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Victory Labor-Management Production Committees of Butte, Anaconda and Great Falls

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On January 25 when the Ledo-Burma Road was opened to traffic, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek renamed it the Stilwell Road in honor of the man who took a beating from the Japanese in 1942, planned the Ledo-Burma Road through tropical jungles and high mountains; overcame almost insurmountable obstacles and returned to thrust the Japs in 1944. Recently General Joseph W. Stilwell was appointed the new commander of the United States 10th Army by General MacArthur. He succeeded Lieutenant General Buckner, who was killed in action on Okinawa. General Stilwell in the message below tells the obstacles overcome and gives credit to the men who fought for—and built—the Stilwell Road.

General Stilwell Speaks

All of us have heard of Burma Road, now known as the Stilwell Road, shown on our front cover. Over this amazing highway Montana copper rolls today in the form of war equipment that some day will smash the Japs completely. Here is General Stilwell’s tribute:

It is gratifying, after three years of unremitting effort, to hear that the overland route from India to China is at last a reality. I want to pay my respects and give due credit to the men who fought for it and built it—men who never saw the Taj Mahal or the pageantry of the Maharajahs; men who saw only the sordid, steaming, infested jungles through which they had to cut their way foot by foot, under conditions which are unbelievable until you see them—jungle, mountainous terrain, climate, insects, diseases, mud, rain, dust—but are happy in doing their job knowing that this road will carry the necessary life giving supplies into China—at last—to drive out and destroy the Japs. The Allied Nations can feel proud of the hard work done by their representatives; Chinese, English, South Africans, Kachins, Gurkhas, Nagas, Burmese, Indians, and Americans.

The terrain in itself was bad enough but the Japs added more problems—they had to be blasted from the jungles one by one. When you look at a map of the world the drive from Ledo to Myitkina to the Salween seems short. To the soldiers it is the longest road in the world.

You who have members of your family over there on the Road have no doubt wondered how the American soldiers were able to stand up to the hardships which were found at every turn. They had a job to do and they stuck to it. The tougher the job—the tougher the men became. It was a matter of cutting the pattern to fit the cloth. General Pick and his Combat Engineers kept up with the combat troops all the way, working 24 hours a day in spite of the tough going. In fact, it was hard to keep ahead of his men, who are Combat Engineers in every sense of the word. There is no individual star on the team—every branch of the armed services is contributing to the final score. The Troop Carrier Squadrons flew supplies to the forward areas regardless of weather conditions. The Medics cared for wounded and sick of all troops. The Quarter-master truck outfits pushed trucks through while the Bomber and Fighter Squadrons of the Tenth Air Force, under General Davidson, kept the sky clear of Japs. The rescue squads and pilots of the small liaison planes did a job few men will ever forget. The Chinese soldier proved to the world that given proper equipment, training, and leadership he can hold his own with any troops in the world. The American Infantry combat teams marched hundreds of miles through the stinking jungles and outfought the Japs every time they met them. They carried the fight to the enemy in spite of aching muscles, sore feet and endless trails.

They had a job to do and they wouldn’t give up.
Here's a scene along the India-China Road.
Through the rice paddies of the Koo Yuan district as well as through the more rugged mountains of Burma, American troops of Burma Road engineers, together with thousands of Chinese laborers, prepared the China-India supply route.

The Burma Road

TWO years and three months of combat and construction have peopled the India-to-China route with ghosts—and a truck road which the men who built it call simply the Road.

The ghosts are hundreds of miles of combat trace hewn out of the Assam and north Burma jungle to supply the mortar men and riflemen of Stilwell's command. Abandoned again to the jungle as the fighting moved forward, these rutted jeep and pack-mule trails are marked now only by the graves of those who died beside them.

The ghosts are "relocated" sections of the original truck and bulldozer route, sight-surveyed in the days when nothing mattered except to get dozers and supplies forward where Army engineers could attack the tough spots. The Road has been re-surveyed, relocated, rebuilt, and re-maintained so often now that few people can remember the original dozer trace.

