

GAS & ELECTRIC NEWS

ROCHESTER GAS & ELECTRIC CORPORATION

January, 1935

8



S H A D O W S

This I learned from the
Shadow of a tree,
That to and fro did sway
Upon the wall:
Our shadow selves,
Our influence may fall,
Where we ourselves
Can never be.

A N N E E. H A M I L T O N



—Photo by Landis S. Smith
R.G. & E. Camera Club

The Company Sponsors New Radio Programs

THE success of the Company's service-story dramatizations indicated that the radio listeners hereabouts like a dash of comedy, human-interest, pathos, philosophy and educational interest mixed up in their radio "cocktails," along with good music, which is still and always will be a universal language understood and appreciated by almost everyone. New Company radio programs are the answer to this "discovery."

And now R. G. and E. programs, with varied appeal and interest, come to you over your radio every day in the week excepting Sunday. We are surely becoming radio-conscious, but still not so much so as Jones, a tired radio announcer who was invited to the home of friends for dinner. When asked to give thanks for the bounteous food set before the assembled guests, Jones made a very fine prayer and ended with the words "This is Jones speaking."

The Company speaks, via the airwaves, to its more than 238,351 gas, electric and steam customers and all

the others who indirectly enjoy its services, besides the thousands and thousands of other listeners-in beyond the fringe of Company operation. Its radio programs, it is hoped, will be welcomed with satisfaction in your home. If variety is the spice of life, then the Company has set out to do a little plain and fancy "brightening" of spirits outside its usual sphere of electric illumination.

Lovers of good music, drama and heart-throbbing human interest programs can now get all three over Rochester's two popular stations. "Romantic Reveries," a musical presentation, still holds forth every Friday evening (8:15 to 8:30 P.M.) over Station WHEC. The Company's pioneer program "On Wings of Song" which of late has been featuring the dramatizations of actual Company service stories, has been suspended for the time. In its stead the Company now sponsors the "New York State Trooper" dramatizations, actual stories from the case records of this fine state-wide

(Continued on Page 381)



Get your tickets to see the Company's new radio feature "Old Man Sunshine" which is broadcast over Station WHAM each Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 11:15 A.M. This broadcast is from the Sixth Floor of the Gas and Electric Building. Tickets may be had at the Service Department, Main Floor, without cost.

The Annual "Sunshine Party"

TAKE care of the little things of life, and the big things will take care of themselves." This is in part the philosophy of the Russell Sunshine Fund, which held its second annual party during the Christmas season at Columbus Hall.

Miss Laura Bradfield, Company nurse, who is the chief dispenser of the funds obtained yearly said of the fund: "It does little things, for it is a little fund, but it is the little things which make people happy. When it is a dreadfully hot day, and you find a little girl sick, alone in a little home, fretting because she is not at work, then ice cream seems to help a lot." Miss Bradfield did not mention her part in being the Good Samaritan, whose privilege and opportunity it is to be the intimate factor in this cheering-up process.

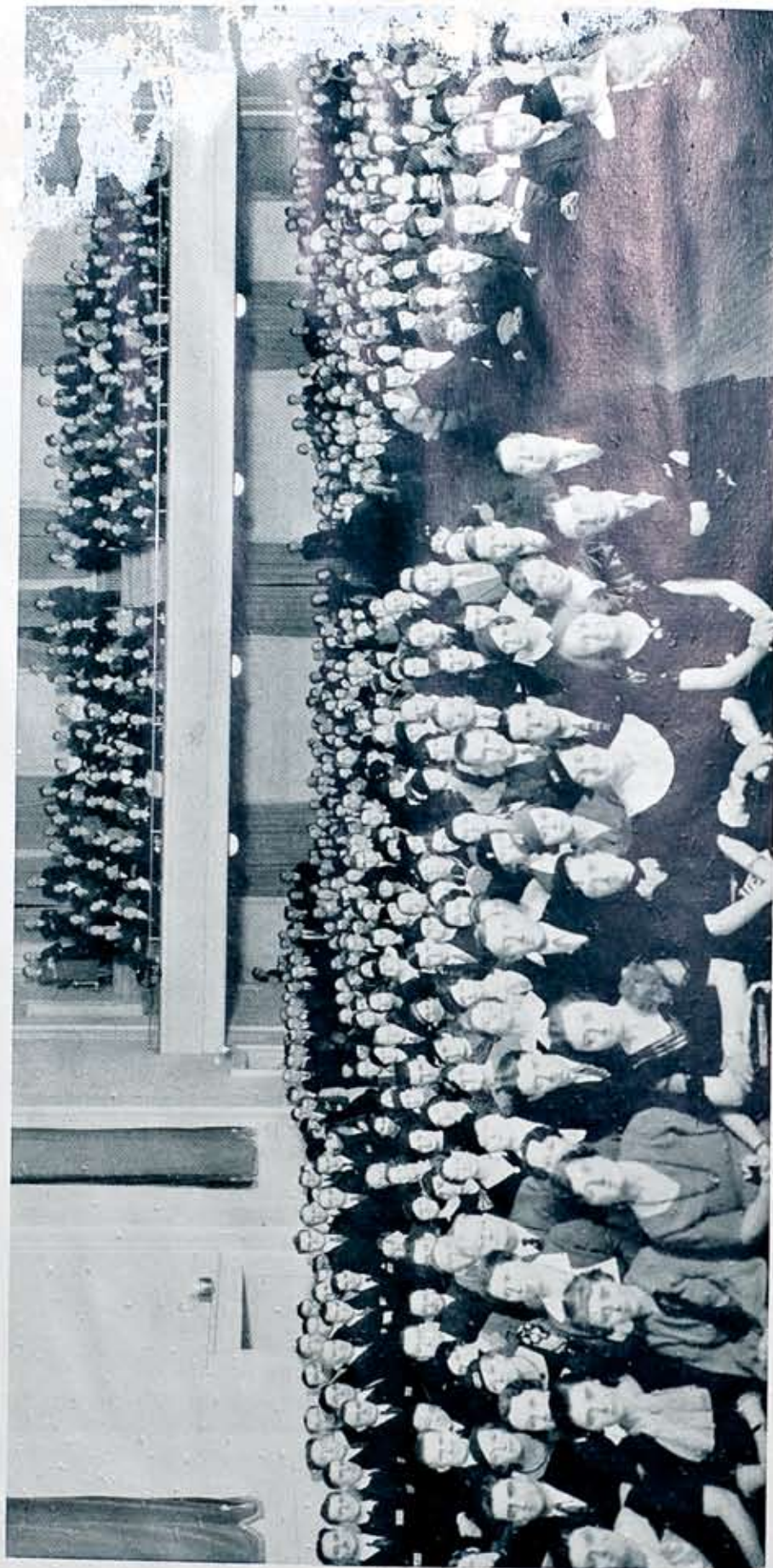
And when it is a dark, rainy day, and someone has been home longer than they thought they out to be, when everything seems blue, then some flowers have the faculty of spreading sunshine and cheering spirits and generating the thought that "some one cares" and all is well. What big things little things really are. These big little things are what the Russell Sunshine Fund make possible; giving the right "little thing" at just the right time; how potent a means that can be to make sick folks better.

At other times, a book or two, some magazines, or a few groceries might be just the thing. Candy and cigarettes, cigars and many other things provide the "sunshine" at other times, and so the fund and its good work goes on, spreading sunshine, smiles, good cheer

(Continued on Page 381)



The R. G. and E. Hill Billies, a new feature of the programs of the Male Chorus. From left to right they are: Messrs Frank Dorkey (who teases a mean wash-board), Gus Farese, Charles Weir (the man on the flying trapeze), Elmer Smith (by heck), Paul Miller (he even plays the mouth-organ with his nose) and Bill Hudson.



