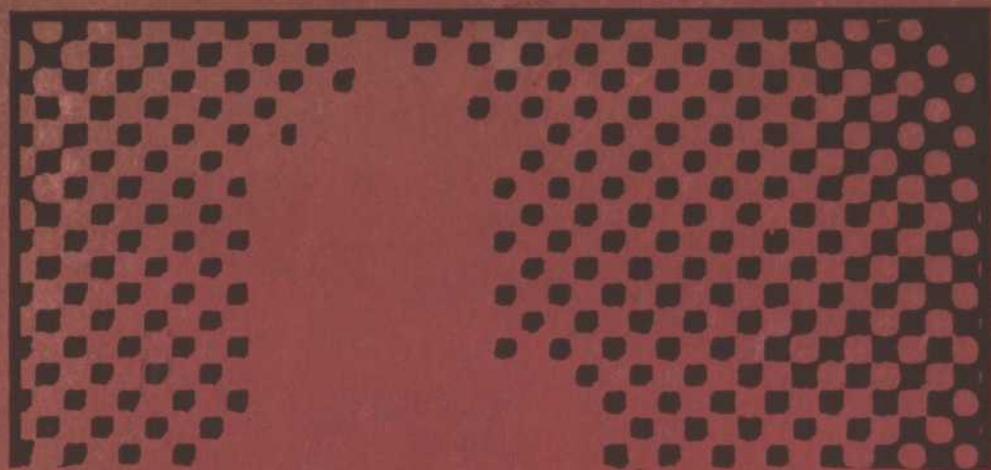
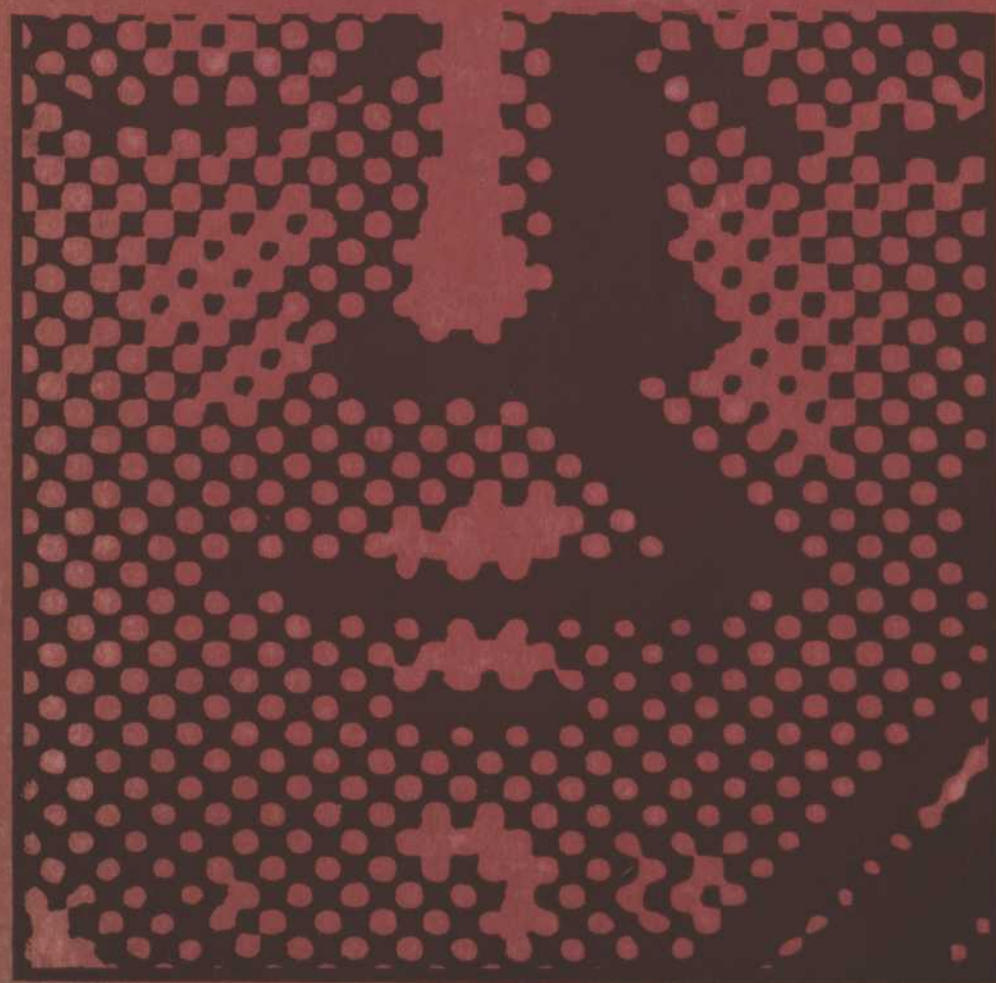
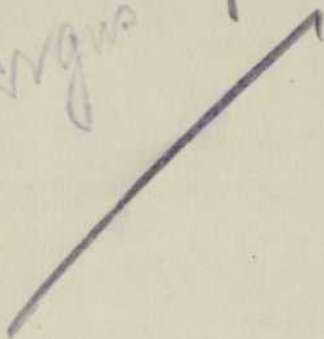




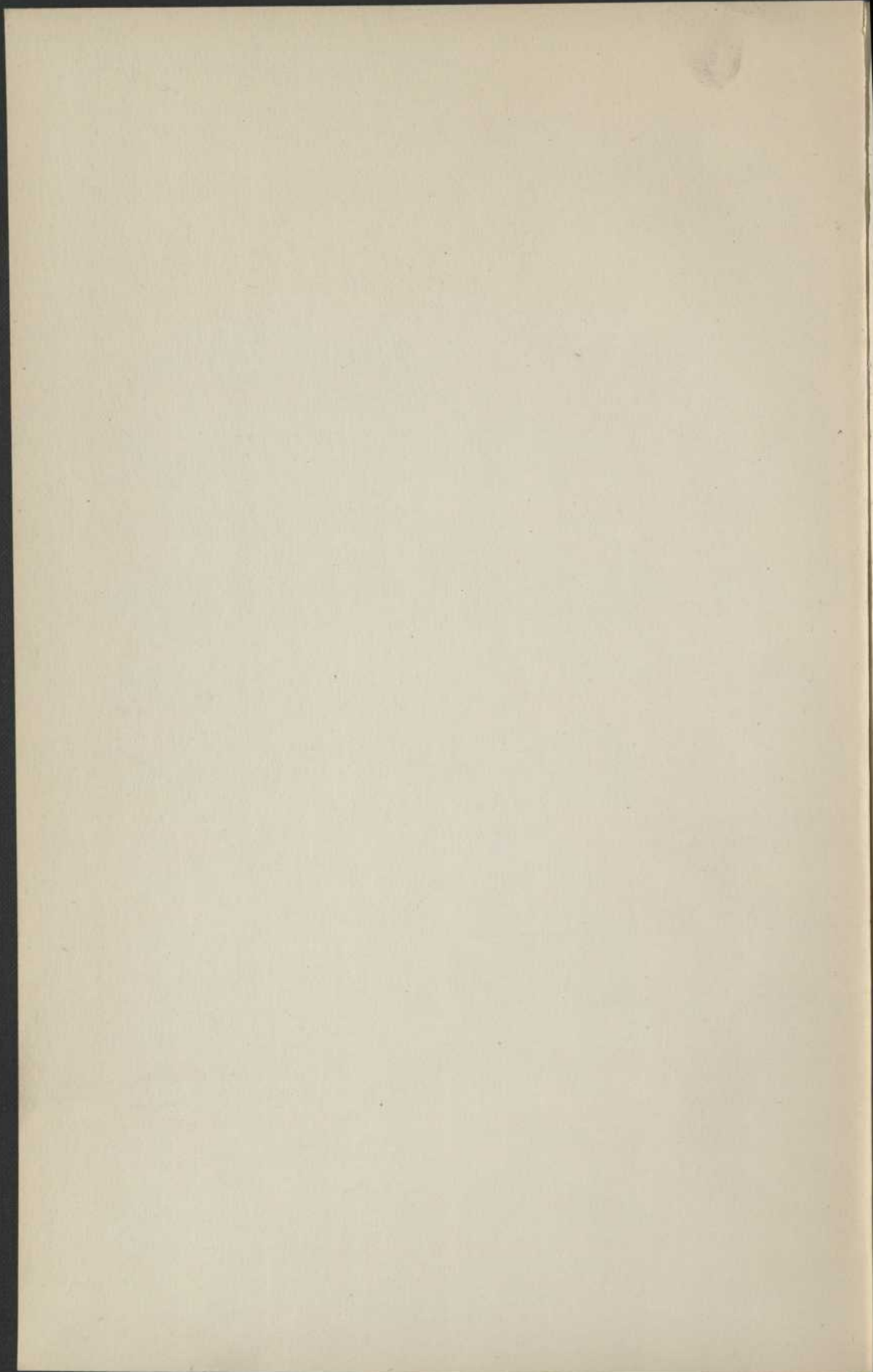
# LAUGHTONES



J. J. Grant



1111  
1111



*Laughtones*

Larghnores

# LAUGHTONES

Being a series of *Humorous* and *Inaccurate*  
biographical sketches of certain

## LEADING CANADIAN ADVERTISING MANAGERS

as they appeared to an *Observer* with  
insufficient opportunity to become  
acquainted with his *Subjects*, and of  
too mean an *Intellect* to do them

## JUSTICE

The whole *EMBELLISHED* with twenty-six

## PORTRAITS

done from the life by the same hand in a manner  
altogether *New* and *Disconcerting*

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Published, and to be obtained at the office of the *Family Herald and Weekly Star*, in St. James  
Street, in the City of Montreal, in this first year of the Reign of His Most Gracious  
Majesty King George VI

MCMXXXVII

# LAUGHTONES

Being a series of humorous and satirical  
biographical sketches of certain

## LEADING CANADIAN ADVERTISING MANAGERS

as they appeared to an Observer with  
insufficient opportunity to become  
acquainted with his subject and of  
too much an interest to do them

## JUSTICE

The whole EMBELLISHED with twenty-six

## PORTRAITS

drawn from the life by the same hand in a manner  
characteristic of the author's style and discriminating

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# Apologies and Preface

JUSTICE demands that this preface start with an apology. The apology is not for the benefit of general readers, inasmuch as when they get this book they will have got something (if very little) for nothing. But it is certainly due to the victims who have been mis-portrayed and misinterpreted so lavishly in these sketches. Advertising men agree that THE PROMINENT ADVERTISING MAN is the noblest work of Nature (to date), and they will be equally unanimous that the writer of this book has failed to measure up to his subject. Yet it need not be entirely useless. The date and place of birth of so many prominent men should make it worth keeping.