The first convoy of trucks started over the Ledo-Burma Road when the road was opened to traffic on January 25, 1945. The Ledo and Burma roads were linked together by a cutoff across the mountains. This truck route of two roads, running through Burma, some 1,200 miles from Ledo, India, to Kunming, China, is able to carry many times the tonnage formerly conveyed into China by airplane over the Hump. It was built through tropical jungles and high mountains. Says Major General E. R. Covell, Commanding General, Army Service Forces in the Burma-India theater: "American equipment, and American, Indian and Chinese labor have hacked out the Ledo and Burma roads against almost unbelievable obstacles."

The ghosts are stream-crossing sites, hundreds upon hundreds of them—low-water fords, abandoned bridge sites, crossings where men, horses and equipment piled across before the next monsoon. Sections of cable, wreckage of timber bents, portions of planking, parts of pontoon barges, dot the valleys deep into the northern hills of Burma from the places where American and Chinese engineers fought their way across. The well-anchored, steel-truss bridges which now carry the truck road over these streams inherit the experiences of one temporary crossing after another. Each bridge can say, "I am but the latest."

The ghosts are construction camp sites, built first as rude hospitals or tent camps for staging the combat forces pushing down the Hukawng valley, then used as workshops for the road construction machinery, then as servicing stops for the supply trucks. Clearing, camp, hospital,
Chinese coolie laborers are shown filling in a deep ravine on the Ledo-Burma Road.

Here Chinese coolies are doing work that one of our bulldozers could do it in half the time.

A bulldozer moved in and speeded the work of moving rock and leveling the Ledo-Burma Road.

garage for wrecks, or supply depot—each phase marked a chapter in the progress of the Road.

The ghosts are the skeletons of machinery. Begin with what's left of the trucks abandoned in the summer of 1942, when the American handful of troops retreated with Stilwell along this route. Chassis lie half-buried in the sand wash along a river bank. Add to them the exhausted tractors, the cracked-up liaison planes—the one-hoss shays who gave their lives to the building and the rebuilding of the roads that are now the truck route. A D-8 tractor bulldozer comes off a railroad flat car at Ledo. Its objective might be the head of the road 175 miles to the southeast. But it works its way down that 175 miles, relocating here, making a sidehill cut there, adding its own mark to each mile of road it covers. No one can anticipate the spare parts it will need at the end of that 175 miles. When parts are unavailable, bulldozers eat bulldozers, cannibalizing them for working parts. The Road cannot wait.

The ghosts are the memories of the records set and then broken, the unbelievable like pushing the roadhead forward 54 miles in 57 days to keep the combat forces supplied in the Hukawng valley drives; like building a pile-supported wooden cause-way one and eight-tenths miles long and 9 feet high in spots, building it out of a million board feet of timber cut on the spot, just to lift the road above one overflow stretch; like moving three-quarters of a million cubic yards of rock and earth to cut one mile of the road; like flying in a complete set of heavy earth-moving equipment for one Engineer battalion to finish an air strip at Myitkyina, cutting the road scrapers apart to load them in the planes, then welding them together again on the ground three hundred miles away; like the bridge across the Irrawaddy, or rather, the bridges. The first one the Engineers threw across was 1,200 feet, the longest pontoon bridge the Army ever built. The new one, made in the United States of a special design, is a barge-supported bridge whose deck will rise and fall with the river itself. Counterweights hung on steel cables strung over towers on either bank will hold the barges in line though the height of the river should vary half a hundred feet.

The ghosts are the mislaid hopes of Japan's Asiatic strategy.

The two hundred-odd miles of the graveled truck road reaching from Ledo into Mogaung make a "road back" in a grimmer sense even than Stilwell could have foreseen. The first truck convoy through Mogaung, through Myitkyina, through Lungling, and on toward Kunming on the old Burma Road is a ground swell of the 1945 storm of retribution due to fall on Japan in Asia. For joined to the old, and now improved, Burma Road from the Chinese border to Kunming, the Road has ruined Japan's hope of isolating China from her western allies. Japan's desperate
To the right is shown a survey party on elephants passing a bulldozer somewhere on the Burma-Ledo Road in the jungles of north Burma.

* efforts to seal off the China coast from a seaborne invasion have come to naught. A stream of 6x6 heavy cargo trucks, rather than a convoy of LSTs, now menace the Jap holdings in China. The Japs are being invaded by land.