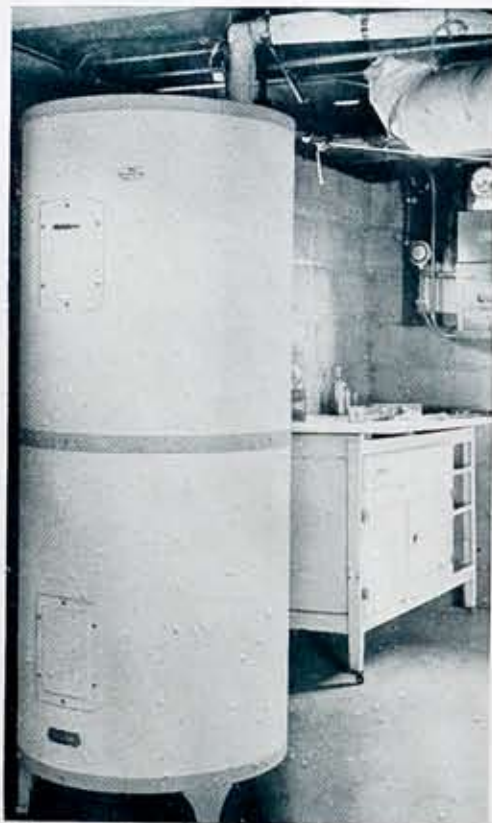
Some of the nine hundred employees and families who attended the recent party of the Russell Sunshine Fund, at the auditorium of the Knights of Columbus, during Holiday week. Musical entertainment was furnished by both the Men's and the Women's choruses, with some special numbers by the R. G. and E. Hill Billies. Luncheon was served and dancing was enjoyed during the evening. About \$280 was turned over to President Herman Russell to be used in the commendable work of the Sunshine Fund among sick or disabled employees of the Company.

How Times Have Changed.. Thanks to Electricity

GEORGE PUDDINGTON, *Rural Electric Department*

DO you remember the time when we "city folks" because of our happier situation in life as regards modern convenience, used to pity our country relatives? The "Holidays" yearly gave us fresh cause to feel sorry for our country "cousins," following visits during which these contrasts stood out like a sore thumb.

We used to try to help with the "chores." We'd put on boots, overcoats and mufflers and trudge endless distances through the snow to pump water for beasts or table. Sometimes the old pump would be frozen-up completely.



This electric water heater in a rural home eliminated most of the disarray connected with the use of an old coal stove and eliminated much work. See contrasting picture on page 368.

Remember how we men would go to the sitting room with the children and play games or read while grandma, mother and others were preparing the holiday dinner? Occasionally we would venture kitchenward, peek out upon the scene of hustle and bustle and after noting the red faces, the do-or-die mien of the many cooks, we would diplomatically make a retreat; kitchen was no place for a mere man in those days when getting a family-gathering dinner was real work.

Good Old Days?

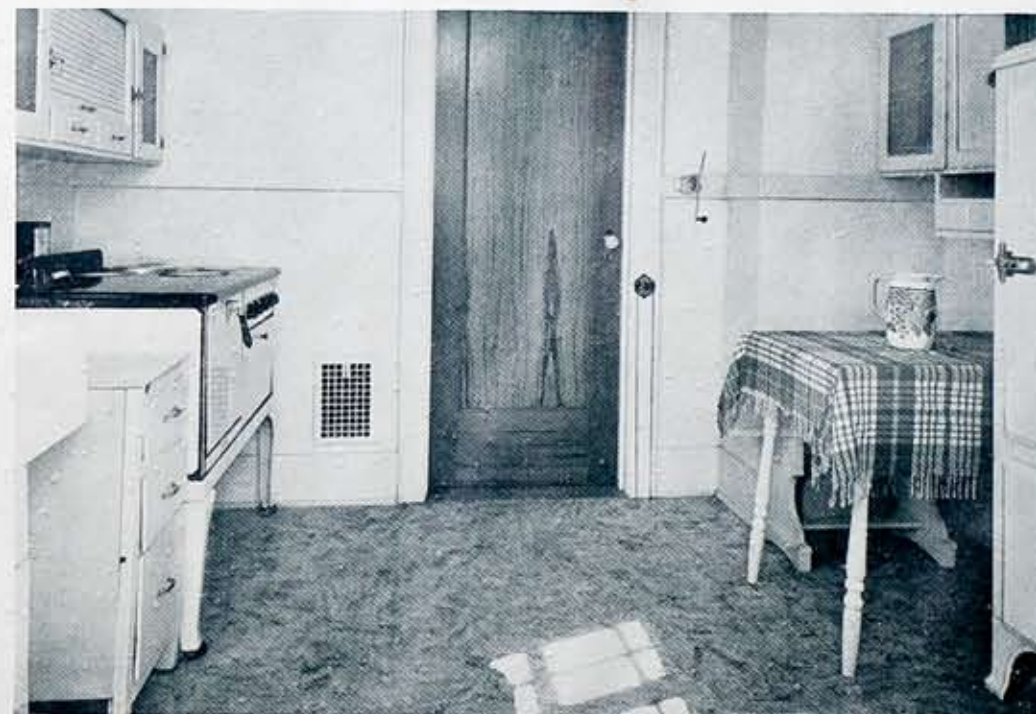
In those days of blizzards, poor transportation and lack of ordinary conveniences in the rural sections, every one of us city folks, especially the children, would be scrubbed to shining against the possible contingency that we might get "stuck" at Uncle Will's in a snow storm and have to stay longer than we anticipated. We didn't like the thought of having to take our bath in the kitchen, in a wooden wash tub, with the temperature about zero and the windows painted in flowery designs by Jack Frost. City life had spoiled us; perhaps, however, we imagined that old tub, scrubbed clean and bare as it was, would not accommodate our growing bulk, or that the Jones' would call for a visit about the time we began getting the soap in our eyes.

Rural Conveniences

Today, we shed no tears for our friends and relatives in the country spheres. They have just about caught up to us so far as conveniences are concerned, at least those who enjoy electric service. They have their autos, modern ranges, refrigerators, water heaters, electric pumps and lights for



Kitchen of a rural home which recently installed an electric range and an electric refrigerator (before the transformation was made, including the redesigning of the cupboards).



It looks pretty nice, doesn't it? People living on electric lines in rural sections surely appreciate what electricity does for them. It makes it possible for them to keep abreast of their city cousins in convenience, the elimination of drudgery and general home appearance.

s and home and many other conveniences. The effect of these things on rural life, happiness, health and living is indeed wonderful.

It is difficult to tell country people from city folks today. Greater hours for constructive, useful leisure have come, along with fewer gray hairs and wrinkles. It's hard sometimes today to tell grandma from mother, they both look youthful and keep radiant with interest, what with radios, good roads, quick transportation, fewer hours in hot kitchens, lighted homes, barns and poultry houses and many other things.

No Hot Kitchens

One thing we do miss, however. It is the aroma which used to permeate the old country home while the turkey was being cooked and the holiday meal prepared. Insulated modern ovens have robbed us of some of that, but we'll "skip it" so long as the "women folks" have so many other constructive benefits on their side of the ledger. It's hard to tell when dinner is ready to-

day; it's all done practically automatically, even in the country.

We begin to worry just a bit about dinner because grandma is in the front room visiting away and having a fine time. She doesn't seem to be worrying about dinner at all. Finally, she arises, stifles a yawn, looks at the clock and allows that dinner must be "just about cooked." And she goes back to the kitchen to "supervise" the putting of the fine meal on the table. Before long we are eating a dandy meal replete with everything from soup to nuts, even including ice cream made in the electric refrigerator.

Today our country cousins have electric dishwashers, modern bath rooms and showers. Blizzard or no blizzard, we wouldn't mind being isolated in many of the country homes we know today. How different it is from the old days, especially for the women-folks. Today they can enjoy the Holidays as well as can the men-folks, who used to have the best of the deal. It is no wonder that grandma's cheeks keep rosy with a rosiness that comes not from over-heated kitchens and old-fashioned ranges and other cooking equipment, but the radiant color which signifies the possession of the added health and happiness which modern "conveniences" bestow upon the women of today, wherever they live.

