



Volume 19 Number 4

**GAS and ELECTRIC
NEWS**

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MAY 1935

LILAC Time
HIGHLAND
PARK

*The
Perfume of Happiness*

“Happiness is a perfume that you
cannot spray on others without
getting some of it on yourself”

— Selected —



“Fore” and Make it Snappy!

STEP lively, and watch out for those balls, the R. G. and E. women golfers are coming down the green, and CAN they smash 'em out. Much of this ability is, of course, innate. At least part of it, however, is because of the fine training they have assimilated during the early Spring months, indoors, through the tutelage of Byron “Coot” Webber, who is the “pro” at LeRoy Country Club.

Most “slicing” and using of “hooks” (right and left and crochet) used to be done in the home sphere, before women were bitten by the golf bug. Now, business or culinary arts suffer nothing, and gain much, through

this fine outdoor pastime which puts one in harmony with Mother Nature and the great out-doors.

Some years back, if you asked a woman about golf, she might have replied, “Why, I hardly know how to hold the caddy.” Nowadays she’ll talk volubly and interestingly, about stance, form (this may be inherited), slicing, hooking and carry-through.

The course consisted of eight lessons given in a vacant office space at Andrews Street. Two classes were for women and one for men, Miss Edith Holdgate and Mrs. Hattie Garis being

(Concluded on Page 116)



Don't believe that old gag about women not being able to hit the broad side of a barn. Mister, they even hit bulls-eyes. Here are a few of the R. G. and E. women golfers, from left to right Hattie Garis, Lois Consaul, Kathryn Faragher, Laura Bradfield, now Mrs. Russell; Evelyn Cassidy, Margaret Burnett, Mary Brockmyre, Kathleen Greene and Thelma Hoesterey. Photo taken at practice room.

There is No Open Season For Knocking Down Poles

A POWER and lighting utility has many expenses which are not apparent to the average individual. Out of a long list of rather heavy costs for which this Company is penalized financially, let us select just one item, that of poles which are knocked down by motorists. Looking over the records at Andrews Street, we discovered that on an average about twenty poles, per month, are struck and either knocked down or badly damaged.

These poles are constructed of wood, metal or concrete, and carry some wires of high potential. Fortunately, to date, no person has been injured by coming in contact with the live wires. If we add to this average of twenty poles, the unknown number of trees, hydrants, fire alarm boxes and other

equipment damaged by motor cars, the destruction to property as well as to the cars themselves amounts to a considerable item.

Many peculiar and interesting factors present themselves in the analysis of this subject. One of the most baffling, perhaps, is the fact that this pole swatting occurs month in and month out, winter and summer at about the same tempo. It does not seem to be due to the weather, the condition of the street nor to inebriated drivers. One thing stands out quite plain, however, and that is that most of this damage is done during the rush hours between four and six o'clock P.M. The next bad period is between seven and nine P.M.

One particular concrete lamp pole has been knocked down time after



An average of about 20 light poles per month are smashed by motorists, year in and year out, without cessation. Is it a habit, or is that the law of averages working? They are not broken by drunken drivers (very often) but mostly by careless drivers, hurried drivers, drivers who might easily hit a human being as easily as a pole. Believe it or not, as many poles are broken in fine weather as on stormy, slippery days. Figure it out if you can.

Pole Breakages Due to Automobiles

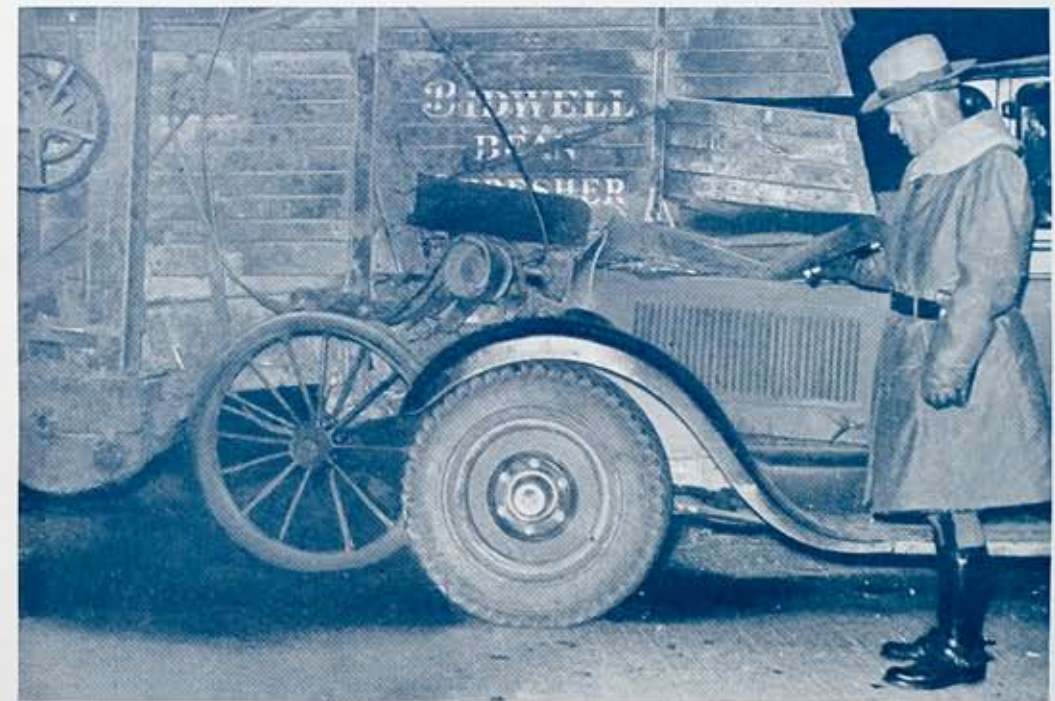
	1933	1934
December	3	2
November	25	25
October	9	12
September	13	17
August	14	18
July	11	10
June	15	13
May	15	21
April	20	19
March	16	21
February	24	33
January	34	24

time. Seldom is there a direct hit made at this point; rather, in turning from a side street on to a main thoroughfare, drivers do not slow down enough, and skid, the rear end of the car smashing into the pole with force

enough to break it. Slippery weather has something to do with the vulnerability of this particular pole, the average of breakage, however, for most other poles continuing as mentioned above during fair as well as foul weather.

At one point, a pole was run into three times within one hour, in this instance the damage being trivial. In fairness to motorists, let it be said that a goodly majority of them call up and tell the Company when they have struck a pole. In many other cases it is never discovered who did the damage. A considerable number of calls are received from persons who saw the accident and turn in the number of the car involved. And here is something which has happened so often that it has tickled the funny bones of the dispatchers at Andrews Street; if John Jones, living on any average residential street in town, happens to bowl over a

(Continued on Page 116)



A life was lost in this crash. If light poles were human beings, twenty lives would be sacrificed on the altar of speed and carelessness each month of the year. Most pole "fatalities" are the result of too much hurrying. A little more studied, consistent carefulness might cut down not only losses to physical properties but also to human life. Take a minute or two longer to get home and cut down accidents which in so many cases CAN easily be avoided.