The ghosts are those who died flying the Hump until the sweating Engineers could hole the road and pipeline through. For two years, the only gasoline, bombs, medical supplies, and small-caliber ammunition reaching China had to be lifted twenty thousand feet over the ridges separating China from India. Such air transport was about as economical as a man trying to jump a six-foot hurdle with the packages he could carry while making the jump. But the planes made it, ten thousand tons a month, twenty thousand tons a month, thirty thousand tons a month—highest priority items, just as the planes carried the highest priority technicians. No one went into China who couldn't pay his way with work, because each American soldier on the other side of the Hump had to be maintained and each soldier's maintenance cut into the hand-counted tons. Each gallon of aviation gas in China was worth four in India, ten in the United States. But the Hump flights kept China alive, kept the Fourteenth Air Force's planes supporting the Chinese foot troops.

The ghosts are the fears that our war in the Pacific would be a stalemate, that we could never hope to bring our strength to bear effectively on such a distant and so well-protected an enemy, that workers in America would build trucks and bulldozers and field artillery pieces and heavy shells which could never reach an area where they would fulfill their mission of killing Japs. These ghosts, once tangible, may now find the Stilwell route a bit too crowded for them to stick around even as spirits. The machinery for killing Japs is getting to some eager and soon-to-be-satisfied customers. The road is open.

Two years of combat and construction, two years of building the Road over the scars and ruts of hundreds of temporary trails, two years of assault through two hundred miles of natural hill-and-jungle fortifications, two years to cut that airlift high jump of twenty thousand feet down to ground level, means to the Road Engineers, to the people of China, and to the people of America, that the road to full-scale action in Asia is completed.

The dike is broken. The flood of American combat power is beginning to pour through. Now, American trucks and dozers and heavy artillery are free and ready to fight.

As General Stilwell said: "They had a job to do and they wouldn't give up." The men who worked on the Ledo-Burma Road kept at it. Roadbuilding went on regardless of conditions. If Japanese artillery started coming over on one section, the bulldozers would just move a mile or so down the way and continue operation. When the shelling stopped, they'd go back and finish up where they'd left off.

Here's the assembly of the first truck convoy in Ledo, Assam. Shown are heavy trucks, ambulances and jeeps. In addition to carrying a wide variety of supplies and ammunition, the vehicles pulled anti-tank guns and field artillery pieces. Destination is Kunming, China, via the Burma Road, approximately 1,000 miles.
Here is a close-up of the busy Drafting Room at Great Falls. The office is on the main floor of the general office building. And we took this group shot so that you might see all the folks as we saw them ourselves. That is James W. (Jim) Porter at the left talking with Glenn Eiber, electrical engineer who recently left the Company. In the background you can see Ernest Bergren going over a drawing with Betty Rushton, power clerk. Here in the foreground, studying a drawing is S. F. Neill. Next in order is Clarence Kathary. At the table at the right are Gerald Shepherd and Carl Etterer. In the picture below we catch Carl Etterer and Sam Neill discussing a point at Carl’s board.

Getting Into the DRAFT

Suppose a superintendent of a department wants to have a piece of construction added to a building. Let’s say, for example, an electrical control panel installed at a certain place in the building. The superintendent feels that this would increase efficiency and thereby aid production.

You might think that all the superintendent would have to do would be to write out a slip and send it along, and then by some magic the panel would be installed.

It doesn’t work that way anywhere, and it doesn’t work that way at Great Falls either. For here, in the Great Falls Reduction Works, such matters fall within the province of the Drafting Room. It is the job of the Drafting Room to create all designs for new construction and for alterations. In other words, the job has to be planned and studied; maybe it won’t be practical to install such a con-
Here are Betty Rushton, power clerk, and Ernest Bergren at Ernest's table. He is a draftsman and a teacher of mechanical drawing in the Great Falls high school. Betty came to the office in March, 1944, to help out when the manpower shortage became acute. A Great Falls girl, she had had no previous training, but she has caught on fast and likes it a lot. And at the right we caught chief draftsman, Jim Porter, in serious discussion of a problem with Gerald (Gerry) Shepherd, civil engineer. They have before them a drawing where some problems are involved.

On the other hand, perhaps a bigger one would do a better job, or a smaller one would do it just as well. It is up to the Drafting Room to decide.

