

NCR News



December
1926

Australia—Fiji Islands—Pago Pago And Then Dayton



A native policeman, a native hut and (right) a native Fijian. The latter are very proud of their hair and brush it for hours at a time. Note the crop on this gentleman's head. Pictures taken by C. A. Allen in the Fiji Islands.

Working for the NCR in Sydney, Australia, I became interested in the city of Dayton, and was determined to visit the factory and see how cash registers were made.

I left Sydney on March 26, 1926, and the first port at which we arrived was Suva, Fiji. The Fiji Islands are a group in the Pacific Ocean about two thousand miles from Australia. The average person when visiting these islands expects to see savages who still retain their barbaric customs. This, however, is not the case, for the inhabitants are under British rule and the native children receive the same education as any other child: The natives are therefore well educated; print their own newspaper; have a well-equipped fire department and efficient police force. They also own motor launches, and a large percentage buy motor cars—anything from fivers up to Dodges, Buicks and Studebakers.

They are great movie fans, being especially interested in the thrilling western pictures, and their chief occupation is working on the sugar plantations.

In the native business section one sees fruit and tobacco markets. The merchants have their stands on the sidewalk. The tobacco is put up in coils like rope and one may buy it by the

yard and in the same manner that a yard of calico would be purchased. Fruit can be purchased very cheaply, a bunch of bananas selling for twenty-five cents. Even here the native fruit merchants realize the importance of using National Cash Registers, for we saw many in use.

We left Fiji in the afternoon, and as the steamer began moving away from the wharf, the native boys started to dive for coins which the passengers threw to them from the decks of the steamer. These boys were diving in a shark infested bay, but the sharks seldom attack a native.

After two days' sailing we arrived at Pago Pago, American Samoa, which is under the control of the United States Navy. Here the passengers hurried ashore for souvenirs, as the steamer remained in port three hours. The Samoans, who are similar in appearance to the Fijians, gathered at the edge of the shore to sell baskets, coral, grass skirts, tortoise shell rings and beads.

The natives make their living by selling copra, which is a by-product of coconuts.

The Samoans have neat appearing stores and when buying various articles we noticed that here, too, National Cash Registers were in use.

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Jesse Haines—Of World Series Fame



Jesse Haines in the office of his garage at Phillipsburg, Ohio

To rise from an obscure country boy to national fame—and still to retain his quiet country demeanor—this is Jesse Haines, the Phillipsburg boy who before 40,000 cheering fans shut out the hard-hitting Yankees in the third game of the last world series. Incidentally, he hit a home run with one man on base the same day. It reads like fiction—but it's really the story of a man who, with a goal in mind, has made many, many sacrifices to reach that goal. Today Jesse Haines can retire from baseball should he so desire, and for the rest of his life live in his little home town, content that at last he reached the pinnacle of baseball fame solely through his own efforts one dreary October afternoon in Sportsman's Park, St. Louis.

And to us, members of the NCR family, the success of this boy from Phillipsburg is a source of deep satisfaction, for it was as a member of an NCR team that Jesse Haines really took his first step toward baseball stardom.

Back in 1912 Jesse had an enviable reputation in his home village as a

pitcher. Up to that time he never had pitched for any club but that of his home town. The NCR had a representative team that played on Saturday afternoons at the Soldiers' Home and they were in sad need of a good pitcher. Hearing of the Phillipsburg boy, steps were taken to secure his services. The offer was accepted and Jesse Haines pitched his first game outside Phillipsburg for the NCR, and by the way, he won that game.

The following season he played with the Lily Brews of this city and subsequently with Fort Wayne of the Central League. In 1920 he was signed by the St. Louis Cardinals—and he is still a member of the world champions.

But Haines' rise to fame is not an accident. It is but the natural result of hard work and many sacrifices. Jesse Haines had determined to become a big league ball player years ago. He knew the price meant early to bed; clean living; good habits and a goodly amount of faith in himself. Whenever he played baseball he always sought to learn something he did not already know. He listened to the advice of

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When Santa Meets the Kiddies At the "Cash"



It takes three meetings like this one to take care of the children at the NCR Christmas Party given in our Schoolhouse each year.

The Christmas entertainment for the children which the management provides each year, is really more than a children's affair. It is a community project in which the entire city participates in the spirit of the Yuletide season.