These twenty-six sketches ran in "Marketing," fortnightly, during 1936. They were designed to interest advertising men, primarily, and the Family Herald and Weekly Star's name at the bottom was all the advertising obtruded. However the Family Herald is by no means the most unpopular magazine in the farm field, and so many voluntary tributes were paid to it in the course of the interviews, that only a degree of modesty far beyond the writer's could have kept allusions to it from appearing in the text.

As it was impossible to lead a highly skilled cartoonist around the advertising circuit, and as even the most skilled would have been sorely tested by some of the problems confronting him, the author evolved a special method by which he personally mangled a photograph of each victim to obtain the surprising effects which follow. It is a striking testimony to the rugged individuality of the victims that most of the portraits look quite different from each other.

The author was received with so much courtesy by his victims, without exception, and he appreciates so deeply the manner in which his lengthy and inquisitive interrogatories were received, that he dislikes making even slight complaints. But in justice to his art it must be mentioned that this group of advertising men, although representing the finest flower of their profession, seemed to know little or nothing about the personal publicity racket. It was often with the greatest difficulty that he extracted any information beyond the barest details, and when, by the devious arts of the interviewer, he did get these gentlemen going, they seldom enlarged on their success, or told of how they got where they got, which was the author's particular desire. On the contrary, by closing his eyes the author could usually imagine himself on a park bench listening to that most delightful of all modern types—the cheerful down-and-outer.

However, the sketches have been written with complete honesty—almost. It was necessary to try to be slightly humorous, to be bright, to stick to facts, to avoid offending the victim's friends by being too nice, and to avoid offending him by being too nasty. Advertising men in need of strenuous mental exercise are asked to believe that the writer held the balance strictly level.

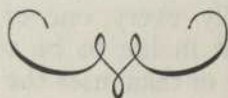
It would be possible to write another volume on "The Natural History of the Advertising Manager," based on these interviews, but it is sufficient to mention here two of the qualities of the Genus which seem almost universal. Practically every one of these advertising managers started out in life to be something else, and practically every one of them uses the Family Herald and Weekly Star.

Having preserved throughout this series of sketches a quite unnatural reticence on the subject of the Family Herald and Weekly Star, the greatest, and the only national farm magazine in Canada, the safety valve must be opened for a few lines. It is not by chance that so many of the best informed and responsible men disbursing advertising appropriations should consider the Family Herald a basic element in their plans. For it is not

absolutely necessary to use it. A certain coverage of the rural field can be wangled without it. A few large advertisers do not use it. But practically all those advertisers to whom the farm field is important do use it, not only because it gives the largest coverage at the smallest cost, but because its sixty-six years record shows it to be a producer of results. Its intangible qualities as a well-loved and strongly influential stand-by of rural Canadians are facts as true as the circulation and rate structure which appear in black and white in advertising directories.

But unlike daily newspapers and ordinary city magazines, the Family Herald and Weekly Star with its circulation almost exclusively going to farms, villages and small towns, is not ordinarily read, or even seen, by city business men and their families. For that reason it has published these sketches—a very indirect form of advertising—knowing that if readers of them are led to look at the Family Herald and Weekly Star's A.B.C. Reports and at its rate card, and if at the same time they give due weight to the experience of so many leading advertisers, little more in the way of direct salesmanship will be needed.

R. S. K.



GLEN BANNERMAN, President of the Hudson's Bay Motor Car Company, Ltd., is shown in the photograph above.

The photograph above shows the President of the Hudson's Bay Motor Car Company, Ltd., in the company's new motor car.

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GLEN  
BANNERMAN  
Hudson Motors of Canada

Hudson Motors of Canada, Ltd., is a company that has been established for the purpose of manufacturing and selling motor cars in Canada.



GLEN  
BANNERMAN  
Hudson Motors of Canada

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GLEN BANNERMAN was brought up on a farm and the Family Herald and Weekly Star at West Gwillimbury in Simcoe County. These advantages more than explain his appointment as Assistant Sales Manager in charge of Advertising for Hudson-Essex at the early age of 37.

He attended school at Dunkerron and Tottenham. We omitted to question him on his deportment during that period, but if he was a Model, our psychology isn't.

In 1913 he went to Jarvis Collegiate, Toronto, working his way through college by going overseas with the 2nd University Company and joining the P.P.C.L.I. in France in 1915.

A spectacular promotion to Corporal went to his head, and he applied for an Air Force commission, but the Medical Board spotted his doubtful eye and made him Temporary 2nd Lieut. in the South Staffordshires instead.

After learning to take a salute without blushing, he returned to France in 1918 and became Acting Captain when a misunderstanding with the Germans prevented any of the other officers of his Company acting until repaired.

In February, 1919, he was a Staff Lieut. at the repatriation centre at Winchester, eventually repatriating himself to Jarvis Collegiate at the age of 22½, with his heart in his new boots because he hadn't done his homework.

The things he had learnt overseas were not the kind which look well in examination papers, but he managed to get through his Junior and Honour Matric. in one year.

He went through U. of T. on his war gratuity and into the Advertising Service Company on his nerve, which disappeared almost as quickly as the gratuity, leaving him convinced that he knew nothing about advertising. So in 1928 he got a job with the Catalogue and Mail Order Advertising Department of the Robert Simpson Company.

He informed us that he would not take \$10,000 for the experience he got there, so we forebore to offer it, although his pronouncement was more wistful than firm.

Leaving Simpson's in 1930 owing to one of those incidents which make these brief biographies brief, he joined the Ronalds Agency as Account Executive, working largely on the Hudson and Northern Electric accounts, but in 1933, when Hudson established a Sales organization in Canada, Ronalds surrendered him to his present job.

Hudson advertising is rigorously "merchandised," and Glen Bannerman's minute examination of cost, coverage, and sales has convinced him that the old folks at home knew best after all in relying on the Family Herald and Weekly Star.

Mr. Bannerman was made an M.B.E. after the Armistice—probably for never smoking during the war, and is Vice-Pres. of the A.C.A., and also titular head of a Private Company consisting of "Sandy," aged 4, and the lady Glen met when making a survey on Shirriff's Lushus Jellies in Hamilton.



G. M. BERTRAM  
Lever Brothers Limited

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**G**EORGE MURRAY BERTRAM was born at Lindsay, Ontario, in 1880, but brought his family to Toronto six months later. His first view of Yonge Street impressed him so much that he still parts his hair straight down the centre, with roughish areas on each side.

He took Engineering and Lawn Tennis at U. of T., gaining highest honours in the Ontario doubles championship of 1900. During vacations he got some education at his father's Bertram Engine Works. Here he learned that a man is worth just what others will pay him—in this case five cents an hour. He also acquired, once and for all, the technique of not monkeying with buzz saws. The lessons have stuck, but the two fingers had to be buried.

Thenceforth promotion was rapid. The second Summer he got six cents an hour, the third he got \$50.00 from his mother and left for New York and a job selling machinery for the Sullivan Machinery Company. At first the staff consisted of one salesman and one girl, but Mr. Bertram shortly consisted of both.

He specialized in selling rock drills to Irish contractors who called him "Sullivan" and didn't know that he came from Toronto.

He travelled all over the States and Panama Canal Zone, until sentenced to manage the office at Joplin, Mo., when he returned to Canada in 1910.

His brother-in-law, W. H. Moore, who owned the "Canadian Courier" and the "Canadian Farm," took him down to his office, told the Manager, "Bertram is taking So-and-So's job," and departed. On learning that So-and-So had been Advertising Manager, Mr. Bertram decided to go in for advertising.

This experience has given him a shock-proof technique for handling space salesmen. It consists of a courteous reception of everything the salesman has to say until he begins to say it, whereupon Mr. Bertram introduces the subject of "The Application of Engineering Principles to Advertising." When he reaches for his loose-leaf volume of coloured statistics, the experienced salesman reaches for his hat.

But his passion for FACTS and Engineering Principles is not fanatical, and he seldom mentions them outside his office or home, except when talking to people.

After eight years he left the "Courier" and went into retreat to gain spiritual refreshment with the Lincoln Electric Company. He then returned to Advertising with renewed faith in Engineering, and became an executive with the James Fisher Agency.

Three years later he became Advertising Manager of Lever Bros., where he has applied Engineering Principles to Advertising so ruthlessly that Lever Bros. is one of the largest users of space in the Family Herald and Weekly Star.

He claims that advertising is merely an Instrument, and that if he could invent another which would get soap to consumers more cheaply, he would use it. Publishers know it can't be done—but you never see a Patent Solicitor's advertisement on the same page as Lux.

He plays tennis, golf, bridge, badminton, and was a squash rackets internationalist.

He is married, with two grown-up daughters, but has quite a say down at the office where he is a Director as well as Advertising Manager.



FRANK M.  
DOWSETT  
TOGETHER WITH "PERKY"  
Gutta Percha & Rubber

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IT SEEMS doubtful whether Frank Dowsett or "Perky" is really Advertising Manager of Gutta Percha & Rubber Ltd. Frank certainly acts busy around the office, but "Perky" is the real hound for publicity.

He was born in London, England, in 1897 (Frank—not "Perky"), and owing to the death of his father went to work at 14, in Truscott's, the London Printer and Publisher. In 1914 he stood on tip-toe and enlisted as a stretcher-bearer, serving through to the Armistice, when the regimental concert party "The Merry Medics," of which Medics he was a member, was promoted to amuse the Division. He toured the Division as baritone, heavy comedian (with red nose), and light (without).