Most requests to the Drafting Room come from the superintendents of operating departments—occasionally employees themselves come through with suggestions which are turned in. In most cases, the superintendent merely says in effect, "Look fellows, I think we would get more efficiency in my department if we had this particular gadget." I don't know what it should look like, but I'll give you my idea of it and you can go on from there." So the Drafting Room sends out its men to talk to the superintendent, to look over the building, and to consider the installation. The whole matter is talked over with Jim Porter and frequently with R. J. Kennard, who is the head of this department. The pros and cons are weighed and if it looks like something that ought to be done, the job is turned over to the draftsmen who get busy on the drawing. As the drawings proceed, the estimators keep a watchful eye on the project and when the job is finished they are able to submit cost figures.

The day we were there, the place was a beehive of activity. Some of the boys were working on plans for equipment to clean scale from rods in the wire mill. Jerry Shepherd, the civil engineer, was checking land descriptions. Glen Eiber was working over a wiring diagram for the copper sub-station. When completed, all plans are checked with Jim Porter and L. D. Raddon (he was on vacation the day we were there, so we missed getting a picture of Jim Porter's right-hand man). The proposals are finally checked with Mr. Kennard.

Probably the biggest job the Drafting Room has tackled recently was the extension of the plant which took place two years ago. This resulted in a twenty-five per cent increase in the Zinc Plant capacity for war production. It involved the building of the new Zinc Sub-Station, additions to the Leaching Plant, Zinc Electrolytic Plant and Casting Plant. It was done in record time.

The Drafting Room is one of those behind-the-scenes operations that few people ever hear about, but lots of people are influenced by. Next time you're in the General Office at Great Falls stick your head in the door and say hello. Tell them we told you to.

Below is a good close-up shot of Glenn Eiber and Clarence Kathary. That is Glenn at the drawing table and Clarence, estimator, is on the other side. These two men are studying an electrical wiring project—Glenn had mapped out the plans and it was up to Clarence to develop the estimate of costs. When the job was done, it went to Jim Porter who studied the entire project and then referred the matter to the proper department. It's up to the Drafting Room to plan and study a new project and then figure out the most practical method of installation.
Labor Sees the Show

OUR fighting men in the Pacific, while deeply grateful for the outstanding production job done on the home front to date, are counting on uninterrupted production of vital war materials in order that victory over Japan may be won at a minimum cost of American lives. This is the viewpoint expressed by a group of ten leaders of organized labor, including both CIO and AFL, who have recently returned from a month's tour of strategic bases and combat areas in the Asiatic theater.

These labor representatives traveled thousands of miles linking our remote Pacific bases, at the invitation of the Navy, and they gained vivid impressions of the Armed Forces at work, from top ranking officers to the sailors manning their guns and the soldiers in the front line trenches. They saw Pearl Harbor, Guam, Iwo Jima (they called it "the bloodiest piece of real estate in the world's history"), the Philippines, the Marianas and Guadalcanal.

They all came back with the determined statement that there is still a war to be completed.

Here's an official Pacific primer for the guidance of all of us everywhere. They are established facts. They aren't particularly pleasant to read but they are still facts:

1. Jap air power is still a highly important factor in the war.
2. We are destroying about a thousand Jap planes a month. But the enemy is replacing them at the rate of between 1,200 and 1,500 a month.
3. The Japs are producing several planes of over 400 miles per hour speed. The latest of these our flyers recently met over the Ryukyus and they may be the world's fastest.
4. Jap planes today are better armored and carry heavier firepower than ever before. Their pilots are again showing the high calibre of those who dominated the skies following Pearl Harbor.
5. Everything indicates that the Japs have been hoarding their best planes and most experienced pilots for the defense of the homeland. They are just starting to put their first team into the air—now.

These heads of organized labor have seen the show from the front row. They have come back with a message not only to American workers but to Americans everywhere.

At an editorial board meeting in Great Falls we were discussing future stories to be used in Copper Commando. Herb Donaldson spoke up and suggested that we do a story on the Cashier's Office. Herb said: "They've done a grand job handling the bonds for the entire Plant. They keep a card for each person buying bonds, which shows the serial number of the bonds purchased, and if the bonds are lost all we have to do is report the loss and another bond will be issued. That's a fine thing and I'd like to see them get some recognition." The next day we hurried over to see Timothy Corcoran, cashier since 1917, and Leila Beagles. Tim has been at the plant for forty-five years and was in the Time Office before he took over the cashier assignment. Mrs. Beagles' husband, at the time of his death, was general foreman of the roasters.

