Microphone Ceases Publication

To All Employees

It isn’t a happy occasion to be writing my last letter for the Microphone, but it has been a rewarding experience for me to work here for 12 of the last 14 years. During that time, many of you have become my close, personal friends, and all of you have won my genuine and lasting respect.

As we move closer to the date of Hawthorne’s closing, I’m sure we are all reminiscing a great deal about our experiences here, the way it was in “the old days,” the good friends we’ve made, and the impact of this historic work place on our lives and livelihood.

In this last issue of the Microphone, we have tried to recapture some of the flavor of times past and some of the essence of what made Hawthorne such a great place to work. There probably has never been another factory with such a varied background of activities, both productive and social. In the course of 81 years, Hawthorne has produced every major telephone switching system known to the world plus the related equipment needed to make them work.

It has enjoyed a strong and venturous management, willing to experiment in projects like the Hawthorne Studies, the Make Work Project of the Depression years, a recreation building and grounds for employees, and a Savings and Loan to help employees buy their own homes.

Until very recent years, Hawthorne was considered an essential training ground for future leaders of the company, and few people ever reached the top levels of management without serving an apprenticeship here.

Through its Hawthorne Clubs, it supported and encouraged virtually every social, recreational and cultural activity desired by its employees. It’s Chapter 45 of the Telephone Pioneers of America has since 1935 been a central avenue for continued relationships between active and retired employees and helped establish a bond of good will and cooperation between employees at all levels.

Hawthorne has been a great experience for many thousands of people, and the impact it made on our lives and on the telephone industry will be felt for generations.

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To all employees  
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to come.  
As we prepare to close her doors, we can each be proud of the role we played in making this one of the truly great work places of all time.  
It has been one of the great privileges of my career to work with you and get to know so many of you. I wish you all great happiness and success in the future in whatever course you elect to pursue.

[Signature]
General Manager

These Western Electric ladies were happy to give symbolic support to building tracks for the Manufacturers Junction Railway, the factory’s main artery for moving raw materials in and completed cable out.

The Hawthorne tract was a barren piece of prairie land when this photo was taken on Oct. 30, 1903.

Highlights in Hawthorne History

(The following chronology of Hawthorne flows in this position across the next nine pages—The Editor.)

1903—Western Electric President Enos Barton is authorized to purchase 163 acres of land in the area known as Hawthorne for development of a manufacturing plant to consolidate operations then conducted in New York and Chicago.

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1904—Construction begins on Hawthorne’s Water Tower, the factory’s first building. It was completed in January, 1905. One year later, buildings had been completed to provide 606,470 square feet of floor space, the bulk of which would be used for manufacturing telephone cable and power apparatus such as motors and generators.

1905—Hawthorne restaurant service begins in areas set aside in Building 56 and the cable plant and furnished with tables and chairs to accommodate luncheon clubs.

1911—Building 58 remodeled to become company restaurant. It was formerly the Power Apparatus Blacksmith shop. The restaurant remained in continuous operation until 1976.

—Hawthorne Men’s Club organized for the stated purpose of giving “tangible expression to good fellowship and to foster athletic and social activities.” Four years later, the club
Cicero Avenue was a mess when this picture was taken in December, 1905, shortly after the Foundry building was completed.

Hawthorne’s water tower, completed in 1905, was the first structure built on the new property. It continues to stand, providing office space for fire control and security operations.

A Story of Hawthorne in Years 1919-1934

by R.A. Pook

(The following story is condensed from a longer history written by Mr. Pook, a retired manager from Hawthorne, and completed in 1983. Mr. Pook, whose name rhymes with Book, is now 95 years of age and resides in Pennsylvania.)

In 1919, Hawthorne was the only manufacturing plant of the Western Electric Company. It was, and is, a magnificent example of the creative age in the Growing of America at the turn of the century.

Conceived in 1890, its founders were not troubled by the doubts, the pessimism that permeates our troubled country today. They were supremely confident in their own abilities and of the future.

When I arrived in 1919, Hawthorne was a city unto itself. It had its own power house, gas house, deep wells, hospital, fire brigade and engine, a well-equipped garage, a laundry and a green house. It also had its own ball park.

Hawthorne in those days was famous for its lawns and flower gardens. And, believe it or not, it had its own brass band replete with blue uniforms with gold braid. To top it off, there was the M.J. Railroad, for Hawthorne was more than a city. It was an empire. Its territories reached from 22nd street to 39th street. This called for a

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Early Hawthorne
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bridge, perhaps 1,000 feet long, crossing Ogden Avenue and 26th Street. The M.J. had its own round house, weighing platform, freight house, and a connection to Chicago's Belt Line—but no caboose.

Looking back now, I am overwhelmed at the daring, the imagination and the wisdom of the founders. Hawthorne proved to be a tower of strength, the very heart of Western Electric for more than 50 years.

My first job was as Building Inspector, Building 27. The tower was just being started. My first responsibility was to check the bearing power of the ground under the tower. At about 10 feet below ground level we struck a thick layer of hard pan, which passed the standard tests. Not good enough! "GO TO BED ROCK."

A good motto in all endeavours. I submit that today, 64 years later (in 1983), you cannot find a crack in the brickwork of those buildings.

In 1919, the World of Hawthorne resembled, in its inhabitants, the Old World of Europe—master and peon—stratified in well-defined layers, disciplined, well ordered. Power and (continued on page 6)

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Power apparatus employees pose for the camera shortly after the operation was relocated to Hawthorne in 1905.

The first issue was yet unnamed and carried an announcement of an employee contest to name the new publication. More than 11,000 suggestions were submitted. The winning entry was submitted by Ella Hoppe, who won $50 for her suggestion.

—First Telephone Pioneer Chapter organized and chartered as Chapter No. 1, to be known as Theodore N. Vail Chapter. Hawthorne had about 300 qualified employees at the time. The first Chapter meeting was held on Sept. 7 at the Bell Telephone Building, 311 West Washington Street in Chicago.

1923—Chicago's first Panel Dial switching office was cut over on June 9. The equipment, made at Hawthorne, provided 12,300 lines and handled 400,000 calls with less than one percent errors on its first day of operation.

1924—Hawthorne Studies begin. The National Research Council of the American Academy of Science chose Hawthorne as the laboratory for the first of a series of studies on lighting conditions and their effect on production in industry.

The experiment was under the direction of Professor Dugald C. Jackson of the Electrical Engineering Department of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He was chairman of the Research Council's Committee on Industrial Lighting.

The Studies were later expanded and placed under the direction of Professor Elton D. Mayo, a psychiatrist at Harvard University.

—Dedication of Hawthorne's Public
privilege in the one hand, submission in the other. As the saying went, each “knew his place.”

There was, however, one all important difference in the hierarchy of Hawthorne and that found in old Europe.

In this favored land, the peons had hope in their hearts and faith in their new homeland.

