

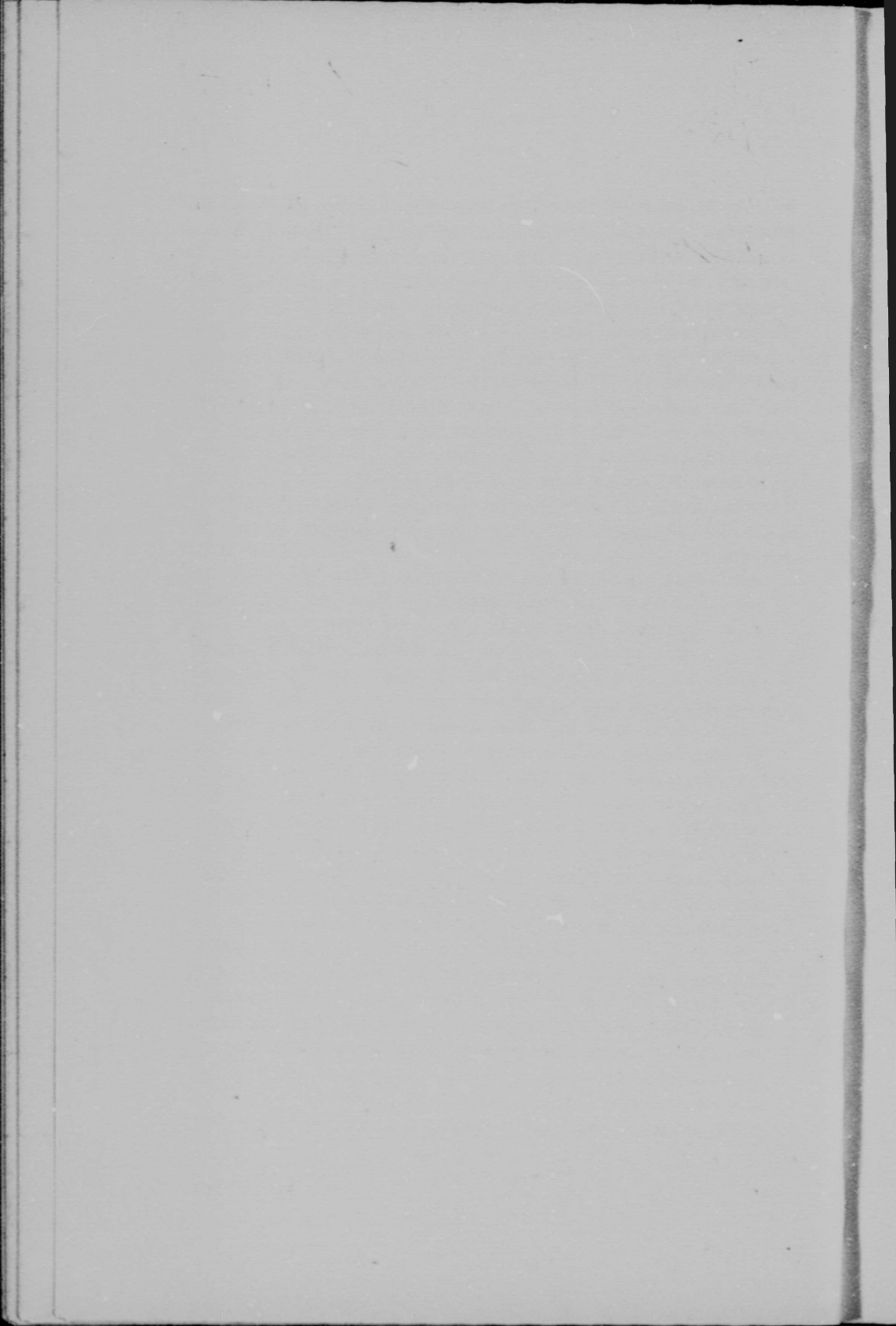
Who's  
Who in  
The Globe  
1919



*Being a collection of authoritative biographies  
compiled by unknown writers, edited by  
unknown editors, set and printed by unknown  
craftsmen. These pages know no libel law.*

*“Speak of me as I am;  
nothing extenuate, nor set down  
aught in malice.”*

—SHAKESPEARE.



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**ABBS, Hedley**—The man who has made missing the mail almost impossible by the speed with which he turns out plates when the forms go in late. Popularly known as "Eddie," and always willing and ready to help the other fellow out. Holds greatest baseball pitching record in the world. Started career in 1909 and finished in 1919. Pitched for The Globe's upstairs team in every game for the ten years—and won them both! Organizer of The Globe Stereotypers' Glee Club, and would have had it sing at the Family Frolic if the committee had been willing to take the chance. Recreation: Cleaning up in The Globe Five Pin League and putting up jobs on Jack Middleton's Buff Orpington chickens.

**AITKEN, William**—Tawny-headed apprentice youth. Reported one of the hardest things in the office to find when wanted; but his expansive smile disarms all wrath. Soloist in his choir; beautiful boy soprano voice.