Late in 1919 he was back clerking in Truscott's, but found it so dismal after army life that he went to Leicester to do sales promotion for a group of periodicals there. Here he began to get the benefit of the advertising course which he had taken at the London School of Printing, and of his experience as comic baritone (light). He did everything from running a Vacation Bureau to Theatrical criticism, and from Sports writing to comic stripping.

In view of the nature of his jobs, an undue pomposity of demeanor was expected of him, and remembering the camaraderie, if not more, of Canadian soldiers, he came to Canada in 1926, with five letters from Canadian publishers telling him he would be a fool to leave a good job in England, as introductions. He presented the appropriate one to the "Toronto Star" at 8.45 a.m. one cold November morning, just 1¼ hrs. after his train came in. He was offered a job starting in 10 days, but such leisurely English methods did not suit him. He wanted more camaraderie than that, and at 9.15 presented his second letter to the Consolidated Press and became solicitor for the "Canadian Trader and Jeweller" at 9.30.

Before coming to Canada he had decided that he would learn every nook and cranny of the advertising business before settling down, and after three months went to Harold C. Lowrey doing "copy, ideas, and contact," which showed him two more nooks and a cranny. After a year he transferred to Nestle's Food to look after Radio advertising, and then to Brigden's creative department for a year, followed by seven months as sales promotion manager of Kolster Radio, which folded under him and sent him back to Brigden's as head of the creative department for another year. After two years with the Consolidated Industries group sponsoring De Forest Crosley radios and Norge refrigerators, he went to J. J. Gibbons Ltd. to handle that account. When, two years later, the management of Gutta Percha & Rubber Ltd., whose fingers are seldom far from the pulse of the times, were considering increasing the tempo of their advertising, Frank Dowsett was recommended and became Advertising Manager in 1934. Our own guess is that—unless "Perky" ousts him—he is settled, if not set there, because unavoidably we overheard a telephone conversation in which Mr. Dowsett promised to take her up in an airplane that afternoon and mentioned that some important date was "getting close," and we all know the effect of that kind of thing on getting settled.

"Perky" is Frank's idea, but Gutta Percha's dog, and has his papers to show it, and is getting so well-known to readers of the Family Herald and Weekly Star that one of them wrote in to ask if he ever had puppies and how much.

Mr. Dowsett's recreations are sports of all kinds and reading philosophy and metaphysics.



CLIFFORD  
✓ ✓ ELVINS  
Imperial Life  
Assurance Co.

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YOU can't help liking Clifford Elvins. Plenty have tried hard, but they always come round within ten years. This is because of his laugh. It starts in the belly and finishes with a complete dissolution of the features; instead of beginning in the sales manual and ending with the dotted line, although he has been 35 years in Insurance.

But although he laughs with the diaphragm, he buys advertising with the cerebellum.

Mr. Elvins was born at Belleville in 1879. His father was a market gardener, and thrice weekly young Cliff went in with the truck wagon at 5.30 a.m. After school he would do his hoe and homework. In his spare time he went to bed.

At 14 he became a clerk in Ritchie's Department Store, until his father's health broke down, and he took charge of the farm and family for a time, and at 18 he knew enough about farming and retailing to make him take up stenography and come to Toronto.

They had a Nordheimer piano at home, so he called on Mr. Nordheimer, who got him a job as stenographer with Nerlich & Co. at \$4.00 a week, where he developed his technique of laughing from the belly to occupy it.

After a year and a half, J. H. Gundy, a Sunday school associate, got him a job as stenographer and semi-secretary to Mr. E. R. Wood, of Central Canada Loan, Dominion Securities, etc., ad inf.

Shortly afterwards he was transferred to Canada Life, and later sent to Pittsburg, Pa., as assistant cashier.

Even Mr. Elvins couldn't laugh that off, so he came back to London and went on the road for Imperial Life. After three months contact with the Elvins laugh, Head Office assigned him to travel the country shepherding lapsed policies back into the bill-fold.

In those days Life Companies didn't have Advertising Managers. Somebody like the Actuary in Charge of Medical Departments looked after the advertising, which explains a lot. When his particular A. i/c M.D. left, Mr. Elvins was given charge of the advertising.

His relations with the various gentlemen who have commanded his destinies have always been so smooth that now, if he sits on a roll of barbed wire, he wonders who's been greasing the cushions.

That's the kind of funny ideas he gets. Another was that Life Assurance advertising should make people buy Life Assurance. He almost got fired again for that one.

It is irony of Fate that nobody fires him now, when he has two sons capable of supporting him.

He is a leading proponent of the co-operative Life Assurance advertising which runs so successfully in the Family Herald and Weekly Star and possibly elsewhere.

He's got a fine, big office now, and a fine, big laugh, but there was more zip to it when he had to dodge while laughing. Still—he's fond of his garden—that's something.



# Z. A. HALL

## Hall Foundry Co.

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SOME readers of this book don't know Mr. Hall, but 300,000 Family Herald and Weekly Star readers know him—and know that he's an A.I. advertising man, too. A shining "Fireco" range in the kitchen proves it.

They know him because he knows them—as well as any advertising man in Canada. (advt.) He was born among them at Millbank, Ont., went to school among them at St. Marys and Strathroy, and has lived with them ever since, mostly around Preston, Hespeler and South Waterloo.

He wanted to be a doctor, changed to school teaching, was principal of Preston school for many years, until he discovered that a clever young fellow of thirty-five could make more than \$750 a year, and went to work for the Forbes Estate, book-keeping, and handling farm loans and mortgages.

Then he took over a stove factory at Grimsby in which he owned a large interest, and later moved it to Hespeler, as "The Hall Foundry Company."

By 1929 he had added a large hockey stick factory, and a toy sled and wagon business. All three were running profitably and economically, but the last two had been partly financed by the banks and were comparatively new when the depression came.

But Mr. Hall still owns the Foundry Company.

A few years ago a Family Herald evangelist called on him. Hating waste more than ever, Mr. Hall swapped his salesmen and local dealers for full pages in Canada's National Farm Magazine, and doesn't worry about waste any more.

Now, he only sells each stove once. Previously he had sold most of them three times. First he sold it to the dealer, then he sold it for the dealer, and then had to hustle back and resell it to the buyer because of unsatisfactory installation.

Does Mr. Hall know rural psychology? He has a small, worn 5-cent notebook which says yes. It says that his follow-up methods are so effective that 24% of the readers who clipped coupons from the Family Herald, bought stoves, at \$100 per.

He insists on preparing his own advertisements, although many experts have come out to Hespeler to tell him they were terrible. But he is improving, and the advertising cost of his last full page was only 2.9% of his sales, so there is a chance of satisfying the experts yet, and bringing it down to nothing at all.

Mr. Hall is married and has a daughter in the U. of T. Library, but he is a tall, rugged-looking man with a mouth which might be grim if it wasn't chuckling at the experts so much. His office is even more rugged, and although there is a most efficient book-keeping system, Mr. Hall isn't above using the calendar on the wall, too. He is an active, public-spirited man, and an ex-M.P.P., but is apt to call a spade a spade, or something much stronger—also Banks.

He says: "In the last three years since the Family Herald and Weekly Star has been my banker, I have had more pleasure in doing business than ever before."



# CLEMENT HARRIS

Cockshutt Plow:  
Frost and Wood

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SINCE 1877, when the Cockshutt Plow Co. was started, it has consistently developed new lines to serve the farmer's changing, growing needs. One of its latest and smoothest models is Clement Harris, who was added to the Cockshutt line in 1926 as Assistant to the Manager of the Export and Advertising Department. Subjected to the usual severe testing under practical conditions, improvements were made in the original model, until in 1928, as a result of the need for a perfectly adapted machine for each job, the present specialized model was developed and named "Advertising Manager."

He first became something more than an "idea" of his inventors on January 9th, 1903, at Shoeburyness, England, but at four years old was brought to Brantford and apparently has not found any better place to go.

He was educated at public and high schools in Brantford and then at University of Toronto, where he took Honour English and History.

During two of his college vacations he worked on a newspaper; the other two he slept in a bank, so is now ready for practically anything—day or night.

His desire for some method of self-expression, which had found an outlet in amateur dramatics and music, made him give serious thought to the newspaper world as a suitable one to conquer, but he was lucky, and, a job turning up with Cockshutt, he was saved. However, in his multifarious relations with printers, his experience as reporter and proofreader must come in very handy, the first giving his vocabulary the necessary voltage for printers, and the second an understanding of where it will hurt most.

When he graduated in 1926 and went to Cockshutt, he was still under the impression that "Assistant to the Manager of the Export and Advertising Department" had something to do with self-expression, but soon learned that his job was to express the Cockshutt Plow Co. and nothing else, except under his breath.

But as he is one of the three lone bachelor advertising managers in this series of twenty-six Laughtones, he gets a chance outside office hours, and is back to amateur dramatics and playing the piano.

In addition to dramatic work and music, Mr. Harris reads a lot of history and biography, both in French and English, golfs a little—language not known, gardens, and places advertising in the Family Herald and Weekly Star.

In design he is stream-lined, with minimum air resistance, geared to all speeds, abbreviated speech transmission, quiet goodwill radiator, and anti-friction bearing. Length overall 5' 11", approximate shipping weight 150 lbs.

Cockshutt Plow is one of the oldest advertisers in the Family Herald, and Clement Harris one of the youngest advertising managers using it.



B. W.  
KEIGHTLEY  
Canadian Industries Ltd.

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**B**ERTRAM WILLIAM KEIGHTLEY'S life appears singularly uneventful if you rely on his words alone, but there is a block of C-I-L compressed salt in his office, which comes in useful too.

He was born in 1894 in Halifax, learned to talk in 1896, and has never forgotten. His interest in words was first kindled when he was sent to school in Scotland at the age of eight, and saved his skin by learning to say "Ecchlefechan Auchtmuchty and Milngavie."

After further schooling in England, he returned in 1913 to farm in New Brunswick. That was before the days of Granular Super-phosphate, Semesan Bel, and other sonorous names with which C-I-L has enlivened agricultural terminology, and finding that even contributing to the Moncton Transcript could not satisfy his craving, he gave up farming and entered a completely vocabularized vocation, getting a job as advertising solicitor on the Quebec Telegraph.