True, the newcomers clung together according to their land of birth—clung tenaciously to the old customs, the festivals, teachings of the church, family hierarchy. But they were determined that, at all costs, their sons and daughters would get a high school education, at the least.

This was their joy, their children would break the chains that had burned them—and still did, though less harshly. Many of them lived to see their sons and daughters in places of power, and this helped offset the yearning for the Old World scenes and customs—the gossip at the village pump, the Sunday gatherings at the Church door, the wide views of the mountains.

Way back then, everyone except the management was paid weekly and in cash, in individual envelopes containing the appropriate bills and change. Every day was payday for someone. Monday, the Cable Plant; Tuesday, 26th Street, and so on.

A Brink’s armoured car would drive in Gate 1 at 10 a.m. each morning. The gate closed and locked.

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Highlights
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first demonstration of television, the latest of many scientific marvels developed by Bell System engineers. Hawthorne provided some of the special apparatus.

1928—New employees' insurance plan introduced with Phoenix Mutual providing counseling and coverage on company premises.

1929—Standard vacation period, designated as last two weeks in July, started at Hawthorne. One week's vacation after one year of service introduced. Employees with two or more years of service received two weeks.

—First Hello Charley vacation sticker introduced. The Hello Charley tradition is said to have begun when an employee named Charlie Drucker received a postcard from a fellow employee addressed to “Charley Western Electric.” It seems that most people in the factory knew the popular “Charley” by sight but couldn’t remember his last name. The card was circulated throughout the factory and, somewhere along the way, the phrase was shortened to Charley Western—and eventually to Hello Charley.

1930—Hawthorne employee force peaked at about 43,000 people. By

1933, it has plummeted to near 6,000, the result of a national economic depression.

—Miss Jean O'Rourke elected as Hawthorne's first Hello Charley girl, an annual pageant that continued through 1980.

1933—“Make Work” program begun at Hawthorne, Kearny and Point Breeze (Baltimore Works). The Microphone carried this explanation of the project: "With a view to creating work for Hawthorne craftsmen faced with unemployment due to the lessened demand for telephone apparatus, the Hawthorne Store will very shortly open a new type store on the second floor of the Restaurant Building (Bldg. 58). "The store will be devoted exclusively to the sale of articles in general demand, which are to be made specially in our shops.

"As the manufacture of these

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Early Hawthorne
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Six or eight watchmen with rifles would close in and the bags of money were carried into Building 57, where they were placed on the “pay wagon” and escorted by an armed guard to the pay station for that day.

As Hawthorne grew, this method of handling the payroll became outgrown. It was decided to pay by check, at enormous savings in time. But very quickly there became a real volume of complaints.

Few people had checking accounts, preferring to keep their savings under the mattress, or in a crock on the mantel piece. So what to do with these checks?

They took them to their grocer,
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The grazing cow in foreground is apparently undisturbed by rapid expansion of Hawthorne Works nearby. This view from Cermak Road shows first of Telephone Apparatus buildings shortly after they were completed. The corner building with its distinctive tower would not be started for another five years.

articles will be undertaken solely to provide work for our people, everything will, of course, be sold on a non-profit basis, so that the store will offer a great opportunity to obtain merchandise at very low cost.

“A further very important consideration is that every purchase made will increase employment at Hawthorne, providing work which otherwise would not be available.”

—Microphone discontinued in April, not to resume publication until July, 1936.

1935—Hawthorne Credit Union organized to encourage thrift and provide low interest loans to employees.

—Chapter 45 of the Telephone Pioneers chartered as the Hawthorne Chapter.

1937—First Crossbar switching equipment shipped. It was installed in New York City to serve the Grand Central Station and the eight blocks neighboring it. The office, built to accommodate 26,000 lines, cut over in August, 1938.

1940—Hawthorne begins conversion to war equipment production. Primary products included quartz crystal, radios, military radar units and gun directors.

1945—Reconversion of factory to peace time production. November issue of Microphone carried story which announced: “Hawthorne’s plan and purpose are to make enough telephones and telephone apparatus to fill Bell System needs that were never greater, never more urgent.

‘Before the New Year rolls around, Hawthorne is committed to deliver to the Bell System 1,200,000 telephone sets and a quarter of a million lines of dial telephone exchange equipment.

Microphone: June-July, 1935
These composite photos were taken in July, 1924, when President DuBois dedicated Hawthorne's Public Address system, the first in the nation for an industrial factory. More than 40,000 employees gathered for the event.

These Hawthorne Studies workers didn't know it when this picture was snapped, but they were destined to become identified with one of the most famous experiments in human behavior, called the Hawthorne Experiments, or Hawthorne Studies. Begun in 1924, the studies continued until 1933.

"In 1946, Hawthorne expects to produce no less than 3,000,000 telephones. That same year, we plan to produce over a million lines of dial telephone equipment. In 1947, the program calls for 1,500,000 lines."

1952—First of three IBEW local unions certified to represent Hawthorne employees in collective bargaining.

1954—Manufacturing facilities opened for production of Wire Spring relays.

a new development for use in telephone switching equipment, particularly Crossbar Systems.

—Announcement of company's role in development of NIKE missiles.

1955—Announcement that Hawthorne would begin using transistors, developed by Bell Laboratories, to replace vacuum tubes in new Crossbar *5* office equipment.

—Announcement of Western Electric as Prime Contractor for Defense Early Warning system, called DEW Line, a string of radar stations installed across Northern Canada and Alaska, intended as a warning system against military attacks launched across the polar region of the Northern hemisphere.

1959—Announcement of plan to build Electronic PBX at Hawthorne.

—Announcement that all Step-by-Step equipment manufacture would

Microphone: June-July, 1965
Early Hawthorne
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butcher, who in turn became alarmed at this turn of events. But they rallied quickly by charging 10 cents for cashing a check, thereby increasing the concern of the shop people.

Then there were social and family complications. Many employees resented the grocer learning how much they earned, particularly when the grocer already knew how much THEY owed HIM.

At home, there were serious domestic disputes, for in many cases, Papa had been in the habit of extracting a dollar or two from his envelope before giving it to the wife of his bosom.

Management, after gulping a bit, met the storm bravely, resolutely. It gave in. “We will continue to pay by check,” it declared, “but we will set up check cashing stations in the plant.”

These were the days of Prohibition and of Al Capone, whose headquarters office was only half a block away on 22nd Street. “The Shop,” a notorious gambling joint owned by Capone, was half a block north on Cicero Avenue.

Capone was not a welcome neighbor, as you will see. At high noon one day, his rivals, the Torrio gang, came roaring along 22nd Street from the east, shooting in the air as they passed the TA buildings, then riddling Capone’s building with nice, live ammunition.

My secretary, who lived near Capone’s office, found a couple of bullet holes in her living room window when she got home that night.