**ALBERT, Hiram A.** (alias "Gabby")—Noted for his taciturn and dour disposition—dour enough to be a Scot. A sullen character, to whom laughter is unknown. Has been trap-shooter for years, but charity forbids mention of his "shot at, broke" record. May be found in the cold grey dawn on the Ashbridge Marsh hunting ducks. Ducks don't mind; they glimpse his tall, spare figure, superb against the dawn—and proceed with breakfast. Pet phrase: "Outside of that it's all right."

**ALEXANDER, Johnnie**—Worthy representative of the C.P.R. Telegraph Co. in The Globe office. Can explain how the Kitchener despatch didn't get through, or anything else, to the satisfaction of himself and the C.P.R.

**AIKER, Albert**—One of the newer men, an operator. Comes from the old land, and is a typically genial man from the "tight little island." A quiet and genial man.

**ANDERSON, Harry William**—Born in Scotland, but lost his accent at an early age. At twenty years weighed 112 pounds, and friends despaired of his ability to hold his own in the world. Began then to work

23 hours a day, and sleep only week-ends, and increased his weight to 364 pounds, at which figure it remained till he started to worry over this banquet. Strenuously maintains a man should work 52 weeks per year. Is renowned as a pugilist, bowler, tight-rope walker, and friend of the down-trodden. Wrote all The Globe's first page articles boosting prohibition. Has dabbled in politics, but never was offered an office. Spends spare time thinking up excuses to go to Ottawa, Quebec or Three Rivers. Has played golf, but retired from the game because the balls got lost between his feet. Tried reporting, city desk, news desk, and editorial writing and proved a failure at them all. Is supposed to know the weakness of every politician in Canada. Was a good reporter till he became too heavy for the job. A bachelor, with a future instead of a past. Hobby: Getting people out of trouble and making friends. Firmly believes that the employees of a firm are its best asset. Regarded in all departments as one of the most popular men ever on The Globe.

"A brilliant but cantankerous writer."—London Times.

"Has a wallop in both mitts."—Police Gazette.

**ATLEY, William** (alias "Sakabona")—The very oldest boy in composing room. Has had alleged photograph in Globe; looked libellous, but he let it go. Prominent in sports and athletics. Pastime: Billiards; plays a fair game. Accomplished linguist; speaks in divers tongues. Clubs: York and Riverdale A.C.

**BANKS, William, Jr.**—Born in Botolph's Town, and left it many years ago for the town's good. Crossed the Atlantic in a sailing ship, carrying a personal message from William of Orange and the latest rule book for soccer. Has since been instrumental in spreading the gospel of both. Has had lengthy experience in public life by reason of never having stood for an elective office. Knows many great men, by sight. Township of Banks and Banksian pine in Northern Ontario both named after him. Chiefly responsible for Union Government in Canada, and as a result is not permitted to enter Quebec. Author of some forgotten works. Clubs: Euchre and I-Go-Home.



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**BARNARD, N.**—Persistent collector of subscriptions in the eastern part of city—so persistent, in fact, that he will not leave his culprit without the ready, or something tangible, such as a front door, to show his ability as to collection.

**BEAMISH, Arthur ("Budgeum")**—A newly-wed, but already has devised a scheme to fool his wife by accepting 10c each night for car fare—and then walking.

**BEER, William A.**—Never drank it. Mighty bowler. Greying hair does not affect his good right arm or his eagle eye. Had ambition as a billiard player, but gave it up. Club: Athenaeum.

**BENSON, Frederick**—Manipulates an advt. machine, and does it well. Of metaphysical turn of mind. Hobby: Motoring, with occasional jaunt to New York. Pet phrase: "Well, it is and it isn't."

**BLENKARN, Eric Peter**—Does not remember when he came to The Globe, he was so young. But he had a good voice, and when he answered the phone he passed for a man. He soon revealed his sixth sense, and had ambition gratified by being sent to do the fires in Earls court and Agincourt. Was still a boy when he demanded to do a part in the world's biggest story—beating the Hun. You'd never know he had been there, for he says nothing of it. He goes about his day's work as if he had never been away, and treats the upstarts of today with the same calm toleration he gave to the heroes of yesterday.

**BLENKARN, Leo A.**—The man who runs the business office, organizes, and conducts carrier boys' picnics, and edits a magazine on the side. A willing and capable worker in all lines of Globe activity. Vice-President of Globe Benefit Society. Entitled to distinction by reason of being a cousin of Eric Blenkarn of the reportorial department. Made a big success of the Adanac Boys' Club, of which he is the head, and is a man to whom everyone in the office, from the President to the Printer's Devil, goes for advice and assistance. Fond of stormy and snowy weather, in that it enables him to "carry a route" and play Fa-

ther Christmas to Globe readers who like to get their paper before sunrise.

**BLEWETT, Jean**—They know a sympathetic ear is listening for their woes; they know a sympathetic eye o'er all their letters goes, and so they tell her all their fears and ask about their beaux. She gives them motherly advice, and helps the housewife, too, and then she writes a liting verse of simple things and true, and somehow what is right and good is easier to do.

