and I, as the press secretary, am, of course, to blame. I have no excuse to make, only rash negligence of duty, although there were several unavoidable and unforeseen things that entered into the cause of my neglect that I am not at liberty to state here, but sufficient to say there

#### "SAD NEWS"

On Saturday, October 27, 1928, W. J. Hinkle, of Bois D' Arc, Mo., better known as "Hank," and now working for C. I. P. S. Co., at Anna, Ill., on W. E. Potter's gang, went to Murphysboro, Ill., or as he told the gang—he was going to St. Louis, Mo., to see a "cousin." But, there was one, Miss Georgie Murphy, who lived at Murphysboro, Ill., and at about 4.15 p. m., there was a real old hard knot tied "via matrimony." Of course we all believed that old Hank always told the truth, until this time. Anyway, here is what he said on his return: "Two can live as cheap as one can." Anyhow Hank is making it for two now. Of course, the hours seem a good deal longer between 8 a. m. and 12 m. and a great deal longer from 1 p. m. to 5 p. m. Oh! Boy! They are located and living happy, and the gang wishes all the luck and best wishes.

But as I have headed this "Sad News" I will tell you where the sad news comes in. It has made an orphan out of Louie Fisher. Poor Louie is at a loss to think Hank would slip off and get married and also tell him a little fib. Never mind Louie, there will be wedding bells for you.

DAILY MCGLOSSON.

L. U. No. 702, W. Frankfort, Ill.

has been no correspondence from this local in over four months.

Well, to start with, I want to wish everyone a very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Joyous New Year and I sincerely hope that the incoming year will bring forth to all of organized labor a very prosperous and beneficial year in the form of very just and humane laws throughout the length and breadth of these United States; in other words, be the best year for labor that we have ever seen. The end of the year 1929 will tell the story of whether my wish comes true, as I will then be able to console myself in a slight measure with this creature called a "human being" as the very recent wave of intolerance and bigotry that swept over the country had a tendency to lower him in my eyes considerably, for we all must remember that promises, like the proverbial pie crust, are "easily broken," and the average human being will promise and do most anything to attain his ends and the politicians and lawmakers are by no means exempt from that curse but we must all hope and work for the good of all regardless of whether you are a Democrat, Republican or Socialist, Catholic, Jew or Protestant.

Well, the navy yard is still here and lots of the same old boys of L. U. No. 734 are also still here. There have been several important things come to pass since my last correspondence. The Nevada and Defiance jobs are both well under way, especially the latter, as it is almost finished. It is a cargo ship of the U. S. Shipping Board that was converted from steam to Diesel electric drive, about a million and a half dollars being spent on it.

We have two new leading men and I am very thankful and proud to state that they both carry cards. They are Brothers Brady and Smith, better known as just "King" and "Smitty" and, needless to say, they are made out of the same stuff that the rest of our leading men are—just fine old red and rich clay—and are union men from the tops of their heads to the soles of their shoes; so that's that.

Well, we have at our back door that much-talked-of thing in most all locals, election of new officers for the incoming year. I think there should be a lot of talking done, for that is undoubtedly a very important thing in our welfare as a whole, and I think that nothing but the very best material in each and every local should be picked.

I will close until next time, if there is one for me.

J. N. EDMONDSTON.

#### L. U. NO. 982, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

Editor:

Will take organization and attendance for my subject, and I hope that all the boys will wake up to the fact that there is no business or anything worth while, ever prospers unless they are organized. Everybody knows that North Carolina is the leading state in the south in industry, and Winston-Salem is the largest town in the state, and is prospering, growing, getting ahead. Big bank clearings, everything is going to the front. That is everything except the electrical workers, and what is the reason that the electrical workers are standing still? Why is it that the electrical contractors are not making over 4½ per cent on money invested? It is not the contractor's fault that we are not getting ahead. What is wrong? I'll tell you! The electrical workers are not organized; one contractor carries his shop in the back end of his Ford. Another hires only helpers and pays, for example, 40 cents per hour. Another pays

55 cents to 80 cents per hour. How in the world can one figure a job under those conditions?

There is only one solution:—Organization. Boys, we must organize. Not only will it benefit us, but the contractors as well. If we can get organized and get working conditions and every contractor has to pay the same wage scale, he can figure a job so as to make money. We all realize that the contractor must make money if we get any. I am pleased at the interest some of the workers here have, trying to get organized. It is gratifying the way members are coming in our local, and I believe if the boys hold out, at the present rate we will have conditions here by January 15, 1929.

Keep to it boys, and let's put Local No. 982, I. B. E. W., out in front in Winston-Salem, N. C. I know we can do it. Other towns do it, with half our town's population and work.

Now for attendance.

While we have good meetings, and a fair number of faces are present each Wednesday night, it could be doubled. Not more than half attend. There is no excuse, except lack of interest. Boys, wake up! Come to our meetings, let's work together—drifters, or men coming in town take lots more interest than some of our older members.

Election of officers is coming on, and we go into nomination first week in December, and we want all to attend and help to fill our officers with talent and efficiency.

Boys, Brother Bennett, our International Representative, is taking lots of interest in Local No. 982, and he knows that we can have a good local here in a short time if we try. So let's get down to brass tacks and work, every man appoint himself a committee of one to bring some one with him; pass the word along.

Will close with a last request and appeal to all members, "attend meetings."

C. C. JAMES.

L. U. NO. 1037, WINNIPEG, MAN., CAN.

Editor:

Again we draw near to the end of another year. As we look back over our past efforts, we wonder if we have really accomplished anything. We think up here that we have. We have increased our membership; we are doing more than holding our own in the industrial struggle and we will again emerge on the right side of the financial ledger. Our JOURNAL is getting better and better and all in all we can say that we have had a good year.

I wish here to draw the attention of all members who care to read this humble epistle, to the appeal being broadcast by L. U. 1037 for Brother Fred Madison. Although Brother Madison was not hurt in Manitoba he was, and is still, a member of this local, and as he is such we feel we have a personal responsibility for him. Contributions have been coming in very nicely and we ask you all if you can spare a little for an unfortunate Brother who needs help. It is near Christmas, Brothers and sisters; dig down as far as you can reach.

This is our Christmas number and to all the Brotherhood Local 1037 extends its heartiest greetings and the old wish that the coming year be a little brighter than the last.

We have had a very busy season up here. A \$10,000,000 building program in Winnipeg alone has kept all our members working. None of the distributing companies have laid off any men yet and as long as the good weather lasts we are sitting pretty.

IRVINE.

# An Announcement



¶ As is our custom, we shall again this year, bind into an attractive volume the 12 issues of the ELECTRICAL WORKERS' JOURNAL.

¶ This volume will be bound in handsome blue cloth, quarter trimmed in rich red—all union made—a permanent addition to any library.

¶ In recent years, individuals and local unions have purchased these volumes for \$3.75 postpaid, and the price in 1929 will be the same.

¶ Some locals have made gifts of them to libraries; or to friends.

¶ The character of the articles, stories and correspondence of the JOURNAL makes it both a record and a weapon. Much information of permanent value lies in this receptacle.

¶ Limited edition — First come, first served.



## Electrical Workers Journal



"LIBERTY'S A GLORIOUS FEAST"—BURNS

"What happens now?" said Felix.

"Wait!" said Mr. Pogram. "Nothing else for it—wait. Three months—twiddle his thumbs. Bad system! Rotten!"

"And suppose in the end he's proved innocent?"

Mr. Pogram shook his little round head, whose ears were very red.

"Ah!" he said: "Often say to my wife: 'Wish I weren't a humanitarian!' Heart of india-rubber—excellent thing—the greatest blessing. Well, good morning! Anything you want to say at any time, let me know!" And exhaling an overpowering whiff of gutta-percha, he grasped Felix's hand and passed into a house on the door of which was printed in brazen letters: "Edward Pogram, James Collet. Solicitors. Agents."

On leaving the little humanitarian, Felix drifted back toward the court. The cars were gone, the groups dispersed; alone, leaning on his stick, the old, dark-whiskered man stood like a jackdaw with a broken wing. Yearning, at that moment, for human intercourse, Felix went up to him.

"Fine day," he said.

"Yes, sir, 'tis fine enough." And they stood silent, side by side. The gulf fixed by class and habit between soul and human soul yawned before Felix as it had never before. Stirred and troubled, he longed to open his heart to this old, ragged, dark-eyed, whiskered creature with the game leg, who looked as if he had passed through all the thorns and thickets of hard and primitive existence; he longed that the old fellow should lay bare to him his heart. And for the life of him he could not think of any mortal words which might bridge the unreal gulf between them. At last he said:

"You a native here?"

"No, sir. From over Malvern way. Livin' here with my darter, own' to my leg. Her 'usband works in this here factory."

"And I'm from London," Felix said.

"Thart you were. Fine place, London, they say!"

Felix shook his head. "Not so fine as this Worcestershire of yours."

The old man turned his quick, dark gaze. "Aye!" he said, "people'll be a bit nervy-like in towns, nowadays. The country be a good place for a healthy man, too; I don't want no better place than the country—never could abide bein' shut in."

"There aren't so very many like you, judging by the towns."

The old man smiled—that smile was the reverse of a bitter tonic coated with sweet stuff to make it palatable.

"'Tis the want of a life takes 'em," he said. "There's not a many like me. There's not so many as can't do without the smell of the earth. With these 'ere newspapers—'tesn't taught nowadays. The boys and gells they goes to school, and 'tes all in favor of the towns there. I can't work no more; I'm 's good as gone meself; but I feel sometimes I'll 'ave to go back. I don't like the streets, an' I guess 'tes worse in London."

"Ah! Perhaps," Felix said, "there are more of us like you than you think."

Again the old man turned his dark, quick glance.

"Well, an' I widden say no to that, neither. I've seen 'em terrible homesick. 'Tes certain sure there's lots would never go, ef 'twasn't so mortal hard on the land. 'Tisn't a bare livin', after that. An' they're put upon, right and left they're put upon. 'Tes only a man here and there that 'as something in 'im too strong. I widden never 'ave stayed in the country ef 'twasn't that I couldn't stand the town life. 'Tes like some breeds o' cattle—you take an' put 'em out o' their own country, an' you 'ave to take an' put 'em back again. Only some breeds, though. Others they don't mind where they go. Well, I've seen the country pass in my time, as you might say; where you used to see three men you only see one now."

"Are they ever going back onto the land?"

"They tark about it. I read my newspaper reg'lar. In some places I see they're makin' unions. That ain't no good."

"Why?"

The old man smiled again.

"Why! Think of it! The land's different to anythin' else—that's why! Different work, different hours, four men's work to-day and one's tomorrow. Work land wi' unions, same as they've got in this 'ere factory, wi' their eight hours an' their do this an' don't do that? No! You've got no weather in factories, an' such-like. On the land 'tes a matter o' weather. On the land a man must be ready for anythin' at any time; you can't work it no other way. 'Tes along o' God's comin' into it; an' no use pullin' this way an' that. Union says to me: You mustn't work after hours. Hoh! I've 'ad to set up all night wi' ship an' cattle hundreds o' times, an' no extra for it. 'Tes not that way they'll do any good to keep people on the land. Oh, no!"

"How, then?"

"Well, you'll want new laws, o' course, to prevent farmers an' landowners takn' their advantage; you want laws to build new cottages; but mainly 'tes a ease of hands together; can't be no other—the land's so ticklish. If 'tesn't hands together, 'tes nothing. I 'ad a master once that was never content so long's we wasn't content. That farm was better worked than any in the parish."