On another occasion, the night supervisor decided to take a walk outside—it was midnight with a nice moon. Suddenly, a gun was jammed in his back. “Watcha doin?”

The supervisor managed to explain. “Get inside and stay there,” the voice commanded.

I wish I had the talent to describe the “Shop” people as vividly as they deserve. For some years I had the good fortune to be located in the Cable Plant and became well-acquainted with many of them—the Twister operators, the Wardwell braider operators, the stranders, the insulators, the lead press operators.

The lead press operators, the aristocrats of the shop, were a breed apart. The work called for considerable physical effort, particularly of the men operators.

The biggest and strongest of them all was, very fittingly, the foreman of the stranding department, Jim Hortat by name. Jim, it was said, could tear a pack of cards in two, bend a poker, or straighten a horseshoe with his hands.

There were no unions at Hawthorne in those days, no grievance committees, no safety rules—really, no channels of communication between shop and office—just orders.

As I remember, there was no overtime allowance, nor any laws restricting hours of work or prescribing working conditions.

There were no coffee breaks, no smoking anywhere in the buildings or on the grounds except in private offices and in restaurants—and this (continued on page 12)

be consolidated at Hawthorne.

1960—A $30 million modernization project begun at Hawthorne. Manufacturing areas were improved in preparation for production of ESS equipment. Office buildings were remodeled and air conditioned. The project, considered a breath of new life for the factory, was completed in 1965.

—Announcement in September of plans to build an auditorium in the TA buildings. The facility occupies the sixth floor of Building 22, formerly used by Equipment Standards engineers who had relocated the previous year to offices in the Chicago Loop area.

1963—Bell System’s first 101 ESS PBX shipped to Cape Canaveral, Fla., where it was used by six private contractors working for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

1965—Manufacture of Thin Film circuitry begins in Buildings 156 and 157 at 26th Street shops. Tolerances for the new Electronic Age products were so critical that special “clean rooms” had to be constructed to filter out air pollutants and maintain constant humidity and temperature. Employees and visitors were required to wear special, sanitized clothing to avoid contamination to the area.

1968—Suppliers’ Opportunity Day

Quitting time at “the Western.” Rush hour had already become a reality when this picture was taken on Cermak Road in the late 1920’s. No company parking lots were yet available and employees who drove to work had to park their vehicles on the street.

Microphone: June-July, 1985
Transportation employees pose with their fleet of modern vehicles in this picture taken in the mid-1920's.

Fifty years later, the scene is repeated with new faces and new vehicles. The two photos were taken in the same location in front of the Hawthorne garage.

held at Albright Gymnasium, bringing together hundreds of minority suppliers and corporate buyers in an effort to stimulate minority owned and operated business in Chicago. The project blossomed into the Chicago Business Opportunity Fair in 1969 and led the way to development of Chicago’s Minority Purchasing Council and similar organizations in other major cities.

1974—International Symposium commemorating the 50th anniversary of the first experiment of the Hawthorne Studies sponsored by Hawthorne. Leading behavioral scientists from Universities around the world attended. A Hawthorne Studies room and sculpture were dedicated in Building 22-6. The sculpture and other displays were transferred in 1984 to the AT&T Technologies Management Training Center in Princeton, N.J.

1976—Original Hawthorne Studies records donated to Harvard University.

1978—Hawthorne Museum displaying major products made at Hawthorne opens in Building 56-1. Display material for the museum, built to commemorate the factory’s 75th anniversary, was donated by employees, both retired and active, and by Illinois Bell Telephone company. Early this year, the museum was donated to the Historical Society of Cicero and relocated to facilities in the Morton High School building located at Austin Blvd. and 24th Street.

1980—Terry Frietch, a secretary in

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for men only.

Once I proposed an increase in
salary for my secretary and my
manager crossed it out. “Why?” I
asked. “She’s a good secretary.”
“She smokes,” he said, and that
was the end of it.

There was a pension plan, a rare
thing in industry of that day. A shop
worker became entitled to one week
of vacation after five years of service,
two weeks after 10 years. Office
people got one week after the first
year, two weeks after the second and
thereafter.

The office boy got better treatment
than the veteran toolmaker!

Hawthorne grew in numbers from
about 6,000 employees in 1919 to
43,000 in 1929. The work force
increased by about 300 employees
each month. To cope with this
increase, 10 to 20 new and untrained
supervisors had to be added every
month for 10 years.

Looking back, I feel sure that very
few of us in management understood
what was going on. New orders were
pouring in, we were supremely
confident in our own competence,
and wasn’t this a lovely world!

Stanley Holmes, the very capable
and lovable superintendent of Shop
Operations, evidently sensed the
chaos. He set up “Results” depart­
ments and filled them with young
college men.

They were sent to the various
shops to “take a look.” They were
not welcome. A shop foreman at that
time was king of all he surveyed. To
have these Results bastards invading
his realm was more than some fore­
men could tolerate without explod­
ing. In some departments, the “know­
it-alls” were told to get lost.

But the results of Stanley Holmes
Results Investigators were truly
staggering. They made important
findings which earned them respect
and led to a new spirit of coopera­
tion, replacing what before was a
group of petty kingdoms, each suf­
ficient unto itself.

Hawthorne did meet the challenge
and poured out ever increasing
quantities of lead covered cable,
exchange cable, telephone sets,
and—late in the scramble, an order
from Illinois Bell for a gold desk set.
It was to be the millionth telephone
set in Chicago.

I do not know if it was ever made.
I do know it was never used. The
order came in late 1929!

Despite the turmoil of the Twenties,
there still was time for other things.
The Albright Gymnasium was built,
with baseball diamond, running track,
and later, tennis courts. A commis­
sary was set up on the first floor of
one of the TA buildings. Employees
could buy shoes, shirts, sweaters,
pants, pineapples, potatoes, and a
wide variety of other products, all at
very good prices. Under pressure
from local business men, it was
discontinued after a year or so of
operation.

A Credit Union was established and
the Company made arrangements
with Phoenix Mutual Insurance Com­
pany for its representatives to have
space in the Plant and do business
during working hours.

Sale of AT&T stock at reduced
prices was made available to all
employees. This was introduced at
Hawthorne by a mild mannered gen­
tleman from Headquarters—bearing
charts and mirrors.

He explained that it was all very
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The first Hello Charley girl,
Miss Jean O'Rourke, was elected
at Hawthorne in 1930, a year after
the Hello Charley sticker and the
standard vacation were
introduced.

Hawthorne Public Relations, becomes
Hawthorne’s 50th and last Hello
Charley girl. She was the 50th rather
than the 51st because the previous
winner served for two years.

1983—Announcement in June of plan
to close Hawthorne and consolidate
its product manufacturing operations
with other AT&T Technologies facilities.

1983—Albright Gymnasium and
Memorial Field donated to Morton
High School District in Cicero.