NEWS

Perhaps you have interesting pictures taken on your last season's vacation. We invite you to send either the pictures or the negatives to GAS AND ELECTRIC NEWS. Remember, your friends and associates like to know where you went, what you did and other interesting things connected with your trip. Send your contributions of photographs (also news items concerning yourself or your associates) to GAS AND ELECTRIC NEWS, Third Floor, in care of Floyd Mason or Miss Mary Brockmyre.



This is the way the cellar was cluttered up before the electric water heater was installed. Now, mother has all the hot water she wants, whenever she wants it.

GENERAL



INFORMATION

Net Increase in Consumer's Meters for Year Ending November 30, 1934

	Nov. 30, 1934	Nov. 30, 1933	Increase
Electric	128,731	27,511	1,220
Gas	109,622	108,805	817
Steam	314	313	1
Total	238,667	236,629	2,038

Statement of Consumer's Meters by Departments as of November 30th

	Electric	Gas	Steam	Total	Incr.
1924	69,693	90,595	125	160,413	
1925	80,138	94,166	160	174,464	14,051
1926	89,363	97,915	230	187,508	13,044
1927	98,617	102,446	278	201,341	13,833
1928	105,164	106,527	308	211,999	10,658
1929	115,804	109,332	327	225,463	13,464
1930	119,089	109,453	344	228,886	3,423
1931	121,260	109,529	340	231,129	2,243
1932	126,896	108,867	329	236,092	4,963
1933	127,511	108,805	313	236,629	537
1934	128,731	109,622	314	238,667	2,038

Incr. in 10 Yrs.	59,038	19,027	189	78,254	78,254
------------------	--------	--------	-----	--------	--------

Net Increase in Consumers' Meters by Months

	1931	1932	1933	1934
January	95*	203*	258*	317*
February	265 (1)	247	86*	86*
March	104* (2)	5,818	460*	93*
April	252	24	128	266
May	470	259*	134	366
June	437	136*	94	332
July	247	55*	7*	172
August	302	58	132	281
September	347	11	517	249
October	1*	169*	318	203
November	170*	293*	281	191
December	80*	256*	211	

(1) Includes 650 meters of former Brockport Gas Light Co.

(2) Includes 4,900 meters of former Lake Ontario Power Corp.

	Month of Nov. 1934	Month of Nov. 1933	Increase
KWH Generated—Steam	3,245,106	3,670,605	425,499*
KWH Generated—Hydro	12,087,585	10,609,671	1,477,914
KWH Purchased	16,472,420	15,878,246	594,174
M Lbs. Commercial Steam Produced	123,196	130,251	7,055*
MCF Coal Gas Made	456,595	401,011	55,584
Tons Steam Coal Used	11,634	12,098	464*
Tons Gas Coal Used	38,764	34,150	4,614
Tons Coke Made	25,670	22,747	2,923
	Nov. 30, 1934	Nov. 30, 1933	Increase
Number of Employees	2,314	2,184	130
Amount of Payroll—Mo. Ended	\$ 342,221	\$ 306,818	\$ 35,403
Amount of Payroll—Yr. Ended	\$4,060,599	\$3,517,650	\$542,949
Miles of Underground Duct	2,029	2,025	4
Miles of Underground Line	3,002	3,005	3*
Miles of Overhead Line	8,188	8,096	92
Miles of Gas Main	817	816	1
No. of Street Arc Lamps	1,395	1,396	1*
No. of Mazda Street and Traffic Lamps	25,954	25,967	13*
Total Number of Street Lamps	27,349	27,363	14*

*Denotes Decrease

EMPLOYEES' BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION

Cash Statement for November, 1934

Receipts		Disbursements	
Balance 1st of month	\$ 9,247.74	Sick Benefits	\$ 1,114.96
Dues—Members	855.92	Accident Off-Duty Benefits	193.84
Dues—Company	855.92	Expense of Nurse	135.00
Fees—Members	5.50	Miscellaneous	1.52
Fees—Company	5.50	Balance end of month	9,542.40
Miscellaneous	17.14	Total	\$10,987.72
Total	\$10,987.72	Membership November 30, 1933	1,825
Membership November 30, 1934	2,157		

What, No Golf—Well Let's Bowl

WHEN the days get short and the nights long, and the sun begins to cheat a bit, and the lethargy of winter comes upon us—it is then that something has to be done to keep the red corpuscles stimulated to their usual summer activity. It is only natural that bowling should help to turn the trick, especially for folks who have become accustomed to golf and must have their stimulating exercise. We can bowl, if we wish, regularly, irrespective of weather conditions which don't favor us much in this section with skating or tobogganing. So let's bowl, and keep the cobwebs out of our arteries.

Indoor Sports

That's what Company employees, both men and women (at least a portion of them) think. The pictures shown herewith present to you some of our most ardent bowlers. Others bowl, but do not bowl on any Company team. It is a fine winter sport. The women bowlers compete in a

city ladies league. The R. G. and E. women bowlers have consistently headed this league which consists of eight teams. The high individual bowler of the league is Miss Marie DeGraff, of the Company team. The Company has two teams, and they are "the top" being joint leaders. These young women of the Company have been bowling for two or three years, but this is their first experience in a league. They have gotten off to a pretty good start.

The personnel of the two women's teams of the Company follows: first team, which has won 20 and lost 4 games, Marie DeGraff (captain), Olive Werthman, Eleanor Drechsler, Arline Fuller and Millie Wood. Second team, won 18 and lost 6: Dorothy Fisher (captain), Margaret Settle, Evelyn Burdick, Frances Anderson and Doris Rice. Miss DeGraff is secretary of the Rochester Women's Bowling League and high individual scorer with an average of 142. The individual averages of the team are:



Some of the Company's male, good-looking pin-pushers, from left to right, they are Messrs Bill Deans, Howard Stebbins (secretary), Leon Wittman, George Galen (president), Ernie Friday, Charles Wiemer, Max Wohlgemuth (vice-president), Herman Fichtner, John Bloom, Bernie Sherman. How Kiefer (treasurer) not present for picture.

Women's Averages

Marie DeGraff 142	F. Anderson 113
Dorothy Fisher 133	E. Burdick 110
O. Werthman 132	D. Rice 109
E. Drechsler 129	M. Settle 106
A. Fuller 123	M. Wood 96

R. G. & E. Men's League

The R. G. and E. men's bowling league comprises eight teams representing Company departments. The team standings as well as the individual averages are shown below. These teams number men who, like Herman Fichtner, Benny Cahill, Ray Davis, George Galen and Howe Kiefer have made a name for themselves in various city bowling fests.

The Company has had no bowling activity among the men employees, until this year, since the 1931-32 season when Company teams did exceedingly well in city-wide competition. The officers of the league are: George Galen, president; Max Wohlgemuth, vice-president; Howard Stebbins, secretary and Howe Kiefer, treasurer.

Team captains in various department teams are: Electric Distribution, Herman Fichtner; Office, Leon Wittman; Office Maintenance, John Bloom; Order, Bernie Sherman; Electric Stations,



Ernie Friday; General Construction, Max Wohlgemuth; Storehouse, Charles Wiemer; Line Maintenance, Bill Deans. The league umpire is Phil Gropp.

The league schedule calls for games between 7 to 12 P. M. on each Tuesday night between October 2, 1934 and March 5, 1935. Games may be booked at the Elm Bowling Hall. Employees are cordially invited to drop in some bowling night and see the boys "do their stuff."

(Continued on Page 389)



Bathing beauties in the summer time, and bowlers in the winter. From left to right they are: Millie Wood, Doris Rice, Arline Fuller, Eleanor Drechsler, Frances Anderson, Evelyn Burdick, Olive Werthman, Marie DeGraff (captain of Electric team, high individual bowler), Margaret Settle, and Dorothy Fisher.