No city has a greater showing of varied beauty than does Rochester, the Flower City. People come here from all over the country to enjoy Lilac Week. And to make this gorgeous display an exhibit of beauty that people can see by night as well as by day, electric illumination is used. The picture shown above was taken last year, at night.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Net Increase in Consumer's Meters for Year Ending March 31, 1935

	Mar. 31, 1935	Mar. 31, 1934	Increase
Electric...	129,001	127,701	1,300
Gas	109,522	108,590	932
Steam	307	316	9*
Total...	238,830	236,607	2,223

Statement of Consumer's Meters by Departments as of March 31st

	Electric	Gas	Steam	Total	Incr.
1925	72,572	90,503	144	163,219	
1926	82,722	94,916	198	177,836	14,617
1927	91,523	98,027	268	189,818	11,982
1928	100,455	103,055	315	203,825	14,007
1929	111,385	107,010	322	218,717	14,892
1930	116,676	108,912	349	225,937	7,220
1931	119,631	109,273	341	229,245	3,308
1932	127,134	109,443	334	236,911	7,666
1933	126,547	108,162	323	235,032	1,879*
1934	127,701	108,590	316	236,607	1,575
1935	129,001	109,522	307	238,830	2,223

Incr. in				
10 Yrs.	56,429	19,019	163	75,611 75,611

Net Increase in Consumers' Meters by Months

	1932	1933	1934	1935
January.....	203*	258*	54*	16*
February....(1)	247	86*	86*	55*
March.....(2)	5,818	460*	93*	55
April.....	24	128	266	
May.....	259*	134	366	
June.....	136*	94	332	
July.....	55*	7*	172	
August....	58	132	281	
September..	11	517	249	
October...	169*	318	203	
November..	293*	281	191	
December..	256*	211	179	

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

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

	Month of March, 1935	Month of March, 1934	Increase
KWH Generated—Steam.....	1,298,335	2,151,326	852,991*
KWH Generated—Hydro.....	24,142,264	17,044,412	7,097,852
KWH Purchased.....	3,290,753	8,128,969	4,838,216*
M Lbs. Commercial Steam Produced.....	145,879	176,520	30,641*
MCF Coal Gas Made.....	377,140	419,647	42,507*
Tons Steam Coal Used.....	9,579	11,952	2,373*
Tons Gas Coal Used.....	31,946	36,348	4,402*
Tons Coke Made.....	21,212	25,565	4,353*
	Mar. 31, 1935	Mar. 31, 1934	Increase
Number of Employees.....	2,310	2,236	74
Amount of Payroll—Mo. Ended.....	\$ 327,088	\$ 313,959	\$ 13,129
Amount of Payroll—Yr. Ended.....	4,174,406	3,657,545	516,861
Miles of Underground Duct.....	2,031	2,026	5
Miles of Underground Line.....	3,005	3,005	—
Miles of Overhead Line.....	8,199	8,133	66
Miles of Gas Main.....	820	816	4
No. of Street Arc Lamps.....	1,395	1,395	—
No. of Mazda Street and Traffic Lamps.....	25,979	25,480	499
Total Number of Street Lamps.....	27,374	26,875	499

*Denotes Decrease

EMPLOYEES' BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION

Cash Statement for March, 1935

Receipts		Disbursements	
Balance 1st of month.....	\$ 9,235.54	Sick Benefits.....	\$ 1,442.77
Dues—Members.....	853.72	Accident Off-Duty Benefits.....	246.89
Dues—Company.....	853.72	Expense of Nurse.....	135.00
Fees—Members.....	3.00	Miscellaneous.....	0.00
Fees—Company.....	3.00	Balance end of month.....	9,218.32
Miscellaneous.....	94.00		
Total.....	\$11,042.98	Total.....	\$11,042.98
Membership March 31, 1935.....	2,134	Membership March 31, 1934.....	1,872

Modern Baby Chicks Have Electrical Foster Mothers

Ralph Mason, *Lake Shore District*

THE raising of baby chicks is an activity which requires painstaking care and attention. Going through a modern chick and poultry farm, such as operated at Williamson by the Moll Brothers, accentuates the scientific phase of this industry. It also impresses one with the utility of electricity in this specialized field.

Years ago, before the day of electrical incubators, which with a minimum of supervision automatically handle thousands of eggs and bring forth strong, healthy chicks, the mother hen was indispensable. Today, chicks never see their real mother. Rather, they are nurtured by these huge electrical robots, which can do almost anything but cluck.

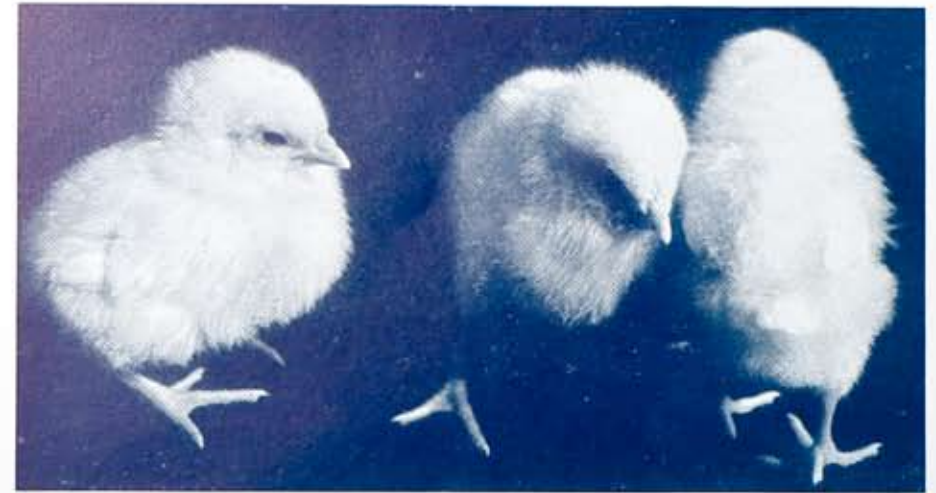
The Moll Brothers' incubator has a

capacity of about 25,000 eggs. Besides hatching the 2,500 chicks needed yearly on the Moll farm to maintain the force of one thousand pullet layers each year, thousands of chicks are hatched for other poultrymen and farmers. Many are shipped long distances in ventilated pasteboard cartons, with slight loss in transportation.

All eggs hatched are required to be of a standard size. If one looks a bit undersize it is weighed and cast out if wanting. Each egg is also tapped to detect unseen or superficial cracks or imperfections in the egg, which would let in air and become a "dud." The mother hen rolls the eggs about with her beak every so often. The electrical incubator manages this by levers which



In order to secure sturdy, healthful chicks, each egg has to be carefully scrutinized. It must be of normal size, and weigh up to standard. Eggs are clicked together to find cracks in the shell, which are discovered by sound.



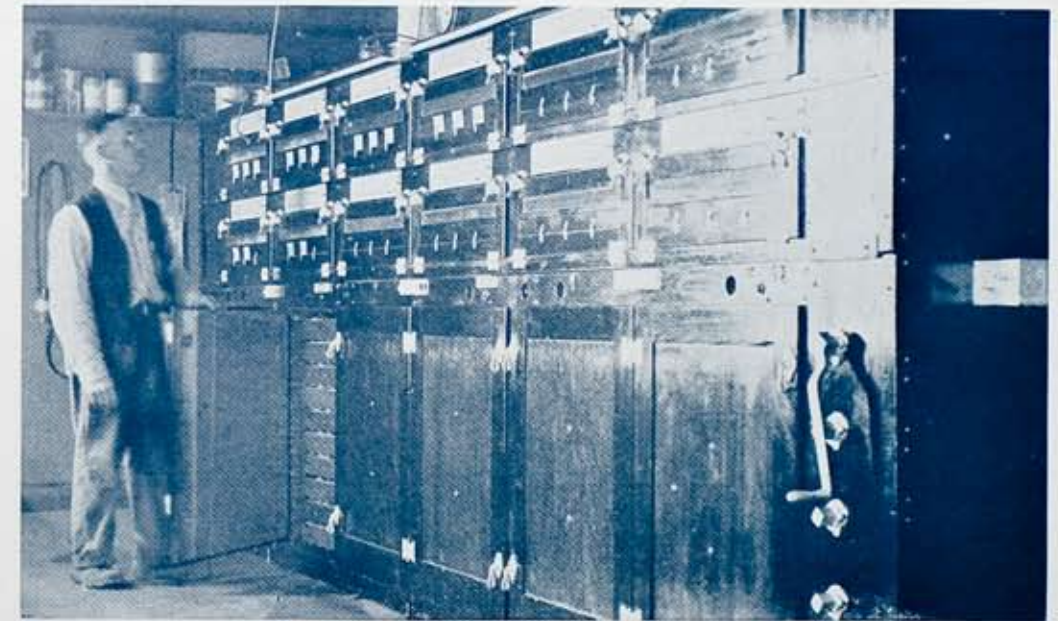
Baby chicks just out of their shell are drowsy and want to sleep. They need plenty of dependable heat, the source of which at the Moll farm is electric current.

turn hundreds of eggs just so far, at regular intervals. Moisture is also provided in the proper mixture with air to facilitate proper incubation.

The Moll establishment is electrically heated by a unit hung near the ceiling, which turns on when heat is called for by a thermostat. The heating is by hot water, heated electrically, this method superceding oil heat which has been abandoned. The newer meth-

od saves much time, eliminates fumes and is automatic where oil needed considerable attention.

