

Who's Who in The Globe, 1919

Lyon and at John S. Willison. Faithful to reciprocity, single tax (when not on bachelors), home rule, government by Parliament for the people, and other lost causes. President of Globe Employees' Benefit Society, and is a good one.

FERGUSON, G. Tower.—Strongly tainted with shrewd and canny Scottish blood from the veins of a long line of distinguished ancestors of the Covenanting stock. Consequently fits well on The Globe directorate. Head of big stock brokers' firm, but tears himself from frenzied finance any time to meet and mingle with The Globe family. Popular figure at all family festivals and frolics. Men, women, children and dogs take to him at sight. Started all the youngsters' races at The Globe picnic and judged Lyon's baby crawl without arousing acrimony among ambitious mothers. Consequently ranks high as a diplomatist. Attended the Auld Kirk, but doesn't let it chill him. Innocently gets many new reporters into hot water and keeps Matt Ryan and Will Lahey on the jump by nanging on to the Scottish double "S" in his name.

FINDLAY, William.—Age uncertain, also religion, but believes in no higher criticism of advertising than his own. Started life as a printer's devil when newspaper pages were 10 columns wide. Still clings to that width in piling ads. into a page. Is a hopeless victim of the hoof-and-mouth disease, golf, but is off his game very frequently. Has owned and managed several papers. Prefers working for someone else at a salary because he likes to be sure of his meals. Is quite a prolific writer. Likes his stuff in big print with borders all around outside, and next pure reading matter. Hasn't been long on The Globe, but intends to stay longer. Is not being allowed to speak at this dinner, but has speech all typewritten in his pocket if anyone wants to see it. These are his faults. Virtues are: Likes a good story; knows when and how to laugh; a real hustler with lots of fight and pep; is a wonderful organizer, and knows that a newspaper is really produced for its reading matter.

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FLEMING, Charles.—Runs the telephone switchboard at nights when things get fast in the editorial rooms. Tells the world who wins fights and elections. His ears burn when Rutherford strafes a correspondent by long-distance. Now knows that Main 5400 means something.

GAIRDNER, Robert G.—Head machinist. Born in the Land o' Cakes, but was deported at an early age. Summers at the Credit. Hobby: Motors and motoring. Pet remark: "Y's, but look here!"

GARDEN, Robert.—Scottish and still has the brogue.

GAYNOR, Harold.—The cub of the stereotypers, although a bear in reality. Has great friends among the engineers, for keeping them busy looking after his machinery. Known to squeeze through a knothole, with room to spare. Sings "Take Me Back to Blighty" like Ruthven Macdonald. Spends his mornings keeping Buff and Grandma awake.

GIRLISH, Walter.—A new-comer in engineer's department. Does not carry any medals, but he deserves them. Spent three years overseas and was wounded twice; his wounds are healed; and he is now a benedict.

GLENISTER, Ethel.—We don't know whether The Globe can revolve on its axis without her or not, but it is whispered that very soon it will have to try. It won't make quite the same smooth revolutions, anyway, for business beams from Ethel's eye, and she certainly makes things go. Recreation: Going to church; has been known to do it three times on a Sunday; singing in the choir two out of the three. When she goes to church one day and comes out no longer Ethel Glenister, won't the old Globe groan!

GOLDBERG, Harry ("Red").—Has a head of hair that would distinguish him in any crowd. Although small, can outwork most bigger men.

GOLDBANG, D. C.—A hustler, with good results. "Cash in hand