To the man at the machine or bench who does not have the opportunity of getting behind the scenes, the actual occurrences are bound to be of interest. As you read this, there are thousands of children eagerly awaiting the annual NCR Christmas Party at our Schoolhouse.

At daylight on December 18 the procession will start. From every part of the city, from the homes of the rich as well as the poor, from many of the surrounding cities and towns, children will head for the NCR Schoolhouse.

Tots, barely able to stumble along, children of every type and color up to sixteen and seventeen years of age will be found in the gathering. Grandmothers, mothers, grandfathers and granduncles will find a good excuse to attend the show by acting as chaperone for some little tot.

Last year an elderly gentleman, somewhere in the seventies, came out of the Schoolhouse, a box of candy in one hand—a little fellow about four hanging onto his other. There were at least twenty others like him.

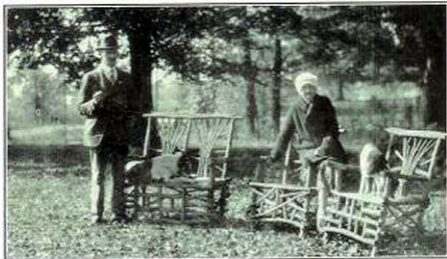
One elderly lady told us this story. "Just as soon as the stores start their Christmas advertising, the children start talking about Santa Claus at the 'Cash.' Each Saturday their enthusiasm increases and when the day finally arrives it means almost as much to them as Christmas Day itself."

A mother of three, carrying a child about two years of age in her arms, smiled as she said, "I just could not keep the baby at home and leave the other two go. He is really too small to come out with the other children, but I know that the NCR does not mind."

These are some of the things you will hear outside the Schoolhouse. Let us take a trip inside.

The inimitable "Mac" mounts the stage and shouts for silence. And he gets it. Then he starts something like this, "Now we have arranged a nice

Prove Excellent Hosts For Modelmakers



Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Williams and a view of the grounds surrounding their home where the Modelmakers hold their annual "Wiener Roast."

Three years ago a few "live wires" of the Model Making Department conceived the idea of a "wiener roast."

Hearing of the project, Mr. H. Williams, one of the job-foremen, kindly offered his spacious and beautiful home grounds for the affair.

The success of the first "wiener roast" was so pronounced that it has become an established custom to repeat the affair each fall, the last one being given on the evening of October 21.

A large representation of "wiener roasters" drove out and thoroughly enjoyed the occasion.

As upon previous occasions, Mr. Williams and his family welcomed the guests with two big camp fires.

Doughnuts and cider, sandwiches, marshmallows and candy for the kiddies formed the appetizing menu.

Mr. John Bingham again kindly entertained the crowd with his marvelous radio, and various games added to the general enjoyment.

The participants are greatly indebted to the following able committee on arrangements: J. W. Leflar, E. L.

Duerr, J. J. Schwinn, Arthur Epps and A. E. Griesmeyer.—S. Colley, Model Making.

Deliver A Christmas Basket

We have had steady work this year, and the prospects for the coming twelve months are bright. But there are always those who are in need, and prosperity to be fully enjoyed must be shared with the stranger as well as with relatives and friends.

An increasing number of N C R men and women each year share this prosperity by delivering a well-filled Christmas basket to some family in need.

What could do more good than for you to deliver a well-filled basket to some family, or be more in keeping with the Spirit of Christmas?

Names of worthy families can be procured through the Associated Charities, 118 E. 1st Street, Phone M. 1633.



CHRISTMAS is the one universal holiday observed throughout the civilized world. The people of all nations celebrate the occasion according to their various customs, and everywhere there is the spirit of happiness.

The Christmas message is one of Good Will. Today there is that further ambition in the whole world that there speedily may come a time when there will be a permanent peace on earth.

Our business year during 1936 has been one of the greatest in the history of the Company. This makes us thankful, and brings a resolve to grow greater in our service to all the world during the coming year.

Every member of our organization has had a part in the successful development and growth of this industry. It is my earnest hope that in every N C R home this Christmas, and all the time, there may be the greatest of happiness and good will.

And I extend to all the universal salutation:
"A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

Fredrick B. Pattison
President