GAS and ELECTRIC NEWS »

ROCHESTER GAS AND ELECTRIC CORPORATION
89 East Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

HERMAN RUSSELL *Honorary Editor*
FLOYD MASON *Editor*

Department Correspondence Staff

MRS. PEARL DAILEY *Women's Section*
LANDIS S. SMITH *Industrial Sales*
MILDRED HACKER *Consumers Accounting*
HOWE KIEFER *Electric Distribution*
CATHERINE O'ROURKE *Canandaigua*
GEORGE B. HISTED *General Construction*
GUY CHADDOCK *Station 3*
JAMES COYNE *Garage*
BENJAMIN CAHILL *Line Department*
GEORGE PUDDINGTON *Domestic Sales*

Material may be copied if credit is given

VOL. 18 JANUARY, 1935 No. 12

New Worlds to Conquer

SURELY you can remember the pioneering days of radio, when we started out building crystal sets. What a thrill it was to get those first scratchy programs. It all seemed so uncanny to us.

Then, we began making larger sets, using "tubes." We tried out one tube, two tubes, three and so on up. What a financial wallop it used to be when we got the sets wires crossed and one of our three-buck or more tubes went "floey."

We can remember rushing frantically out the front door to call in the neighbors one night when we got Schenectady on a crystal. They stampeded the living room and when we handed them the ear-phones the program had gone completely; the crystal had jarred-off;

but they stayed until we had music coming in again over the air. Those were the thrills of pioneering.

Today, we listen-in to wonderful programs. To be sure we enjoy them. They add to our culture, our education and stimulate our musical appreciation. Sometimes, however, we long for those old days when we didn't give a hang about the program; all we wanted was call letters.

We would spend long hours at night and in early morning getting a collection of call letters, a list so formidable as to contain KFI (boy, that was something). And when we got Mexico City we fairly went into hysterics of enthusiasm. What thrills, what excitement, what a glorious pastime.

Now our radio has become so perfect, so refined, the programs so pretentious that we sometimes tire just a bit of it all. We don't have to worry about call letters, we can turn to any station we wish to hear. It is all so simple, so easy that the "kick" is gone. It is all "done for us" and we don't have any participation in it, except to listen, where formerly we put much time and effort into making the very sets we listened upon.

As if in answer to the longing we often feel for the pioneering days of radio broadcasting and construction, for the romance, the thrills and the satisfaction of getting new stations, new places, new programs; as if in harmony with the spirit of discovery, the joy of the builder, the creator which is in all of us, comes the short wave receiver. It can provide that "something" which we have seemed to lack for so long.

Romance again rides on the short waves. We can go places again, imbued with the spirit of Columbus, the discoverer. We can hear the calls of ships at sea, messages sent from aircraft plowing through the clouds in the dark of night; the world becomes smaller as we get European stations and listen to messages sent from strange

places, in strange tongues. And now we can even get out the old log book again (at least a new one) and begin to get a collection of new stations. It looks as though we can begin to do a little pioneering again, at least until short wave reception gets to be commonplace. Then, we'll have to look for new worlds to conquer. There's just a bit of the Alexander in each one of us. We don't like to have things handed to us on silver platters—we like to do a little conquering on our own hook.

Jungles

THE early cave man lived in a jungle maze. He was surrounded on all sides by lurking dangers. From the ground, through the trees and near the watering places, or from out of the air, death stalked in many forms. Without the use of what instinct or intelligence he had to call upon, his life wasn't worth a nickel, to use a modern expression. Verily, the cave man and his poor family had a hard time of it. It took practically all of their time to garner their daily sustenance. How safe and secure we of today feel when comparing our present existence to that of our early ancestor who lived in the jungle.

In reality, however, how far we are from the truth if we smugly fall back upon this false security. Today, just as back in the jungle days, we live in imminent danger of loss of life and limb—unless we use vigilance and care in observing diligently the edicts of the old, yet ever new, law of the survival of the fittest.

Every day we hear of people being killed in various terrible ways. There is the increasing toll of the automobile; tragedies at railroad crossings; blood poisoning cases which so often end fatally (often because people didn't take care of a tiny scratch); and scores

of other ways in which lives are lost because someone was not careful.

Believe it or not, home is still one of the most dangerous places. We still slip on the soap and fall on the bathtub; stumble over articles left on the cellar stairs; break limbs or otherwise injure our bodies because we fail to light dark places which present hazards—and so it goes.

Life presents so many interesting problems today; so varied an assortment of thrilling discoveries in art, science and economics; it holds out such a varied program of interest to old and young and seems so much worth living that, surely, we ought to be willing to do our part to live life to the full three score and ten. Let us, therefore, make a mental note before the new year gets any older to do all we can to safeguard our lives and those of others by being CAREFUL.

We are living in a modern jungle of possible hazards. Life today, continued life, the living to a happy old age, depends perhaps as much or more than ever before in history upon vigilance, combined with a fine appreciation for the law of the fitness of things. We have been speaking about accident hazards in particular. In other aspects, life offers a far greater expectancy than ever before, as the life expectancy tables of life insurance companies will indicate. The modern jungle of hazards, however, surrounds us; a maze of lurking death or injury which challenges our intelligence.

A fitting slogan to etch on our minds for the coming year might well be that one which the Company has used for many years on its trucks and throughout its plants and properties. It is simple, yet contains a potent kernel of thought; it is this "HELP US TO PREVENT ACCIDENTS." If each and every one of us would only adopt this slogan and keep it in our minds from day to day, the "jungle" of hazards would be cheated of much of its tragedy.

Synthetic "Sun Worshippers"

SINCE the dawn of civilization mankind has had great reverence for the sun. Sol, the sun god was an important diety to pagan worshippers, who seemed to know, even centuries ago, that potent health benefits lurked wherever the sun shone. The Romans built solariums, the easier to bask in Sol's beneficent rays, but it took modern science to discover that it was the ultra-violet rays which make sunlight so beneficial to health and well-being, tiny invisible rays (70,000 to the inch) which have a profound effect upon all manner of life.

Pagan peoples are known to have followed the sun around the globe, seeking to obtain the added health it brought, as well as the grass it provided for their herds. In this respect, certain moderns do the same thing. People of means, who have the time to spare, "go south" or to California or other places in the winter time largely because of the "climate" a word which is hooked-up decidedly with the constructive assets of sunshine. In a degree, we of today are also sun-worshippers. The only trouble is that we see so little of the sun in winter that we become rather indifferent in our worship.



Even the good old summer time has many days that aren't so "hot." Old Sol finds it so convenient to hide behind a handy cloud. A Sunlamp's the thing, if you want what you want—WHEN YOU WANT IT.

During the fine summer months in this part of the country, Old Sol comes in for plenty of adoration. Even then, however, there are many days when the sun fails us. With our knowledge of ultra-violet rays, however, and through the use of modern Sunlamps, we have come to place less dependence upon natural sunshine. We are imbued with the modern spirit which sends



The sun has always been worshipped to some extent by human beings. It's health-giving rays have made a "hit" with every race on the face of the earth. Moderns, however, were the first to learn WHY these rays were beneficial. Sunlamps followed.

forth the edict: "We want what we want—WHEN WE WANT IT." And so we find sunlamps being used quite generally today in this synthetic "Sun worship;" and is Old Sol's face red!

This time of year, when our faces begin to bleach out, and we lose our summer tan, we look in the glass and are reminded of those happy summer days when we felt so buoyant, when a ruddy complexion and a fine insulation of tan were the outward indications of the wonderful health we enjoyed. And, if we have no sunlamp, we begin to berate the weather and wish we could have "gone south" with the birds.