Having become Advertising Manager he looked around for fresh words to conquer, and in 1923 became "New England and Canadian Representative for the Standard Publishing Corporation of New York and Chicago," which is pretty fair, if you conquer them all in one breath.

In the course of selling and installing advertising systems, and showing business men the need of rationalizing advertising thought, he got the scenic torrent of his vocabulary routed through the turbines of thought with increasing effectiveness. Besides having the power to say a lot, he also has a lot to say, and is one of the most effective speakers in the trade. Anyone who has heard him explaining the value of a four-colour-sixteen-pages-at-a-crack advertisement in a list of magazines which did not include the Family Herald and Weekly Star must recognize his dialectical genius.

It's those tough problems that he enjoys, and no one ever heard him address a meeting on: "Why C-I-L uses the Family Herald to advertise such varied products as Fungicides, Livestock Rations, 'Cel-O-Glass,' Fertilizers, Explosives, Paints, Salt and Ammunition."

In 1929 he attended the Berlin Convention of the International Advertising Clubs, and in 1930 returned to New Brunswick as sales manager of the chief St. John department store, thus completing his cycle of experience from primary producer to retailer, all of which came in handy when he went to C-I-L as Advertising Supervisor in 1932.

Mr. Keightley is a modest man within modest limits, and hides his light under a cellophane bushel.

He is a Director of the Montreal Advertising Club, President of the Association of Canadian Advertisers, and says he is the worst golfer in C-I-L—but that sounds like the story about the sixteen page advertisement—if you've seen some of the others golfing.

He is an omnivorous reader, a versatile writer, and when directing the construction of a C-I-L Exhibition booth with a gleam of décor moderne in his eye, and a smudge of paint on his nose, looks like an inspired post-impressionist plumber. His enthusiasm for modern design finds expression in his private studio at home—probably the most "moderne" in Montreal, and if the book he's writing in it harmonizes, James Joyce is out of luck.



J. A.  
LIVINGSTON  
Firestone Tire & Rubber

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**J**OHN ARMSTRONG LIVINGSTON, Sales Manager of the Firestone Tire and Rubber Co., comes of a family of newspapermen. Anybody who has seen a reporter trying to cover a riot, a burglary, and a society wedding simultaneously, and telephoning in all three stories before the dead line ten minutes ago, will understand the quiet restfulness which so distinguishes him.

He was born in Montreal 42 years ago, educated in Toronto. After 4 years fire-ranging in Northern Ontario, he followed the Livingston tradition by getting a job as reporter.

For 6 years he covered the railways, hotels, and water-front for the Mail and Empire, followed by a period with the old Toronto World as Police Reporter and Hamilton Representative. These two jobs were separate.

When the World folded, Mr. Livingston, who used to deduct his salary from collections before forwarding, remained unfolded and went to the H. K. McCann Agency as Account Executive.

Sixteen years ago the Firestone Company, which was just starting in Canada, engaged him as Manager of the Advertising Department, but after a few agonized weeks figuring out how to manage a non-existent department and phantom staff, he decided to end it all and went on the road selling tires.

His title of "Advertising Manager" fell into desuetude, and now Mr. Livingston has to be content with the salary, the authority, and the dim, sweet memory.

He became Manager for the Maritimes, then for Toronto, then for Ontario, then Assistant Sales Manager with advertising responsibilities collecting again like burrs.

He is one of the best known and widely (and swiftly) travelled sales executives in Canada, averaging three coast to coast tours per annum, and visiting 90 per cent of the country's post offices through the Family Herald and Weekly Star. He is of the opinion that he can get more business in the field than by warming a swivel chair, which is just as well, since the swivel takes terrific punishment when he uses it.

He belongs to no clubs and does not play golf, believing that his time can be better used in selling Firestone products.

So this interviewer was lucky to catch him just after he had got back from a fishing trip and before he had finished getting things fixed to go hunting.

When not travelling, he takes a busman's holiday, and reads travel books voraciously, absorbing the continents separately. He is now in Mongolia.

He is married, has one young son, John, Jr., and an older adopted son, Roy. Puts family first, business second, and hunting third, but this interviewer takes no responsibility for the ranking.

His movements are decisive and quick, and his hands and feet replace each other on the desk so quickly that after saying goodbye, this interviewer was not surprised to find shoe polish on his hand.



**J. G. LORRIMAN**  
Eastern Steel Products Ltd.

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**M**R. J. G. LORRIMAN is Manager of Eastern Steel Products at Preston because he does not like pork pies or school teaching, although his father taught school for 50 years.

His first job after graduating from Toronto University with Honours in Classics and History, was with the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway at Buffalo, in the Car Tracing Department; but it did not give scope for his scholastic attainments, so he joined the William Davies Company in the Selling Pork Pies to Butchers Department. Still climbing, he applied for a position at Pickering College, advertised as "teaching of History and Classics." When he found he really had to supervise athletics he met the test triumphantly, not having wasted his time at College by neglecting football, hockey, basketball, or failing to edit the Sports page of "The Varsity."

He stayed a year, getting \$42 a month, board, a future wife, and laundry, which seems a lot, but he had to think of the(ir) future, so after a year became Montreal Editor of "Hardware and Metal" at \$40 a month with prospects but no laundry.

But Montreal is a long way from Brantford (she lived at Brantford), so he came up to interview Mr. Dolph of Eastern Steel Products at Preston, and after obtaining a couple of days' delay to consult his "parents" (at Brantford), took the job of Advertising Manager at \$1,200 a year and was at last in a position to support a double laundry bill for the rest of his life, and did.

He became Sales Manager, but after 3 years was tempted into becoming Editor-in-Chief of "Hardware and Metal" by what seemed a fabulous salary and triple laundry now. He was promoted to Manager shortly afterwards.

Six years later, in 1918, he went to Brandram-Henderson as Advertising Manager and Manager of the Marine Division.

For a short time in 1918 he was with Harry Cockfield managing the Toronto office of the Advertising Service Co., and hearing that the Metal Shingle and Siding Co. were going to change their advertising agency, he went out to Preston to see Mr. Dolph and gobble up the account.

However, Mr. Dolph gobbled first, and J. G. Lorriman has been at Preston ever since, which is practically what we said at the beginning, when we should have been trying to prove that Mr. Lorriman was born in ——— and has been a convinced believer in Family Herald and Weekly Star advertising ever since—but we forgot to question him on either of these subjects, which don't really matter, because he always uses the Family Herald anyway, and has four sons so must have been born too—so what?

Mr. Lorriman has held practically every job in town which didn't need popular election, including President of the Board of Trade, Chairman of the School Board, Chairman of the Library Board, President of the Athletic Association, President of the Rotary Club, etc.

But he would like to do one really BIG JOB before and exclusive of dying.



JOHN MARTIN

Massey-Harris Co. Limited

**J**OHNN MARTIN was born in Glasgow in 1891—the same year that the Massey Manufacturing Company and the Harris Company gave birth to Massey-Harris. Massey-Harris was the bigger baby, but Johnny Martin was easier to manage.

His father sent him to Glasgow High School and the West of Scotland Technical College with a view to the Calico Printing business.

But young Martin was a head-strong lad and took courses for the Baptist Ministry in his spare time.

In 1911 a chum was coming to Canada and Martin suddenly decided to come too, thinking there might be a wide field in the ministry there. He found it wide enough, but so cluttered with the carnage of theological controversy that he went to Galt.

His unquenchable desire to influence others, being denied the pulpit, he took a course in Journalism.

But he was only 21 then.

He did not even know that Journalists and Advertising men have nothing in common, except their opinion of the composing room, and started studying advertising.

But his first real job was ripping up safes for the Goldie, McCullough Company. He stood inside the vault and held the door while the mechanic hammered the plates from outside.

By preventing him from studying advertising, this removed the worst obstacle to his advancement. An Advertising Manager can have practically anything on his record—and often does—except a serious course in advertising, studied seriously.

He then sought a quieter atmosphere as Accountant in the Galt Art Metal Company, later changing to the Sales Department.

A Big advertising campaign for a barn book was running, and John Martin was fortunate in learning at the outset of his career, the fundamental principle of Canadian advertising—that the Family Herald and Weekly Star brings the biggest returns.

Although a salesman, he took a keen interest in the firm's advertising, discovering and suggesting improvements, and in the end found himself holding the bag in which they were to be put.

But he had now learnt that the agate line influences humanity as much as the pulpit or the editorial, and determined to become an **ADVERTISING MANAGER**.

He went to the E. W. Gillett Company for a year, but they already had one who looked quite healthy, so he decided that Massey-Harris seemed to offer him an opportunity, although they hadn't mentioned it. So he mentioned the point to them, and started as Assistant to Mr. Hunt in 1917. In 1922 he became Manager of the Advertising and Printing Department.

His printery—the second largest private plant in Canada, is right next to his office, but sounds bigger and closer, although he thinks that possibly the old vault hammering job was noisier.

Mr. Martin is married and has a 15-year-old son who prevents Dad missing the printery too much in the quiet of his home.

An active director of the Toronto Ad. Club, he has been President of the Association of Canadian Advertisers, while still retaining some hankering for the Ministry. He has a very versatile mind.



# HARRIS   /   / McFAYDEN McFayden Seed Co.

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**H**ARRIS McFAYDEN is the son of a Caledon, Ont., doctor whose six children all went through College and lived a normal life except Harris, who ran away to sea and was pinched on a cattle boat, but later went through Ontario Agricultural College and got his B.S.A.

As a schoolboy he was tough enough to take his bumps easily, and when the late depression came along had the guts to lick it—and even develop a nice taste in coloured shirtings in the process.

When many firms were using their wings to protect their ears, Mr. McFayden rode the storm on the pinions of faith, hope, and what seemed like charity to the gardening public. After the failure of his first venture in the seed business during the 1921 depression, he borrowed \$700 in January, 1923, and using small advertisements in the Family Herald and Weekly Star and the Free Press Prairie Farmer, paid back the money in March. He went on the road in the summers, selling land and adjusting hail losses for the Great West Life to get working capital for the winter's business, leaving the caretaker of the building to carry on the business. When he came back he slept on a shake-down at the office until the money began coming in.