There are over fourteen hundred employees at the Reduction Plant at Great Falls and practically all of them are buying bonds at the rate of one a month through the Company, and that means they are purchased through the Cashier's Office. With all the additional work involved in keeping the records straight for the purchase of the bonds, Mrs. Beagles was employed to handle the bonds. She's done a splendid job according to all the folks at Great Falls. Pete Fontana, as well as Herb, was high in his praise. Pete and Herb should know for they've really gotten in and pitched on the bond drives at Great Falls.

Around $40,000 a month is invested each and every month by the employees. In addition to their regular purchases, during the drives, there is usually an additional $45,000 or more invested. As of July 1, bonds totalling over $149,000 had been purchased by the Great Falls folks during the Seventh War Loan Drive. The applications for the bonds are made out by Mrs. Beagles. They are taken to the Post Office and the bonds are issued and the card records, about which Herb told us, are then made and kept by the Cashier's Office.

Payroll checks are made on the I. B. M. machines. Formerly Tim had to sign all the payroll checks but today a plate on the Addressograph machine takes care of it. No cash is paid out of the Cashier's Office. Three copies are made of drafts given in payment of expenses for the Plant—one stays in the Cashier's Office, one copy goes to the General Office Accounting Department, and the original goes to the creditor. Tim says he has signed checks representing millions of dollars since he's been Cashier and wishes he had a small percentage of the money represented by them—then he could have retired many years ago.

A FEW weeks ago, after some of us had a picnic at Columbia Gardens; one of the group asked us why we didn't do a picture story on the Gardens and Washoe Park at Anaconda. It was pointed out that we would be able to show many youngsters at play and that the issue might be interesting to a lot of people, not only to the parents of the children but to others as well.

We checked the idea with our board (everybody seemed to like it) so we started off with Al Gusdorf, our photographer. In our next issue, to be called "Let Us Play," we'll show you the results.

Mrs. Leila Beagles and Timothy Corcoran
QUESTION: Matt, you weren't in service very long but you certainly saw a lot of activity in a short time. Isn't that right?

ANSWER: I sure did. I went into the service in January of '44, in the Infantry. We went overseas in September last year and a month later we were sent into combat, with the First Army. You folks back here know about the German counterattack, but I don't think you know how tough it really was. Five of us were captured on the eighteenth of December. We had hidden in a German farm house after our unit was broken up and the Nazis told us to come out or they would blow the place up. That was thirty miles below Aachen.

QUESTION: What did they do then?

ANSWER: Well, they marched us twenty-five miles on only a half pint of soup per man. They took us to what is called a transit camp at Limburg. They take you there so that you can be assigned to regular prison camps. We were there one week.

QUESTION: And then you were moved into a regular prison camp?

ANSWER: That's right. I'll never forget — we were transferred from Limburg to the Luchenwalde prison camp. Don't get that mixed up with Buchenwald, which is the horror internment camp where thousands were killed. We were herded into box cars in the dead of winter and we rode five days and five nights. In all that time each man had one-third of a loaf of dirty black bread to eat. There was nothing to drink, no heat and no sanitation. Several American boys died and several had feet and hands frozen.

QUESTION: How did they treat you at Luchenwalde?

ANSWER: Plenty rough. They started us right off on the starvation diet. During my confinement I lost fifty pounds (I got most of it back since), and I would have died, as a lot of my buddies did, if I had not learned the ropes and found out how to raid food supplies. We didn't have enough to eat to keep a child alive. The only bright spot was the fact that, on our arrival, the British shared their food with us. We got along fine with the British. And you can put this down too. The Russians, while they are plenty tough, are very fine soldiers and good people.

QUESTION: What did they give you to eat?

ANSWER: Nearly all the time it was a sort of thin turnip soup. They put anything in it they wanted. We also had dehydrated rutabagas. They really gave us a spread, though, at Christmas. At that time they gave us a bowl of soup made out of grass and three crackers apiece.

QUESTION: How long did you stay at Luchenwalde?

ANSWER: Only about two weeks, which was two weeks too long. We were the first Americans there and then we were assigned to what the Krauts call "Work Kommand." They are just work camps. 'Ours had only about two hundred men and we were put out to do slave labor. At night they used to give us a slice of black bread for dinner. You knew that you weren't going to get anything the following morning, so you had to decide whether to eat your bread that night or keep it for breakfast. They expected you to do a full day's work on no food at all.