Hawthorne women employees here are operating condenser winding
machines, one of the early jobs for women at the burgeoning factory.
This photo appeared in the WE News in December, 1926.
Telephone poles, treated at Hawthorne with a wood preservative, are hauled by the MJ on the first lap of their journey to Bell System telephone companies. Photo taken in 1925.

Cable testing was a job assigned almost entirely to women when this photo was taken in the late 1920’s.

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simple—just a matter of arithmetic. All an office boy had to do was start buying his quota every year and, with no effort, retire with a very fancy bankroll. Since these were the days before Social Security, and the government mercifully limited itself to governing, this was heady stuff.

During this period of which I am writing, 1919 to 1934, AT&T stock soared to 326 in November, 1929—and dropped to 72 by 1934.

We folks at Hawthorne were caught up in the general euphoria of the Twenties—no task too difficult. Money was in free supply, AT&T bonds being grabbed up at 3 percent or so—and Washington had not yet decided that “it knew best.”

Freud, too, was in the running, raising strange, bewildering questions and talking of things—taboo.

It was in this atmosphere that the great Hawthorne Experiments were carried out. They have been dealt with fully in the book, “Management and the Worker.”

I had no hand in these experiments, but had a seat in the front row and knew all the actors. It all started at a meeting of the Society of Electrical Engineers. George Pennock, assistant works manager and my boss, was attending.

The subject under discussion was “Lighting in Industrial Plants.” Pennock offered to carry out some tests at Hawthorne. He selected a relay assembly department which occupied a whole section in the TA buildings and had a work force of perhaps 300 people.

They were all doing essentially the same kind of work and all in piece work. The average hourly output was well established.

Pennock increased the lighting in one-half the section and waited. Almost immediately the output in that half increased—but then, to his bewilderment, so did the output in the other half!

But Pennock, cum laude from M.I.T., wasn’t a man to stay bewildered long. More experiments, raising the light intensity, lowering it again, even lower than before the experiment started, and the outputs continued to climb.

There was some witchery here, not easy to fathom. But the 1920’s were days of questioning, particularly in the field of human behavior, strange waters to explore.

At some point, by a stroke of genius, Dr. Elton Mayo, a psychiatrist at Harvard, was asked to take a look. Mayo was an Australian, a devotee of hypnotism and other strange devices, smoked Turkish cigarettes in a foot-long holder, a connoisseur of good wines and withal, a “real guy.”

Scientifically controlled experiments were made using a small group of operators. They were moved to a small room away from all interference. They were fully advised as to what was going on, the chief item

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being that their hourly output was being measured electrically and to a precise degree.

Soon, extraordinary patterns of performance emerged. Susie would have a bad hour or two on Monday. Jo would be pretty uniform all day. Mary Ann—all over the place. What was being measured was their physical and emotional condition, their reaction to a supervisor's questions.

The appearance of Pennock, whom they now knew, would cause a flutter in performance. Here was a dark jungle and Mayo was having a ball exploring it. He came out with a strange device called "counselling." His general premise was that, clearly, many employees were under occasional, or perhaps, continuous emotional strain and, in the vernacular, needed some way to "blow their top."

So counsellors were placed all over the plant. Employees were advised that, if they wished, they could seek the counsellor's advice, for as long as they liked, and at full pay. They were assured their stories would be held strictly confidential, though records would be kept without revealing the source.

There was one nearly fatal flaw in the set up. The counsellors were young, some too eager, none of them really qualified to be father confessor.

After a good many years, the practice was slowly dropped. It had never been accepted by the hard boiled shop foreman who, tearing his hair over some breakdown in his assembly line, was casually told by Janie, the key operator, that she had an appointment with the counsellor.

Even so, the experiments were a noble effort, and they had a profound

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In 1928, office employees had a chance to get to know each other very well.

**Early Hawthorne**

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...effect on us all, from president to gang boss. A door had been opened, a new dimension added. Supervisors' meetings were held and their interest sought in understanding their new responsibilities in these uncharted fields.

The Hawthorne Club was a great institution. Its function was never clear to me, nor, I suspect, to its founders. But this kind of thing was in the air in the 1920's. All good fellows together.

An election of officers was held once a year. All employees were members. There were no fees.

For a week before election day, the contenders would parade through the offices and shops at noon time, accompanied by the band. They would address the multitude, detailing with becoming modesty their respective merits for holding office.

If was all good fun. Indeed, in retrospect, I think the management (H. Albright) showed an understanding well ahead of its time. The dullness of factory life! So why not a bit of good fun, just once in awhile, he standing aloof?

In winter, he wore spats, carried a gold headed cane. He was driven to work in a chauffeured Cadillac; the chauffeur in sober uniform.

The guard at Gate 8 on 22nd Street would salute. The first elevator available would be signalled, emptied, and H.A. would stalk in and be taken non-stop to the 6th floor—all alone.

An automatic elevator carried his lordship from the 6th floor to his office in the Tower.

Mr. Albright's office was some 40 feet long and 20 feet wide. It had a fireplace laid meticulously with fat pine kindling and birch logs.

Shortly after he had moved in, a small group of us were in the chief engineer's office when the telephone rang. The chief engineer, Oliver Spurling, listened, then turned gravely to us underlings.

"The fireplace is smoking," he said with just the hint of a smile. "The world stopped in its orbit. We were dismissed. The fireplace was never rekindled.

Oliver Spurling was a man of sterling integrity and understanding. Shortly after Christmas one year, I was summoned to his office. There were a dozen other of my colleagues there. Mr. Spurling was brief.

"I understand," he said, "that Mr. Shedden (the building contractor) gave each of you a five dollar gold piece just before Christmas."

A silence.

"You will give it back," he said.

Salary increases were announced the first week of January and July. It was a merciful choice of dates, for announcing them in December would have ruined Christmas for us all.

It was the practice, on the day chosen, for the department chief to call the recipients of a raise to his desk to pass on the happy news. These trips to the desk were watched by all eyes. The demeanor of the parting guest was analyzed—dubious satisfaction, to gloom, to despair—but worst of all was, not be to called at all.

One of the brighter of us four personnel managers, a compassionate lad, brooded about this demoralizing procedure and came up with an astute suggestion. At salary increase time, have the department chief call up and interview all members of the department. He would explain to each person the whys and wherefores of his large, medium, small or

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Another Hawthorne Club sponsored activity—tap dancing. Money was in short supply, but there was no lack of entertainment for lucky Hawthorne workers in the tough 1930's.

Service anniversaries have always been popular and important to Hawthorne. An event was held on January 7, 1931.

There is no positive identification of this group, apparently busy editing copy in February, 1931. If those are Microphone stories they're tearing apart, the writing staff was probably tearing out its collective hair.

Say uncle, you of throwing easy popular at Haw.

Microphone: June-July, 1985
Job applicants, all dressed to impress, seek interviews in Hawthorne employment office in April, 1938.