His first job on graduation was as Agricultural Editor of the Family Herald and Weekly Star, followed by a similar position on the Mail and Empire. Then he became Seed Commissioner for Saskatchewan, leaving to act as Canadian Manager at Winnipeg for the Garton Pedigree Seed Co. In that position he attended exhibitions all over Canada and the U.S.A., putting on exhibits for his firm and selling seeds for spring delivery.

His first private venture left him the poorer by some \$20,000 cash and the richer by about \$50,000 worth of experience, which is considered a good profit in the seed business.

The success of the present firm has been due largely to his policy of giving as much as possible for as little as possible, and by a lavish expenditure of that \$50,000 worth of experience.

But the chief cause of the growth of the McFayden Seed Co. has been the boss's inability to keep a secret. The excellence of his seeds and service leaked out. Each year, as he managed to spend a little more on advertising, the leak grew bigger, until in 1935 it leaked all over 9 full, two-colour pages in the Family Herald and Weekly Star—the largest campaign ever run by a Canadian seed house.

In summer Mr. McFayden spends most of his time at his new 170-acre experimental seed farm just outside Winnipeg. In winter he supervises his Ford-like organization for filling seed orders which reach as many as 3,800 a day.

He has two daughters and is fond of them and gardening and shooting, but chiefly of fishing. He is a Rotarian, a Mason, and a hearty fellow who wears coloured shirts and means it.



R. K. McINTOSH  
General Foods Limited

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**M**R. R. K. McINTOSH is Vice-President in Charge of General Foods Advertising and Sales—and you might have guessed it. In spite of the importance of the Company he represents, his office is as small and simple as a Railway President's, but any effect of ascetic austerity observable, is not the effect of conscious effort, but is quite undesigned.

Anyone can come and go freely who can get past the Stenographer, Secretary, and Office Boy. If Mr. McIntosh himself hurries into the outer office to greet you, you need not be surprised—but there is no rule against it.

R. K. McIntosh worked his way up from the bottom, having come in on the ground floor with P. McIntosh & Son, who first put packaged cereals on the Canadian market.

His first position was sticking labels on packages. The firm had been founded by his grandfather, carried on by his father, and as there were no machines for that purpose, young Reg. stuck with it.

Somewhat earlier, he had been born in Toronto in 1879. Soon after he became a salesman, he was carrying the Advertising Department in his suitcase, but returned to work at the Head Office, when he learnt that they now had a labelling machine.

In 1902, on his father's death, he took over the management. He was then 23 but had retained much of his youthful vigor.

In 1910 he sold the business to the Canadian Cereal and Milling Company, acting as Assistant to the General Manager for four years.

Then he travelled for a couple of years, and returned to become General Manager of the Battle Creek Toasted Cornflake Company, where he also had direct charge of advertising.

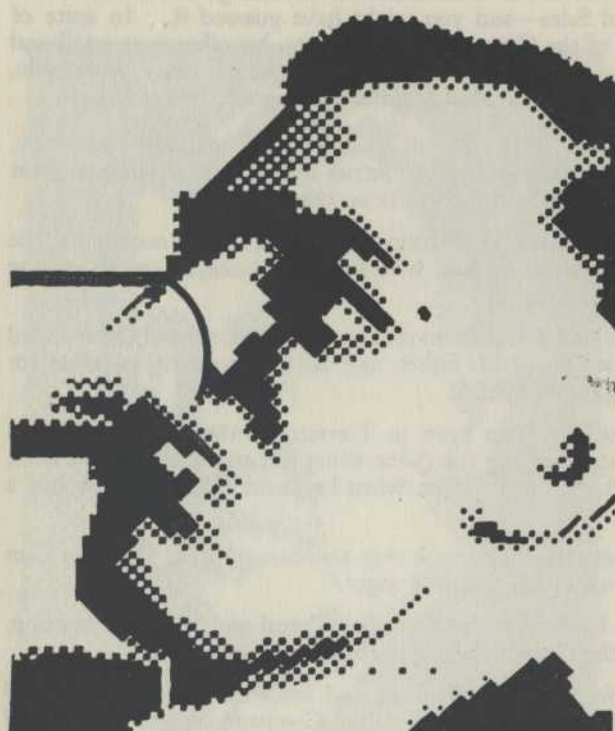
Joining the Postum Company in charge of Sales and Advertising in 1920, he found himself in a flood tide of purchases and mergers, which he rode successfully, and to-day is a member of the Presbyterian Church Board.

When he was a young man, Mr. McIntosh won a scholarship in music, but chose cereals. He doesn't belong to the Family Herald and Weekly Star's "Music Club" or read its "Old Favorite Songs" feature, which prevents him being a musical genius, but has demonstrated sales genius by using the Family Herald extensively for advertising.

In appearance Mr. McIntosh resembles a man who goes big game fishing in Florida every winter and catches the biggest kingfish of the season—if it had only been a half-inch longer. But the Pullman conductor put it in a nutshell when he came to the drawing room where Mr. McIntosh and two other officials of his Company were travelling, and said: "Are you General Foods?"

The earliest Canadian McIntosh settled at Queenston in 1812, the latest one settled in the General Foods Sales Department in 1930.

Mr. McIntosh is married and has two daughters, and a son who is getting training in salesmanship under the rigid discipline of "General Foods."



# E. F. MILLARD

Ford Motor Co.  
of Canada Limited

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**M**R. E. F. MILLARD, Advertising Manager of Ford of Canada, is the kind of man who is almost impossible to fit into two columns even by cutting out the Family Herald and Weekly Star at the bottom. He was born in Vancouver, got his primary education at public schools, his secondary at Vancouver Engineering Works as junior clerk and salesman, his higher education at the war, and really began to learn something when he got a job in the Accounting Department of the Ford Motor Company in 1919.

Anybody with sufficient nerve can go to a purchasing agent, say "Anything for me to-day?", take a blue print, and bring back a quotation.

Anybody with sufficient vocabulary can become the youngest Sergeant-Major of the Canadian Expeditionary Force and be mentioned in despatches at 18.

But nobody can understand Corporation Accounting Systems who hasn't got BRAINS.

These he acquired by taking two nights a week of Higher Accounting at the University of Detroit.

He followed with a course of Lower Accounting to learn how little fellows run their business—knowledge of considerable value when he was given charge of the Branch Audit Division.

Although the auditing of advertising accounts had taught him the meaning of technical advertising terms such as "85c per Agate Line" or "Entertainment . . . \$103.75," he was as near to being surprised as an ex-Sergeant-Major can be, when the Secretary asked him how he would like to take charge of the Advertising Department.

He controlled his impulse to kiss the Secretary, and thus became Advertising Manager.

He had bitten off a lot but had good teeth, and was used to the sensation. For he had entered the Accounting Department knowing nothing whatever about accounting principles, whereas now he knew at least twice as much as that about advertising.

Association with leading advertising experts quickly taught him about the Family Herald and Weekly Star and other fundamental advertising principles.

Within a year he had learnt enough to fill an advertising manager's shoes and get corns, but to this day has never had any trouble slipping on his hat. This makes him a pleasant chap to mix with, except during Motor Show week, when his last remaining army accomplishment makes it tough for the boys who need more than two hours sleep.

The Sergeant-Major is practically dead, but the Auditor is very much alive, and usually kicking. Mr. Millard's ideas about the Value of a Dollar, and Budgetary Control of Advertising, make honest-to-gosh, go-getter space salesmen distinctly tired.

His influence as Chairman of the Circulation and Rates Committee of the Association of Canadian Advertisers is unhealthy for unhealthy media, but otherwise he is easy going and quite content to pay the full \$1.00 for an honest \$1.50 advertising value.

He is married, has a 2-year-old girl and a Ford V-8, and gets a big kick out of advertising both.



# A.M. MILLER

## Chrysler Corporation of Canada Limited

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ALEXANDER MCFARLANE MILLER was born at Rothesay, Island of Bute, and subsequently became Advertising Manager of the Chrysler Corporation of Canada Limited.

He cannot explain this—nor his views on poetry, psychology, economics—nor anything else. His vocabulary isn't meagre—it's rich, vivid, able to convey by delicate imprecations things he can't say outright—but it's not built for explanations or compromise, although ultra-efficient for emphatic assertions. When he asserts that he is Advertising Manager of Chrysler, or that a certain Poet Laureate was "a dozy old fool who occasionally wrote a poem by mistake," or that "critics are always wrong," you just *have* to believe that he is Advertising Manager of Chrysler.

When young Miller came to Toronto in 1904 nothing much happened because it had already just been burnt down. But he nearly started the blaze again when he had to take a job at \$6.00 a week tying parcels. It was then that he began to study at night to go to College and be a preacher. During this self education process he clerked at Eaton's and Simpson's, at a country store in Brussels, Ontario, took a cattle boat trip to Scotland, and surveyed in Northern Ontario.

In 1913 he graduated in Arts from Toronto University, with Honours, having financed himself one year by night-watching at Simpson's. During the vacations he trained for the ministry by working as a student preacher or fire ranger.

In his last year he ran a branch of the Y.M.C.A. and came to the conclusion that nobody could possibly be as good as a minister was supposed to be. He refused to compromise by merely being as good as he could, and has not been a minister ever since—although—sometimes—when he gazes at the latest Chrysler airflying off the line, fresh and shining—or at his beautiful advertisements in the "Family Herald & Weekly Star"—there's a look on his face—you know the kind—and one can't help wondering.

When he got married Hell broke loose, shaking civilization to its foundations. Germany invaded Belgium, and Mr. Miller found his Y.M.C.A. job gone when he got back from his honeymoon.

Until 1922 he was engaged in organizing campaigns to raise money for war and post-war organizations. He wrote the well-known-in-its-day "Red Cross Catechism," and coined the slogan, "If you cannot give a life, you can save a life!" But at the end of it all he hadn't saved anything himself. Alec was broke—and no compromise about it either.

In 1923 he got a job with a Toronto Automobile Dealer. The successful work he did as a retail promotion man impressed Mr. Clarkson of Dodge Bros., who wanted an advertising manager, so smuggled in Mr. Miller as a Statistician. When the Chrysler Corporation took over, Mr. Miller, now an uncannily disguised "Advertising Manager," was included among the assets, which he still is, with reserve for depreciation.