QUESTION: Did they beat the American soldiers as reports say?

ANSWER: The reports don't tell the people the half of it. The folks back home have no idea how terrible this war in Europe was. I personally got off pretty light but a whole lot of the men around me didn't, particularly the Russians. Incidentally, the German soldiers were very much afraid of the Russians. They were afraid that they would get into Germany first and have the final say in what happened to the Nazis. I was able to learn enough from some of the Russian prisoners, through using a few words they understood, to know that the mass murders of innocent people in Poland and Russia were just beyond description.

I know Copper Commando reaches a lot of homes of servicemen and I don't want to talk too rough and upset people. But I surely want the folks back home to know that we mustn't have any mercy of any kind. There were no cruelties a man can think of that the Nazis have not practiced on Allied soldiers.

QUESTION: Then these atrocities stories and the wholesale burning and slaughter of people in German prison camps are true?

ANSWER: They sure are. I saw too much of it with my own eyes. The whole object of the Nazi was to starve the enemy soldiers to death and to butcher political prisoners and innocent citizens of conquered countries. I don't think the true story of these massacres will ever be told because it will be too sickening to read.

QUESTION: Matt, what does the average GI think about us civilians?

ANSWER: Well, he thinks most of them, having relatives in the service, have done and are doing their best. The thing that makes him maddest is reports of strikes and work stoppages. He hears about them when he is sweating it out on the firing line and it sure makes him sore.

QUESTION: What do the boys think about the war with Japan?

ANSWER: We all think it is going to be a tougher scrap than in Europe. The Jap is a dirty fighter all the way through, cruel and ruthless. We will have to hit him with everything we've got.
Good Fellows Get Together

A social high spot at the Anaconda Smelter is the annual banquet of the Electricians, on which occasion the old-timers are given a warm and friendly tribute. A short time ago we visited the Electricians and came away with this picture story of the party.

One of the outstanding social affairs at Anaconda is the annual dinner of the members of Anaconda's Electrical Union, Local 200. This local union not only includes men from Smelter Hill but also from the community itself.

This year the boys assembled for their second annual dinner at the Montana Hotel and M. L. (Mickey) McDermott, for fourteen years president of the local union, invited your editors to be on hand to take pictures and join in the fun. On these pages you see the results of our visit. The boys assembled in the Montana hotel lobby shortly before seven o'clock to say hello to each other and swap stories, following which they adjourned to the dining hall. Mickey McDermott presided over the interesting program which followed. The program started off with the singing of God Bless America, led by E. A. Hamper and accompanied by Rufus Davidson. After the banquet was finished, Mickey turned over the program to Toastmaster Charles O'Neill. Charlie is one of the electricians on the B. A. & P. and has been active in union affairs for a good many years. After a few remarks by Charlie, the orchestra of Brother Hayes, which consists of himself, his wife and Miss Marjorie Bloodneck, enlivened the proceedings with a few old-time songs. Mayor Barney McGreevey responded to an introduction.

Anaconda electricians are shown here swapping stories in the Montana Hotel lobby. L. to r. are: Voin Vucasevich, James McGeever, M. L. P. Sweeney, Vince Barry, Jim Munro and Rudy Fink.

with a few cordial remarks.

As evidence that the electricians are interested in improving their own craft, Clem Davison, financial secretary of the union, reviewed the advances of electricity over a period of many years. At this point President McDermott introduced the retired members, after which an appropriate song dedicated to Mother's Day was sung by Eddie Hamper, who is head of the Music Department of the Anaconda High School.

The Anaconda Company officials were invited to attend, and Ed McGlone, general manager in charge of mining and metallurgical operations in Montana and Idaho, accompanied by Bill McMahon, labor commissioner in Butte, made the trip down for the festivities. They were joined by M. E. Buck, also of Butte, who is general manager of the Montana Power Company. Among the guests called upon for remarks were Fulton Gale, superintendent of schools at Anaconda, Charlie Lemmon, George Hackett and L. E. Larson from Smelter Hill, Ed McGlone, Bill McMahon, E. W. Williams, and M. E. Buck from Butte. Two other interesting talks on subjects of interest to electricians were given by W. H. Blankmeyer, electrical engineer with the Montana Power Company in Butte, who reviewed briefly the topic of electronics; he was followed by Harold Peretti, instructor on electronics.