Centralized stenographers and typists ignore camera in favor of work in this 1930's photo.
no raise at all and encourage each individual to work harder.

There was one major flaw in this otherwise giant step forward. While each salaried employee was appraised semi-annually, it was clearly understood that no one could get a raise more than once a year. With this new procedure, the old department chiefs met the problem head on. “Joe,” they would say, “you will get yours next time around.”

In 1934, at the depths of the Great Depression, the National Recovery Act dictated that Company Unions must be organized and put in operation. We at Hawthorne were properly outraged, but helpless.

How our Company Union was set up I never knew. I only knew the results. An election of shop employees was held. As I remember, there were two contestants. One was a likeable chap, a highly skilled craftsman from the Tool Room; the other was Charlie Flax, a bench hand in the Condenser Department.

The highly skilled man got all the votes from the carpenters, plumbers, millwrights, electricians, tool makers—a total of about 300 votes.

Charlie Flax got the votes of only the more lowly workers—some 6,000 in all. There was general confusion. Neither side had the remotest idea of what to do next. So management took the first step. It invited Charlie Flax to New York to visit headquarters and meet the staff.

Charlie was not a very impressive lad. About 5’7”, squat, sandy hair, about 40 years old, he chewed tobacco and, in general, had an unwashed appearance overall.

Dressed in a rather baggy Sears Roebuck suit and square toed brown shoes, Charlie showed up on the 20th floor of 195 Broadway and was ushered into President Stoll’s office to meet the staff. “A cigarette-cigar Mr. Flax?” inquired President Clarence Stoll.

“No,” says Charlie. “Get me a cuspidor,” and the ice was broken. The party relaxed while a cuspidor

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Early Hawthorne
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was found.

Presumably, serious talk followed, though with little direction or understanding. At one point, V.P. Bancker, who believed in running a tight, very tight ship, and was not accustomed to discussing matters of policy with a tobacco chewing grade 34 bench hand, barked—his usual approach—at Charlie.

Charlie shot a contemplative stream of tobacco juice at the cuspidor.

"Listen to me, Bancker," says Charlie.

"I can call you an SOB, but if you call me one, that’s intimidation of labor."

At Christmas time, President Stoll sent Charlie a package of his favorite chewing tobacco and a cuspidor with Charlie’s name engraved on it.

The Great Depression was a terrible time for Hawthorne, as for the nation. There was no unemployment insurance and the maximum layoff allowance was two weeks pay.

Looking back at those days of popular demonstrations, angry threats and frequent clashes with “authorities” over nothing at all, one thing continues to amaze me. At Hawthorne, there were no angry public protests; indeed, few individual ones. Not a window was broken, not even a fight, while 36,000 employees, some with 25 years of service, were handed their “ticket.”

The only answer would appear to be that Hawthorne employees, except for management, were immigrants and sons and daughters of immigrants. They had fled from old, decadent Europe to this land of hope. Suddenly it had failed them, but the centuries old tradition of touching the hat to authority prevailed—and 36,000 employees went home without a job, without hope, without protest.

Hawthorne recovered from the Depression, of course, and became a vital war products plant during World War II, but it was a different factory by that time, and would be for the remainder of its life. When people say there will never be another Hawthorne, they are certainly right in one respect. There will never be another factory like the Hawthorne of the 1920's and 1930's. It was a pattern that, for good or bad, has forever been destroyed.

Employees turn out in force to receive one of two U. S. Navy “E” for Excellence awards won by Hawthorne for outstanding war time production.

Microphone: June-July, 1985
War comes to the nation and to Hawthorne. Hawthorne employees gather on campus to watch as a fellow worker is sworn into military service.

Patriotism is rewarded. This may be the new inductee’s wife. Then, again, it may not be.

Guest Writers Pen Hawthorne Memories

For this final issue of the Microphone, we asked several long service employees, all but one of them retired, to review some of their most memorable experiences of Hawthorne. Except for normal editing changes to adapt them to format and space limitations, these articles are essentially as they were written by the authors. Our hope is that the personal flavor each of these people brings to the Story of Hawthorne will make it more meaningful and enjoyable for all who read it.

The Editors

Remembrances of Hawthorne Studies

by Don Chipman

Automobiles were rare when I started to work at Hawthorne in 1925. At least half the employees lived no more than two miles from the plant, and most of them walked to work. Those who didn’t walk took the street car. In a much greater sense than today, we not only were fellow employees, but we were also neighbors.

My close friends were all people I worked with, and that was true of most employees. Much of our free time was spent attending events, such as basketball games, that were sponsored by the company through the Hawthorne Club.

Many of the people who worked in the shops were recent immigrants. They had come from Poland, Lithuania, Czechoslovakia, Scandinavia, Italy—and they were all hard workers. They tended to flock together by ethnic groups off the job, but on the job, they all worked together and did what they were told.

The department chief was a high mogul in those days. He could hire and fire and nobody asked any ques-

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tions. The Hawthorne Studies changed all that, I believe. They made supervisors more sensitive to people problems and that led to better relationships between supervisors and workers.

The highlight of my career was certainly the six years I spent as an observer in the Relay Assembly Test Room, one of the Hawthorne Experiments. I was a group chief working in Step-by-Step Inspection when they asked me if I would like to be an observer. Even though I had to give up my supervisor rating, I took the job because it looked interesting and I did not lose any money.

None of us knew at the time that the Studies were anything special, certainly not that they would become world famous and the basis of a revolution in management/worker relationships. To us, it was just a local experiment, interesting to be a part of but nothing extraordinary.

My job was to observe five girls who were assigned to assemble flat type relays under test room conditions. The plan was to introduce various changes in the work routine, measure the output, and attempt to determine how much the changes affected production.

Some of the changes were rest periods of five, ten and 15 minute duration, shorter work days, and lunches provided by the company.

The Relay Assembly Test Room study was an outgrowth of an illumination experiment conducted by the National Research Council of the National Academy of Sciences to determine the best level of lighting for maximum productivity. During the Illumination Experiments, lights were turned up, then down, then up again, and each time a change was made, production increased.

It was obvious that something besides the amount of illumination was responsible for the increase, so a decision was made to conduct other studies.

The five girls in the Relay Assembly Test Room were all selected because they were experienced workers and were thought to be compatible with each other. Three of the five remained on the assignment until the experiments ended in 1933.

My job was to observe them throughout the day and write reports on changes that were introduced, how the girls reacted, what they talked about, anything that appeared to bother them. They had been told that this was my job, so they weren't nervous about me being there. In fact, we all became good friends.

There has been too much written about the studies for me to try to add more, but one thing became quickly apparent to me. Almost any significant change in routine or expectation did have an effect on the girls' production.

The fastest worker in my group was an Italian girl who had extremely nimble fingers. She consistently out-produced any of the other girls. One time, she broke up with her boy friend. As I remember, they had planned to be married. She was emotionally upset over the rift, and her production lagged for some time.