"Yes, but the difficulty is to get masters that can see the other side; a man doesn't care much to look at home."

The old man's dark eyes twinkled.

"No; an' when 'e does, 'tes generally to say: 'Lord, an't I right, an't they wrong, just?' That's powerful customary!"

"It is," said Felix; God bless us all!"

"Ah! You may well say that, sir; an' we want it, too. A bit more wages wouldn't come amiss, neither. An' a bit more freedom; 'tes a man's liberty 'e prizes as well as money."

"Did you hear about this arson case?"

The old man cast a glance this way and

that before he answered in a lower voice:

"They say 'e was put out of his cottage. I've seen men put out for votin' Liberal; I've seen 'em put out for free-thinkin'; all sorts o' things I seen 'em put out for. 'Tes that makes the bad blood. A man wants to call 'is soul 'is own, when all's said an' done. An' 'e can't, not in th' old country, unless 'e's got the dibs."

"And yet you never thought of emigrating?"

"Thart of it—ah! thart of it hundreds o' times; but some'ow cudden never bring myself to the scratch o' not seein' th' Beacon any more. I can just see it from 'ere, you know. But there's not so many like me, an' gettin' fewer every day."

"Yes," murmured Felix, "that I believe."

"'Tes a 'and-made piece o' goods—the land! You has to be fond of it, same as of your missis and yer chillen. These poor pitiful fellows that's workin' in this factory, makin' these here Colonial ploughs—union's all right for them—tes' all mechanical; but a man on the land, 'e's got to put the land first, whether 'tes his own or some one else's, or he'll never do no good; might as well go for a postman, any day. I'm keepin' of you, though, with my tattle!"

In truth, Felix had looked at the old man, for the accursed question had begun to worry him: Ought he or not to give the lame old fellow something? Would it hurt his feelings? Why could he not say simply: "Friend, I'm better off than you; help me not to feel so unfairly favored"? Perhaps he might risk it. And, diving into his trousers pockets, he watched the old man's eyes. If they followed his hand, he would risk it. But they did not. Withdrawing his hand, he said:

"Have a cigar?"

The old fellow's dark face twinkled.

"I don't know," he said, "as I ever smoked one; but I can have a darned old try!"

"Take the lot," said Felix, and shuffled into the other's pocket the contents of his cigar-case. "If you get through one, you'll want the rest. They're pretty good."

"Ah!" said the old man. "Shuldn' wonder, neither."

"Good-by. I hope your leg will soon be better."

"Thank 'ee, sir. Good-by, thank 'ee!"

Looking back from the turning, Felix saw him still standing there in the middle of the empty street.

Having undertaken to meet his mother, who was returning this afternoon to Becket, he had still two hours to put away, and passing Mr. Pogram's house, he turned into a path across a clover-field and sat down on a stile. He had many thoughts, sitting at the foot of this little town—which his great-grandfather had brought about. And chiefly he thought of the old man he had been talking to, sent there, as it seemed to him, by Providence, to afford a prototype for his "The Last of the Laborers." Wonderful that the old fellow should talk of loving "the Land," whereon he must have toiled for sixty years or so, at a number



of shillings per week, that would certainly not buy the cigars he had shoveled into that ragged pocket. Wonderful! And yet, a marvelous sweet thing, when all was said—this land! Changing its sheen and texture, the feel of its air, its very scent, from day to day. This land with myriad offspring of flowers and flying folk; the majestic and untiring march of seasons: Spring and its wistful ecstasy of saplings, and its yearning, wild, wind-loosened heart; gleam and song, blossom and cloud, and the swift white rain; each upturned leaf so little and so glad to flutter; each wood and field so full of peeping things! Summer! Ah! Summer, when on the solemn old trees the long days shone and lingered, and the glory of the meadows and the murmur of life and the scent of flowers bewildered tranquillity, till surcharge of warmth and beauty brooded into dark passion, and broke! And Autumn, in mellow haze down on the fields and woods; smears of gold already on the beeches, smears of crimson on the rowans, the apple trees still burdened, and a flax-blue sky well-nigh merging with the misty air; the cattle browsing in the lingering golden stillness; not a breath to fan the blue smoke of the weed-fires—and in the fields no one moving—who would disturb such mellow peace? And Winter! The long spaces, the long dark; and yet—and yet, what delicate loveliness of twig tracery; what blur of rose and brown and purple caught in the bare boughs and in the early sunset sky! What sharp dark flights of birds in the gray-white firmament! Who cared what season held in its arms this land that had bred them all!

Not wonderful that into the veins of those who nursed it, tending, watching its perpetual fertility, should be distilled a love so deep and subtle that they could not bear to leave it, to abandon its hills, and greenness, and bird-songs, and all the impress of their forefathers throughout the ages.

Like so many of his fellows—cultured moderns, alien to the larger forms of patriotism, that rich liquor brewed of maps and figures, commercial profit, and high-cock-alorum, which served so perfectly to swell smaller heads—Felix had a love of his native land resembling love for a woman, a kind of sensuous chivalry, a passion based on her charm, on her tranquillity, on the power she had to draw him into her embrace, to make him feel that he had come from her, from her alone, and into her alone was going back. And this green parcel of his native land, from which the half of his blood came, and that the dearest half, had a potency over his spirit that he might well be ashamed of in days when the true Briton was a town-bred creature with a foot of fancy in all four corners of the globe. There was ever to him a special flavor about the elm-girt fields, the flowery coppices, of this country of the old Moretons, a special fascination in its full, white-clouded skies, its grass-edged roads, its pied and creamy cattle, and the blue-green loom of the Malvern hills. If God walked anywhere for him it was surely here. Sentiment! Without sentiment, without that love, each for his own corner, "the Land" was lost indeed! Not if all Becket blew trumpets till kingdom came, would "the Land" be reformed, if they lost sight of that! To fortify men in love for their motherland, to see that insecurity, grinding poverty, interference, petty tyranny, could no longer undermine that love—this was to be, surely must be, done! Monotony? Was that cry true? What work now performed by humble men was less monotonous than work on the land? What work was even a tenth part so varied? Never quite the same from day to day: Now weeding, now hay, now roots, now hedging; now corn, with sowing, reaping, threshing,

stacking, thatching; the care of beasts, and their companionship; sheep-dipping, shearing, wood-gathering, apple-picking, cider-making; fashioning and tarring gates; white-washing walls; carting; trenching—never, never two days quite the same! Monotony! The poor devils in factories, in shops, in mines; poor devils driving busses, punching tickets, cleaning roads; baking; cooking; sewing; typing! Stokers; machine-tenders; brick-layers; dockers; clerks! Ah! that great company from towns might well cry out: Monotony! True, they got their holidays; true, they had more social life—a point that might well be raised at Becket: Holidays and social life for men on the soil! But—and suddenly Felix thought of the long, long holiday that was before the laborer Tryst. "Twiddle his thumbs"—in the words of the little humanitarian—twiddle his thumbs in a space twelve feet by seven! No sky to see, no grass to smell, no beast to bear him company; no anything—for, what resources in himself had this poor creature? No anything, but to sit with tragic eyes fixed on the wall before him for eighty days and eighty nights, before they tried him. And then—not till then—would his punishment for that moment's blind revenge for grievous wrong begin! What on this earth of God's was more disproportioned, and wickedly extravagant, more crassly stupid, than the arrangements of his most perfect creature, man? What a devil was man, who could yet rise to such sublime heights of love and heroism! What a ferocious brute, the most ferocious and cold-blooded brute that lived! Of all creatures most to be stampeded by fear into a callous torturer! "Fear"—thought Felix—"fear! Not momentary panic, such as makes our brother animals do foolish things; conscious, calculating fear, paralyzing the reason of our minds and the generosity of our hearts. A detestable thing Tryst has done, a hateful act; but his punishment will be twentyfold as hateful!"

And, unable to sit and think of it, Felix rose and walked on through the fields . . .

## CHAPTER XXV

He was duly at Transham station in time for the London train, and, after a minute consecrated to looking in the wrong direction, he saw his mother already on the platform with her bag, an air-cushion, and a beautifully neat roll.

"Travelling third!" he thought. "Why will she do these things?"

Slightly flushed, she kissed Felix with an air of abstraction.

"How good of you to meet me, darling!"

Felix pointed in silence to the crowded carriage from which she had emerged. Frances Freeland looked a little rueful. "It would have been delightful," she said. "There was a dear baby there and, of course, I couldn't have the window down, so it was rather hot."

Felix, who could just see the dear baby, said dryly:

"So that's how you go about, is it? Have you had any lunch?"

Frances Freeland put her hand under his arm. "Now, don't fuss, darling! Here's sixpence for the porter. There's only one trunk—it's got a violet label. Do you know them? They're so useful. You see them at once. I must get you some."

"Let me take those things. You won't want this cushion. I'll let the air out."

"I'm afraid you won't be able, dear. It's quite the best screw I've ever come across—a splendid thing; I can't get it undone."

"Ah!" said Felix. "And now we may as well go out to the car!"

He was conscious of a slight stoppage in his mother's footsteps and rather a convulsive squeeze of her hand on his arm.

Looking at her face, he discovered it occupied with a process whose secret he could not penetrate, a kind of disarray of her features, rapidly and severely checked, and capped with a resolute smile. They had already reached the station exit, where Stanley's car was snorting. Frances Freeland looked at it, then, mounting rather hastily, sat, compressing her lips.

When they were off, Felix said:

"Would you like to stop at the church and have a look at the brasses to your grandfather and the rest of them?"

His mother, who had slipped her hand under his arm again, answered:

"No, dear; I've seen them. The church is not at all beautiful. I like the old church at Becket so much better; it is such a pity your great-grandfather was not buried there."

She had never quite got over the lack of "niceness" about those ploughs.

Going, as was the habit of Stanley's car, at considerable speed, Felix was not at first certain whether the peculiar little squeezes his arm was getting were due to the bounds of the creature under them or to some cause more closely connected with his mother, and it was not till they shaved a cart at the turning of the Becket drive that it suddenly dawned on him that she was in terror. He discovered it in looking around just as she drew her smile over a spasm of her face and throat. And, leaning out of the car, he said:

"Drive very slowly, Batter; I want to look at the trees."

A little sigh rewarded him. Since she had said nothing, he said nothing, and Clara's words in the hall seemed to him singularly tactless:

"Oh! I meant to have reminded you, Felix, to send the car back and take a fly. I thought you knew that Mother's terrified of motors." And at his mother's answer:

"Oh! no; I quite enjoyed it, dear," he thought: "Bless her heart! She is a stoic!"

Whether or no to tell her of the "kick-up at Joyfields" exercised his mind. The question was intricate, for she had not yet been informed that Nedda and Derek were engaged, and Felix did not feel at liberty to forestall the young people. That was their business. On the other hand, she would certainly glean from Clara a garbled understanding of the recent events at Joyfields, if she were not first told of them by himself. And he decided to tell her, with the natural trepidation of one who, living among principles and theories, never quite knew what those, for whom each fact is unrelated to anything else under the moon, were going to think. Frances Freeland, he knew well, kept facts and theories especially unrelated, or, rather, modified her facts to suit her theories, instead of, like Felix, her theories to suit her facts. For example, her instinctive admiration for Church and State, her instinctive theory that they rested on gentility and people who were nice, was never for a moment shaken when she saw a half-starved baby of the slums. Her heart would impel her to pity and feed the poor little baby if she could, but to correlate the creature with millions of other such babies, and those millions with the Church and State, would not occur to her. And if Felix made an attempt to correlate them for her she would look at him and think: "Dear boy! How good he is! I do wish he wouldn't let that line come in his forehead; it does so spoil it!" And she would say: "Yes, darling, I know, it's very sad; only I'm not clever." And, if a Liberal government chanced to be in power, would add: "Of course, I do think this Government is dreadful. I must show you a sermon of the dear Bishop of Walham.