The mature layers on the Moll Farm produce a high average of eggs, which are called for each week by automobile trucks which transport them to New York. White eggs only are produced, that being the requirement of the New York market. In the poultry houses, to which the chicks in



Electrical incubator capable of handling 25,000 eggs. Note the open door with trays of eggs showing. Eggs are turned or rotated by lever shown in right foreground. When chicks have hatched out, they are graduated to the chick apartments at the top of the incubator. This is heated by an automatic electric heater.

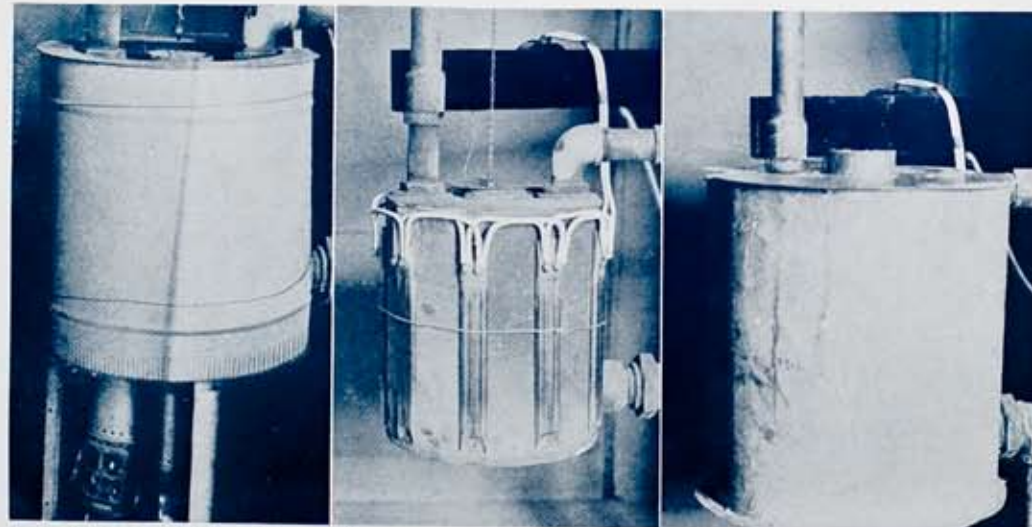


Messrs Ralph Mason, Abram Moll, Lucas Caple and Fred Wood, who installed the electric heating apparatus shown in center of picture below. Mr. Mason and Mr. Wood are from the Lake Shore Division of the Company, Mr. Caple being a member of the Industrial Department of Rochester.

time graduate from their kindergarten apartment, one finds more of the modern conveniences, such as running water, electric lights and a "boarding house" that provides just the proper amount of "balance for pullet appetites." From chicks up, the stock has its daily rations of cod liver oil, greens, and other foods which it must have to become, in truth, an egg laying machine.

It is a pretty nice existence, this modern life that chicks and older poultry stock live. Everything is provided. Surely, this is Eutopia for our feathered friends, who doubtless gossip at times about the olden days when their ancestors lived in crude "chicken houses" or barns and had to go out daily and grub for a living.

Old Sol has little to do with the



Left, kerosene oil burning equipment which was superseded by the electrical heater (center) which is shown with its covering of insulating material at the right.

working day of layers. They get up when a time clock buzzes "taps" in the early morning; work and scratch in straw all day, getting needed exercise and eating quantities of egg-producing food the while, and when the day's work is done (and this has been worked out scientifically) the electric lights, which have greatly prolonged their day's work, are snapped off mechanically and it's bed time. Farmers used to keep layers for years, and paid little attention to culling. Nowadays, a layer works like the dickens for one year or slightly over, and is then replaced by new stock graduating from these electrical mothers. Surely, the busy bee has nothing on the busy pullet these modern times. It's a short life, but a snappy one.



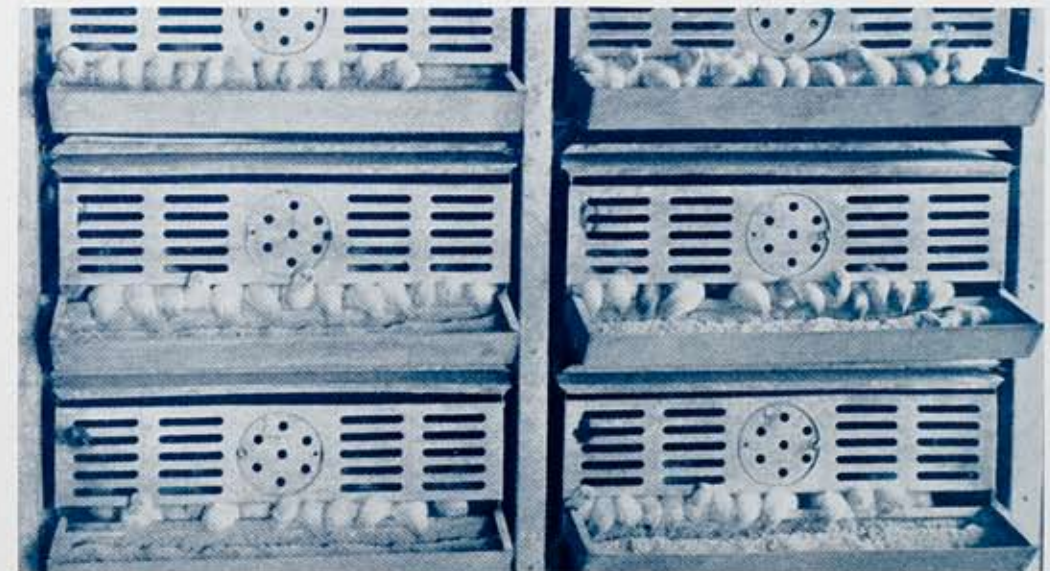
The life of a chick is carefully guarded. Scientifically fed and nurtured, chicks owe much of their health and chick happiness to the soothing comfort of electrical warmth.

A rookie in the cavalry was told to report to the captain.

"Private Rooney," said the officer, "take my horse down and have him shod."

For three hours the captain waited for his horse. Then, impatiently, he sent for Rooney. "Private Rooney," he said, "where is the horse I told you to have shod?"

"Omigosh!" gasped the private, growing pale around the gills. "Omigosh! I thought you said SHOT."



Tiers of hovers house the thousands of little chicks and make life one pleasant round of eating and sleeping.



Automatic Refrigeration Drive

REFRIGERATION DAYS are here. The intensive selling drive on automatic refrigeration got off to a snappy start Monday evening, May 6, at a peppy premier held in the Sixth Floor auditorium. The feature speaker was Charles Francis "Socker" Coe, advertising agent of the General Electric Company, feature writer, expert salesman, writer of "Me Gangster" and "Pay Off" and a former champ fighter of the U. S. fleet. That's where he got the monicker "Socker."

No better man could be found for this sales opener than Mr. Coe. He addressed a full house of Rochester

appliance dealers and gave them much material for sales building. These dealers, all members of the Electrical Association of Rochester, will meet every two weeks during the campaign and each session will have a "pep" speaker. The goal of the campaign is 5,450 automatic refrigerators in ten weeks.

Sales Manager Frank Houston and his aids are all "set" for success. The new set-up of smaller sales groups each in charge of a seasoned supervisor is working out splendidly. Mr. Jack Sharkey is in charge of the three major groups, the directors of which are Andrew Furstoss, director of city elec-



The gas salesmen in early morning session, when reports are made and the business of the day, and the day previous is discussed. These sessions are interesting and instructive and the plan of supervision is similar to that used by the electrical group, a sales supervisor for each group of six men.



The morning pow-wow of electric salesmen. At each table sits a sales supervisor and his six men, who talk over the sales problems which arise, and formulate plans to beat their arch enemy "Old Man Quota." This intensive sales supervision is working out splendidly.

tric sales; Frank Wentworth, director of city gas sales and George Puddington, director of rural sales. The supervisors of city sales are Messers Harold McCleave, John J. McGinnes, James Graham, James Burnett and Donald Kresser. The new floor salesmen are Messers Frank Monihan, Ray Erness and Donald Galloway. Incidentally, the Domestic Sales Department is now to be known as the Load Building Department.

The supervisors of the Gas Group (who sell Electrolux gas refrigerators) who work under Mr. Wentworth are: Frank Cole, Tom Whitmore, Martin Oogjen, Joe Switzer and Bill Perkins. Each supervisor has six men working under him. The quota of this group is 200 refrigerators in ten weeks.