One of the things that grew out of the studies was an interview organization. There were people assigned to interview employees throughout the plant to find out what they were concerned about, how they viewed their jobs, their supervisors, almost anything they wanted to talk about. These interviews were written up and used by the Training Organization in supervisory training programs.

This experience appeared to have an effect on supervisory relationships with workers. I know it did on me. When I went back to the shop as a supervisor, I'm sure I was more sensitive to people and more concerned about problems that might bother them. I frequently had discussions with people in my department in an effort to help them work out problems that affected their lives off as well as on the job.

Being a part of the Hawthorne Studies was an important experience in my career and in my life. Many times since I retired in 1970 I have been called on to participate in some discussion or seminar on the experiments.

Even though only six of my 45 years of service were spent in the Studies, that experience is still one of the strongest in my memory. It really (continued on page 22)
Remembrances
(continued from page 21)

characterizes in my mind the kind of work place Hawthorne was—bold, confident and willing to experiment with new things; demanding of its people but concerned about them, too. From my point of view, it remained that way to the day I retired.

(Mr. Chipman retired from Hawthorne in 1970 with 44 years of service).

Hawthorne Works in War Time Production
by Joe Fullan

Some of my favorite and proudest memories are of my experiences with people who were outside inspectors for Hawthorne during World War II. As a newly promoted section chief, I had the rare privilege of setting up, staffing, and organizing the wired equipment portion of the local outside inspection effort.

There were literally scores of subcontractors in the Chicago area whose products had to be inspected and approved before being delivered to Hawthorne. In these shops, mostly small and frequently poorly equipped, our inspectors found themselves manning the front line trenches in the ongoing battle to assure quality conformance to our customer specifications.

The machine shop and foundry counterparts operated under different supervision but in close team work fashion. There were also Hawthorne inspectors stationed at major supplier plants throughout the Eastern States, but those assignments were usually staffed with highly qualified equipment engineers on loan to the manufacturing branch for the duration of the war. That was a separate operation.

Our inspection stations in the Chicago area were often lonely outposts where the nature of the duties involved made it difficult to "win friends and influence people." It isn’t easy to make friends with workers whose products one may have to reject for failure to meet quality standards.

Compounding this problem was the urgency of switching over the factory to meet war production needs. When war broke out in Europe in 1939, Hawthorne was still operating in a sort of post depression mode with its newest machine switching system called Crossbar as its main wired equipment product line.

Then, quite suddenly, about a year before Pearl Harbor, the "Government Shops" came into being. Early on, this new undertaking consisted of a quartz crystal manufacturing process, followed soon after by substantial orders for Signal Corps and Field Artillery radio sending and receiving sets. This operation was known as "Project 9."

Soon thereafter, our country was at war with Germany and Japan, and all civilian production except that urgently needed for defense was sharply curtailed. The Western

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Hawthorne
(continued from page 22)

Electric Company was selected as a prime contractor for many major weapons systems, including Naval Radar, Airborne Radar, Gun Director Control Systems, Echo Ranging Equipment, and many more. The Hawthorne Works was in the forefront of these important developments and, as the prime contractor, became the source location for many products that were to prove vital to the allied war effort.

There was an immediate need for hiring, training and equipping a large multi-shift work force at Hawthorne to handle the thousands of individual work assignments within the various departments. Many of the new hires had no previous factory experience, but they were eager to work, make some money, and contribute to the war effort.

At the same time, the turnover rate was exceedingly high because many skilled and semi-skilled male workers were being rapidly inducted into the armed services.

Fortunately, the job market in Chicago was good. There was an ample supply of young and enthusiastic prospects who didn't have much if any industrial experience, but they were willing and eager to learn. Accordingly, most jobs were staffed with a nucleus of experienced help which was supplemented by many trainees.

Outside inspection was no exception, although some of the more difficult occupations were staffed by proven performers.

There was an air of excitement at Hawthorne in those days that gave everyone there a sense of important purpose. It stemmed in part, of course, from the desire to give every possible support to our troops in the field, but there was also the challenge of nearly everyone having to learn new things (and fast) every day.

There was also the incentive created by the need for talent and the upward mobility opportunities for those who were in the right place at the right time. Promotions in grade and in rank were handled more expeditiously than was traditional at Hawthorne, and the feeling was strong that good work was appreciated.

In my mind, it was during this memorable period of Hawthorne's proud history that the "can do" spirit blossomed to its full potential. It was as if nearly every employee had just been waiting for the challenge and the opportunity to test his/her strength in depth and not be found wanting.

Among the many forward looking innovations was the assignment of women to tasks of greater complexity and of a more technical nature. Needless to say, they proved themselves more than equal to the task, adjusting to their production jobs as (continued on page 24)

Employees review copy of first Microphone, on its 30th anniversary, February 24, 1952.

Hawthorne's campus was serene and deserted on July 1, 1955, a Sunday, most likely. What other day would produce this scene!

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quickly and easily as the males they worked beside or replaced.

As a prime contractor for many urgently needed armed forces products, Hawthorne also faced the very urgent need for establishing mutually satisfactory working relationships with an expanding list of subcontractors who had sought and been granted approval for government production work. Developing and adapting engineering specifications into work drawings and then enforcing necessary quality standards on these fledgling component makers was a major part of the procurement process upon which our success heavily depended.

The outside inspection staff was an integral part of this quality assurance process. Looking back, I think I'm even more impressed now than I was then at the camaraderie that developed among us over the period that we worked together.

Power house employees pose for camera on June 10, 1953.

Outside inspection was not one of the higher paying jobs. All "direct" effort expended on product in the Government Shops was classified "daywork," versus "incentive" or "piecework." Therefore, the pay scale for new hires was relatively low.

The outside inspection work force included many inexperienced people who were trying to make it from day to day without much to spare. Most of them travelled to and from work via public transportation and brown bagged it as a matter of necessity. At the same time, they had little contact with fellow Western Electric workers. If they got an opportunity to air their concerns or share their problems, it was with some other inspector or, occasionally, with their supervisor. These supervisors visited each job site on a rotational basis, but their visits were spread pretty thin.

Still, there seemed to be a common thread binding together the lives and hopes and aspirations of those who found themselves sharing the nomad life of being stationed at supplier plants. This linkage proved highly supportive, and in times of need, even life sustaining. And in this reaching out process, people found themselves developing added self assurance. This, in turn, led them to take greater pride in their individual

College relations was big business at Hawthorne in 1952. Here, college relations people assemble to plan future recruiting strategy.

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Hawthorne
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and group contributions to the war effort. The difficulties and simple pleasures they shared strengthened their bonds and produced a unifying effect on their job activities.