He has a son and daughter, reads everything worth reading, and a lot of stuff about merchandising as well. He enjoys music and knows why, would enjoy fishing if it was available out of the office window, has well-baked ideas, is an unusually interesting fellow to talk to—or more probably—to be talked to by, and can do almost anything except keep that lock of hair from draping across his face.

Hobby—helping young men to choose a vocation, because, as he says, he took thirty years to find out what he was good for—if anything.



# GEORGE MORGAN

Canadian Kodak

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GEORGE MORGAN is Advertising Manager of the Canadian Kodak Company but cannot explain why. For he started out aggressively to be a pro baseball player, and played "semi" for years in Hamilton, but somewhere he strayed off the path.

Still it's something to have a job at all these days.

His first success was in being born at Smithville, Ontario, in 1885.

Next, he grew the least reticent red hair and freckles in Lincoln County. These displayed good nature, honesty and frankness, and concealed quite a lot of things, too.

He was educated at Hamilton Central Collegiate, a famous institution whose graduates qualify for almost any position, including that of messenger boy with the Dominion Express Company, which George took. He next worked for a wholesale stationer, then back to the Dominion Express as a book-keeper.

Then a friend told him that this new Canadian Kodak gang were decent guys to work for, which he has done for twenty-seven years.

He started in the Accounting Department, which at that time was about the only one there was to handle accounts, sales, advertising and the janitor's sprees.

Young Morgan got most kick out of the Advertising end, so horned in on everything he could grab along those lines.

By the time he was devoting his time exclusively to advertising, somebody suggested that he might devote some of his time to advertising, and he was appointed Advertising Manager with no decrease in salary.

There had been very little exclusive Canadian advertising done in the early days of the Canadian Kodak Company, but this was steadily increased. Their characteristic advertising has been a main factor in their steady rise to dominance.

Mr. Morgan, though some of his hair is still red, would be too modest to suggest that anything but Divine Providence directed this successful advertising, just as his biographer must refrain from mentioning the prominent position which the Family Herald and Weekly Star has had on the Kodak list for many years.

But there is no harm in thinking.

At one time Mr. Morgan travelled extensively, having made the round trip between the front line trenches and rest billets, some 76½ times.

He is rumored to have been a good officer, but it is certain that he would have been a much better sergeant-major. His appearance, voice and vocabulary were wasted in any other rank. But they are quite useful now.

His 19 months in France without a Blighty, naturally gave him complete command of the language, and he speaks French like a native of Smithville, Ontario.

He coughs modestly before dropping into French, and keeps on coughing till he climbs out.

He has two sons, one pre-war, born before he learnt French, and the other après la guerre.

He lawn bowls and hopes to improve, he also golfs and doesn't. But he made a hole in one when shooting birds in the north country.

He is really happiest when out in the woods with a gun in the crook of his elbow, plenty of mosquitoes, wet feet, and a cold drizzle. He likes living in Toronto too.

In appearance he is not as slender as he was when he was stoutish.



# J. AUSTIN POTTER

Beatty Brothers

**B**EATTY BROS. manufacture more than 57 varieties of products, and there seem to be about the same number of varieties of J. Austin Potter, and usually at least half a dozen of them bubbling over simultaneously.

An advertising manager who writes, or directly supervises the writing of all the advertising for 58 products, varying from Electric Washers to Manure Carriers, and who edits a 240-page catalogue, and a 400-page Barn Book in two languages with frequent 24-hour shifts around press time, can hardly be expected to have much superfluous enthusiasm for outside activities.

So, although Mr. Potter is an active member of the Fergus United Church Board, the Lion's Club, the Civic Library Board, and acts as choir soloist, his enthusiasm for his other hobbies is definitely limited by the endurance of his associates.

While he still takes lessons in voice production, this is probably from a sense of duty to the congregation, and his tenor-horn work is often neglected because of glee club exigencies.

At one time he was keenly interested in golf and fishing, but now never tries to get in both on the same day and seldom takes more than half an hour demonstrating the way he swung wrong with that approach from the sand on the short 3rd.

Mr. Potter was born at Port Rowan, Ontario, in 1899, his father and mother both being school teachers, although his most valuable education came from a large family of brothers of somewhat the same shy disposition as his own.

Between public and high schools, he worked for a year in the Beatty machine shops and got his first regular job checking shipments for the same firm.

At seventeen he enlisted and served in France with the 47th Bn., returning to Canada with considerable added experience and shrapnel in his make-up, to take a course at Shaw's Business College and a job in the Beatty advertising department under his brother.

Five years later, by becoming advertising manager, he inherited one of the most versatile jobs in the profession, as well as a fine twenty-year-old tradition of using the Family Herald and Weekly Star to push the Beatty products in rural homes.

Mr. Potter has a wife and two children, all of whom know him by sight, although in appearance he is a little blurred, unless the lens is very fast.

He is a brilliant Husband, Father, Churchman, Advertising Manager and Psychologist, and a conscientious Golfer, Soloist and Fisherman.

This interviewer has no experience of his ability as a public speaker, but his private conversation has the same diffident hesitancy as a compressed air riveter entangled with a buzz saw.



W. FRANK  
PRENDERGAST  
Imperial Oil Company

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**F**RANK PRENDERGAST was born in Montreal in 1895 and educated with the idea of taking an engineering course at McGill. But his enthusiasm for tennis sent him into newspaper reporting because he thought it wouldn't interfere with his game, as the boys get off at 3 p.m.!

Since entertaining that startling fallacy he has learnt to use his head for thinking.

His first day with the Herald taught him one lesson—that a reporter's job isn't a matter of walking along the street until an accident happens. His last day taught him another—the value of "Truth in Advertising"—when he was fired for incorrectly reporting an interview.

There followed several years with the Montreal Star and the defunct Montreal Mail and Evening News. He claims to have been fired several times by Alec Dewar, City Editor of the Star, who must have been softer then, or once would have been enough. Two years more in reportorial and desk work on the Toronto Mail and Empire (adv't.) was plenty, and he quit the newspaper field to go to work on Consolidated Press's "Motor Magazine." He says that the almost immediate consequence was that "Motor Magazine" suspended publication.

From 1924 to 1926 he was with Consolidated Advertising Service as account executive, leaving to take charge of "publicity" for Ford. In the Ford Accounts Department at that time was a gentleman known as "Bad News" Millard, who had earned that sobriquet because he never appeared in the advertising quarters without raising Cain about errors in accounts.\*

On Dec. 14, 1927, he went to Imperial Oil as Advertising Manager. On Dec. 14, 1934, he became Assistant to the President. On Dec. 14, 1926, he had gone to Ford. On Dec. 14, 1920, he had got married, and he has two sons and two daughters, none of whom were born on Dec. 14, which would certainly make it his lucky day—except that there are a lot of Decembers to come.

He is a great "contemplative" fisherman—thinking about it all winter and not getting time to do it in summer. He reads in moderation, likes poetry, hopes not to live to retire, is on the executive of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce and the Council of the Toronto Board of Trade, and Vice-Pres. of the Toronto Writers' Club. He was formerly on the Executive of the Arts and Letters Club and the Canadian Club of Toronto and is an ex-President of the A.C.A.

He is also quite interested in advertising, and his strong opinion that it should be carefully adapted to its medium, results in Imperial Oil's large scale campaigns in the Family Herald and Weekly Star being among the newsiest and most appealing to farmers of any in the magazine—and that's going some!

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\*See page 37 where this opprobrious nickname does NOT appear—Mr. Millard having omitted to mention it to the interviewer.



H. H. RIMMER  
Canadian General Electric

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**H**ADDON HARRY RIMMER, Manager of the Advertising and Sales Promotion Department of Canadian General Electric Co. has had two dominant interests since he was a small boy—advertising and electrical engineering—which would make a perfect moral for his story if only it could be recorded that he was always a very, very good little boy. Which it can't.

And while he may seem so happy in his vocation, there is a shadow over his life. For of all the twenty-six eminent advertising men Laughtoned in this series, poor Mr. Rimmer is the only one who does not advertise in the *Family Herald* and *Weekly Star*.

As an advertising man he cannot be happy without it, as a Canadian General Electrician he cannot have it. "Farms only become markets for C.G.E. when they are electrified," he explains wistfully, "more are being wired every year, but——" The apotheosis of the complete Electretrising Man is not yet.

Mr. Rimmer was born at Southport, England, 41 years ago, attended the famous King Edward VI Middle School until 18, and then entered the municipal public utility system as junior engineer—which is English for apprentice. He ruefully contrasts that system of paying for the privilege of working with C.G.E.'s method in Canada by which engineering graduates get a 2-year post-graduate course—with pay—in C.G.E. plants.

Coming to Canada with his family just before the war, Harry enlisted at Toronto, but his eyes kept him in Canada so he got leave to work in a munition plant.

In 1919 he applied to C.G.E. for a job, got it at 5 p.m. with orders to report next morning for a District Managers' sales convention. The convention stopped in due course, but Mr. Rimmer hasn't yet. At first, he was the complete advertising personnel for an embryo department concerned with merchandising electrical supplies and household appliances. He did not even have a desk for six months. Six years later all C.G.E.'s advertising was consolidated under him. We do not want to belittle Mr. Rimmer's part in the far-sighted and effective C.G.E. advertising but as he points out, in Mr. D. C. Durland he is blessed with a President who knows that Power travels as strongly through an agate line as a high tension one.

Although not married, Mr. Rimmer can't get his golf handicap below 18—even by getting elected Vice-President of the Summit Club, but his Badminton isn't bad. He is a past President and a present Director of the A.C.A., and is the Canadian Advertisers' Director of the A.B.C. He reads widely, likes travel, but never has time to do more than shuttle across Canada, and when he retires, says that he's going to catch a boat going somewhere, so quick you'd be surprised!

But we do hope that he will have emerged from shadow long before that and joined the impressive ranks of **ADVERTISING MANAGERS WHO USE THE FAMILY HERALD AND WEEKLY STAR.**



J. I.  
STAMPLEMAN  
Gillette Safety Razor  
Company of Canada Ltd.

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**B**Y LEAVING his native Russia at the age of 12, Mr. Stampleman escaped the most blighting environment imaginable for anyone who wanted to get on in the Razor business. Owing to this foresight he is now Managing Director of the Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada.