(To be continued)  
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## IN GOOD FAITH—THRILLING STORY OF THE TRADE

(Continued from page 620)

It would not fall, was his pipe wrench. Clifford, in making the rounds of the job, had at this moment chanced to come by. "He stepped out on the plank and stood idly at hand when the wrench at his feet caught his eye.

As if struck with some malicious thought, he cast furtively about him. Maybe he was remembering how near he came to splashing into the icy Calumet harbor; maybe recalling the public scene of an hour ago. Possibly he scarcely thought at all, and if so could not have foreseen the consequences; or maybe he was merely overawed at the opportunity open and waiting. At any rate he glanced furtively around him again. No one was seen to be watching; at that moment no one was working below. His left foot cautiously crept up to the wrench, and with dexterous little twistings nosed it along. Engaged in drilling, Dave did not discover, and the trick, obviously designed, brought the wrench into such position that Dave's first move would precipitate the downfall.

### Brinkerhoff Catches Clifford

When he turned to step off the plank there was Brinkerhoff—back. Clifford's face flushed guiltily as they passed while Brinkerhoff, without a word, alarmed him with a look, full of reproach, yet short of understanding.

Clifford had barely got away when Dave moved. Feeling the wrench against his leg as it capsized, Dave grabbed frantically, but without avail. Half way down the falling tool struck a cross-member of the structure, bounded out through a window opening, and crashed upon the skylight of the engine-room, fifty feet below.

In the engineroom the foreman, Larry, and the steam engineer had their heads together in consultation. They heard the sound of a crash, accompanied with a shower of falling glass, and then some object, rebounding from the valve gear of a Corliss engine, skidded across the tiled floor. It was a pipe wrench that the engineer casually picked up and which Larry, more interested, took from his hands. Larry looked at the initials, "D.R.," dotted in punch marks, and headed for the shaft.

"Dave; oh, Dave!" he called, his voice sounding strangely hollow in the chute. "Dave, come down from there—I want to talk with you."

It was a long way and besides a difficult task to get down. Possibly the interval would have permitted the foreman's anger to cool, and at the worst he should only have told Dave his check would get out by 4:30; but things happened in the meantime which destined he should have more to say.

### Vicious Savage Results

The falling wrench had struck a governor cam rod on the engine and snapped off the toggle spindle, so that with each vibration the knock off cams were enabled to shift around a little farther. Before this was discovered the engine was racing so fast that no man was brave enough to go near. One of the flywheels burst, a fragment crashed through the brick wall, and on through the 9,000-volt primaries in the switchroom adjoining. When the resulting Vesuvius of fireworks and molten copper had burned itself out, there was not a light burning nor a motor running in the building. The Olympian Milling was shut down, to say nothing of property damage.

Most of this Brinkerhoff did not gather

till later. But the moment he had got back with the pipe he had suspected, first in Clifford's peculiar preoccupation and then in the guilty countenance that something was awry. With the sudden downfall of the wrench the whole wicked design had dawned upon him. In the sound of the crash upon the skylight, and in Larry's imperative demand for Dave to come down, he realized that an innocent man was about to be pilloried. A moment later, the distinct jar to the building, the ominous going down of lights, and then complete silence and cease of vibration as the machinery stopped, struck him with a sense of calamity, as of something terrible having happened.

He looked furtively about him in dire search of some means of explanation. A few minutes later Moran appeared on the stairs, and his approach was hailed by Brinkerhoff with relief.

"There's going to be a big hullabaloo about this," Moran panted, more from the climb than from excitement; and recovering his breath, added, "I feel sorry for old Dave—he was true blue."

### Brinkerhoff Blames Himself

Brinkerhoff questioned eagerly after the meagre details. Moran told what he knew and left, and when Brinkerhoff comprehended it dawned upon him that all this was the result of his own doings—the result of his attempt to settle the difference between Clifford and Dave.

Upon reflection he began to see matters in a better light. The evasive manner and the conventionality with which Clifford had accepted old Dave's hand were recalled, and now signified the resentment that had lurked underneath. The unjust disgrace now fallen on Dave, and for that matter the awkward position into which Brinkerhoff himself had been thrust, were but the expression of Clifford's concealed wrongs. Also, he saw that he and he alone held the key to the situation. His problem was, how to clear old Dave, and do it gracefully.

For some minutes he speculated. The idea of betraying his friend, Clifford, occurred to him; yet, he decided, to betray a friend was one of the meanest tricks a man could do. Whether he could, for the life of him he did not know; but he concluded it was at least his equal duty to see old Dave get a fair break.

It occurred to him that the proper way was for Clifford to take the initiative and make a clean breast of it. To the attainment of this he devoted his wits, and presently took hope. He had become aware that the machinery for this accomplishment had already been set in motion, and had been started by his own hand.

The proposition looked reasonable enough. To begin with was the fact that Clifford, much as he had at stake and much as he would resist, would be loath to stand idly by and see Dave pay for another's misdeed. The saving grace lay in the very grossness of the issue. If it were only a little thing, he reasoned, Clifford might swallow his compunctions; but this—this was too big to swallow. Yet, he realized, that was not the best part about it. In his attempt to conciliate the twain he had builded into Dave's belief a faith in Clifford's good will and intentions. This was what was going to hurt—the very simplicity of old Dave's trust; if Clifford stood up under it, Brinkerhoff missed his guess.

Having decided, he cleared the tools off the plank and started below. At the third floor landing he came unexpectedly upon Clifford. Emerged from the dark shadows at sound of footfall, Clifford stood at the

open window, his back turned, his gaze out over the gray harbor, and a blur of sharp snow whirling in about him. In the motionless figure Brinkerhoff recognized a spectacle of fear and dejection; while Clifford feigned interest in the flight of gulls that sailed so free and easy below, Brinkerhoff knew he wanted the footfalls to go by and leave him undisturbed.

### A Strong Man Breaks

When Brinkerhoff touched his shoulder, Clifford turned with a start. The face was that of a man broken; all the proud relentlessness was gone; haughtiness had given way to retribution and ill-concealed fear. If a moment before Brinkerhoff had felt positive in his condemnation, he was now overcome with feelings of pity and understanding. The touch of his hand upon Clifford's shoulder had conveyed as plainly as the spoken word his knowledge in the affair, and when their eyes met, a faint change, the token of a submission to defeat, passed over Clifford's face.

"You know, then," he winced, expectantly. "Certainly," Brinkerhoff answered, with feeling. "But straighten up, Bob. It might have happened to anybody. Straighten up before someone thinks you have committed a crime."

"You mean this is between you and me—" he seized Brinkerhoff by the arm, a faint hope lighting his face.

"Well; that is the problem," Brinkerhoff pondered. "I can see your predicament, but you must see it puts me in a bad pickle, too."

"As regards old Dave—"

Brinkerhoff nodding, paused a moment to arrange his thoughts.

"Bob," he commenced, soberly, "I've known you off and on for ten years. I've been to your house and accepted its hospitality. I owe you a debt for the good turn you did, getting me started when I was up against it. As your friend, I've gone with you through the hardships of many jobs, and in all the past I've known you as square, even if you did seem to hold yourself off from other men. Until this job, I have never heard bitter words against you. And now that you are in trouble and someone will have to pay, I'd feel like an ingrate to turn on you now—but, Bob, if you were in my place, could you ask me—"

"You mean you would—would—"

"Did you ever know of— No; I didn't say that. I mean you have a chance to square matters."

"Why, old Dave would kill me. If he didn't I'd get put in jail. Besides, the humiliation— No; I couldn't think of it."

The sound of footsteps abruptly brought the interview to an indeterminate end. Tommy had come up to lead Brinkerhoff down to the damaged switchroom, where he was supposed to give a hand. The transformers had not been damaged, Tommy said on the way down, and it had been decided to tie in temporary jumpers on the 9,000 to get the power restored.

### To Work On "Hot" Is No Lark

To work on high-tension equipment, with rubber gloves on your hands, rubber matting under your feet, and your coat, sweater, and grain sacks or anything similar you can lay hands upon wrapped about the adjacent iron work to prevent accidental contact with grounded metal; and to see a spark leap out to meet your wrench at every contact with the "hot" conductor and at the same time to feel the tingle of "static" is a ticklish and thoughtful business on any occasion. If also the mess is one of

charred insulation and partly fused copper the situation is worse; and if in addition there are other distractions of the mind, the total, is well—for Brinkerhoff it was a background of anguish for the misgivings that had come upon him—for his fear that a hitch might foul his plans.

Working with hack-saw and wrench, clearing away the partly fused ruin, he waited in eager suspense for developments. Clifford had come down and taken his place with the others, but now apparently had recovered his poise. But Dave had not come in yet; his overcoat and tool box, ranged with others along one wall of the switch-room, still waited to be claimed.

The calmness now manifest in Clifford caused Brinkerhoff to doubt his own wisdom. He recalled Clifford's avowal and became afraid that, when the test came, it would prove true. After all, he reasoned, it was expecting a great deal to expect Clifford to admit the shame of such a paltry trick. It might be better, he thought, if matters were taken directly into his own hands; but no—there was the debt; besides, how could he betray a friend?

#### Disgrace of Union Felt

But when his thoughts wandered to the matter of old Dave's plight his hopes revived. He recalled the manner in which Dave, trusting and sincere, had renewed his friendship, and from this he felt that Dave was a man from whom the unusual could be expected. More than most, Dave would feel the disgrace of his position; probably he would feel ruined, imagining that every one in the local would hear. Brinkerhoff pictured the looks, silent and pitying, and the aloofness with which Dave must be regarded by his fellows, and from this he tried to imagine the effect upon Clifford's injured sensibilities. He wondered whether Dave had been fired, or did he get a chance to quit? And also, why did not Dave come and claim his tools and overcoat? He hoped that Dave had not already gone, concluded not to stay for the reckoning.

Thus were his thoughts, but while he was thinking them, Dave's destiny was already working itself out. The dismissal that had threatened when Larry had called for him to come down had been lost in the graver emergency; but Dave himself, upon looking around and seeing the work of destruction, had been seized with a sense of approaching ruin. Something of finality, something transcending excuse or amends was borne in upon him. Without words he had heaved a sigh and given up in resignation. Then it had occurred to him that one redeeming grace remained—that was the chance to quit.

This consummation had taken time, owing to the stress of excitement; besides, after it was over, Dave had been minded to leave the recovery of his property until a more favorable occasion presented. So he had hesitated long before his ultimate decision to face the ordeal.

#### Getting Fired No Joke

There is something pathetic in the spectacle of a man getting his belongings together when he is leaving the job in forced circumstances. The flushed countenance, the hang-dog look of shame, the sense of being the target of curious eyes and of mingled blame and solicitousness—all this was Dave's when at last he came into the presence of his former comrades. The homely face, flushed as with a fever, the life gone out of his step, his big hands clumsy and trembling, he went about the task of gathering up his tools and laying them away in the box. The overalls following, all that remained was to get into his overcoat and bid the gang farewell.

With labored cordiality he went about, taking the hand of each, and in return received what of consolation there was to offer. When he came to Brinkerhoff, his erstwhile partner, his arm extended and his troubled eyes resting upon Brinkerhoff in open confidence, Brinkerhoff for the first time wavered. An unwilling spectator, he had looked upon the proceedings with growing dismay; but when it came to putting his stamp upon the deceit, he had balked.