An air of sportsman-like competition is noticeable in the Main Floor Basement these days. Every morning has its sales "pep" meetings. Various devices are being used to make selling an interesting competitive game, such as, for instance, the "horse race" being run by the Electrical Group. Some of the horses have names as follows: "Superfreeze," . . . "Sealed-in-unit," . . . "Broom-high-legs" (there's a hoss

for ya), . . . "Lifetime-porcelain," . . . "Sliding Shelves," . . . "Two Cylinders" and "Automatic Cold Control." Right now "Automatic Cold Control"

"MODERN-ICE YOUR HOME"

Low Cost
BUDGET PLAN
Brings
AUTOMATIC REFRIGERATION
into Homes of
MODERATE MEANS

ROCHESTER GAS AND ELECTRIC

Rochester appliance dealers expect to sell a total of 5,450 automatic refrigerators in ten week's time, through hard work and the excellent low financing and terms made possible through the cooperation of the Lincoln-Alliance Bank of Rochester.

is getting warmed up and making "Super-freeze" throw off her mantle of cold indifference; "Broom-high-legs" has 'em all beat on stride, but is being rushed by "Two Cylinders" both of which are working nicely. "Super-Freeze" is a bit stiff in one leg, but will give all those other "hosses" the cold shoulder when she gets thawed out.

The R. G. and E. salesmen are making this campaign a sporting event. They're getting a big "kick" out of it. And when they are in that happy frame of mind—they are ready to get orders. Other dealers are reporting excellent results, all of which are to be broadcast weekly in a campaign "dope sheet" called "The Budget Planner."

As we go to press, the Rural Sales Group, under George Puddington is leading in percentage of quota obtained thus far in the campaign, with supervisors Doherty, Burnett and Kresser in close pursuit and the rest of the bunch just a step behind. It's a good race in which there are no "favorites" because every "hoss" is a good one and used to fine going or a "muddy track."

Just to show you what CAN be done



It rained almost every day during the first week of the campaign. However, Rochester dealers succeeded in selling a total of 425 refrigerators in spite of old Jupiter Pluvius.

in these days of Low Cost Budget Payment Plan, one new salesman closed six automatic refrigerator sales in one day and reported them in one of these enthusiastic morning meetings. This man used to be an insurance man. He is used to working nights and making back calls. He's out to make his "hoss" whose name is "Life-time Porcelain" win. Next month we shall give you some more news from this sales front. So place your bets, gents, the race has already started. And may the best "nag" win.



Cartoon drawn by Leonard Elliott featuring the spirit of the New Low Cost Budget Payment Plan. This cartoon was used in the daily papers and in the "Budget Planner" a weekly sales booster created each week of the campaign to help stimulate and maintain interest among salesmen.

Is Your House Number Visible?

YOUR Street Number Should be Visible from the Street," says the City Directory Committee of the Rochester Chamber of Commerce, the chairman of which is Mr. Gordon Ross, supervisor of the Service Department of the Company. If this were put into practice by all Rochesterians, much time, money, inconvenience and even unnecessary embarrassment and sorrow would be saved.

Here is a true story of street numbers. A new family moved on a street last month. Their first bottles of milk were delivered to a neighbor and they had no cream or milk for breakfast. The next day, a sewing machine bought by the neighbor who had received the milk in error was left at the home of the new-comer on the street. In each case, a long, extra trip was made by the two companies involved to straighten out the difficulty.

It is easy to imagine cases where doctors, ambulances and fire companies go to wrong numbers, or lose valuable seconds when time and life count immeasurably—trying to find the right number of a home. It might easily be YOUR home.

The City Directory Committee, aided by Rochester organizations, business men and citizens have done much of late to remedy the illegible number situation. Many homes were found to be without any number, or to have a number which was wrong. The Boy Scouts have assisted in making a canvas which indicated just how aggravated the "case" was, and now a marked improvement is being noticed.

Home owners have purchased visible numbers and installed them. Delivery men, postmen and other persons who call upon many homes daily have lent their assistance, and the daily press has given publicity to this constructive effort.

Having a visible number on your home is a gesture in Safety, Convenience and Courtesy. It involves the work of Doctors, the Police, hospital ambulances and fire departments; the delivery of packages, mail, telegrams and other services to householders, and possibly customers of yours.

If your house number is still "hay-wire" cooperate with the Committee and get it fixed. A City ordinance says that your number must be large enough to be visible from the street. If you need information regarding your number, call Record Room, City Engineers Office, Main 4900.

Important to Employees

RECENTLY we have had several cases, where, upon the death of the injured employee, complications have arisen due to the neglect of the employee changing his or her beneficiary, either upon the death of the designated beneficiary, or for other reasons, such as marriage.

None of us want to die, but most of us are desirous of having our insurance go to whom we want it paid, therefore I would suggest that you call at the Employment Office if you are not sure whether you have changed your beneficiary, if necessary, or to obtain any information pertaining to your insurance. We are always glad to co-operate with you in these matters.

It may be your desire to have your insurance paid to your beneficiary in monthly amounts over a period of years, rather than a lump sum, or you can have the Group Insurance paid in a lump sum and the Ordinary Life insurance paid over a period of several years. These are some of the things you can have us arrange for you.

Wm. C. Gosnell,
Employment Manager



A Festival of Apple Blossoms, Seal Farm, Ridge Road. Residents of the Lake Shore are boosting for Mother Nature to speed her blooms to honor the annual Apple Blossom Festival to be held at Brockport, Saturday, May 25, at the campus of the Brockport Normal School. Comely young women from the Brockport, Webster, Fairport and other high schools will compete for the honor of becoming "Apple Blossom Queen." There will be a pageant and special music will be furnished by the massed bands of Macedon, Albion, Hilton and Brockport high schools, led by Mr. Doran.

Getting a Higher Education Under Difficulties

SOME folks get a higher education merely by reaching up a bit. Others have to stand on their tip-toes. One of the latter, who deserves a lot of credit for his perseverance, is Mr. Jack B. Dailey, night dispatcher at Andrews Street, in the Line Operating Department, who this year finishes his senior year in Chemical Engineering at the University of Rochester. Mr. Dailey attends college every day from 8 A.M. to 4.30 P.M., then drives down to Andrews Street and completes his daily stint from 5 to 10 P.M. We asked him what he did with the rest of his time, and he replied in one word "Study."

A young man must want an education very sincerely to go after it in dead earnest seven years after finishing grammar school. Mr. Dailey did just that. He had one year later at Aquinas, then entered the East High School Evening classes where, after going five nights a week for three years and missing only three evenings in all that time (when he had the mumps), he was graduated with honors, and a college entrance diploma.

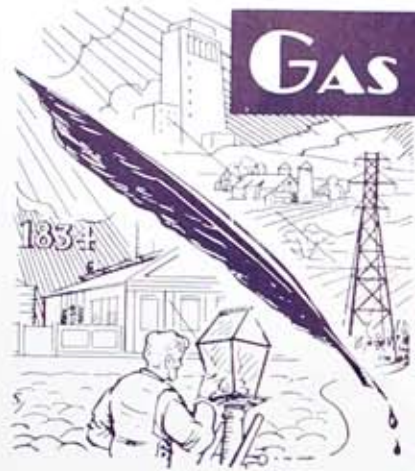
Last summer, Mr. Dailey was married to Miss Pearle Cole, who had been for some years and still is a Company employee. Mr. Dailey has consistently done honor work at the University, and in looking over the copy for this year's men's Year Book, we read this concerning him: "Jack is another brave soul who sold his birthright to the chemical instructors in hopes of a future mess of potage. If he follows in the path of other chemical research students, his only interest will be in 'analyzing' it when it does materialize." He is a member of the U. of R. Engineer's Club and earned his numerals in tennis.

Mr. Dailey has been with the Com-

pany for eleven years. He began in the Motor Department, where he worked seven years. For the past four years, he has been in the Line Operating Department, to which he was transferred by the Company in order that he might keep on working while going to college. The Company has helped many a boy, from year to year, to do the same thing. We shall tell you about others, from time to time, who have "made good" in spite of a difficult row to hoe and obstacles which would stop less courageous souls.