He arrived in New York in 1910, and after two years at a public school offered his talents to the highest bidder. They were knocked down to the B. Altman Department Store at \$4.00 a week. It was not a large sum, but Joe knew enough to keep his hand in his pocket all the way home in the subway.

1915 found him going to Toronto for a vacation, and while even the most ardent Yongeters may blench at that, they will easily understand his decision to make his home there.

A \$10.00 a week job in Murray Kay's Department store made this possible, as \$10.00 goes a long way in Toronto if you take it up Yonge Street.

In the intervals of pricing stock, he had to produce occasional merchandising ideas, and, when he was transferred to the mail order department, to write some of the copy for the catalogue.

Here, at the bottom of the advertising ladder, he came under the dark cloud which overhangs the profession—that no matter how far you advance, there is *always* SOMEBODY to make you work nights preparing copy which they will make you change in the morning.

He returned to New York in 1919 and became a salesman for the Auto Strop Safety Razor Co. covering, at one time or another, the whole territory between the Atlantic and the Mississippi.

In 1926 he got married and his career as salesman ended abruptly with this, its most triumphant achievement. He applied for an inside job, and for three years was a sort of general assistant to the Advertising Manager, in special charge of the window display branch, becoming official Assistant Advertising Manager in 1929. When Gillette and Auto Strop combined, he was sent to Montreal as assistant to the late J. S. Lavene, then Managing Director, with direct charge of Canadian advertising. On Mr. Lavene's death he was appointed Managing Director.

Under his regime Gillette-Auto Strop advertising is skilfully designed to reach the masses with high-frequency, small-space advertisements in Dailies and Farm Magazines. The effectiveness of this continuous campaign in the Family Herald and Weekly Star—the highest testing magazine on keyed copy—is shown by the startling failure of the rural whisker crop in recent years.

Mr. Stampleman does not look as menacing as this Laughtone, but has his own ideas about getting things done. His wife and two small sons are his hobby—so he says, but the only time he lost his suave manner to this interviewer was when he indignantly denied that there was any worse golfer than he in the advertising profession—a disconcerting piece of bombast in such a quiet, self-contained man.



W. BERNARD  
TINGLE Imperial  
Tobacco Co. of Canada

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**M**R. W. BERNARD TINGLE is Advertising Manager of the Imperial Tobacco Company, and this is the only sensational information elicited in an hour of conscientious interviewing.

Cross-examination of his friends confirms this fact.

He was born at Stockton-on-Tees, England, in 1884. His Mother and most of his family were school teachers, but that isn't enough to account for everything. The trouble is that he has double-crossed nature which never creates straight lines, while Mr. Tingle is always doing it. He went straight from school into the gold and silversmithing business, came straight to Canada in 1908, when he found he didn't like it, went straight into a window-dressing job at Scroggie's Department Store in Montreal, worked for one straight year, and when they wanted him to work nights as well as days for the same \$12.00 a week, told them to go straight plumtoo, and walked straight out.

He then went straight to the Imperial Tobacco Company, got a job at the bottom of the Advertising Department dressing windows for retail tobacconists, and by 1928 had gone straight to the top as Advertising Manager—and he's still straight now, although they've made him a Director.

That window display period gave him an invaluable understanding of the retail tobacconist and his customers.

He is a keen movie fan, but calls it "studying human nature," and he got a triple first in his studies when he put over Colleen Moore's Doll House for the Montreal Service Clubs with an abandon (Fr.) which would make a Hollywood publicity agent blush.

He is a grim gardener, but since he became air-minded the weeds are getting ahead of him, and his feat of picking cherries in Niagara one night and delivering them personally by air in Winnipeg the next, cannot rehabilitate him in the esteem of the St. Lambert Horticultural Society of which he was once the respected President.

But he is still a Rotarian, a member of the Board of Trade, of the Montreal Ad Club, and the A.C.A.

Mr. Tingle knows his own mind even better than the Tobacconist's, which makes him manna for space salesmen, because when he says "Yes," he doesn't mean "Probably," and when he says "No" you can go out and have a cup of coffee. This firm but logical and courteous attitude makes him easy to work under, over, or with, providing you work. He is not stubborn, but the way he has been using the Family Herald and Weekly Star continuously for years, simply because "we believe in it," shows a tendency, which is emphasized by the determined way he has set himself to convert his smattering of French into perfect mastery of the language. No wonder the politicians at Quebec are all het up.



K. R.  
TOWNSEND  
Canadian Westinghouse

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**B**OILED DOWN to its essence, Kirkby Robert Townsend's life would run into another two columns, and "our appropriation is completely exhausted. Sorry, Mr. Townsend; see me again next year." So we must boil him even more. Judging by his experiences in war and peace, he can stand it.

He was born at Guelph in 1890, attended Hamilton Collegiate, where he can have learnt practically nothing, as he graduated with the idea that he could satisfy his ambition to be a financial magnate by going into the Union Bank and working up from \$8.33 a month. He held various bank jobs in Hamilton, Guelph, Brantford, and Montreal, until 1912, when a gleam penetrated, and he got out and went to work as assistant to Larry Greene, Advertising Manager of Sherwin-Williams in Montreal, whom he succeeded in 1914.

In 1915 he took off as Gunner in the 29th Canadian Howitzer Battery and represented his firm at the Somme, where he didn't do a thing, judging by the amount of barbed wire awaiting the onset of this P.B.I. interviewer. Then he wangled a commission in the 13th Royal Highlanders, and got a "Blighty" in the head by a bomb splinter, and even now uses the Family Herald and Weekly Star very little, poor fellow. He returned for the Canal du Nord fighting, escaped for thirteen days by his usual luck, but took one through the right elbow when the miracles gave out.

Back in Canada in 1919, he bummed around for three months, wandered down to the A.A.C.W. Convention at New Orleans, worked with Larry Greene on the Victory Loan, went back to Sherwin-Williams for 6 months, then to the R. Sykes Muller Agency as Vice-President for a year, then to selling stocks and bonds in the hope that being his own master would readjust him to the quiet life, which it didn't, as he immediately went into a truck manufacturing business, which scuttled in three years. Thereupon he formed a trucking and transportation business which lasted three months. Last spring he got \$58 of his \$12,000 from the truck business, and he still cherishes the charter of the transportation company. This gives him a capitalization of \$250,000, working capital of \$58, and legal powers to do anything from making safety pins to organizing a television monopoly.

After a couple of years in the Radio distribution business, he was offered the position of Advertising Manager of Canadian Westinghouse, and it is with a sigh of relief that we announce that he accepted and has done practically nothing since, because our space is almost full.

He did do some advertising and marrying and so on, and boasts a boy of 2½ named Brooke whose exploits remind his Dad of the dear old barrage days. His hobby is "oiler" on a pleasure craft which has from one to three engines in it, according to the state of his creative fury. For he has a "paper" passion for designing and building power cruisers, and when the sight of them on paper overcomes him, he rushes out and shuffles the engines in the fifty-footer. He got this interviewer all het up about his rotary combustion engine, but, on thinking it over, it was never stated just when the engine would run.

Which shows how well qualified Mr. Townsend is for his position.



# H. S. VAN SCOYOC

Canada Cement  
Company Limited

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**H**ARRY STEWART VAN SCOYOC was born in 1881 at Canaan, Pa., and nearly died of laughing in 1921 at his fishing camp, when his entry beat all others in the famous angleworm race across floor.

His early ambition was to be a Methodist Minister, and he still has the old red shirt he wore as a volunteer fireman. He used to go to church five times every Sunday, but recent years have reduced his all time average to normal.

When he graduated as Civil Engineer from the University of Pennsylvania, he was selected by a great American railway to succeed "Dinty" Buggins as Scales Manager and Odd Job Brakeman in the Yards at Altoona.

Once in a position to pay his whack of the Saturday night keg, he became one of the boys, and has been one ever since, except when presented to the King in top hat and spats.

In 1912 he became Chief Engineer of the Toronto and Hamilton Highway Commission. That job, he claims, was the best he ever did, but cannot decide which city benefited most, as cement makes the going equally good out of either.

In 1912 he came to Montreal as Inspecting Engineer for the Canada Cement Company, becoming Manager of Publicity in 1918, and Manager of the Advertising and Technical Department in 1931.

In business he is an altruist, his firm's advertising being designed to educate and serve.

This altruism carries through into his private life. When acting as judge of the beauty parade at a Montreal Winter Carnival, one of the contestant's feet became frozen, and Mr. Van Scoyoc rushed to work on the stricken members the moment he learned that the lady was a famous dancer, or even earlier. He laboured on the valuable feet, ankles, and legs, and could only be stopped when the other judge insisted that it was his turn.

He was an athlete of notable stamina in his day; played football, baseball, and basketball for the University of Pennsylvania, rowed on the crew, and read through "Les Miserables" and the Bible yearly.

His stamina, like his altruism, shows in his advertising, which is consistent and persistent. During the last ten years he has distributed some 250,000 copies of "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete," in reply to the enquiries drawn by advertising in the farm field. He states that it is not unusual to receive 200 to 250 coupons a day from the Family Herald and Weekly Star alone, and would not retract the statement or allow the interviewer to omit it.

He is a reticent, retiring man except in business and private life, and would not permit the interviewer to publish any of his reminiscences which MARKETING would not print.



# CHARLES R. VINT

Colgate-Palmolive-  
Peet Company

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**C**HARLES R. VINT is Vice-President, General Manager, and Advertising Manager of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet, and occupies a lofty office quite large enough for all three. It has that perfect schoolgirl complexion which shows no sign of contact with harsh realities except its scent of soap. This emanates from the rest of the huge building which hums busily.

Mr. Vint himself never hums. It would be too melodramatic. This ability to keep a large organization humming without raising his voice is characteristic. It must have stuck out in his early days with the original Palmolive Company in Milwaukee. For he states that he started as office boy at \$3.50 a week and when they first established a Canadian factory in 1913 he was sent up as Manager. That is his story—although perhaps we have overdramatized and elaborated it—and he sticks to it.