The look Dave gave him was that of a man whose friends have turned upon him in the time of trouble. With this Brinkerhoff put out his hand, it being all he could do, and Dave appeared immensely relieved.

Remained only Clifford. But when Dave remembered and glanced earnestly about, it was to discover that Clifford was not among the group which had just bidden him farewell. Unobserved by Dave, Clifford had slipped away when the handshaking commenced. But to slight his former enemy entered not in the least in Dave's intentions. On his face the open question, "Who had seen Clifford?" he went about the search. The quest led through the building, and failing there, finally up the winding iron stairs of the chute, which Dave climbed, blowing and panting, to pay what he thought was his due respects. Keeping a discreet distance, Brinkerhoff had followed, while Clifford, aware of being sought, had purposely eluded the search.

At the twelfth floor, sooner than carry the hopeless quest through the adjoining building, Clifford capitulated. Trembling and pale, waiting wearily for Dave to come up to him, he made his stand, at his back a brick wall, at his side the low iron stair rail, over which a single misstep, a skid of the heel on iron, would precipitate one a sheer hundred and fifty feet.

It was a breathless moment—the one panting and exhausted, the other expectant and looking on in mingled pity and embarrassment. And when at last Dave had recovered himself, and his hand was extended, a sentiment such as he had felt for no other moved him. In the time of parting the heart melts and much is forgiven.

#### Dave All Friendliness

"Take care of yourself, Bob," he solicited, earnestly. "Be good, lad, and don't take no trouble over me. So—so long, friend."

But as Dave broke away to go, Clifford clutched at his arm.

"Wait, Dave," he explained, brokenly. "I have not always acted on the square with you."

Dave's big arm generously pushed him back.

"Forget about that now," he said, again starting to leave.

"Listen, Dave," Clifford persevered, clinging onto the man. "I have something to tell you; I've done you a great wrong."

Thus with entreaty it finally began to dawn upon the older man that Clifford had something of serious import to divulge. The figure bent nearer, the crease over the brows deepened, and the brown eyes fixed upon the younger man with a growing curiosity.

"I mean you have me to thank for this," said Clifford quietly.

"I don't quite understand—yet," Dave puzzled, taking a step nearer.

"Well—I played you a dirty trick," Clifford admitted, without attempt to cover himself.

"You mean—" Dave hesitated to finish it, lacking either comprehension or else the willingness of belief.

Clifford nodded, and his countenance was very sober.

"Yes; it was me—not you, Dave," he said.

For a brief interval nothing happened. Dave failed to grasp the import of what his ears had heard. Then his body began to tense. Slowly, and seeming to twitch, the fingers of the big hands opened. Clifford, his back to the brick wall, his face white, eyes wide in the fear that was creeping over him, watched as if fascinated the opening fingers, and he saw the arms, one on either side, closing about him, and cutting off escape. The next instant the superior strength of his assailant swept him bodily off his feet.

#### Clifford Fears Violence

While the anger that had temporarily impassioned Dave spent itself, Clifford, in fear for his very life, clutched wildly at a brick wall that offered no hand hold, and braced his feet in desperation against the low stair rail. Except for the timely arrival of Brinkerhoff who, intent upon seeing fair play, had waited a short distance off, Dave might have done a thing he should have regretted ever after.

"Stop, Dave—that's enough," Brinkerhoff begged, his arms still about Clifford's waist. "He has done penance, and besides, he was honest with you."

Gradually peace was restored. Dave recovered his poise and was made to see that if Clifford accepted the blame the score was tied. Then in his innate generosity, Dave offered to let the matter rest as it stood, which proposition, of course, Clifford would not hear to.

"Very well, then," Dave said, "but don't go and be a fool—say it was an accident; an accident, mind you."

Brinkerhoff looked on in complacent satisfaction. Then to climax the success he suddenly turned to Clifford with a fresh resource at command.

"Listen, Bob," he began, in enthusiasm, "Larry's going to want a volunteer to tie in jumpers on that 9,000 and no one is going to respond. There's your chance—and the chance to distinguish in the bargain. It's risky, I know, but you are cool enough to get away with it. What do you say?"

After he had shouldered the blame for the mishap, Clifford did volunteer, and with a readiness that was a surprise to most. For in this difficult and dangerous operation, the voltage itself fatal to the touch, the least trembling of the hand, the least falsity of contact, the copper then burns away faster than one can close up the gap, and in the resulting mountain of fire of the hottest heat known to science—the electric arc—nothing short of miracle can save one.

But Clifford succeeded; and when suddenly the lights burned, and motors began to hum, men looked about as if for someone to lead them.

"Here's to Bob Clifford," old Dave's voice rose above the din.

"Aye," the gang chorused, blended into one, friend and foe alike.

I rejoice at every effort workingmen make to organize. I hail the labor movement. It is my only hope for democracy. Organize, and stand together! Let the nation hear a united demand from the laboring voice.—*Wendell Phillips.*

#### I. B. E. W. RING



The sort of gift an Electrical Worker would be might happy to wear on his finger—a great idea for a prize in organization campaigns! With the union emblem, this ring in 14-karat gold is priced at **\$9.50**

## IN MEMORIAM

### Perry Leonard Spaulding, L. U. No. 152

Whereas the Great and Supreme Ruler of the universe has in His infinite wisdom removed from among us one of our most worthy and esteemed Brothers, Perry L. Spaulding, and

Whereas when the final day of accounting arrives for him we sincerely trust that his activities in the interests of his fellow men, which helped to make the world a better place to live in have been credited to his account on the stewardship of his life; and

Whereas the long and intimate relationship held with him in the faithful discharge of his duties has endeared him to our hearts beyond measure; therefore be it

Resolved, That the sudden removal of such a life from among us leaves a vacancy hard to fill and will be realized more so as time goes on; therefore be it further

Resolved, That we extend to his family our sincere sympathy and profound regret; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our departed Brother, a copy sent to the official Journal for publication and a copy to be recorded in the minutes of this organization.

W. B. KANTNER,  
A. A. WOOLMAN,  
J. A. WARD,  
WM. H. ROBINSON,  
Committee.

### Michael J. Givnin, L. U. No. 211

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom, to remove from our midst our good Brother, Michael Givnin; and

Whereas in the death of Brother Givnin, Local Union No. 211 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers has lost one of its oldest members; therefore be it

Resolved, That Local Union No. 211 acknowledges its great loss in the death of Brother Givnin and expresses its appreciation for his devotion to the principles of true unionism; and be it further

Resolved, That Local No. 211 expresses its sympathy to the relatives of our good and kind Brother in the hour of their great bereavement; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the relatives of our late Brother Givnin, a copy be spread on the minutes of our Local Union No. 211, and a copy be sent to the official Journal of our Brotherhood for publication; and be it further

Resolved, That the Charter of Local Union No. 211 be draped in mourning for a period of 30 days in memory of our late Brother.

S. W. HARVEY,  
BERT CHAMBERS,  
FRANK W. CAMP,  
MILTON TURNER,  
EDGAR E. MARTIN,  
FRANK HURLEY,  
G. M. SINN,  
Secretary Executive Board.

### Fred L. Holmes, L. U. No. 565

It is with deep regret that we, the members of Local Union No. 565, announce the death of Brother Fred L. Holmes on October 8, 1928.

Resolved, That the charter of this local be draped for a period of 30 days, and that a copy of this resolution be sent to his niece; that a copy be sent to our official Journal for publication and a copy be spread on the minutes of Local No. 565.

A. LAPKE,  
H. KNOCKE,  
P. WOLFE,  
Committee.

### William F. Coughlan, L. U. No. 151

Whereas Almighty God in His infinite wisdom has called from our midst in the beginning of his young manhood our esteemed and worthy Brother, William F. Coughlan, who has passed on to his greater reward.

Whereas Local Union 151 has lost a true and loyal young member who always had a smile and a good word for every one he met and his loss will be felt by every one who knew him and especially the ones with whom he worked and the members of L. U. 151; therefore be it

Resolved by the members of Local Union 151 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers in regular meeting assembled, That we acknowledge the great loss in the passing from this life of our dearly beloved

and highly esteemed Brother, William F. Coughlan; be it

Resolved, That Local Union 151 express its deepest sympathy to Brother Coughlan's loved ones—father, mother and two sisters—who are left to mourn his loss; be it

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our late Brother, a copy to the International Office for publication in the official Journal and a copy be spread on the minutes of L. U. 151 and that our charter be draped for a period of 30 days.

R. A. ROSS,  
M. J. SULLIVAN,  
C. R. LENHART,  
B. E. HAYLAND,  
HUGH McGAFFIGAN,  
Committee.

### J. T. Ross, L. U. No. 500

Whereas it is with deep sorrow and regret that we, the members of Local Union No. 500, I. B. E. W., report the death of our esteemed Brother Ross, who was taken from our midst October 27, 1928, after a lingering illness.

Whereas Brother Ross was a true and staunch member of organized labor, and took a very active part in all matters pertaining to same, and we, as members and fellow workers, greatly mourn the loss of such a beloved fellow worker from our ranks; therefore be it

Resolved, That our charter be draped for a period of 30 days, that our membership stand in silent tribute while the committee drapes same; be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent his bereaved loved ones, a copy be sent our official Journal for publication, and a copy be spread on the minutes of our local.

P. W. STOWE,  
HARRY DEAN,  
Committee.

### Julius P. Hewitt, L. U. No. 250

Whereas it is with deep regret that the members of this local mourn the sudden death of our Brother, Julius P. Hewitt; therefore be it

Resolved, That while we humbly bow our heads in submission to His will, we regret, no less, the taking away of our Brother and associate. Our heartfelt sympathy is extended to his bereaved wife and parents and we commend them to the care of Him who doeth all things well; be it further

Resolved, That our charter be draped for a period of 30 days; a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our late Brother, a copy be sent to our official Journal for publication, and a copy be spread on the minutes of our local.

C. W. PEEK,  
A. L. FAVORITE,  
W. A. THOMAS,  
Committee.

### A. Petticord, L. U. No. 28

It is with deep regret that members of this local mourn the passing away of our Brother, A. Petticord.

Whereas we humbly bow our heads in submission to His will, we deeply mourn the taking away of an old associate and charter member of Local Union No. 28, I. B. E. W.

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to his wife and family and commend them to the care of Him who doeth all things well; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of our local, a copy sent to the bereaved family, a copy to our official Journal for publication and that our charter be draped for a period of 30 days.

W. W. WELSH,  
S. B. PRATHER,  
A. C. KRIS,  
Committee.

### Lewis Toscani, L. U. No. 6

Whereas Almighty God in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to call from our midst our dearly beloved and esteemed Brother, Lewis Toscani, and

Whereas the members of Local Union No. 6 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers deeply mourn his loss; therefore be it

Resolved, That in this hour of trial and sorrow, we extend to his family and relatives

our sincere sympathy and condolence and be it further

Resolved, That the charter of Local Union No. 6 be draped for a period of 30 days out of respect for the memory of our late departed Brother, Lewis Toscani; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our late Brother and that a copy be sent to the official Journal for publication, and that a copy be spread upon the minutes of Local Union No. 6 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers.

ALBERT E. COHN,  
HOWARD E. DUNN,  
FRED L. DESMOND,  
Committee.

CHARLES C. TERRILL, President.  
HOWARD E. DUNN, Secretary.