Mr. Jack Dailey, who, after a very courageous fight for a higher education, completes his course at the University of Rochester this year. During all his years of study, Mr. Dailey has always "worked and studied" holding down a job days or nights while pursuing his education in between times.



GAS & ELECTRIC NEWS

Department Correspondence Staff

MRS. PEARL DAILEY	Women's Section
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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

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

HERMAN RUSSELL Honorary Editor
FLOYD MASON Editor

The Hat-less Days Are Here Again

HAIL to the hatless days of Summer. What a feeling of well-being comes to those of us who find it easy to leave hats at home this time of year. Reminds us of a boy who asked his dad for money to buy a hat. "I thought you went without a hat, son" said the father, and the young man answered "Yes, I do, but I've got to have a new hat to go without."

We emancipated ourself from our hat one recent Saturday and went shopping in two or three of the "Five and Tens" along Main Street. We walked along the aisles glorying in the trinkets which one may purchase for a thin dime or less, bent upon a certain article which we might use in repairing a rowing machine.

We finally found something we could adapt to the purpose. We were, however, put through our usual ordeal

when visiting such places without a chapeau. In one store a gentleman asked us where he could find buttons. At first we thought he might be kidding us. Then, we recalled other similar experiences of former hat-less summers, smiled and told him he had better ask the floorwalker.

After a short interval, a woman approached us and inquired "Where can I find little boys' B. V. D's." We directed her to a salesgirl at a nearby counter, after telling the fond mother that we were merely a man-of-the-street abroad without a hat and, while we were sorry we couldn't give her the needed information, floor walking to us was not a position but merely a pastime.

Just as we were about to leave the store, another woman beamed up to us and said "Are the toys in the basement?" and, knowing our fives-and-tens fairly well we beamed back and replied in our best floor-walking voice "Yes, Madame, you will find them below."

We went home feeling something like a Boy Scout who has done his good deed for the pay. We made up our mind, however, that the next time we try to do a bit of plain and fancy shopping on a busy Saturday afternoon downtown, we are going to take the old hat along. Yes, the hatless days are

here, and with them comes a bit of humor, at least for persons who enjoy such little episodes and get a bit of a "kick" out of playing a forced role, even in a five-and-ten. Of course, we'd have felt just a bit more elated had our experience happened in a downtown bank. So far, however, we have not been taken for a bank director; woe's me, woe's me!

Playing the Game

WHAT a poor game it would be for the spectators if every ball player always did just the right thing, made the proper play, clouted out a home-run when the bases were full and never talked back to the umpire. Life and baseball are especially interesting because perhaps they are so full of surprises. People try to observe the rules of the game and do their best. Sometimes, when errors creep in, uncharitable onlookers will say a player "dogged it" and didn't try hard enough when, if the truth were known, the error cost the player great anguish and real sorrow.

Baseball players are entitled to a lot of credit for the way in which they handle themselves, generally speaking. They do justice to the high-calibre executives who help to train them for their tough assignment as public entertainers. These athletes, perhaps more than any others in the public eye, have to learn to "take it," come what may.

One of the toughest "spots" we were in last season was when we sat beside the Dad of a well-known semi-pro baseball star at an important game. This youngster had played a fine game, quite consistently, until the seventh inning, when the opposing team managed to tie the score and gain a two run lead. It all happened because the young man mentioned, who played "short" failed to stop a very "hot"

and perhaps a bit too high liner to his position. Most persons thought he could and should have "nailed" it. Later he said it bounced off the top of his mit even after he had jumped high in the air for it. Anyway, the game was lost and that play was the focusing point in the defeat.

It was like a funeral after that game. The young fellow who made the error, if error it was, was heart broken. Even his team mates, although they did their best, seemed to realize that nothing they could say would ease the mind of their buddy who "lost the game." His Dad was a "brick" and did everything he could to mend matters. But youth is so temperamental. The memory of past "homers," nifty "stabs" and sizzling stops do little to appease the real sorrow of present defeat; and that's baseball. Life is like that, too.

Of course that young man "came back." That error is now just a part of his baseball background. He knows that he will make other errors, that he will also achieve his share of the good plays his team makes. He didn't give up. He came back for *more* next game, with fire in his eye. And his Dad didn't stop coming to games just for fear his son would make other errors, or that some of the more hot-headed "fans" would say unkind things which he would find hard to "take." He's out there every game, taking the bitter with the sweet as all "good players" do.

Let's not expect too much from either players or people. The best team, the best man doesn't always win. Some times the "breaks" are too much even for science and experience. Sometimes it seems that the loser is much the better man and this only bears out the philosophy that, after all, it is the game itself that should be considered most important, rather than merely being a winner or a booster for the winning team.

Vital Statistics Increase Sales

So much has been said of the Dionne quintuplets that the mention of twins may not arouse more than ordinary interest. The number of children in a home, however, does have a lot to do with the capacity of the modern conveniences used by mothers to keep them strong and healthy. Mr. John Drexel, Station Three, had an experience which bears this out.

Mr. Drexel sold an Easy washer to a friend of his, who thought that the smaller model would suffice for his family consisting of himself, his wife and one small boy. The washer was delivered on a certain afternoon, and the next day, the buyer called Mr. Drexel and the following conversation ensued: "Hello Drex, better send someone up and get that washer that was delivered here yesterday, I don't think it will do." There was a slight pause, while Mr. Drexel's imagination began building up all sorts of queer and fantastic pictures as to what the trouble could be; then, he replied "Sure, we'll do anything we can to please you, but do you mind telling me what seems to be the trouble?" "Trouble, who said there was any trouble?" Then it came out. The man with the new washer cleared the atmosphere of doubt by a hearty laugh, and when he gained his composure he added "There's nothing wrong with that washer only I think it is just a bit too small for my family; you know, my wife just presented me with twins, a boy and a girl, and it looks as though we ought to get a bigger machine."

Fore

(Continued from Page 99)

in charge of the former and Mr. Clinton Cole the latter.

Early reports indicate that these lessons have been of great help in

stimulating confidence among the beginners and in giving both the beginners and the more experienced golfers a lot more pleasure in the game because they can play it better.

During the summer months it is planned to get the groups together for some competitive "shooting." Who knows, there may be some real championship material among these students of "Coot" Webber, who is not only a good player himself but knows how to impart the essentials of the game to others.

Broken Poles

(Continued from Page 101)

lighting pole, and if he is at odds with two of the neighbors living thereon, it is ten chances to one both of them will call up and report the breakage.

Such action, however, can not be laid entirely to pique. Rather let us attribute it to the safety instinct; people quite generally are good enough to call the Company and report such "accidents." They believe, quite rightfully, that some child might inadvertently become injured on broken glass or otherwise, and therefore wish to assist in making the repair or replacement as speedily as possible.

In the tabulation, page 101, approximately 60% of the poles struck had to be replaced, at a cost varying from \$250 on down to \$25 depending upon whether the pole was a large Main Street twin-type, the familiar concrete "harp type" or a wooden pole. In the other cases perhaps only a globe and a lamp had to be replaced, with a repair job for the concrete base to complete the job. In an event, this average breakage can be depended upon to continue, that is, until motorists learn to overcome that tension incident to the rush period, when they are hurrying to get home, or until someone develops a rubber pole that is able to "take it" better.

Contribution From a New York Reader

Gas & Electric News,

Gentlemen:

In your December issue you listed a group of taxes, but I note you eliminated or forgot some, as is evidenced by the attached clipping from The Wall St. Journal (Pepper and Salt Column).

Possibly some of your readers might enjoy this too.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM D. LABAUGH,
40 Rector Street
New York, N. Y.

TAXES—TAXES—TAXES

Tax the farmer, tax his dad,
Tax whate'er he ever had;
If he's broke it's just too bad.
Go ahead and tax the man,
Tax his dog and hired hand,
Tax his cow, tax her milk,
Tax his bed, tax his quilt,
Tax his pig, tax his pen,
Tax his flocks, tax his hen,
Tax his corn, tax his wheat,
Tax his wagon, tax the squeak,
Tax his wife, tax his boy,
Tax whatever gives him joy,
Tax his baby, tax the crib,
Tax his all—who gives a fib?
Get his goat-n-tax his ass,
Tax his horses out at grass,
Tax his fiddle, tax the bow,
Tax what he intends to sow.
Remember the Forgotten Man
In your so-called taxing plan.
He has income, so they say,
Most of which he ought to pay.
Tax the man that's on the dole,
Get him in a deeper hole.
Tax the manufacturer, too,
He is more than getting through.
Tax the man who works for him,
'Fore his pay check gets too thin.
Tax his buildings, tax his chattels,
Tax his Ford and all its rattles;
Tax his stock, tax his cash,
Tax him double if he's rash,

Tax his light, tax his power
Tax his payroll by the hour.
If he's making more than rent,
Add another five per cent;
Tax whate'er he has to sell,
If he hollers—tax his yell.