Severe cross-examination elicited little more. He was in charge of the order department at the time, and had a wide knowledge of shipping problems, so when Windsor was decided upon for the Canadian factory, he respectfully suggested that Toronto would be better. (Windsor papers please copy.) As the management agreed, he also respectfully suggested that he himself might—er—be not—er—unsuitable as—.

The management agreed to that too, hence this biography.

This, and his business achievements show Mr. Vint to be a Super-Silent-Salesman. More and more people are washing under his auspices. The present factory, 2½ storeys when built in 1917, was raised to 6 storeys in 1924, and a contract for 50,000 additional feet has just been placed.

One reason is that Mr. Vint has reduced prices in line with incomes, and people love to touch a complexion at five cents which they won't touch if touched for fifteen.

Another is the power of Family Herald and Weekly Star advertising, and it is noteworthy that the chief executive of this big firm keeps the title of Advertising Manager very carefully in his own pocket.

Mr. Vint also told a good story about "quality" and "the only milled toilet soap with olive oil," but this interviewer found it a little technical and preferred the one about frequent insertions in black and white being more valuable than fewer in colour.

Mr. Vint runs true to Advertising Manager form in being married with two daughters, but his 16 golf handicap hardly fits in the picture. It must be the Vice-President who plays the golf.

He was born at Sarnia in 1887, but his family moved to Milwaukee 4½ years later, and he had to go to work at 16, so is a self-made man. And considering that it was a spare-time job after soap-making hours, he seems to have done a pretty good job, although using the golden rule a lot, to make himself perfectly square.

Mr. Vint omitted to mention that when Palmolive and Colgate merged, he spent nine months consolidating the Mexican manufacturing plants and selling offices—but we biographers have our own sources of information.

He reads much general and advertising literature, is a Director of the Association of Canadian Advertisers, devotes considerable time to the Christian Science Church and the Kiwanians, but lacks tact and presented this interviewer with A Liquid Preparation for Preserving and Restoring the Strength and Beauty of the Hair—Trial Size.



C. S.  
WATSON  
Goodyear Tire and  
Rubber Company  
of Canada Limited

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PERSONALLY, Mr. Charles S. Watson, Advertising Manager of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, is one of those chaps who takes things as they come, so long as they keep coming.

But he is not so good-natured in his attitude towards others, and spends a lot of time and energy trying to make perfect strangers buy Goodyear Tires.

Even the quiet countryside is not spared. Every year he floods 300,000 rural homes with insistent advertising in the Family Herald and Weekly Star.

He was born in Toronto in 1894, taking the whole affair as it came, went to Toronto Public and High Schools, and got a job in the office of the Russell Motor Co., now the Canada Cycle and Motor Company.

About this time he played on the Junior championship lacrosse team and discovered the subtle difference between taking things as they come, and taking what was coming to him.

This distinction was emphasized in 1917, when a shell came into his dug-out and broke both legs.

After a year in various hospitals, he returned to Canada, and was much gratified to hear the bells and sirens clamoring as his ship steamed into Halifax. The welcome moved him and his pals very deeply, until they went ashore and found that an armistice had just been signed.

He exchanged from an Engineer Company (attached to the Heavy Artillery Brigade) to the Goodyear Company (attached to the Service Department). The job was still primarily handling complaints, but the war had taught him to dodge better.

He was sent to Halifax, on the same work, installed a successful sales analysis plan, wrote innumerable letters to dealers and salesmen, and by 1921 was wondering if anything else would ever come for him to take as it came, when the Assistant Sales Manager from Toronto turned up.

Those sales letters had impressed. Mr. Watson was called to Head Office to do nothing else but.

His desk adjoined the Advertising Manager's, and not long afterwards that gentleman resigned, but there were probably other reasons as well.

The same afternoon, Mr. Watson received a memo scribbled on a scratch pad by the General Sales Manager: "*Martineau has resigned, you carry on and keep in touch with me.*"

Mr. Watson took it as it came, and also a few precautions. He pumped the Advertising Manager's secretary, studied everything in his desk, and kept his mouth shut until he knew the difference between a half-tone and a half-column, and between the Family Herald and the non-producers.

Those are two things which he has never forgotten, but he has learnt some others as well.

Mr. Watson was one of the original members of the Toronto Advertising and Sales Club when it met in a hotel bedroom and the speaker could speak as long as he liked because the audience of eight used beds. He was President in the second year, and was Vice-President of the Direct Mail Advertising Association for three years, but he sometimes wonders what would have happened if the General Sales Manager had broken the point of his pencil on that scratch pad.



# C. B. WATT

## General Motors of Canada Limited

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**M**R. WATT is Advertising Manager of General Motors Products of Canada. His name is Claude Bertram and he plays table-tennis, but that's the worst that has ever leaked out, and he doesn't look it, being buxom. He was born in 1899 at St. Mary's, Ont., and educated at the same school there as the Hon. Arthur Meighan, but not so much and later.

After a period at Toronto Tech. he moved with his family to Winnipeg where his father, originally a harness-maker, was a commercial traveller in the shoe business, working in happy ignorance of how both those callings were to suffer from the pernicious activities of his son.

Claude Watt's first real job was with the Murphy News Co. in Winnipeg, where selling the Family Herald and Weekly Star and other magazines to the public germinated that first insight into public reading tastes, which enables him to know that General Motors advertising in the Family Herald is effective, without looking up the data book to see if it really does lead its nearest competitor by 75,000 circulation.

He left Murphy's to join a friend in the wholesale manufacture of tent products, but when the war demand fell off, got a job as clerk in the C.N.R. Sleeping and Dining Car Department, soon finding himself in charge of all its payrolls. He looks back on that 5½ years of errorless payrolls with a pride which is surprising in a man who spends lavishly to make the rest of us spend lavishly buying cars on which to spend lavishly.

After a promotion to Equipment Inspector, the fast-growing General Motors organization attracted him, and in 1926 he joined up as clerk in the Accounting Department, and in a few weeks was given charge of the sales promotion and advertising for Western Canada.

Visiting Head Office in 1927 he was asked if he would care to come to Oshawa, and must have overcome his diffidence sufficiently to indicate acquiescence, because January 1928 found him there as Chief Clerk under the Assistant Advertising Manager.

In 1930 he became Assistant Advertising Manager and in 1934 was promoted to his present position of Advertising Manager.

Mr. Watt is not married, so remains an ardent football, baseball, ping-pong, and hockey fan. He plays golf, but does not carry a scorecard, being quite clever at mental arithmetic. In Winnipeg he was the one non-playing member of a musical and dramatic club which met at 1 a.m., but in Oshawa it's Rotary at 1 p.m. The extensive boys' work programme attracts him there, rather than the music.

He has never played cards in his life, smokes nothing but tobacco, and even at the risk of offending the boys at Motor Show time—never touches soft drinks of any kind.



# W. J. WILCOX

Canadian Shredded  
Wheat Company Ltd.

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**W**ILLIAM JOHN WILCOX is not a chatty man, but goes so far as to admit that he was born, and still exists. The former event occurred amid some excitement in Toronto in 1884, the latter mostly at 202 King Street E., with excitement at a minimum.

He was educated at Palmerston Avenue School and Harbord Street Collegiate, leaving at 18 to become a clerk with the Toronto Street Railway, then controlled by MacKenzie and Mann, the well-known railway builders.

Thus he is very thoroughly a product of Toronto, but is not nearly as dour as he looks.

After the three years of the Toronto Street Railway's \$12.00 a week, he began to suspect that advancement might not be very rapid so got a job on a sampling crew working for Canadian Shredded Wheat Ltd. After a year he was made manager of a six-man sampling crew which distributed on an average 800 samples per man per day, which would amount to 8,764,800 samples during the tenure of office if they worked continuously (including leap year), but less if they went to church on Sundays, which is allowed in Toronto.

The sampling work, which was the first campaign of the kind in Canada, was closely tied up with the outdoor advertising and window display publicity of the Company, and it was a natural transition when Mr. Wilcox was transferred into that department. The new work gave him an invaluable understanding of the retailer's point of view, some equally valuable experience—including the washing of windows, and kindled a still unquenched ambition to make every town he visits look as if its shops sold nothing but Shredded Wheat. On an average he used to put in 5 windows a day and make the owners like it.

Shredded Wheat of Canada has been a consistent and intelligent advertiser which has understood the power of black and white advertising when skilfully used. Last year Mr. Wilcox had the pleasure of okaying the 1,000,000,000th advertisement to appear before the Canadian public during the Company's history, and—by the same method of computation—the 3,348,852nd which appeared before Family Herald and Weekly Star subscribers during 1935 alone.

Called into the sales dept. to fill a sudden vacancy, he continued his contact with retailers in the capacity of salesman. This was followed by some years of work with wholesalers and chain stores, and although he became Assistant Sales Manager in 1919, he did not give up his constant road work until 1922 when he was promoted to Sales Manager.

He is not one of those armchair managers unless you count Pullmans, and still takes—or makes—every possible opportunity to call on his larger customers. This in spite of the fact that he has been Vice-President as well as Sales Manager since 1935.

He reads about all the Grocery Trade Papers published and gets some pleasure out of other literature even if it is not as exciting, but his chief hobbies are his wife and three sons, fishing, and not talking about himself.

WILLIAM LUTHER PIERCE, a native of St. Paul, Minn., was born on May 1, 1894. He was educated in the public schools of St. Paul and attended the University of Minnesota from 1912 to 1916. He was a member of the Alpha Chi Omega fraternity and the Phi Kappa Phi honor society.

He was employed as a clerk in the St. Paul office of the United States Department of the Interior from 1916 to 1918. He was then employed as a clerk in the St. Paul office of the United States Department of the Interior from 1918 to 1920.

From 1920 to 1922, he was employed as a clerk in the St. Paul office of the United States Department of the Interior. He was then employed as a clerk in the St. Paul office of the United States Department of the Interior from 1922 to 1924.

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He was then employed as a clerk in the St. Paul office of the United States Department of the Interior from 1954 to 1956. He was then employed as a clerk in the St. Paul office of the United States Department of the Interior from 1956 to 1958. He was then employed as a clerk in the St. Paul office of the United States Department of the Interior from 1958 to 1960.

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