Adopted at the meeting of Local Union No. 6, I. B. E. W., November 7, 1928.

### Irvin W. Morgan, L. U. No. 27

Whereas Almighty God in His infinite wisdom has deemed it best to remove from this earth our esteemed and beloved Brother, Irvin W. Morgan; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of Local Union No. 27 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, tender our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family, and a copy of this resolution be written in our records and a copy be sent our official Journal for publication.

EDW. C. WILKINSON,  
O. Y. MILES,  
J. L. SHIPLEY,  
Committee.

### Henry D. Clark, L. U. No. 569

It is with deep regret that we, the members of Local Union 569, announce the death of our late Brother, Henry D. Clark.

Resolved, That while we humbly bow our heads in submission to God's will we mourn no less the taking away of our associate and our heartfelt sympathy is extended to his bereaved wife and family and we commend them to the care of Him who doeth all things well; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of Local Union No. 569, I. B. E. W., a copy to be sent to the family of our late Brother, and a copy be sent to the International Journal and that our charter be draped in mourning for 30 days in memory of our late Brother Henry D. Clark.

C. J. BROWN,  
R. A. SCHMITH,  
M. L. RATCLIFF,  
Committee.

### Harry Thoma, L. U. No. 9

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to call from our midst our esteemed Brother, Harry Thoma; and

Whereas, in the death of Brother Thoma Local Union No. 9 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers has lost one of its loyal and devoted members; therefore be it

Resolved, That Local Union No. 9 hereby expresses its appreciation of the great worth to our Brotherhood of the devotion of Brother Thoma and registers its keen loss in his passing; and be it further

Resolved, That Local Union No. 9 expresses its condolence to his family in their hour of great bereavement; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our late Brother Thoma, a copy be spread on the minutes of our Local Union No. 9 and a copy be sent to the official Journal of our Brotherhood for publication.

DENNIS A. MANNING,  
EMMET GREEN,  
HARRY SLATER,  
Committee.

### W. A. Culp, L. U. No. 146

Death is the liberator of him whom freedom cannot release, the physician of him whom medicine cannot cure, and comforter of whom time cannot console.

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to remove from this earthly abode and from our midst our well-beloved Brother, William A. Culp; and

Whereas Brother Culp passed away October 24, 1928,

Resolved, That members of Local 146 express our most sincere sympathy to his relatives and friends to whom he always lent a helping hand, especially linemen;

Resolved, That we drape our charter for a period of 30 days in due respect to his memory and that a copy of these resolutions be sent his sister, a copy be forwarded to our International Office to be published in our official Journal and a copy filed by our secretary.

FRED GRETSCH, Secretary.

**HOOVER—A NATION ORGANIZED**

(Continued from page 627)

houses. Factories close down. Men walk the streets and starve; not because there is too little, but because there seems too much.

"Supply outruns demand. A seeming surplus spells disaster to producers everywhere. Civilization may appropriately ask itself how far either supply or demand may be controlled. It may also ask how far our troubles may be attributed to overproduction or underconsumption.

"America emulates Tantalus of old. Threatened by a flood of plenty men are doomed to want. The organizing genius of America faces another supreme test.

"To what extent production may be regulated by voluntary action as a result of trade reports is still undetermined. Recommendation of a 10 per cent reduction seems often to ultimate in a 10 per cent increase as each producer seeks to bootleg on the trade. Control apart from combination has not thus far been achieved in any major field. Governmental restriction America is not yet ready to consider although the interstate commerce clause of the constitution may finally be found the key.

**No One Wants Depression**

"So much for supply. Demand is a bird of another feather. There is almost no limit to our wants. Purchasing power has been thus far the only limit on American demand.

"Unemployment at times has meant a decline of \$5,000,000,000 in the capacity of the American people to buy. No one wants this. No one profits by its operation. Factories want work. Laborers desire employment. Merchants wish to clear their shelves.

"Meanwhile the vicious cycle is increased in its downward plunge by the lack of purchasing power of the ever-broadening groups who find themselves without opportunity for employment of any kind. With their pockets bare they enter upon a starvation existence that very greatly prolongs the period within which the surplus materials may be consumed and the wheels of industry again begin to whirl.

"Such conditions constitute a tragedy and a travesty upon the organizing genius of American business men.

"There is much to indicate that the expansion of capital facilities at appropriate periods may furnish a means of regulating in substantial measure the variations in demand.

"With an annual expenditure of \$7,000,000,000 upon construction, America is in a position to stabilize prosperity to a most remarkable extent. Public authority spends more than a billion and a half dollars. With this we are here primarily concerned. Private business will soon follow such practical demonstration as government may make since the great commercial interests of the country have the most vital stake. This may apply not alone to construction but to the renewal and extension of capital facilities of every sort. It is the considered recommendation of the one who has received the overwhelming mandate of the American people to guide and guard their progress in the next four years that a construction reserve may prudently be accumulated in time of plenty against the lean year that is to come.

"This involves simply the provision of the necessary funds or credit to be released when indexes shall indicate the need and such designation of projects as may commend itself to the authority concerned.

**Insurance Against Panics**

"No infringement of legislative preroga-

tives is involved since no project may be carried out except as the legislature may direct although the rapidity of the construction program within defined limits may be accelerated or retarded to synchronize with the national and local need. Creation of such a construction reserve is one of the best forms of insurance against the panics of our past. It may not be a cure-all but it certainly will alleviate our ills. In some measure it is possible to do for employment what the federal reserve system has done for finance and with equal advantage to the country as a whole.

"Picture the approach of an economic crisis with unemployment threatening on every hand. The release of \$3,000,000,000 in construction contracts by public and quasi-public authority would remedy or ameliorate the situation in the twinkling of an eye. Federal indexes are already becoming available that remove the problem from the domain of speculation or opinion and place the need upon a basis of simple facts.

"No centralization of authority is proposed but merely the creation of a condition by concerted action that shall make possible a remedy that will appeal persuasively to all. Follow the flow of those \$3,000,000,000 to the contractor, to the laborer, to the material man, to the factory, to the factory employees, to the merchants, to the farmers. It goes like the house that Jack built and unemployment is at an end.

"These views of the way in which the states and other public authority may cooperate with the Federal government in controlling in some measure construction work for the common good are presented to the Conference of Governors at the request of Herbert Hoover as an authorized exposition of a portion of his program for stabilizing the prosperity of the United States.

"In requesting the presentation of this project to the Conference of Governors, Mr. Hoover emphasized the importance of establishing co-operation between federal, state, and municipal governments. Neither ruthless competition nor blighting monopoly with its inevitable public control is the goal of America. Co-operation is the keynote of the new economic day. Co-operation implies individual units that spell incentive to achieve.

"Organization for prosperity is the next lesson that America may teach the nations of the world."

There is not a wrong against which we fail to protest or seek to remedy; there is not a right to which any of our fellows are entitled which it is not our duty, mission and work and struggle to attain. So long as there shall remain a wrong unrighted or a right denied, there will be work for the labor movement to do.—*Samuel Gompers.*

**POST-WAR PERIOD ENDS FOR A. F. OF L.; NEW ERA OPENS**

(Continued from page 629)

systematic co-operation with management to make production effective.

"These various constructive relationships recognize the fact that workers have creative ability and can and do make valuable contributions to industry from an experience that otherwise is closed to management. There are definite things that can be done only by workers, which can not be done by management for workers. Many of those with the responsibility of management fail to grasp that workers can think as well as obey orders. This thinking can be utilized by the industry if the right methods are employed. Industry can expect

to have the co-operation of employees only when voluntary agencies are the channels. Employers' substitutes will not serve the same purpose. Co-operation assumes equality in the undertaking. The trade union is the only agency which workers themselves have created to conduct their relations with employers and it is the only agency that gives them equal footing with management or other representatives of the corporation.

"The Five-Day Work Week: Much progress has been made since the Detroit convention in 1926 in establishing the five-day week. Reports from the international unions show that in October, 1928, 20 internationals have 514 local unions working the five-day, 40-hour week. These locals have a membership of 164,749. In addition there are at least 550 union members employed as clerks, secretaries, stenographers, etc., in trade union offices who have the five-day week, making a total membership of 165,029 who are now enjoying the five-day, 40-hour work week.

"Winning the five-day work week has been a gradual process, involving continued emphasis in conference with employers, and careful adjustment of work. One international states that its local unions have been working for many years to establish the five-day week, and in many hundreds of cases it has been discussed at every meeting with the employers. This has resulted in the gradual development of working agreements and a large number of its members have secured the five-day week. In none of these cases has a strike been resorted to.

"Several internationals report that they are now in negotiation for the five-day week. The wood carvers have already made an agreement for it, and by March 31, 1929, they will have 210 members working the five-day week. In New York most of the shops employing their members and in Rochester the architectural shops have it in the summer months. The moulders also state that a number of their locals in the stove industry have worked the five-day week in the summer months for several years.

"Workers' Educational Movement: It is now ten years since the St. Paul convention authorized the executive council to make a study of workers' education in the American trade union movement and report to the next convention. A committee of five appointed by the president made a survey of work which was going on and made their report to the Atlantic City convention in 1919. This report covered the general question of adult education, both elementary and advanced, and the publications of text books appropriate for workers.

"The American labor movement is appreciative of the fact that progress in the future will come from increasing participation in the responsibilities of production and more creative contributions thereto. The victories of labor must be superior production achievements and convincing arguments for the conference room. The problem is two-fold; what to do and how to do it. These are problems that must be studied out. They are the keys to the future of labor.

"A very simple way to begin this sort of study in a union is to invite experts on various phases of work with which the union is concerned to address union meetings. Such addresses will naturally lead to discussion, to study of specific problems and to desire for more speakers.

"During the year there have been other important advances made in the field of workers' education. Perhaps the most

striking achievement has been the week-end conferences.

**"Influence in Industrial Circles:** At no time in its history has the trade union had greater influence in industrial circles. The constructive policies which we advocate and follow challenge the attention and respect of employers in this country and abroad. The trade union rests its claim to recognition upon its capacity to do the things that are good for industry and for human beings. It is a stabilizing, unifying agency responsible for keeping labor's progress abreast of that of other groups. It is not our purpose to usurp the functions of other groups or to establish domination over them, but to further uniform progress for all. We believe that progress comes from using and improving what we have, hence we have no revolutionary purpose to overthrow the present social system to establish a group control. Our purpose then is exactly the same as that of other intelligent, progressive persons. The union, therefore, is an agency which employers may turn to for co-operation for mutual benefit. Steadfastly, trade unions have insisted that high wages, regular work and that prevention of waste of human work capacity were necessary for both social and industrial progress. Wherever these standards have been established they constitute proof of the correctness of our contentions, and some of our contentions have become accepted business policy. Our employers are gratified that America is a high wage country of the world and that high wages mean increased ability to buy things produced. Steadily increased production can be sustained only with increasing capacity to buy.

"Because American labor policies are constructive and beneficial they set standards that definitely influence the thinking and decisions of all employers and employees. In times of crisis industrial leaders are quick to realize that the constructive ideals of labor are a tremendous asset. While not all are so ready to acknowledge that these ideals are an equal industrial asset when conditions are normal, those who look to the trade union movement for leadership are increasing. Leading opinions making agencies realize that discussion of labor problems must be upon a plane of intelligence and presentation of fact."