—A Taxee

Chemistry Lectures

A SERIES of lectures on "Recent Developments in Chemistry" recently given in the Sixth Floor Auditorium by Louis Shnidman, Laboratory Director of the Company, covered such topics as Coal and Its By-Products; Petroleum and Its Derivatives; Gaseous Fuels and Their Combustion; Water, including the recently discovered "heavy water," and the Structure of Matter, including the more recent theories of atomic structure as well as the developments in nuclear theory.

A group of some 40 to 60 employees regularly attended these lectures which were given during the months of March and April, and considerable interest and enthusiasm was shown by the members of the various departments who attended.

Our present day life is so dependent upon the rapid developments that are taking place in chemistry that the average individual is unable without special study, to understand or appreciate the significance of these discoveries. The lectures attempted to discuss in popular and non-technical language those discoveries with which the average individual should be acquainted in order to understand the changes that are taking place almost daily in the world about him.

And—Don't Lose it!

Mr.: "Would you like to have a 'one-eyed husband?'"

Mrs.: "Certainly not."

Mr.: "Then let me carry that umbrella."

Mr. Joseph P. MacSweeney Re-elected President of Legal Aid Society

THE Rochester Legal Aid Society again re-elected Mr. Joseph P. MacSweeney to be its president for another year. This honor follows a number of years of enthusiastic service for that organization.

Mr. MacSweeney has been a director of the Society since its incorporation in 1921, when he signed the articles of incorporation. He has served as president of the organization since October, 1931. His natural interest in this excellent work coupled with his foresight and executive ability are reflected in the constructive benefits of the Legal Aid Society to this community over a long period of years.

Mr. MacSweeney is strong in his appreciation of the other officers and directors of the Society and its executive secretary and attorney, Mr. Emory A. Brownell.

Among prominent Rochesterians elected to serve with Mr. MacSweeney as officers and directors for the year 1935 are the following persons: Honorary president, Hon. George S. Van Shaick; vice-president, Mrs. Charles W. Dodge; treasurer, Attorney Don C. Allen; directors for three-year term, Dr. Leonard Jones; Mrs. John J. Finucane; Harry B. Crowley; Mrs. Arthur Sutherland, Jr.; and Alfonso Gioia.

The annual report of the Legal Aid Society for the year ending March 31, 1935 features some of the following facts:

A total of 3,739 cases were handled, over 200 more than for the preceding year. Thirty-eight per cent of clients were dependent upon relief, while thirty-four per cent of the other clients were referred by relief agencies. Sixty-five per cent of the clients were unemployed. \$35,830.63 was collected or

saved for clients. Of this amount \$12,996.69 was in behalf of clients on relief. Cases handled increased 49 per cent since 1930, while the collections and savings for clients has increased 73 per cent in that time.

Husband and wife and parent and child cases constituted the largest percentage of those handled last year. In these cases, \$17,643.99 was collected for the support of children, wives and dependent parents.

The number of wage cases declined slightly during 1934, but collections in this class were increased by over 50 per cent over the year previous for a total of \$1,743.51.

In disposing of 3,496 cases for the year, the staff made 437 court appearances, wrote 3,442 letters and held 6,940 interviews with clients, witnesses, and other interested parties. While collections and savings for clients averaged \$9.59 per case, the service was rendered by the Legal Aid Society for a cost of but \$2.91 per case.

During the past ten years the Society has handled 25,743 cases and has collected \$169,660. for its clients. This is a record to justify the hard work and enthusiastic service given the organization by the public spirited persons who have worked so hard for its success, and the well-being of those persons who needed legal advice and a friendly hand in a time of possible financial embarrassment and lowered morale.

It Won't Be Long Now

Doctor (to patient): "Well, how are you feeling this morning?"

Patient: "Much better. The only thing that troubles me is my breathing."

Doctor: "Um-yes, we must see if we can't get something to stop that."

Rev. Wm. S. Davis Sends Us a Poem

The following poem was received with a very nice letter from one of our readers, the Reverend W. L. Davis, Pittsford, N. Y.

FISHING

Jack and Jill on pleasure bent,
Dug up some bait and fishing went,
With pole in hand, and baited hook,
They wandered on a babbling brook.

In shaded pool and sunlit rill,
They sought for fish, their reels to fill,
But fish were strangely shy that day,
At least, they never came their way,
Nor deigned to give a passing look
At menu dangling from a hook.

They should have gone the day before,
When fish were biting by the score,

Or, as wise ones oft had said,
"When the moon was in the red."
But hope is in an angler's breast,
And so, Oh, you know the rest,
How fishes charm but do not bite,
How Springtide brings these things to light,
And so, we'll wish them joy, and say
"Good luck to you, another day."

Power Increase

ELECTRIC power produced in the United States for all purposes in 1934 totaled ninety billion kilowatt-hours. That is an increase of 5.5 over 1933 but 6.0 below the total for 1929. The total number of customers in the country at the end of last year was 24,850,000, reports the New Jersey Public Utility Information Committee.

The average price for domestic electric service was reduced to 5.30 cents per kilowatt-hour in 1934, as compared with 5.49 cents per kilowatt-hour in 1933, 5.58 cents a kilowatt-hour in 1932, and 5.78 cents a kilowatt-hour in 1931. —Utility Bulletin

Learn to Get Some Fun Out of Life

Learn to like what doesn't cost much. Learn to like reading, conversation, music.

Learn to like plain food, plain service, plain cooking.

Learn to like fields, trees, woods, brooks, fishing, rowing, swimming, hiking . . . all sports.

Learn to like life for its own sake.

Learn to like to be alive.

Learn to like people, even though some of them may be as different from you as a Chinaman.

Learn to like work and enjoy the satisfaction of doing your job as well as it can be done.

Learn to like the song of the birds, the companionship of dogs, and laughter and gaiety of children.

Learn to like gardening, carpentering, puttering around the house, the lawn, and the automobile.

Learn to like the mystery of women. Learn to like them for those ways and actions that are so different from your own.

Learn to keep your wants simple. Refuse to be owned and anchored by things and the opinions of others.

Learn to respect the opinions of more educated and more experienced people.

Learn to discourage gossip and to refuse to listen to criticism about your business associates and neighbors.

Learn to appreciate kindness and reward virtue.

Learn to like the sunrise and sunset, the beating of rain on the roof and the gentle fall of snow on a winter day.

Learn to be a man of your word.

Learn to live an honest life full of simple happiness and go to bed each night with a conscience clear as crystal.

Learn to get some laughs and fun out of life. —Tips and Topics



Villain Turns Comedian

Mr. Leslie Martin, who participates in amateur theatricals in Webster, was one evening just about to do his act on the stage at the opera house. He was all painted and bewhiskered as befits a villain conspiring to thwart the operation of true love and justice. As he received his cue, a messenger brought him word that he was urgently needed at the Webster substation, where a fuse had blown out.

Torn between duty and pleasure, "Les" took a deep breath, and without waiting to even take off his whiskers ran down through the hall, outdoors and on the street to the substation. So much amusement did he create, that it has been decided hereafter to give him not the part of a villain, but to cast him in comedy bits, with or without facial decorations.

According to Edward Schlueter, Bert Fry, with whom he has done a bit of hunting, pulls a mean "bead." Bert's eagle eye is also useful in seeking out line troubles while on inspection trips. Being a good shot is one form of concentration and observation, whether one is hunting for pheasants, rabbits or cracked insulators.

Andrews Street has its lacrosse enthusiasts, chief among whom are Ruth Koehler and May Darling who, now that the season is over are planning to put in shape their camp at Durand

Eastman Park, where they spend the summer months.

Mrs. Grace Woodley, formerly Miss Grace Wondergem of the second floor, is the mother of a fine baby boy, weight seven pounds, who has been named Paul Clarence Woodley.