Hundreds of customers of the Company in Rochester, however, have "discovered" the utility of artificial sunshine. Our sunlamp department is



Little Thomas Knapp, of 47 Pembroke Street, wants to grow up to be a big strong man. He's starting in early to make use of the Sunlamp, which provides so many things children need so badly for proper growth. Even the elephant and the doggie seem to be in excellent health—there's a reason.



Vitamin D, the sunshine vitamin, is especially important to child health. Its presence in the blood aids in depositing calcium, phosphorus and other minerals in bones and teeth. Sunlamps aid in providing this vitamin.

quite busy these days exhibiting its wares to interested persons. Many persons have personally told us of the wonderful benefits they get from a consistent use of a sunlamp.

An insurance woman in town, who is athletic and in the course of her work walks a lot every day, uses a sunlamp regularly. She is enthusiastic over its beneficial effects upon general health. A Company employee and his wife began using a sunlamp upon their baby, soon after it was born (it was a winter baby) and what a healthy baby it is. The vitamin D which is the sunshine vitamin is very important to



We are a nation of "sun-dodgers." We live in houses, away from the natural health-giving sun's rays; or in office buildings, insulated from sunshine. We ought to get some "sun" EVERY day.

health, especially child health. Its presence in the blood aids in depositing calcium, phosphorus, and other minerals in bones and teeth. That is why vitamin D is so necessary throughout childhood.

Dr. Harvey C. Rentschler, director of research, Westinghouse Lamp Company, has carried out many experiments showing the germ-destroying possibilities of ultra-violet rays. It was used to show the devastating effects of sunlight upon various qualities of paint. Dr. Rentschler is quite enthusiastic over the germicidal effect of ultra-violet rays for the treatment of skin diseases, many of which are caused by germs which become paralyzed through sunlamp treatment, and die.

Dr. Rentschler, in an article in the Illuminating Engineering Society transactions says that "Germs of typhoid fever and scarlet fever have been killed in from one to three seconds. If ultra-violet rays eventually can be shown to destroy every form of germ life, then they should afford a more humane antiseptic treatment, not only for the small sores and cuts that children develop, but more importantly in the operating rooms of our modern hospitals where every precaution must be taken to prevent infections."

Sunlamp treatments seem to have an important function in building up resistance to disease, and in maintaining health and vigor. The sunlamp provides a ready answer to man's instinctive belief in the potency of sunshine. Our ancestors used to get all the

sunshine possible. Their very manner of living, the clothes they wore (or didn't wear) and the faith they put in sun rays provided them with benefits we of today don't get. We have become a race of sun-dodgers. We live in houses, not out in the open; we work in buildings, in congested cities and towns where sunshine can't get to us through the pall of the smoke of industry which, like the glass in the windows of our homes, shuts out a large portion of the sun's ultra-violet rays.

Winter sunshine, to use modern slang, isn't so "hot" anyway. Its rays are too long and slanting and contain too little ultra-violet. And while we benefit from the vigor and added spirit which northern winters bring to us, we do sadly need sunshine. All of us need it, especially the children.

In these days when we prepare excellent meals from canned goods; when we enjoy "canned" music; provide artificial humidity and instead of using coal directly to heat our homes, make use of various kinds of synthetic or indirect heat—why shouldn't we also make generous use of synthetic sunshine?

Even in Spring and Summer Old Sol can't be depended upon. Yet, health and well-being shouldn't have to wait upon his idiosyncracies or temperamentalism. Even if we lived in a nudist colony, we would be covered with goose-flesh instead of sunshine a large part of the time; therefore, the mission of the sunlamp seems to be one which is to bring

better health and vigor to both old and young, all the year 'round. If you have any questions concerning sunlamps, drop in and say hello to Mr. Frank Monihan, on the Main Floor of the Gas and Electric Building, whose enthusiasm for his product has steadily increased over a fairly long period of years during which he has been boosting sunlamps.

Yes, we are becoming synthetic sun worshippers. We are becoming more and more conscious of the health-giving properties of an imitation Sol which never hides its healthful rays behind a dark cloud, or forgets to get

(Continued on Page 381)



Miss Lillian Kemp, Mailing Department, in the Company's Sunlamp Department, Main Floor. Frank Monihan, veteran Sunlamp salesman, is telling her what Sunlamps may be expected to do to help maintain general health. By the way, drop in and say "hello" to Frank some day, and you'll learn a lot about Sunlamps.



BOWLING

(Continued from Page 373)

MEMEN'S BOWLING LEAGUE

Team Standings as of Dec. 18, 1934

	Games	
	Won	Lost
Electric Distribution.....	33	3
Office.....	27	9
Office Maintenance.....	22	14
Electric Stations.....	17	19
Order.....	15	21
General Construction.....	12	24
Storehouse.....	11	25
Line Maintenance.....	7	29

High Team, Single Game, Electric Distribution, 1,045.

High Team, 3 Games, Electric Distribution, 2,971.

High Individual Game, Fichtner and Kiefer, 256.

High Individual, 3 Games, Sales, 659.

WOMEN'S BOWLING LEAGUE

Bowling—Rochester Ladies' League

	Games	
	Won	Lost
Marie De Graff, Capt.— Roch. electric Team.....	20	4
Dorothy Fisher, Capt.— Roch. Gas Team.....	18	6

AVERAGES

Marie DeGraff 143	F. Anderson 113
D. Fisher..... 133	E. Burdeck. 110
O. Werthman. 132	D. Rice..... 109
E. Drechsler... 129	M. Settle... 106
A. Fuller..... 123	M. Wood... 96

Officers of League

Mrs. W. Sweeney, President.
Miss M. DeGraff, Secretary
Miss F. Curtis, Assistant Secretary.
Miss C. Osterstock, Treasurer

Bowling every Tuesday night at the Elm Bowling Hall. Come and look them over!

INDIVIDUAL AVERAGES

(Men Having Bowled $\frac{2}{3}$ or More of Scheduled Games)

	No. Games	Average
1. Winterroth.....	35	197
Fichtner.....	36	194
Bloom.....	30	191
Davis.....	28	186
5. Sales.....	36	186
Kiefer.....	36	184
Schipper.....	36	183
Wittman.....	36	183
Kennedy.....	36	182
10. Cahill.....	36	182
Cotanch.....	36	179
Deans.....	36	178
Stebbins.....	33	178
Skinner.....	33	177
15. Galen.....	33	176
Pink.....	32	175
Sherman.....	36	175
O'Dell.....	30	174
Voelker.....	36	174
20. Schoenherr.....	31	172
Beggy.....	24	171
Knope.....	36	169
Mahoney.....	28	169
Russell.....	36	168
25. Adams.....	30	167
Sanders.....	36	166
Schneider.....	36	165
Baker.....	36	163
Miller.....	36	163
30. Bruns.....	36	162
Ernst.....	33	162
Lumley.....	36	159
Wiemer.....	30	159
Bruce.....	36	158
35. Kopp.....	33	158
Wohlgemuth.....	31	158
Connellan.....	31	155
De Roushie.....	31	140

Ode to Orators

Speakers come and speakers go—
Some of 'em say, "I told you so."
Some of 'em start to show their stuff,
Some of 'em try to throw a bluff;
Some of 'em try to be real funny,
Some merely come to get the money.
But the one that makes us all feel happy
Is the ten minute bird who makes it snappy.



RUSSELL SUNSHINE FUND

(Continued from Page 365)

and renewed health and well-being. This fund has come to mean a lot to employees of the Company. An indication of this is the fact that over nine hundred persons (employees and members of their families) attended the last party. About one hundred and fifty persons were unable to get inside because of the "full house." The financial returns from this party totaled \$280, which was turned over to Mr. Russell by Mr. Frank Houston, whose combined men's and women's choruses featured the entertainment of the evening.