#### CHRISTMAS—UNION MADE

(Continued from page 639)

rheumatism. Beany, I never had a real Christmas before. At the Home they'd give you an orange an' a bag of candy and you had to act grateful and sing a lot of hymns and when you got outside to eat your candy one of the bigger fellas took it away from you. But it's not on my account I want a bang-up celebration," he added manfully, "It's for Uncle Denny. I don't care about a tree—much—or glass balls, or candy, or that old Santa Claus stuff, but I want to fix him a dinner. Think of pulling a nice brown turkey out of the oven all stuffed beautiful—gosh, wouldn't his eyes bung out? Cranberry sauce, baked squash, mince pie, raisins and nuts, I know the whole menu by heart. But I gotta raise some money."

"Might go down to the station and rattle grips," Beany suggested.

The station was busy. People coming and going on holiday trips, rosy-faced, smiling, surely they would have been open-handed, but the Redcaps resented any encroachment on their territory. The boys earned a few dimes before they were gruffly told to "Get'long out of yere an' don't come back."

Terry cast about for a new approach to wealth. "Got a snow shovel, Beany?"

"No, but Miz. Barrett has."

Beany borrowed the shovel, and the boys toured the residential section, knocking on doors and annoying bustling housewives. Only 50 cents earned when the church clock struck 12 and Terry had to run home to prepare lunch for Uncle Denny. When he had washed the dishes, he found Beany waiting outside.

"Miz. Barrett came and got her shovel away from me," he grumbled. "Kicked 'cause we knocked a few splinters off the edge. Less go down town and sell newspapers."

They invested their small capital in papers. The afternoon grew chill, the breeze stiffened with snowflakes, and the boys shivered as they stamped their feet in the freezing slush outside the brilliant windows of stores. Bigger boys chased them from desirable corners. But Terry held out till the papers were all sold.

The boy grew lean and anxious that week. He was always in a desperate race with himself, selling papers, running errands, racing home to cook meals for the old man dozing by the fire. Turkeys were 70 cents a pound, and you could scarcely find one of less than 10 pounds. Terry had his heart set on a turkey, with all the fixings. Never mind trees, candles, tinsel, and such minor details but the dinner—that should be a

triumph of culinary skill as well as a tribute of gratitude.

Beany went to the Civic Club party and returned with a basket topped off with a gangling chicken. He swaggered down the street telling other boys about the comedies shown at the party. Terry was returning from lunch.

"How's it going?" Beany asked.

"Pretty good," Terry admitted. "I'm going to market now; get the stuff for tomorrow."

He didn't have enough for a big turkey, perhaps, but there ought to be some small ones. He would have to get it now, or they'd all be gone, for tomorrow was Christmas. And he hurried into a butcher shop, to wait his turn among the impatient crowd.

"Got a nice turkey for about \$5?" he asked the butcher.

"Say, that's what they all want, and nobody's got it," stated that worthy. "Price's up to 75 cents and the smallest we got is around \$8. Sorry, buddy. Anything else? Well, what's yours?" He turned to the next customer.

Weary, discouraged, Terry turned homeward as the Christmas candles were being lighted in the windows. He had cranberries, fruit, nuts, pie, and everything else for the banquet, but turkeys were scarce and small ones could not be found. After supper he

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Affiliated with the American Federation of Labor

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COLLIS LOVELY  
General President

CHARLES L. BAINE  
General Secy-Treas.

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No. 206 Grey Buffed hand, all leather to knuckles outseam-----1.50 pair

would try one more desperate search, but it seemed hopeless.

"Terry, you look all tuckered out," said Uncle Denny, as they sat down to frugal mutton stew. "What's you been doing?"

"Oh, I've been busy," evaded Terry, hoping that the old man had not noticed the packages he had hidden in the cupboard.

"Yes, I can see that, but busy with what?" Uncle Denny persisted.

"Oh, gee, I can't tell you now, but it was no use." Terry stared gloomily at his plate. He only had four dollars left. Never could find a turkey for that amount. A chicken—well, it would have to do, but it wasn't good enough. He had wild notions of robbing a butcher shop.

"Will you go to the door, Terry?" Uncle Denny's mild voice broke into his consciousness. "I haven't got my shoes on."

Sure enough, some one knocked. Terry opened the door, and recognized the business agent of the union.

**Good Cook Not Disappointed**

"Merry Christmas, boys!" he greeted them, heartily. "Uncle Denny, I got something for you you probably can use over the holidays. We managed to collect the money old Scroggins owed you for that job."

"Say, that's nice," the old man beamed. "I never would have been able to get it out of the old skinflint. It'll come in handy, yep, mighty handy."

"And here's something the boys sent you." The business agent brought from behind his back a large paper parcel from which, surprisingly, dangled the scarlet head of a turkey. Denny's heart gave an agonizing flop. "Pat 'n' Charlie, 'n' Earl, 'n' some of the rest of them you helped out various times, they said they heard you had such a good cook now they had to see you got a turkey."

"Jim, you old rascal, I'll bet you were in that yourself," said Uncle Denny, in a happy, scolding sort of voice. "Terry and me will have a big time. Thanks a lot, and I'll say the same to the rest of the boys when I see them."

"Have a little job for you Monday," said the agent, turning to the door.

Terry reverently unwrapped the turkey. "Boy, that's a beauty," he breathed.

"So that's what you were worrying about all the time," Uncle Denny guessed, with his arm around the boy's shoulders.

"Yep," Terry confessed. "An' I couldn't quite make it. But I got everything else and now—it's going to be some dinner!" The freckles on his short nose seemed to twinkle rapturously.

"I got kinda out of the habit of celebrating Christmas, not having anybody to celebrate with," the old man admitted. "But this is going to be a good one. Now we'll go get us a tree, and candles, and candy canes, and something to stuff our stockings with if Santa doesn't show up. He'd have some trouble getting down that stove pipe!"

"Now, a union is a great idea," Terry observed.

"It's just like you and me. We help each other an' put the real stuff into it, and things come out all right."

Together, the two wanderers trampled the snow crusted pathway out into the starry night.

**RADIO**

(Continued from page 644)

roof. The function of these coupling units, each of which comprises a coupling tube and a B-eliminator, is to convert the signal energy received from the aerial into radio-

frequency energy, suitable for distribution over the radio-frequency cables. These radio-frequency cables, shielded in metal conduits or by metallic covers, lead from each of the central coupling units to the particular vertical row of apartments fed by them. They take the converted signal energy to the extension coupling units located in each of the apartments. The extension coupling units lead directly to the outlet in the wall or baseboard.

It is hardly necessary to state that the distribution system of radio-frequency centralized radio is no mere lead-in. Indeed, the radio frequency cables which form its groundwork are really carrier-current transmission lines. Technically, they are called "risers." As many as ten extension coupling units can be placed along each riser which means, of course, that a single transmission line can furnish ten apartments with signal energy. Additional risers, properly shielded, are required to serve all apartments above the tenth floor.

The wiring of this system, like that of the audio centralized radio system, is simplicity itself, and may readily be executed by a practical electrician. The extension coupling units are contained in boxes designed especially for flush wall mounting. These are best installed at the time of the construction of the building, along with the associated conduit and wiring. Each coupling unit comprises a coupling tube and a B-eliminator, arranged for automatic operation when the radio set is turned on. The units themselves can be inserted and connected-up after the plasterers have finished their work. In connection with the extension coupling units, it should be noted that the distance between them and the associated outlet should not be in excess of twenty feet, although it may be almost anything less. The reason for this is that the radio-frequency centralized radio system has been designed to meet the needs of current apartment house construction in which the floor-to-floor height is ordinarily ten feet.

In conclusion, we shall outline just a few of the advantages to be derived from a radio-frequency centralized radio installation. First, the tenant is not compelled to erect an individual aerial; second, he can tune in on all and not merely three or four of the programs being broadcast; third, his broadcast reception is entirely free of the interference formerly inherent in city radio; fourth, the tenant on the ground floor enjoys just as good reception as the one on the top floor, due to the absence of long lead-in wires; fifth, no disturbance which originates in one receiver can be trans-

mitted back over the wires to interfere with the operation of other sets; sixth, no outside interference is picked-up by the distribution system; seventh, the length of the distribution system has no influence whatever on wavelength; eighth and last, the high antenna and the shielded lead-in-wires employed throughout virtually eliminates all background noises.

**"LET WORKING CLOTHES BE SACRED"**

(Continued from page 625)

If any such noisy gazook stands up and makes himself heard—put him out—tie a can on him—lock him up in Leavenworth—shackle him in the Atlanta hoosegow—let him eat from tin dishes at Sing Sing—slew him as a lifer at San Quentin.

It is the law; as a civilization dies and goes down to eat ashes along with all other dead civilizations—it is the law all dirty wild dreamers die first—gag 'em, lock 'em up, get 'em bumped off.

And since at the gates of tombs silence is a gift, be silent about it, yes, be silent—forget it.

And in the latest volume, he speaks thus of political things:

When the charge of election bribery was brought against an Illinois Senator, he replied, "I read the Bible and believe it from cover to cover."

When his accusers specified five hundred dollars of corruption money was paid in a St. Louis hotel bath room, his friends answered, "He is faithful to his wife and always kind to his children."

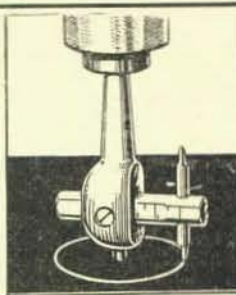
When he was ousted from the national Senate and the doors of his bank were closed by government receivers and a grand jury indicted him, he took the vows of an old established church.

When a jury acquitted him of guilt as a bank wrecker, following the testimony of prominent citizens that he was an honest man, he issued a statement to the public for the newspapers, proclaiming he knew beforehand no jury would darken the future of an honest man with an unjust verdict.

Sandburg belongs to the sidewalks, the alleys, the wharves, the workshops of America. He means it, we believe, when he says, "Let working clothes be sacred."



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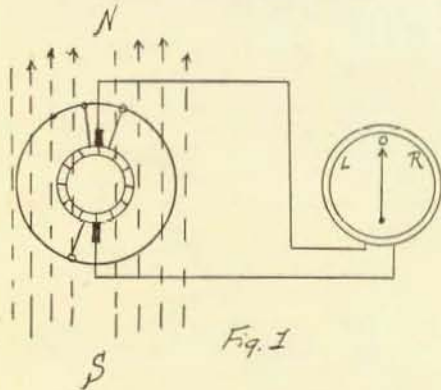
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**MODERN SUBSTITUTES FOR THE MAGNETIC POLE STAR**

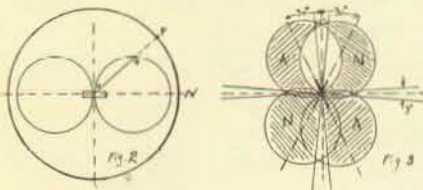
(Continued from page 640)

ated to the pilot. Among the several defects of this method of locating the airplane was the time involved, the reflection of the radio waves from the upper layers of the atmosphere and their deviation from straight lines along seacoast. Inaccurate bearings obtained from radio stations was one of the causes of the wrecking of several war vessels off the southwest coast of California a few years ago.