George Histed informs us that the General Maintenance baseball team won its season's opener from the Station Three team by a score of 21 to 16. He says that this team is anxious to hear from any good Company or outside team, games with Company teams to be played at Number Ten Holder, Searle Park, after hours.

Looks like a busy summer for the following young women of the Stores Record Department, the Misses Lois Consaul, Kathryn Farragher and Florence Burkhard. Their outdoor pastimes are to include bicycle riding and plenty of golf.

Miss Bertha Bowman, of Andrews Street, rendered some vocal selections at a recent social evening given at the Red Men's Hall.

Among the recent winners in the Station WHEC Kiddies Program, were Dorothy Ann and Marion Somers, aged respectively five and four years, whose pictures were shown in the March issue of GAS AND ELECTRIC NEWS. They are two of the versatile children of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Somers. Mr. Somers is an employee of the Line Department.

Rate and Contract Dep't Break Spaghetti

HEY! Meeta Me At-a Da Chisles-a-Camp for Da Beega Da Spaggett Partee, Seex-a Clock Sharp on Thursday, April 25, 1935, as Guest of Rate & Contract Department. So read the invitation to a dinner, floor show and dance, for a party of 30.

A very colorful and unusual seating arrangement and "on the spot" broadcast, with the Electric & Gas Department heads at the "mike," paved the way for much laugh-provoking entertainment.

With Mr. Ginna as the announcer (an uninformed one) and to the tune of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," the famous "Hollywood actress" HARRIetta Hencoop (in the form of Mr. Weitzman) deftly performed "The Moon Dance," assisted by Mr. Frank Schmitt.

Then came "The Man on the Flying Trapeze" (with gestures and encores) by Mr. Weir; followed by none other than the famous "Miss Luella Lovemolot" in the FORM of Mr. Pike, aided and abetted by Mr. Elmer Smith (Hero) and Mr. Weir (Villain).

Last, but far from least, was the "FAN Dance to end all Fan Dances," this time in the form (and what a form) of Mr. Foster Burnett.

Prizes were awarded, but for what and to whom is a matter of history.

Present, were Miss Laura Bradfield (now Mrs. Russell), Miss Mary Brockmyre, Miss Adeline Zachert, Miss Helen Smith, Mrs. Anderson, Mr. Russell, Mr. Scobell, Mr. Beebe, Mr. Crofts, Mr. MacSweeney, Mr. Kelly, Mr. Fred Fisher, Mr. Bill Hughes, Mr. Johnny Baker, and Mr. Ward.

Mr. George Brown, of the Power Billing Department, and his niece Miss Helen Winans, with friends spent the Easter holidays in New York City.

OBITUARY



Mr. Patrick McDonald, for many years a Company employee, died recently at his home, 162 Hayward Avenue, from where the funeral services were conducted. Following a mass at Corpus Christi Church, burial was made at Holy Sepulchre cemetery.

Mr. James Mallon on Sunday, May 5, celebrated his birthday. It rained all day and spoiled his proposed fishing trip with Norman Luther and Ray Klein (Jim says they didn't show up, and are fair weather fishermen) but the day wasn't entirely spoiled because he received his usual natal day socks and Boston garters, and stayed home and rested up for another year's jaunt with Father Time.

Charles McIntosh, Ross Logan and Milton Robinson were among those to be "put on the spot" by that prevalent malady, measles.



This fine boy is Donald Martin VanAuken, aged three and one-half years, whose Daddy is Mr. Stuart VanAuken, employed in the Coke Truck Garage.



Master Leonard C. Elliott, year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard C. Elliott.

Miss Alvina O'Malia recently became the bride of Mr. Irving Keir, the ceremony being performed at St. Jerome's Church in East Rochester, on Tuesday, April 23, by the Rev. Bernard Gefell. The bride and groom enjoyed a motoring honeymoon to the New England states, stopping at Boston to visit the bride's brother. Among the prenuptial events in honor of the bride were variety showers given by Miss Mae Hebbard and the young women of the Second Floor. The bride and groom are now at home at 436 Cedarwood Terrace.

The numerous chain letters received by employees of the Company recently with whom we have talked, remind one of that recent song success "Mister, Can You Spare a Dime?" Most of these persons thought they couldn't, so it looks to us as though Rochester is a rather tough town for this new racket, or else—our employees have gone over to the gold standard.

Chorus News

RECENT concerts of the R. G. and E. Male Chorus were those given at Belmont and Fillmore, N. Y., both Company properties in the Genesee Country. In each engagement, the proceeds from the entertainment went to assist the Boy Scouts to send delegates to the Washington Jamboree.

At Fillmore, one of the largest groups of the year turned out to welcome the chorus. The local attendance was augmented by quite a large number of Rochester "fans" including Mr. and Mrs. Haftenkamp, Mr. and Mrs. John Fredericks, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Beebe, Mr. Russell, Mrs. Houston and others.

Mr. Arthur Kelly not only introduced the chorus to the Fillmore people, but he also introduced to them the Company officials who were present, and before the concert began, everyone was in a right rollicking mood.

The men of the chorus never sang better. They seemed to be imbued with the spirit of friendliness which was manifest so strongly, and rose to the occasion. Bob Pierce, as "Old Man Sunshine" put on a new number which was much appreciated, and even his radio dog "Bozo" not to be outdone by the other performers, went through his part of the program without a prompter.

Mr. Charles Francis Coe, famous writer and General Electric advertising expert, who spoke to the Rochester appliance dealers on the evening of May 6, was high in his praise of the Men's Chorus, which was a feature of the meeting. He said in part "I never could get too much of that kind of music." Following this appearance of the Chorus, they next went to Sonyea, on the evening of May 9, where their service of song was presented before the assembled inmates, doctors and attendants of that state institution for epileptics.

Miss Laverne Stark recently became the bride of Mr. John Mitchell. The ceremony was performed at the rectory of the Holy Rosary Church. Following the ceremony the newly weds started out on a motor trip to Virginia. The associates of Miss Stark, at her last day in the office before her wedding, presented her with a fine easy chair. Among the showers given the prospective bride was one at the home of Miss Vera Augenstein and another by the young women of the Second Floor.

We forgot to mention, recently, that with the arrival of that fine baby boy at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Geiger, Mr. Cecil "Shorty" Goodwin became a grandpa.

A recent foursome at golf at the Lakeshore Golf Club was composed of Messers Edward Schipper, Ray Meyers, R. H. Kenyon and James Mallon. Eddie's drives were potent, but his direction was erratic and part of the afternoon the other boys couldn't find him. He just naturally drifted off the fairways and became lost in a neigh-

boring pear orchard. One drive went so far that Eddy didn't even try to find the ball; next game he says he is going to take a compass along and keep on the fairway instead of the pear-way.

Miss Dorothy Dake was entertained by friends recently at Ransomville, N. Y., where a feature of the evening was old time square dances. She was swung so hard by one enthusiastic swain that she said she felt like the man on the flying trapeze. When it comes to a good "workout" you just can't beat the old numbers.

Mr. Irving Breitung has joined the Genesee Yacht Club and is now keeping his speed boat, in the lower Genesee River instead of the Bay. This boat is an 18-foot runabout, or speedabout, replete in chrome and mahogany finish and can do about thirty-six miles per hour when she is warmed up.

Mr. and Mrs. James Coyne and their daughter Patricia, enjoyed a motoring trip to Washington, D. C., where they viewed the famed cherry festival.



Fit as a fiddle and ready to trip the light fantastic. Young women of Miss Kathryn Kehr's dancing class, which now meets Thursday evenings, five fifteen o'clock, on the sixth floor. Left to right they are: Nae Hebbard, Leora Dandy, Lillian Fay, Eleanor Lesczinski, Eleanor Allen, Margery Bent, Winifred Sleep, Dorothy Lovick and (teacher) Kathryn Kehr, whose father is Mr. Fred Kehr, Accounting Department. Perhaps YOU would like to join this class.

Personnel Party

HERE'S a little secret. President Herman Russell has a "sweet tooth." We have noticed him munching apples about the office, but we never knew that one of his weaknesses was maple syrup and pan-cakes. Judging from the numbers of persons who have the same taste, liking those goodies is no distinction, as demonstrated at a recent Chiselers Camp party sponsored by the Personnel Department.