R. G. & E. Hill Billies

Besides the chorus members, other entertainment was provided by the Rochester Hill Billies, shown in an illustration. Bill Hudson's orchestra provided music for the dancing which followed the singing, and the personnel of the committee in charge of the evening follows: Messrs. Frank Houston (chairman), W. E. Hughes and Helen A. Smith; refreshments, Miss Edna Crocker; publicity and tickets, Mrs. Pearl Dailey.

Synthetic "Sun Worshippers"

(Continued from Page 379)

up on a dark and cheerless morning. Today, we don't say "Where the heck is the sunshine?" Rather, we merely plug in a convenient sunlamp and say in the words of that rollicking modern song "Here Comes the Sun." And it never fails us.

Translation

It was their first day in a military camp and the two colored recruits were sitting in the kitchen more or less industriously removing the skins from potatoes.

"Huccum," demanded the first, "huccum dat orficer keeps callin' us K. P.—K. P.?"

"Hesh yo' mouf, ignorance," advised the second. "Dat am de abbreviation fo' 'Keep peelin'—keep pelling'."

**THE COMPANY SPONSORS
NEW RADIO PROGRAMS**

(Continued from Page 378)

organization. This "Trooper" program comes to you on Station WHAM every Thursday (7:45 to 8:15 P.M.) from the Sixth Floor, Gas and Electric Building, 89 East Avenue.

Our newest radio program is that of "Old Man Sunshine" featuring Bob Pierce, an outstanding radio personality who pioneered in this city some years ago as "Uncle Bob" the children's friend. The "old" in this radio nom-de-plume is superfluous. He isn't old at all; but perhaps you'd better come up and see him sometime. If you would like to do so, merely ask for tickets at our Service Department, Main Floor, Gas and Electric Building. "Old Man Sunshine" broadcasts each Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 11:15 A.M. over Station WHAM, also from the Sixth Floor of the Gas and Electric Building.

An added attraction on some of these spirit-lifting, heart-stirring programs of every-day philosophy (with musical accompaniment) programs presented by "Old Man Sunshine" is "Bozo" the famous dog radio performer, the only dog in America that "sings and talks" (dog talk, of course) over the air. So enthusiastic is "Bozo" over his work that even his tail has a "permanent wave."

And lest you, like Jones the radio announcer, also get tired, let us sign off for now with the invitation to be sure and try out all three of these Company programs. They will give you a delightful variety of worth while entertainment, amusement and instruction. Remember, there's an R. G. and E. radio program on the air every day but Sunday. We trust that you will enjoy them.

The faith of immortality gives to every mind that cherishes it a certain firmness of texture.

Cooperation

THE source of the following parable is not known to the editor: "A tire man died and went to heaven (believe it or not). Upon being received by St. Peter, he asked to be shown to his old competitors of the tire business. He was told that each group of people in the same line of business lived together, therefore it was an easy matter to go to their district and see all the tire dealers at one time.

"Upon seeing them, he was surprised to find that they were very thin; one could almost see through them. Just at that time dinner was being served, and to his astonishment platters of delicious foods were placed before them and before anyone was seated an angel came along and strapped a long iron spoon on each arm. This spoon was strapped around the wrist and biceps, making it impossible to bend the arm. As a result they could only look at the food.

"Our friend then went to another section where the lawyers lived, and to his surprise found them all fat and healthy. While he was there, dinner was served, and an angel strapped a similar spoon on each arm in the same manner. To his surprise he found that each lawyer dipped his spoon into the food and *fed the man seated next to him.*

"Returning to the tire group, he asked an old competitor why they didn't do the same thing, to which he replied, 'What, I'm starving and I should feed that dirty crook next to me?'

"Moral: Cooperate or starve."

—*Copperweld Magazine*

A gratifying proof of the progress and efficiency of our Public Utilities is the fact that the two essentials—gas and electricity—now cost the householders of this country less per year than cigars, movies or gasoline.

—*Illinois Power and Light Service*

Inhale . . . Exhale

LIFE isn't so bad. Trials there must be; disappointments are bound to come; trouble has a habit of bunching itself occasionally—and yet, isn't it a glorious adventure to be alive and breathing and sensing and experiencing and struggling and hoping and loving?

Just think how uninteresting it must be to be dead. And then consider the opportunities there are for making the world a better place because *you* are in it and part of it.

There's a lot of fun in doing things. If you don't believe it, just you try to do absolutely nothing for a while and see how tired you get of loafing.

But you'll never get any fun out of doing things unless you put some joy *into* them. Just Be Glad is more than a phrase—it's the secret of helpfulness. And unless we are helpful we can't get very much happiness out of life.

Smile. Smile some more. *Feel* your smile. There now! Some anonymous poet had the idea, didn't he, when he wrote these simple lines:

I'm glad the sky is painted blue
And the earth is painted green,
And such a lot of nice fresh air
All sandwiched in between.

The Days of Old

"ALL WOMEN, of whatever age, rank, profession, or degree, whether virgins, maids or widows, that shall, from and after such Act, impose upon, seduce, and betray into matrimony, any of His Majesty's subjects, by the scents, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes, bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the law in force against witchcraft.

...."

Law of England, 1770



Now that we're coming to our "toughest" winter weather, it seems only fair to give our readers a little Summer atmosphere in these pictures—to bolster up their spirits until the crocuses begin to spot the front lawn. How would you like to be lolling about on the bounteous sunny slopes of Highland Park? (You don't need to answer this question.)



Do you remember those stifling days when you heaved a very shallow sigh (it was too hot to breathe) and longed for a session with "Jack Frost" and good old winter time. Well, Winter's here, all right, all right; but most of us would greatly enjoy being down at Charlotte, on the hot sands, in between numerous "dips" into that "excellent" water folks have been talking about so much of late.

PERSONALS

Mr. and Mrs. Merton Taylor and family returned to Boston for Christmas, where they visited the parents of Mrs. Taylor. The children, Brice and David, were much interested in the way Boston welcomed Santa Claus. A big parade over its main thoroughfares featured eight reindeers driven by old Santa himself. What a sight that was for boys and girls. On Sunday, they attended a Santa Claus reception planned for children, which was made colorful with 500 Christmas trees, with over 3,000 colored lights, the trees being designed in a huge arch. On the return trip, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor encountered that same terrific snow-storm in which a large mail plane came to grief in the mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. William Garvey are very happy over the arrival of a baby

girl who has been named Eileen Joan. Mr. Garvey is an employee of the Steam Distribution Department.

Mr. Frank Taylor, assistant superintendent of the Industrial Sales Department, who is an enthusiastic football fan, was an interested spectator at the Bucknell-Penn State game.

The marriage of Miss Marjorie Pinkerton, of the Consumers Book-keeping Department, to Mr. Clarence Gruschow, of the Gould-Farmer Company, took place at four p. m. on Thanksgiving Day, at the Lutheran Church, West Henrietta. After the wedding a reception was held at the home of the bride. The bride and groom motored to Washington on their honeymoon, and are now at home to their friends at 396 Hazelwood Terrace.

Miss Bessie Wittman entertained the women of the Andrews Street telephone switchboard at a Christmas party held in her home, 372 Troup St. Dinner was served, followed by games and an exchange of Christmas gifts.



Here, and on the next page are shown a lot of folks who don't believe the old saying "The first fifty years are the hardest," as applied to matrimony. The charming couple shown at the extreme right, in the first row, are Mr. and Mrs. Fred E. Morey, one of the two couples whose Golden Wedding anniversary was being celebrated by members of the Fourth Floor.

Yuletide Party Celebrates 200 Years of Married Life

TWO hundred years of married life (and they say the first hundred years are the hardest) were celebrated with fitting ceremonies and social dew-dads by officials and employees of the fourth floor during the recent Yuletide season.