A high spot of the evening was the awarding of the twenty-five-year pin to Jim Callahan, old-time Butte electrician who is now retired.

Chairman of the Banquet committee was Bill Smith, who turned in a fine show. He was assisted by George Crandall, Jim Lyons, Joe Holt, Mike Hayes and P. J. Hagan.

Two of the veterans missing from the scene were John Holmberg, who sent his regrets from Seattle, and S. J. Solomon, who wrote from Minnesota. Bob Brooks of the B. A. & P. sent regrets and sent along a box of cigars.

The vice president of the local union is M. J. Mee; Clem Davison, as we have already told you, is financial secretary, and Herb Miller is recording secretary.

What broke the photographer's heart, and ours along with it, was that the wet weather damaged the camera and the second group picture accordingly did not come out.

JULY 20, 1945

Here are some of Anaconda's old-timer electricians with Mickey McDermott. Front row, l. to r., are: Andrew McVicars, Mike Gallagher, Alex Jones. Standing with Mickey is Dave Platt.

Mickey McDermott, president, Local 200, welcomes Bill McMahon, Butte Labor Commissioner.

Ed McGlone, General Manager, George Hackett, Cottrell Department Foreman, and M. E. Buck.

Anaconda Smelter electricians gathered in groups before the dinner. Here's Steve Stanich, James Lyons, William Keig, Ed Haverman, Pat McCarthy and Ed Ridley shown talking things over.

Jack Weber, electrician at Galen and Warm Springs, is here shown discussing his problems with B A & P electricians, George Crandall, Carl Reuber, Ted Thomas and Charles O'Neill.
Here are some of the boys at the Emma Mine. In the picture to the left, I. to r.: Bat Leary, James (Mul) Mulholland, John (Curley) McLeod.

THE faces shown on this page are probably familiar to most of our readers but here are a few facts about these folks which you may not know. The two upper pictures were taken at the Emma Mine while we were waiting to go underground. Bat Leary is a watchman and is the father of Jim Leary, the Secretary-Treasurer of the IUMM&SW.

James (Mul) Mulholland is a machinist. John (Curley) McLeod, former Recording Secretary of the Butte Miners' Union, works on the fan bags. Frank (Spud) Murphy has a reputation of having been one of the best mule skinners on the Hill. John (Mugs) Blewett, another old-timer, works on surface. Louis (Keene) Young is a shift boss; Peter Troglia a station tender; Jimmie Clark a pipeman; Archie Coutts an old-time Emma miner, and Pete Smith, a shaftman. These fellows and their co-workers at the Emma get out the manganese for Uncle Sam.

In the center picture, Joseph Boyle, engineer in the Compressor Room at the Travonia, has been with the Anaconda Company for fifty-eight years. Joe started as a miner but for the last forty-eight years has been working as an engineer at various Butte mines. We got the picture of John Dunn, foreman at the High Ore, on March 6, which marked the anniversary of his forty-third year with the Company.

That's Joe Fenna, oiler at the Anselmo Hoist, and Homer Hunt, safety engineer at the Anselmo, in the bottom picture to the left. Joe was on his vacation but like a postman taking a walk he couldn't stay away from the Anselmo. Joe started at the Anselmo in 1936 when the hoist was installed. He says that he's worked at other hoists all over the Hill (he's been an engineer for thirty-six years and is a member of the Engineer's Union) but the Anselmo is his favorite spot. The boys take great pride in the fern shown in the picture, which Ira Steck sent to the Anselmo Hoist Room in 1936 right after the engine was installed. Homer Hunt has been safety engineer at the Anselmo for the last six months, but he's been with the Company since 1923.

We got the picture of William Hoskin at the rectifiers in the Butte Hoist Compressor Plant when he came over to make one of his daily inspections. The rectifiers shown take the place of a motor generator set and furnish the power for charging the batteries for hard hat lamps and mine locomotives. As foreman of the Anaconda Electric Shop, Bill has charge of the Butte Hoist Compressor Plant, the High Ore Pumps Station (he installed the High Ore pumps), the Anaconda Electric Shop and the wiring of the downtown offices. He's been at the electric shop since 1916 off and on.