In place of two fixed stations receiving signals from the moving airplane and then locating his position by triangulation, the latest device transmits signals continuously which when received by the pilot at once tell him whether he is on the right course. In place of two transmitting stations located some distance apart, only one station does the transmitting by means of two coil antennas whose planes make an angle with each other. This is the modern beam transmitter. To understand how the signals transmitted by such a station serve as a guide to an airplane in flight, refer to Figs. 2 and 3. Fig. 1 shows graphically the relative intensity of the signal emitted by a coil



AB in different directions. In the plane of the coil the maximum signal is represented by the line ON. In any other direction such as OD the relative intensity of the signal is OA which is less than ON. In a line perpendicular to the plane of the coil the signal is the weakest. This difference in the intensity of the signal in different directions is the principle employed in the beam transmitter which uses two, in place of one, coil antennas as shown in Fig. 3. When the smaller angle between the planes of the two antennas is 60 degrees, there are two sec-



tors about 10 degrees wide and in opposite directions in which the signal strength is the same for each antenna. There are also two equi-signal sectors at right angles to the first two, but their relative intensity will be considerably less and the sectors will be narrower, about three degrees. When the two coils are excited alternately there results a continuous signal in the equi-signal sectors. By rotating the two coils together about a vertical axis, the beam signal can be directed along any desired course, and an airplane equipped with a radio receiver will receive a continuous signal from the beacon as long as it remains within the

beam sector. The practice is to send the letter N, a dash and a dot, with one coil and the letter A, a dot and a dash, with the other coil. The sending is so spaced mechanically that in the beam sector the two signals blend into a continuous dash. A continuous sound in the airplane receiver indicates that the craft is on the right course while a deviation to one side or the other results in the signal becoming a letter N or A.

A description of the mechanical details by which the beam transmitter is operated would require a paper by itself, suffice it to say that beam transmitters at Crissy Field, Calif., and on the island of Mani were employed to guide the aviators on their trans-Pacific flights in the summer of 1927. Many changes have taken place in transportation methods since Moses crossed the Red Sea, or since Columbus piloted, by faith in the magnetic compass, his small caravels across the unknown Atlantic, to the time when Lindbergh piloted the Spirit of St. Louis in regions above the clouds, but these changes in methods are no more marvellous than the developments in the means and agencies of guiding the craft on the sea or in the air. What next!

The "Liberty" is likely to survive longer than anything else that I have written, because it is a kind of philosophic textbook of a single truth, which the changes progressively taking place in modern society tend to bring out into ever stronger relief; the importance, to man and society, of a large variety in types of character, and of giving full freedom to human nature to expand itself in innumerable and conflicting directions.—John Stuart Mill, *Autobiography*.

**Death Claims Paid From November 1, Including November 30, 1928**

Local	Name	Amount
443	D. G. Stretch	\$ 1,000.00
500	J. T. Ross	1,000.00
134	E. W. Holohan	1,000.00
865	J. B. Gregory	1,000.00
98	B. C. Nicklin	1,000.00
70	J. D. Sanders	500.00
569	H. D. Clark	1,000.00
211	M. Givnin	1,000.00
3	Walter Huntoon	475.00
2	W. P. Houghton	1,000.00
219	C. E. Singer	1,000.00
6	Chas. Pearn	1,000.00
146	W. A. Culp	1,000.00
27	Irving Morgan	1,000.00
9	H. F. Thoma	1,000.00
471	W. B. Wheeler	1,000.00
309	W. M. Baker	1,000.00
6	Lewis Toscan	650.00
125	E. J. Seamon	1,000.00
134	L. Slezak	1,000.00
353	A. E. Wilson	825.00
3	V. P. Cuccia	475.00
151	W. F. Coughlan	475.00
223	J. J. Redpath	1,000.00
1	A. J. McLean	1,000.00
134	V. Kruzic	1,000.00

Total	\$ 23,400.00
Total claims paid from Nov. 1 to Nov. 30, 1928	\$ 23,400.00
Total claims previously paid	1,456,523.60
Total Claims paid	\$1,479,923.60

Capital is the fruit of labor, and could not exist if labor had not first existed. Labor, therefore, deserves much the higher consideration.—Abraham Lincoln.

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Application Blanks, per 100	.75	Ledger, Financial Secretary's, 200 pages	4.50
Arrears, Official Notice of, per 100	.50	Ledger, Financial Secretary's, 400 pages	8.75
Account Book, Treasurer's	1.00	(Extra Heavy Binding)	
Buttons, S. G. (medium)	1.75	Labels, Metal, per 100	1.25
Buttons, S. G. (small)	1.50	Labels, Paper, per 100	.15
Buttons, R. G.	.75	Labels, large size for house wiring, per 100	.35
Buttons, Cuff, R. G., per pair	2.50	Obligation Cards, double, per dozen	.25
Button, Gold-faced Diamond Shaped	2.50	Paper, Official Letter, per 100	.75
Books, set of	14.00	Permit Card, per 100	.75
Book, Minute for R. S. (small)	2.00	Rituals, extra, each	.25
Book, Minute for R. S. (large)	3.00	Receipt Book (300 receipts)	2.00
Book, Day	1.50	Receipt Book (750 receipts)	4.00
Book, Roll Call	1.50	Receipt Book, Financial Secretary's	.35
Carbon for receipt books	.95	Receipt Book, Treasurer's	.35
Charm, vest chain slide	5.00	Receipt Holders, each	.25
Charters, Duplicate	1.00	Ring, 14 karat gold	9.50
Constitution, per 100	7.50	Ring, 14 karat green and white gold	10.00
Single Copies	.10	Seal, cut of	1.00
Electrical Worker, Subscription per year	2.00	Seal, out of	4.00
Envelopes, Official, per 100	1.00	Seal (pocket)	7.50
Ledger, loose leaf binder, Financial Secretary's, 26 tab index	6.50	Traveling Cards, per dozen	.75
Ledger pages to fit above ledger, per 100	1.50	Withdrawal Cards, with Trans. Cds., per dozen	.50
Ledger, Financial Secretary's, 100 pages	3.00	Working Cards, per 100	.50
		Warrant Book, for R. S.	.50

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LOCAL UNION OFFICIAL RECEIPTS FROM OCTOBER 11  
TO NOVEMBER 10, 1928



L. U.	NUMBERS	L. U.	NUMBERS	L. U.	NUMBERS	L. U.	NUMBERS	L. U.	NUMBERS
I. O.	3108 3921	113	134600 134700	263	736484 736500	431	989738 989745	641	636701 636704
1	335659 336000	114	733552 733554	263	633201 633230	434	729776 729787	646	820447 820451
1	125036 125070	115	699995 700010	264	698832 698841	435	869371 869450	648	227809 227885
1	446251 446993	116	338573 338646	266	97405 97412	437	295205 295340	649	448515 448548
2	414801 415250	117	631111 631126	267	679301 679308	440	123241 123263	651	711133 711139
3	Series A 1-4561	119	989517 989533	269	230078 230176	441	999334 999354	653	729535 729557
"	" A 4801-4852	120	224335 224354	270	694006 694021	442	613630 613657	661	984495 984507
"	" B 1-1315	122	416381 416540	271	276921 276950	443	687530 687571	664	973901 973935
"	" B 1501-1691	125	398605 399241	275	734965 734991	446	520924 520941	666	959053 959116
"	" B 1801-1905	127	981145 981153	276	354051 354051	449	184478 184489	669	921283 921293
"	" C 1-136	129	314282 314291	279	969045 969052	450	46126 46134	670	175600 175610
"	" D 1-298	130	360381 360650	280	588766 588778	458	874266 874294	675	980101 980163
"	" D 301-325	131	631472 631562	281	219939 219975	461	255159 255189	677	69982 70013
4	987184 987204	133	315781 315793	284	27510 27545	463	65788 65795	680	712915 712926
5	381001 381640	135	991630 991655	285	719552 719965	466	316531 316580	681	771744 771750
6	218151 218270	136	283072 283158	286	710889 710397	468	296169 296174	681	457501 457531
7	310568 310788	137	215541 215553	290	732403 732414	470	692799 692805	683	927733 927750
8	171921 171990	138	967284 967308	291	188208 188221	471	972128 972149	684	479502 479513
10	977129 977150	139	88197 88234	292	276728 276750	474	365256 365370	686	691081 691095
14	64851 64896	140	979641 979704	292	460501 460542	477	982461 982488	691	998103 998135
15	694936 694955	141	154653 154663	295	992159 992169	479	320351 320371	694	305555 305676
17	420001 420650	145	346740 346815	296	976827 976837	481	131914 131973	695	620867 620895
17	392941 393000	146	988554 988562	297	631815 631818	482	615358 615370	696	233577 233868
18	351325 351750	150	981453 981490	298	875134 875181	483	354916 355007	697	146067 146250
18	449251 449402	151	275540 275725	300	966641 966646	490	80568 80571	702	344956 345179
20	284102 284210	152	994618 994642	303	528122 528131	493	427326 427353	704	39306 39327
21	634862 634870	153	807447 807473	305	306679 306693	494	412501 412552	707	294099 294127
26	232965 233026	154	841621 841634	306	966211 966236	494	263983 264000	710	844636 844650
26	304333 304300	155	417541 417550	307	976561 976573	497	54591 54597	712	932052 932076
26	319501 319590	156	982131 982160	308	5683 5728	500	40839 40901	713	246107 246750
27	78589 78597	157	727714 727724	310	295720 295786	503	698043 698088	713	464251 464290
31	150137 150166	158	830347 830366	312	237282 237373	504	699734 699755	716	414121 414430
32	410369 410379	159	393816 393865	313	590529 590539	508	170605 170634	717	93675 93741
33	441411 441421	161	50970 50980	315	291040 291065	509	33873 33884	719	687231 687256
33	219619 219727	163	89981 90000	316	991902 991932	514	340901 341160	722	978018 978027
36	986011 986040	163	375751 375769	317	223645 223664	515	631286 631291	723	143088 143143
37	315073 315108	164	313701 313939	318	971045 971093	516	683564 683593	725	817538 817558
38	11401 11570	169	718982 718991	319	690709 690725	517	733330 733353	728	94931 949174
39	309881 301163	172	12216 12221	321	735523 735537	520	30454 30495	729	14691 14699
40	411176 411395	173	637051 637056	322	97448 97455	521	720742 720761	731	728678 728700
41	299630 299696	173	720596 720600	323	975001 975039	522	289655 289693	731	459751 459751
43	228278 228430	174	878177 878183	323	597721 597744	525	693222 693265	732	830211 831254
44	973242 973252	178	397118 397131	325	697070 697129	526	962188 962191	734	226478 226500
45	977434 977443	180	871299 871333	326	972521 972538	527	992950 992992	734	379501 379586
46	91501 92250	183	687840 687854	328	589813 589849	528	999067 999103	735	735168 735180
46	257971 258000	184	816280 816293	329	996160 996187	533	963319 963320	738	586015 586015
46	358501 358630	185	872069 872106	333	279377 279451	536	969379 969397	743	22210 22290
47	450663 450678	186	707561 707563	336	53580 53587	537	838829 838847	746	362143 362155
50	992576 992605	187	986865 986910	337	55101 55109	540	974482 974503	757	983827 983857
51	986357 986387	188	432282 432287	339	974770 974800	544	697455 697485	759	734512 734532
52	373800 373944	190	998774 998791	340	193474 193500	548	848194 848201	762	589452 589475
53	197656 197690	191	985026 985040	340	462001 462038	551	290816 290823	763	988338 988358
54	921111 921140	192	287388 287425	342	777281 777290	552	278766 278779	770	978940 978978
55	775258 775285	193	993250 993300	342	589121 589135	553	58324 58330	773	143119 143160
56	855694 855728	194	261669 261720	343	706118 706145	556	91417 91436	774	939479 939509
58	389251 389733	195	363187 363268	347	630761 630916	559	52409 52428	784	128669 128705
58	388501 389190	196	254530 254550	348	307501 307693	560	356317 356366	787	915923 915931
58	805861 806250	197	11063 11074	348	74131 74250	563	716468 716469	794	995385 995400
58	353180 353250	200	321591 321684	352	555228 555258	564	717827 717834	794	422251 422300
58	387751 388500	201	723721 723730	353	367556 367847	565	978351 978377	798	824404 824415
59	421501 421640	203	630416 630425	355	434096 434100	567	318815 318870	802	870656 870660
60	321991 322046	208	968581 968625	356	970274 970292	568	225575 225672	809	705855 705870
64	945652 945750	210	175401 175500	363	304552 304644	569	259627 259640	811	967869 967881
65	355811 356185	210	366001 366013	364	35223 35250	569	347553 347652	818	694578 694592
66	399751 399970	211	285856 286000	365	822187 822194	570	566026 566036	820	591201 591209
67	632200 632219	212	155970 156187	366	634951 634955	571	57899 57900	820	33296 33300
68	262079 262106	213	206291 206607	367	94981 94980	571	632501 632519	825	867008 867011
69	23379 23394	214	996391 996310	368	127165 127189	573	460329 460347	835	840949 840953
70	969688 969690	214	278831 27892	369	84613 84668	574	348101 348181	840	244988 245001
73	400636 400684	214	718321 718327	372	617986 618000	575	381751 381770	854	370509 370537
75	7484 7490	215	84964 84983	373	71192 71192	575	693888 693900	855	984211 984233
76	135719 135741	217	983453 983466	374	874182 874191	580	703768 703773	857	240420 240435
76	417001 417041	219	455094 455708	375	369061 369140	581	223161 223250	858	617170 617202
77	619374 619529	223	163841 163886	377	210359 210440	583	556254 556289	862	972717 972743
79	166661 166741	225	971790 971802	379	693468 693500	584	357551 357750	863	728374 728389
81	302440 302510	226	994883 994910	382	691492 691500	584	396751 397000	864	309791 309873
82	280001 280133	229	683827 683850	382	979801 979840	585	721056 721062	865	280821 280898
83	450751 450753	230	88972 89035	384	724223 724346	586	700251 700268	868	708098 708101
83	412078 412500	231	986564 986581	387	725569 725586	587	242973 242990	869	546375 546378
84	242681 242969	232	264857 264874	390	980766 980782	588	281428 281490	870	96418 96451
86	318073 318222	233	36559 36585	392	97879 97985	591	712684 712705	873	363766 363783
87	31949 31953	234	189091 189098	393	853581 853610	593	35778 35782	874	37505 37541
88	897542 897560	236	704642 704650	394	44306 44324	594	823958 823968	875	36210 36221
90	158069 158185	237	569132 569						