Mr. Russell and "Bill" Hughes were the chefs for the occasion. Dressed in high white chef caps they reminded us of expert pancake throwers along Broadway. While they were expert in their griddle technique, they were kept plenty busy baking cakes for the assembled guests. The cakes tasted better, of course, because they were baked on a mammoth old griddle Mr. Russell had brought from Michigan, from where the first-run Michigan maple syrup also came.

Following the ample dinner of cakes and sausage, music and dancing were enjoyed. A feature of the evening's fun was the shuffle board contest in which President Russell and Vice-President Haftenkamp headed the two contesting teams. Mr. Joseph P. MacSweeney proved himself to be one "crack" shot of the evening.

Miss Margaret Beecher, who formerly was employed in the Garage Office of the Transportation Department, recently took her sacred vows at the convent of the "Sisters of the Divine Child" in Buffalo and has now become Sister Kathleen. Sister Kathleen will devote her life to teaching and religious instruction. Her many friends here send their best wishes for her happiness and success in her noble endeavor.

Mr. Kenneth Lyon, of the Electric Meter Test Room, and his wife were among the guests present at a birthday surprise party Sunday evening, April 14th, at Vicor, N. Y. The party was given for Mrs. William Hudson, formerly of Victor, whose husband is an employee of the Power Billing Department. About thirty-five guests were present and cards and dancing followed a light luncheon.

Mr. Arthur Rockman and two of his friends have again taken for another year the cottage at Forest Lawn known as "O-Tari-On" which makes them for the second summer season a neighbor of Miss Helen Smith, who also summers there. As they do their own cooking, it is nice to be near Helen, just in case of culinary complications.

Mr. Edward Burritt, of Hilton, employed in the Tabulating Department, was host to about twenty of his young men and women associates recently, at a dinner held at his home in Hilton. Following the dinner the entire group attended the Junior Prom, at the Hilton High School.

Mrs. Gertrude Huntington Haladay, formerly of the Order Entry Department, is the mother of a fine baby girl, named Jouce Elaine, who was born on May 5.

Three young men employees of the Second Floor recently assisted the nurses of the Highland Hospital Alumnae Association in the presentation of a three-act comedy "Here Comes Charlie." They are Messers E. Royce Letson, Fred Bellenger and Harvey B. Lannin. Assisting them in the cast were Markita Wiley, Elizabeth Black, "Pete" Lannin, Betty Messersmith, Ethel Laborie and John Sherman. The presentation was given at the St. Luke's Parish House, on May ninth and tenth.

If you chanced to observe Miss Freda McAdam nibbling on a raw carrot just before Easter, it didn't mean that her Doctor had ordered more iron in her diet. She was merely practicing for realism in the part she had to take in a church play, in which she was cast as the "Easter Bunny."

Miss Edith Dambra on Sunday, May 5, entertained the "Cantor Bridge Club" at her home, 117 Ambrose Street. This club was originally organized to play bridge Sunday evenings and listen-in to the Eddy Cantor radio programs. Now these young women are seeking a new name, since Eddy deserted them. The club may transfer its official name to Jack Benny or Will Rogers, unless they get a better break from Grand Hotel or G. Washington coffee. Joe Penner please take notice. How radio does influence us these days.

Mr. Norman Luther recently purchased his 1935 fishing license and is already visualizing a third season's ocean fishing for cod and haddock at Maine. He will get a bit of preliminary practice in local ponds and streams, as

he says "Wherever they're hitting." One reason Norm likes Maine is because one doesn't have to worry about game wardens or fishing licenses.

Miss Edna Crocker recently arranged for the appearance at the Macedon Center Grange, of the Women's Chorus and the R. G. and E. Players who presented the "Magic Lamp." Mr. Frank Houston directed the chorus. Mr. "Art" Kelly was also on hand to do his stuff, as well as "Old Man Sunshine" and the evening was full of enjoyment for the Macedon folks, who seemed to appreciate it.

At a quiet home wedding, Miss Laura Bradfield became the bride of President Herman Russell, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Frank G. Sayers, pastor of the Baptist Temple, at the home of Miss Bradfield's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred J. Bradfield, 42 Edgeland Street. Following the ceremony, which was held in the presence of a few close friends of the couple, the bride and groom left for a short sea trip to Bermuda. Upon their return they will reside at 101 Brookside Drive.



Mr. Louis Shnidman, director of the Company's Chemical Laboratory at East Station, and a group of men and women employees who recently completed Mr. Shnidman's very interesting 8-week course of lectures.



Ins and Outs

We always know beyond a doubt
When politicians seek to win
They want to put somebody out
And thereby put somebody in.

Do-Ra-Me!

When a man tells you "He got his auto for a song," it means that he gave several notes for it.

Perfect Accord!

Hubby: "Trouble with the modern woman, she's trying to copy the habits of the man. And when she does that she makes a perfect fool of herself."

Wife: "Of course."

Party of the First Part

Canvasser: "Madam, I am taking data for the new political directory. What party does your husband belong to?"

Mrs. Peck: "Take a good look, Mister—I'm the party!"

Don't Shove

Suggestion for an opening sentence for a novel depicting college life: "A small coupe drew up in front of a fraternity house and twelve passengers alighted!"

I'm Asking You!

Banker (over phone): "Mr. Cohen, your account is \$3.65 overdrawn."

Mr. Cohen: "That's strange. How did I stand a year ago?"

Banker: "You had a balance of \$550.00."

Mr. Cohen: "Well, did I call you?"

Even Up!

The French were just evacuating the Rhine Valley. A poilu shouted back to a German standing on the bank of the stream.

"Hey, Heinie, the Rhine's a rotten river!"
To which the German replied: "So's your old Marne!"

Good Old Days

Necking was mentioned in the Bible, because Solomon took his third wife into the temple, gave her food and drink and nectar.

Or—Pop Corn!

Success Expert: "What's your name?"

Greek Client: "Gus Poppapopopulos."

Success Expert: "Get a job selling motor-cycles."

Sunny Side Up!

Customer: "Two eggs poached medium soft, buttered toast not too hard, coffee not too much cream in it."

Waiter: "Yes, sir. Would you like any special design on the dishes?"

Morning Exercises

First Salesman: "What shall we do?"

Second Salesman: "I'll spin a coin. If it's heads we'll shoot a game of pool; tails we go to a movie; and if it stands on end we'll call on a customer."

Or, Perhaps, Sclerosis

Mrs. Neurotique: "Doctor, don't you think I have traumatic neurosis?"

Doctor: "Not yet, but I'll write you out a list of the symptoms and you can go home and start working on them."

One Way to Do it!

"Hey, there, feller! What you all runnin' for?"

"I's gwine to stop a fight."

"Who's all fightin'?"

"Jes' me and another feller."

Head Man

A traveling salesman visited a small town, and sold the proprietor of its general store an order of jewelry.

When the jewelry arrived it was not as represented, and the merchant returned it. But the wholesale house, nevertheless, attempted to collect the bill, and drew a sight draft on the merchant through the local bank, which returned the draft unhonored.

The wholesalers then wrote to the postmaster inquiring about the financial standing of the merchant, and the postmaster replied laconically that it was "O. K."

By return mail the wholesalers requested him to "hand the enclosed account to the leading lawyer" of the place for collection.

This is the reply they received:

"The undersigned is the merchant on whom you attempted to palm off your worthless goods.

"The undersigned is president and owner of the bank to which you sent your sight draft.

"The undersigned is the postmaster to whom you wrote, and the undersigned is the lawyer whose service you sought to obtain for your nefarious business.

"If the undersigned were not also the pastor of the church at this place, he would tell you to go to hell."

THE FORGOTTEN MAN

The papers overlooked him, for he
never beat his wife,
He never tried to rob a bank or take
another's life.
And he wasn't very brilliant and he
didn't try for fame,
So there was no real reason for the
press to print his name.
The papers overlooked him—he was
never deep in debt,
He never slipped away from town
with all that he could get,
He never made a million, never wrote
a modern play,
So there wasn't much about him that
the Editor could say.
And the more I think about him, it's
the ordinary man
Who's the glory of the nation, and
the strength of every clan,
So I pay this tribute to him—not the
genius or the crook,
But the honest, normal, average man
the papers overlook.

—SELECTED



Tact

1 1 1

TACT SOMETIMES CONSISTS OF
MERELY SAYING NOTHING
AT THE RIGHT TIME

—Selected—