The occasion was in honor of the Golden Wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. George L. Ernst and Mr. and Mrs. Fred E. Morey, both long-standing employees of the Auditing Department. Mr. Ernest Scobell presided and was master of ceremonies. We know that Mr. Scobell tried hard for a day or two previous to the party to corral pertinent golden wedding information and "color" fitting to the momentous occasion. It seems, however, that golden weddings are not so frequent as to have caused the poets and philoso-

phers to write nifty things concerning fifty years of married life. Scobell had to fall back upon his own inimitable self for "atmosphere."

The party was held at the Normandy Apartments, in the dining room, and the illustrations on these pages present pictorially those who were present. Mr. and Mrs. Morey celebrate their Golden Wedding on January 27, 1935, while that of Mr. and Mrs. Ernst transpired during the past summer. Both couples feel that they are good for at least another fifty years.

The gifts presented to each couple by Mr. Scobell consisted of gold-lined sugar bowls and creamers on silver platters. We join with the department in wishing for Mr. and Mrs. Ernst and Mr. and Mrs. Morey continued "Long Life and Happiness."



And here we have Mr. and Mrs. George L. Ernst, who have also passed the fifty-year mark, with honors. Both Mr. Morey and Mr. Ernst are members of the Auditing Department, which turned out in force to honor the mixed quartette whose matrimonial "mileage" represents a total of 200 years, to them two centuries of very happy memories. Mr. Scobell was master of ceremonies.

Mr. Paul Miller, of the General Construction Department, and a member of the Hill Billies of the Men's Chorus, gets a great "kick" out of Christmas each year. A week or so before hand he begins rigging up his Christmas tree, which is planned to revolve while beautiful colored lights flash on and off. Paul is looking for an old Swiss music box so that he can improvise beautiful music for his animated tree.

Messers Bert Perry and Albert Haskins of the Hilton district are working every other month with Rochester trouble crews. This is in line with a recent policy inaugurated to give rural workers in line work the advantage of the varied types of trouble encountered in city work where they receive constructive education in modern methods for maintaining the type of service for which this Company stands.

Mrs. Mabel Patchen, formerly of the Cato office, is now acting as cashier at Wolcott, where Miss Gage, who is now doing the stenographic and book-keeping work, has taken over the work formerly done by Miss Curtis.

One of the new members of the Chamber of Commerce is Mr. Richard Brown, of the steam division.

"Trusty," Miss Bradfield's wire-haired canine pal and assistant is the happiest dog in Monroe County. As he grew from "just a little feller" to quite a sturdy doggie, he naturally outgrew his bunk, which resposes in the Bradfield kitchen under the gas range. As a result, he couldn't stretch out, and had bad dreams at night. His plight got to the men at the Carpenter Shop, who constructed him a veritable dream of a bed, all painted and shellacked by the Paint Shop and bearing in bold letters his name "Trusty."

When they went to get it, Trusty tried it out, as ordered by his mistress, and found it perfect. He was so appreciative that he wagged his tail violently in appreciation as the men looked on in glee.



"Trusty" in his new bed or berth, which bears his name a-la-Pullman car style.

Mr. E. R. Crofts, superintendent of the Electric Department, was recently made one of the members of the executive committee of the Council for Better Citizenship of the Rochester Chamber of Commerce.

Mr. Charles Richter of the meter Reading Dept., and Mrs. Richter, Collection Dept., spent an enjoyable vacation visiting the many historical places in and around Washington, D. C.

The Misses Betty MacLarty and Doris Rinker are quite ardent horsewomen and are often to be seen riding some of the fine mounts available at the 121st Cavalry, Troop F.

Mrs. Evelyn Hyde of the Balancing Department entertained the "Crocheting Circle" at dinner, at her home on November 19.

Mr. Paul Miller, of the General Construction Department, and a member of the Hill Billies of the Men's Chorus, gets a great "kick" out of Christmas each year. A week or so before hand he begins rigging up his Christmas tree, which is planned to revolve while beautiful colored lights flash on and off. Paul is looking for an old Swiss music box so that he can improvise beautiful music for his animated tree.

Messers Bert Perry and Albert Haskins of the Hilton district are working every other month with Rochester trouble crews. This is in line with a recent policy inaugurated to give rural workers in line work the advantage of the varied types of trouble encountered in city work where they receive constructive education in modern methods for maintaining the type of service for which this Company stands.

Mrs. Mabel Patchen, formerly of the Cato office, is now acting as cashier at Wolcott, where Miss Gage, who is now doing the stenographic and book-keeping work, has taken over the work formerly done by Miss Curtis.

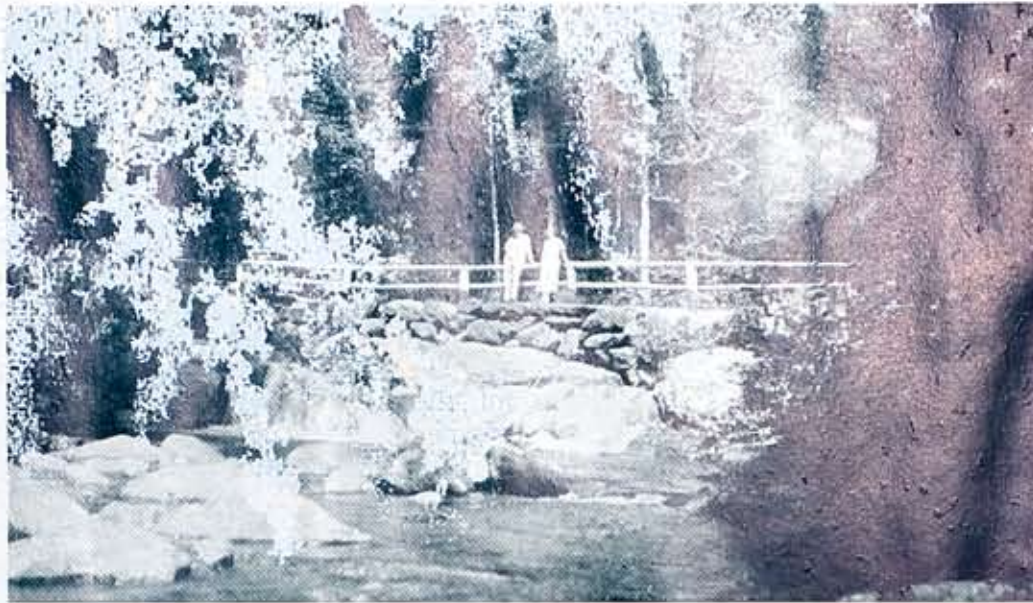
One of the new members of the Chamber of Commerce is Mr. Richard Brown, of the steam division.

"Trusty," Miss Bradfield's wire-haired canine pal and assistant is the happiest dog in Monroe County. As he grew from "just a little feller" to quite a sturdy doggie, he naturally outgrew his bunk, which resposes in the Bradfield kitchen under the gas range. As a result, he couldn't stretch out, and had bad dreams at night. His plight got to the men at the Carpenter Shop, who constructed him a veritable dream of a bed, all painted and shellacked by the Paint Shop and bearing in bold letters his name "Trusty."

When they went to get it, Trusty tried it out, as ordered by his mistress, and found it perfect. He was so appreciative that he wagged his tail violently in appreciation as the men looked on in glee.



Scenes visited by Mr. and Mrs. Graydon Curtis on their vacation trip to Newfoundland last summer: 1—A young husky from Dr. Grenfell's kennels. 2—Drying codfish at Battle Harbor. What a land; no government, no taxes and, gosh—no flies. 3—On the Humber River in a large motor boat holding 13 people. 4—Gaspé Harbor and the fine boat, the New Northland, with the Grenfell hospital in left distance. 5—What, an iceberg? Yes, and only one-eighth of its height is above water, and that as high as a big ship. 6—Mrs. Curtis, extreme right, and children at St. Anthony, where Dr. Grenfell stays in summer. His orphanage and main hospital is here.