The spirit and dedication of Hawthorne people in those days was beyond anything I have witnessed before or since, and it resulted in our twice earning the coveted “E” for Excellence award granted by the U.S. Navy before the war ended. Thousands of “ordinary” people who had made “extraordinary” efforts were present at the ceremonies. That included members of that happy band of warriors who did their fighting, and did it well, as inspectors in the shops of Hawthorne suppliers.

Even though Hawthorne goes out of existence, there are thousands of us, I know, who will long remember her days in the sun, when we all stood tall and were proud to be counted among her sons and daughters.

(Mr. Fullan retired in 1974 with 39 years of service).

Years of Work, Fun and Friendship

by Bea Rozhon

I remember a feature in Walter Winchell’s column years ago called “Memories that Bless and Burn.”

In my 42 years at Hawthorne,
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Years of Work
(continued from page 26)
there were many such memories, as there were for all of us. The joys and sorrows shared with fellow workers who became good friends, the daily conversations concerning news of the day, company happenings, witty friendly gossip, and the essential job-related discussions—all these formed a bond that was like being a part of a second family.

However, the over-all work experience was one of accomplishment. In my many years in the Medical Department, there was tremendous work done that contributed not only to the company but to industrial medicine as well.

One example was the vision program introduced by our medical directors in collaboration with Purdue University. A group of us was chosen for training at the university. We then began a complete survey, testing the eye performance of all employees on visually demanding jobs so it could be correlated with job performance.

Our equipment was moved right into the shops for testing at the job locations. Our findings were so impressive that our statistics were accepted by Purdue to set up visual standards that, so far as I know, are still in use today.

Being a part of that testing team was more fun than work.

Another example was the pioneer (continued on page 27)
101 ESS came to Hawthorne in 1960 and was ready to start shipping by 1963. The operation shown here was in Bldg. 34-2.

Years of Work
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work done in reducing job-related back injuries. Pre-placement X-rays of candidates for heavy work to determine fitness for the job proved so successful that the first year of the program showed a reduction of 75 percent in back injuries and gained the attention of all our manufacturing locations.

Even programs like these, exciting as they were, are overshadowed by our greatest one—the War Effort during World War II. This brought a new meaning to the word “teamwork.” Every one was touched in some way by the war, and this brought us all together in a united effort to support our company and our country.

Those of us who were there during this period will long remember the team spirit that prevailed during those rough years. Who can forget the six and seven-day work week with the extra tight security throughout the plant, the farewell parties for those entering service, the letters and gifts to relatives and friends with the frustrating APO numbers that gave no clue to whereabouts, the War Bond drives, USO dances, and the precious ration books?

Nor can we forget the heartfelt sympathy for those who lost loved ones—and then, at last, the joy when it was all over—the announcement by the Works manager and his permission to go right home and celebrate. A happier mass exit was never to be experienced again!

All this brought us together as one huge family of friends. It created a bond that in my mind would never weaken. And always, throughout the hardest times, there was humor. No matter how tired or harrassed we felt, a day never went by without its share of laughs and smiles.

When I think about it, what it boils down to is the fact that, although I enjoyed being a part of the work force and feel tremendous gratitude for our fantastic benefits, I can’t forget the greatest plus of all—the friendships made and kept through all the years.

(Mrs. Rozhon retired in 1985 with 45 years of service).

Impact of Hawthorne on Black Supervisor
by Val Jordan

For me, Hawthorne will always be the place where my life came in focus, again. Six years after my World War II tour, still filled with unexpressed rage, I came to Western Electric.

During those six years before I came to Hawthorne, I had tried unsuccessfully to put my wartime experiences into some kind of sensible framework. I simply could not understand a system that would draft someone from a college campus as a biology laboratory assistant-instructor of freshman biology-train him to be a surgical technician and malaria control technician, then force him to labor as fumigator of mattresses, digger of ditches, and unloader of boxcars and ships.

On January 29, 1952, from six available applicants, I was hired as an assistant lumber grader at Hawthorne. My job was to transform boxcar loads of lumber into neat little stacks in the old lumber yard at 26th Street.

A few years later, with the help of “Science of Mind,” a monthly magazine devoted to positive spiritual development, I slowly began to unravel the intricate web of protective negativity left by WW II. The

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Impact
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hurting gradually subsided, but
acrimony still threatened, spilling out
frequently in spirited, even hair
triggered responses to anyone
perceived as perpetuating the
indignities inflicted while I was a
captive patriot.

Before long, however, renewed
faith nourished my self confidence
back to full health. Catching glimpses
of my old self, I knew that I was
going to make it. In the parlance of
positive religious thought, I realized
that nothing in the world would deny
me my good except myself: my think­
ing, my temper.

Faith was translated into reality in
1964 when an open enrollment
period gave me the opportunity to
nominate myself for supervision. It
was in the Supervisory Candidate
Training Program (SCTP) that it all
began to come together, including
some of the answers.

In SCTP training, I was introduced
to General Semantics, which fused
immediately with the positive
spirituality of “Science of Mind,”
creating an illuminating awareness
and understanding. I learned how not
to respond to abstractions as if they
were facts; how to avoid making
uncritical inferences; how to be wary
of generalizations and absolutes; how
to respond to loaded words.

With General Semantics, words
were never more than symbols of the
things they represented. Definitely,
they were not the things themselves.

It became increasingly apparent that
I had full responsibility for my own
behavior. The right of self definition
was mine.

Eventually, “Science of Mind,”
General Semantics and Faith became
the active ingredients of my sharing
with those fellow workers who came
to me for counsel.

The world became even brighter in
1967 when I was selected as the
replacement for one of the retiring
SCTP instructors. It seemed that I had
not talked too much, after all.
Perhaps someone had been listening
to my preachments about trying to
understand our factory also from the
perspective of the worker.

My own good fortune was not an
isolated instance. More and more
minorities and women were moving
into supervision and professional
positions. Fresh, invigorating air was
blowing through our factory.

Healing was rapid as I exulted in
doing work that was utterly enjoy-
(continued on page 29)
Where were you on the day following Chicago's record snowfall of 23 inches in late January, 1967? This unfortunate MJ Railway worker was fully occupied trying to clear a path for a stalled locomotive.

Impact

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able. It was growth provoking, stimulating.

Subsequently, a project was proposed which had the makings of redemption itself. Management decided that the "Searing Sixties" required that a serious effort be made to diminish the potential for racial polarization in our work place. So, our semi-confrontational social sensibilities program, "New Challenge to Management" was created.

"New Challenge to Management" was a therapeutic sacrament shared consultatively with various AT&T units and other businesses throughout the country which were interested in coming to grips with The Problem. However, my most difficult time with Challenge came when I was most comfortable with the program.

It resulted from the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. On the morning following the Reverend Doctor King's death, I was scheduled to conduct the second day of a Challenge series.

The assassination had disem­boweled me emotionally. Tears? How I cursed the day that I learned to cry, as a man, simply because I wanted to be a more effective actor in a religious drama.