L. U.	NUMBERS	L. U.	NUMBERS	L. U.	NUMBERS	L. U.	NUMBERS	L. U.	NUMBERS
970	702813	1151	459814 459818	3395	3421, 3465,	290	974836,	76	135286-287, 413, 510,
971	442958	1154	322026 322047	3550	4076, 4147,	298	875167,	41	299604-627.
972	875422 875435	1156	979409 979500	4156	4369, 4523,	300	966200,	76	135286-287, 413, 510,
978	325593 325603	1156	591901 591926	3 Series B-2	6, 49,	316	991907, 915.	41	299604-627.
982	29890 29945			51	143, 162, 240,	341	777282,	668-676.	
987	976219 976223			246	311, 490, 767,	342	589121, 129.	104	261629.
991	684695 684701			770	783, 842, 850,	343	706142,	201	723725.
995	704982 704987			1124	1213, 1217,	347	630769, 817, 839,	269	220860-870.
996	60776 60786			1514	1856,	857	880, 892,	272	688812-814, 816-821,
1002	196834 196885			3 Series D-40	53, 136,	348	307657,	823-830.	
1024	68830 68876			103	168, 188, 195,	372	618000,	277	309676, 213137, 170,
1025	972926 972933			254	319, 322, 324.	373	11989,	323	975935.
1029	46674 46679			8	171959.	384	724342,	325	697932, 065.
1031	591098 591106			17	420288, 344, 579.	400	169908,	342	617980-984.
1036	445501 445511			18	351625, 703, 449254.	405	738701,	442	613615.
1036	633295 633300			58	388087, 259, 626,	408	216502,	470	692788-790.
1037	857111 857190			65	665, 805862, 880,	415	616810,	497	54588.
1042	364469 364473			65	355837, 919, 947,	421	975348,	536	909375.
1045	280036 280039			66	960, 973, 356045,	430	989315,	595	349204.
1054	732989 732998			66	399803, 917-918.	435	869428,	692	865383-390.
1057	104183 104208			73	400682,	437	295323-324, 328.	697	146062.
1072	730721 730730			76	135726,	441	999336-337,	820	33277.
1086	349621 349640			82	280075,	482	615360, 369.	915	971138-140.
1087	681093 681099			99	303330,	528	099094,	971	442953.
1091	350308 350323			104	894777, 895304, 356,	560	376354,	982	29779.
1095	51857 51869			861-869, 371-379,		648	227856,		
1099	692660 692693			420, 441, 500449-		692	865383-390.		
1101	341295 341306			450.		697	146118,		
1105	861920 861933			122	416425.	702	345007, 057.		
1108	51249 51259			125	399056,	811	967877,		
1118	975644 975663			131	631517, 536, 554.	907	38812,		
1135	31138 31147			217	983237,	1002	196838,		
1141	991080 991117			259	167899,	1024	68831,		
1144	533725 533731			269	229869,	1037	857190,		
1147	987780 987814			272	688830,	1045	280636-037.		
1150	871350 871350			277	309660, 213136, 170.	1141	991106, 113.		
1150	977701 977706								

## MEN AND MONIKERS: HOW SILENT WON HIS NAME

(Continued from page 624)

at the interruption but quickly decided to argue rather than to fight.

"What's the matter with you, Deacon?" demanded Silent. "What's the idea of tearing the shirt off of me?"

The Deacon looked Silent squarely in the eye but not for long because Silent couldn't stand the boring in. He dropped his eyes. He was disarmed.

The Deacon disgustedly lit a cigaret and rammed his hands into his pockets as if to sheath those weapons lest he hurt someone with them.

"All right, Silent, I'll state my case," finally replied the Deacon.

"Doc Parsons was a friend of mine, same as he was to Romeo. I mean friend when I say it. Pure D friend. He hadn't a relative or a dependent in the world. Romeo had both. Doc had helped him carry his burden for a long, long time and had refused to let Romeo pay him back. That's all there was to any argument between them and it wasn't intended for any prying ears either," added Deacon.

After a significant pause he continued: "There was a windy tow-headed jackass in the gang who had everyone talked to a standstill. One day he got hard when this little Doc told him to close his trap and so Doc closed it for him good and proper. He watched his chance to strike back and it was him tried to fasten suspicion on Doc Parsons when poor Romeo got his."

Silent fidgeted and tried to interrupt, but he couldn't talk without looking at his man and he couldn't force his eyes to meet the Deacon's.

"Now, Silent, I am going to make you a proposition," continued the Deacon. "You think it over and let me know if every word I have just said isn't the truth. In case we are not agreed we will settle our differences so there won't be any kick coming."

The boss called time on us and nothing much was said while we were getting into the harness and getting strung out on the job. Soon we were all busy on our various perches.

Silent and Ham were transferring some primaries and secondaries off of an old pole onto a new thirty-five-foot pole and in order to stand in the clear were using

a high-line board, which is a single board platform. The Deacon and I were just across the alley from them but up above them on a seventy-five-foot pole changing some high-line insulators.

Whatever the boys were thinking there wasn't much breath being wasted on conversation that morning, so the work was progressing pretty good.

Every man or team of men working aloft uses a hand line to hoist or lower tools and material. The common practice is to run this line through a pulley for obvious reasons, and secure the pulley to the pole or the cross-arm with a small steel hook. The lines we were using were of three-eighths-inch cotton sash cord and the ends were tied together with bowline knots to make the line endless.

Cupie was helping the Deacon and me on the ground and "Nurmi," the slow-motion truck driver, was looking after Ham and Silent's wants in the temporary absence of their regular grunt.

Suddenly there were two or three loud terrified screams and a commotion on the pole below us. For an instant things were confused and a fellow couldn't make head or tail of what was happening. Next Ham Gravy went skidding out to the middle of the span between poles, dangling from his belt with one end of his safety strap snapped onto a number six copper wire. Then he stopped, unable to get up or down and unable to go ahead or back up. He would spin one way two or three times and then he would reverse.

While Ham Gravy was doing the dangling Jimmies (as he called it later), Silent was putting on a little act of his own. He was standing on the high-line board astride a secondary wire down near his ankles. He had hold of a twenty-three hundred-volt primary with one hand, his skinning knife in the other hand. He seemed to hump over and bob up and down like—well, the thought occurred to me that he looked as if he was doing a washing. Then he would come to attention and do a shimmy stunt and swing that knife. It's a wonder he didn't hack into some more hot stuff or himself.

I guess it was a good thing Ham left when he did.

Now, this wasn't slow-motion stuff. It was all happening in a very few seconds and time was precious in Silent's case.

The nearest other men who could hike

up a stick or would know what to do once they were up there were out of sight and before we could run down a seventy-five and up a thirty-five Silent would be counted out.

The Deacon just gives one look and turns to me and says, "Slim, listen now! You make Cupie and Nurmi heave me across to him."

Then he was gone, shooting straight down, and that little old pulley on the hand line was just a humming.

Deacon had stepped into the bowline knot in that little cotton hand line, and snapped one safety snap into the line, and using his hands for a brake on the rope, holding the down-going and up-coming sides of the line together, he dropped quite a way below Silent and stopped.

I'll have to hand it to Nurmi for a speedy head. He caught the Deacon's idea before he had stopped and with Cupie's help gave Deacon a couple of pendulum swings and on the third heave Deacon threw his safety strap around Silent's waist and with a quick slash of his skinning knife he cut Silent's safety, which was holding him on the board, and the pair of them reeled backward into space and were quickly lowered to the ground. The instant they were down the Deacon stretched his patient out and grabbed a pick handle and started beating Silent over the soles of the feet.

By the time the doctor arrived Silent was blinking and coming out of it. They gave him a shot of something and hustled him off to the hospital. As soon as we could, we threw a line over the lead and gave Ham Gravy something tangible to slide down on.

We all went to see Silent at the hospital at different times and I am sure he would have been back to work several days sooner than he was but the doctors were trying to find out what the electricity did to him that made him so he couldn't talk.

The name Silent still fits him under the new condition but I still maintain that the Deacon wielded the pick handle with more vigor than was absolutely necessary for just first aid purposes alone.

In moments of progress the noble succeed, because things are going their way; in moments of decadence the base succeed for the same reason; hence the world is never without the exhilaration of contemporary success.—G. B. Shaw.



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THE NATIONAL, STATE, AND LOCAL TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES

**T**HE purposes of the labor movement and the significance of its work as measured in richness and bigness of human life are a challenge to our capacity and love of humanity. While we know that trade unionism must depend on business efficiency as an instrumentality, yet it is the idealism and the spiritual yearning expressed through trade unionism that hold our devotion and command our service. Desire for growth is inseparable from human life. Trade unionism is the most potential agency for providing opportunity for sustained growth for those who work for wages. It provides the means and the channels for intelligent self-direction.

For this work, so worthy of devotion and dedication of all that is highest in us, we appeal in most earnest and urgent terms to all labor organizations that they give themselves without reservation and with a spirit of high endeavor during the coming year.

—AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR,  
*Executive Council 1928 Report.*