Behind this picture lies a tale. Just after the photo was "snapped" by Miss Marion Corris, she inadvertently slipped on a shiny stone at the edge of this beautiful stream along the Franconian Notch and fell into the water. "Anyway," Miss Corris said, "It was a beautiful place to fall in, and, besides, it was a hot day and I didn't mind it a bit."

STORES RECORD DEPARTMENT BRIEFS

The old adage about all events occurring in threes proves the rule in the Stores Record Department, where an engagement, a wedding and a "blessed event" all took place within a comparatively short time.

Now that your eyebrows are raised in curiosity, let us present the principals in this trio of news interest. Mr. Valentine Weining, supervisor of Stores Record Department, started the ball rolling by his marriage some weeks ago to Miss Lois Wagner of this city.

The next in line was Miss Dorothy E. Miller, whose engagement to Mr. Don Moody, of Buffalo, a former Company employee, was recently announced.

Last, but not least in interest, was the recent arrival at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Saddock, of a seven-pound baby boy, who has been named Frederick Bruce Saddock.

Perhaps you have a bit of news in YOUR department which we have inadvertently missed. Please send any

news items to GAS AND ELECTRIC NEWS, Third Floor, and don't be timid or modest if it concerns you or your family. This is YOUR magazine. Let's hear from you.

Miss Nellie A. Curtis retired on December 1st, 1934. She has been with the Company 33 years at Wolcott. She is Grayden Curtis' aunt and a sister to the Founder of the Lighting Company in Wolcott. At one time she was treasurer of the old Northern Wayne Electric Light Company. The employees of the Wolcott office gave her a farewell dinner at the Hotel in Wolcott and presented her with a nice new I.E.S. floor lamp. She will spend most of her time in traveling and will continue living in Wolcott.

This seems to be the year for seven-pound babies. Here's another vital statistic for the big Gas and Electric family. Born to Mr. and Mrs. De Forest Melching on October 24, a dandy baby girl, weighing seven and one-half pounds. She has a "nifty" name and very euphonious, it is Gayle Lou Melching.

Mr. Thomas Ludlow and his family visited Mr. Ludlow's mother in London last summer. He had not seen her in twenty-eight years, so it was a grand reunion. Mr. Ludlow was impressed with the left-side traffic regulations and the right-hand drives of all the automobiles. He says it's enough to make an American wonder if he is entirely sober. It seemed strange, also, he says, to see smoking in motion picture shows, with tea and cakes being served to all who wish for a small sum. The trip over and back on a large liner, Mr. Ludlow says was just one interesting thing after another, including tea, cookies and bouillion at regular intervals to break the monotony.

Miss Helen Sells spent her vacation at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where she was entertained to the queen's taste by friends.

It is the pleasure of the Gas and Electric News to announce the marriage of interest, so many of our readers as they occur within the Gas and Electric family from the fact that each your magazine is the "log book" which keeps all of us up to date with the events and each other. One of the most interesting new items of the month is the recent announcement of Mr. and Mrs. Albert C. Bradfield, 100 Edgewood Avenue, at the engagement of their daughter, Laura, for some time our Company nurse and "Good Samaritan" among employees, to Herman Russell, President of this Company. The announcement was made during the recent Christmas holiday season to the intimate friends of Mr. Russell and Miss Bradfield.

Mr. Lewis Butler spent his vacation this Fall at Cayuga Lake.



No, not millionaires on a yacht, but just a few employees on the PHILCO cruise to Cobourg last summer. Left to right they are: Messers George Puddington, Andy Furstoss (front), William Hynes (back of him), and Floyd Mason.



Forty-four Flashes



Phase Net
 There was a young belle named Nell
 Who when waiting for play, fell pell-mell,
 And those standing near
 Were astonished to hear
 Her shout in her anger: "Oh, my!"

Advertising

It must have been something of a blow to the father of six lovely daughters who, while reading a telegram from home announcing the birth of a seventh lovely daughter, looked up and saw the sign: "If you want a boy, call Western Union."

Why Officers Get Gray!

Policeman: "As soon as I saw you come around the bend I said to myself 'Forty-five at least.'"
 Lady Driver: "How dare you? It's this hat that makes me look so old."

High Pressure

She: "Don't you know there are germs in kissing?"
 He: "Say, girlie, when I kiss, I kiss hard enough to kill the germs."

No Cartoons

Storekeeper: "Shall I draw the chicken for you, madam?"
 Young Bride: "No, thank you, your description is quite sufficient."

Down to Brass Tacks

"Before I married Maggie, dear, I was her pumpkin pie, her precious peach, her honey and the apple of her eye. But after years of married life, this thought I pause to utter: Those fancy names are gone, and now, I'm just her bread and butter."

Laugh This Off!

Mr. Goldrocks was explaining his new bath tub to a friend. "All I have to do is press a button and the tub filled with warm water comes into my bedroom through that door on this track. Let me show you."

When Goldrocks pressed the button the bath tub glided into the room—with his wife in it!

System

Boss: "What's that piece of ribbon tied around your finger for?"
 Clerk: "My wife put it there to remind me to post her letter."
 "And did you post it?"
 "No, she forgot to give it to me."

Most Likely

She: "You look badly this morning."
 He: "I have a cold or something in my head."
 She: "Probably a cold."

Sawdust Trail

"I've always been religiously inclined," remarked the oyster as he slid down the minister's throat, "but I never dreamed I would enter the clergy."

Bulls-Eye

It was Pat's first night as night watchman at the Observatory and he was quite interested watching some one using the big telescope. Just at this time a star fell. "Begorra," said Pat to himself, "that fellow sure is a good shot."

Eh, What?

"How's your cold, Donald?"
 "Verra obstinate."
 "And how is your wife?"
 "About the same."

All In a Name

Bill Stebbins, out our way, named his last addition to the family Montgomery Ward simply because it was of the male order.

Don't Rush!

The telephone bell rang persistently, and the doctor answered the call, "Yes?" he said.
 "Oh, doctor," came the reply, "something has happened to my wife. Her mouth seems set and she can't say a word. If you're 'round this way any time next week I hope you'll drop in and see what you can do for her."

'Nuf Sed

The weatherman dreamed that himself was dead. That he stood by his monument tall and read The message thereon—and he hung his head, For "Probably Warmer" was all it said!

Reformed

"And at her request you gave up drinking?"
 "Yes."
 "And you stopped smoking for the same reason?"
 "Yes."
 "And it was for her that you gave up dancing, card parties, and billiards?"
 "Absolutely."
 "Then why didn't you marry her?"
 "Well, after all this reforming I realized I could do better."

A CALENDAR FOR ANNO

0	Our hero was the labor sort, when all said and done, He worked his head off daily and was to get the M	5
6	The reason for his diligence was commonplace, 'tis true— He tried to swell his salary so it could suffice for— T	12
13	And maybe that's the reason why one day he lost his head. And falling on his knee he cried, "Oh, maiden wilt thou—" Wed	19
20	He may have thought this sudden but it seemed not so to her, She lisped a quick acceptance and said forcibly, "Yeth—" Thur	26
27	But when they went to keeping house he feared that he would die, For, Oh, that modern maiden could neither bake nor— Fri She could not run a bungalow, or even run a flat, So on many sad occasions in a restaurant they— Sat But he forgave her everything—as man has always done, When she presented him one day a bouncing baby— Sun	0



January—1935

THE OLD STAND-BY

When trouble comes, your soul to try,
You love the friend, who just stands by;
Perhaps there's nothing he can do,
The thing is strictly up to YOU,
For there are troubles all your own,
And paths the soul must tread alone;
Times when love can't smooth the road,
Nor friendship lift the heavy load.

But, just to feel you have a friend,
Who will stand by until the end,
Whose sympathy, through all, endures,
Whose warm handclasp is always yours;
It helps, somehow, to pull you through,
And so, with fervent heart, we cry:
"God bless the friend who just stands by."

—Author Unknown



—Photo by Arthur Underwood
R. G. & E. Camera Club