Cancellation of the Challenge ses­sion was unthinkable, although it was the day for confrontation when some pretty good shots were usually taken. Indeed, my real fear was of the bottled up rage that I had fought against fairly successfully for such a long time.

After the session, which was without confrontation and without mention of the assassination, and after all participants had gone, the second weeping came. But that time,

it was because I realized that somehow my grief for Martin had exorcized me of the rage. The intense anger that remained was a welcome relief. When it subsided, so did the final experience of abstract pain.

Free at last of hatred and worse, I rediscovered my pre-WW II personality: lover of all people, passionate lover of my own. So the rest of my career at Hawthorne, the personnel, the training and the wage practices departments, with all the interesting people I encountered, was but happy epilogue.

Never can I forget the people who permitted me to intersect with their lives, participate in their growth and development, and help them to higher

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Employee in capacitor shops shows off new product pack.

Search For Missing Microphone Issues

In researching back copies of the Microphone, we were unable to locate the issues listed below:

December, 1979
December, 1980
May, 1981

If you have one or more of these issues and are willing to donate them, please contact: R.P. Jerich, Public Relations Manager, AT&T Network Systems, 3800 Golf Road, AT17, Rolling Meadows, Ill. 60008.

Extra copies of this Memorial Issue may be purchased for $3.00 per copy by writing to:

Telephone Pioneers of America
Henry F. Albright Council
Hawthorne Station
Chicago, IL 60623

Proceeds will go to the Pioneer Council's Charity Fund.

Impact

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ground. Although this activity competed seriously for my time, it resulted in my becoming a better person and, consequently, a better employee.

My final wish for all Hawthorneans is that all your Mondays be marvelous, your Tuesdays tremendous, your Wednesdays wonderful, Thursday terrific, Fridays fantastically fine, Saturdays spectacularly stupendous, and may all your Sundays be soulfully sensitive, as mine have been, by positive affirmation, since I rediscovered me, at Hawthorne.

(Mr. Jordan retired in 1984 with 32 years of service.)

The 1970's saw changes in custom as well as in product lines. This 1973 photo shows a lady semi-truck driver about to climb into her cab.

This young lady wants to become a tool maker. She was Hawthorne's first woman toolmaker apprentice.

Hawthorne Effect Spread to New Plants

by Joe Werth

As time slips rapidly away for those of us left at Hawthorne, our memories seem to become sharper for the things that were. The memories become more vivid and we are apt to discuss them more in our everyday conversations.

As we look around and observe empty spaces, buildings fragmented or replaced by dust and weeds, we can still see buildings that once were whole, sturdy as granite, alive with busy people working almost shoulder to shoulder.

The "best years of Hawthorne," may be different for each of us, but some memories are common: the "bandshell" with thousands of people enjoying a sunny day in summer, seeing and listening to a Big Band playing popular tunes, people dancing on the grass, a "Hello Charley" girl being crowned—or, during the war years, listening to a veteran tell us to buy "War Bonds and help the effort."

It was also the time for standing in line at the elevators, a work force that soared above 40,000 people, buying items at the Club Store,

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A new, continuous cast rod mill went into operation in 1974 and quickly proved its value by setting new world records in copper rod production. The mill was sold in 1984 to the Magma Copper Company.
Hawthorne Effect
(continued from page 30)

flowers in summer, gifts at Christmas
time, and at the end of the day,
crowded street cars, later replaced by
buses.

Albright Gym bustling with people—
every noon hour, runners, putters,
baseball games, sports and recreation
shows in preparation for "Standard
Vacation Shut-downs—all an impor-
tant part of Hawthorne history and of
our lives.

It was different then in terms of
numbers but not so different in
attitudes of people, primarily because
those of us still here were a part of
those "things that were."

That attitude was probably best
described as the "Hawthorne effect,"
which revealed that people, when
given the attention and treatment
they deserve, responded to needs of
the job and accomplished feats not
considered possible.

Although the "Hawthorne effect"
found its way to college classrooms
and library shelves, becoming more
of a text book study than an operat-
ing practice in industry, I think it was
always practiced at Hawthorne—not
by all, perhaps, but by many.

That's because it was really a very
simple idea—that we are all a part of
a team, and teamwork was always
evident here and was the driving
force that distinguished this work
place. That concept, practiced here
from the beginning, migrated to our
newer plants, spreading the Haw-
thorne effect throughout the company.

The philosophy is best expressed in
our "Ten Commandments," which at
one time hung on every supervisor's
wall. Although few remain visible
today, I believe their words still

Capacitor production was a
major Hawthorne operation when
this photo was taken in March,
1980.

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Sideburns dropped in the 1970's, while hemlines climbed—and
climbed.

reflect the way we do business.

This Christmas, although the Tower
lights will be dark, I am sure that
each of us will imagine them glowing
bright, as in the days past—when
they brought to all of us the joy of
another Holiday Season and the
promise of another New Year.

The days, weeks, and years have
slipped by much too fast, but they
have left behind a lot of pleasant
memories and the satisfaction of
knowing "we were there."

(Mr. Werth, a manager still active at
Hawthorne, began his career in 1952.)

A new skill called Keypunch operating, an essential part of the
company's mammoth computer operations, blossomed during the 1970's.
This photo was taken in 1977.

The first and last Hello Charley
girls, Terry Frietch and Jean
O'Rourke, pose together during
Terry's coronation in 1980.
period during the Depression of the 1930’s.

Except for its format, which was changed several times along the way in attempts to make it more attractive and readable, the paper has remained essentially unchanged.

The purpose of the first issue was basically the same as the last—to bring understanding to employees of the company’s purpose and values and to give them a sense of “belonging to and appreciation by and for” the organization in which they worked.

The method used for accomplishing that objective has been to report real news as much as possible and interpretations of that news as little as possible. Each of the many editors along the way has avoided the paternal technique of giving advice, operating instead on the premise that readers, given valid information, can make their own analysis of changes and events.

In preparing for this last issue, we went through every copy of the Microphone, and we found no variation from that philosophy of communications from management to employees. There have been changes of emphasis along the way. In the early days, much coverage was given to recreational activities, for they were of major interest to most employees.

As the years passed, more space was devoted to product activities, policy and program changes and the status of the business. Included, but not dominating, were feature stories recognizing individuals for outstanding performance, on the job and off.

But always, there was underlying respect for reader maturity and judgment. That has given the Microphone, we feel, prominent status among industrial publications.

It is with great regret that we write “30”—a journalistic symbol for “end of story”—to another Hawthorne tradition, but we hope this final issue serves to evoke pleasant memories for each of you, now and in the future.

Mass exodus at Hawthorne.

Several members of a single family often found careers for themselves at Hawthorne. Sometimes it was difficult to distinguish one from another, as in this team of identical twins.