**BOW, C. S.**—An adept with the blue pencil with "noughts and crosses." Advertising copy is a bore to him. Very quarrelsome with his friend across the table.

**BOWEN, C.**—Machinist apprentice. "Plunger" specialist; should do well later on in the share market.

**BOWMAN, Crombie**—Genial wee operator, with a mighty voice; gentlest tone a few octaves lower than thunder. Has serious doubts as to whether a proofreader may not sometimes be wrong—strange heresy! "Crombie" denotes line of ancestry running back to Roundhead days.

**BOYES, Mary E.**—"A Daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair." She has the poise of the immortal Helen, the beauty of Diana and the wit of Portia. All the good fairies were present at her christening, with the result that all the good gifts are hers, and she is even able to cultivate a wholesome abhorrence of so simple an aid to beauty as powdering her nose. Her domestic virtues are as numerous as her charms, and the deft fingers that during the war multiplied "soldiers' comforts" are well adapted in time of peace to fill a "hope chest" full to overflowing.

**BROOMHEAD, Art. (Angelo)**—An all-round athlete. Is single, and for safety's sake has many lady friends.

**BROWN, Marjorie**—Being very well accustomed in her years—still rather few—to telling young—and older—boys the very thing to do, Sweet Marjorie does not adore all feminine direction, and sometimes

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has a thought or two about undue correction.

**BURGESS, Norman**—Claims Toronto as his place of birth. Landscape artist. Authority on Toronto real estate. Has blocked out and disposed of several "Park" districts. Author of "The Prospective Real Estate Buyer: How to Hypnotize Him." Clubs: York, Ontario, Lambton Golf, etc.

**BUSH, John**—Known as "Genial Jack." Knows everybody of any importance, and has talked with most of them. A sparkling contributor to that amazingly popular disseminator of authentic and up-to-date information, El Toreador, of Taurus Centre. Can sell anything from the proverbial needle to an anchor. A popular and willing workman, always ready to lend a helping hand to the other fellow in time of stress. A cheerful and optimistic character.

**CAHLEY, Charles**—Proofroom. Tendency to be human in treatment of operators. Philosophic turn of mind. Views the world with an amiable cynicism. Has rare gift of unique and whimsical humor. Knew all the old-timers in newspaper life, and is full of good anecdotes. Pastime: "Reminiscing."

**CALDER, E. C.**—The man who is always on the job with his car, except when "his chief" requests the pleasure of the use of it.

**CASINO, James**—The man who runs the motor truck as if it were an airplane, paying no attention to streets, sidewalks, telegraph poles or policemen. Stops only when he has overhauled the Flying Post, which has usually left Union Station before he has left The Globe office. Has a fine assortment of Pierce-Arrows, Cadillacs, Rolls-Royces and Henrys, using the latter in emergencies. Hopes some day to cut out the Post and deliver papers direct to Windsor and intervening points. Says he can make it faster that way, but can't find anyone to accompany him on a demonstration trip.

**CASHMAN, George**—Another old-timer, an operator. Very noisy and demonstrative; seldom silent. Distinguished by a great shock of long, curly hair.

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**CASHMAN, Richard**—First connection with Globe some time last century. Fine workman. Delicate constitution. Once responded to call of "Red!" (not revolutionary Red, but in regard to that). Features: Generally bold and rugged, though "retrousse" nasal appendage.

**CASSIDY, Solomon**—Kind and genial son of the "ould sod." You can figure out for yourself whether the day he celebrates is in March or July, but there is generally a green flag around on the seventeenth—and then you may be wrong. Has the liveliness of the Cassidys and the wisdom of Solomon. As a tribute to the radiating warmth and geniality of his character you hear the orb of day referred to as "Olu Sol."

**CHINN, John**—The Lloyd George of The Globe. Guide, philosopher and friend of printers, editors, stereotypers and getters-up of special supplements and editions, who solve all knotty problems on the principle: "Let John Chinn do it." Always does it—and does it well. Walks 15 miles a night on his job, and makes up simultaneously seven forms in as many minutes without a "pie," a misplaced line, a lifted lead or a turned slug. Takes great pride in putting out an attractive front page, no matter how much effort is involved. In trying conditions and times of stress withholds profanity, but starts to hum, sotto voce. Knows like a book the policy of the paper and what the Editor prefers, and consequently is the valued counsellor of subordinate editors in designing each page. Will work all night sooner than see The Globe scooped. Born in Port Hope, and sees to it that his home town news is never crowded out of the paper. Has never missed a Globe picnic or a Globe frolic, but has never got anything to eat at one because he's always too busy making the affair a success. In politics an exponent of public ownership, the rights of the plain people and the square deal to all. Believes what is on the editorial page—providing the Chief wrote it—and thinks Stewart Lyon is Horace Greeley, J. T. Delane, Chas. A. Dana, W. T. Stead and Billy Maclean rolled into one—and then some. Evidences contempt for the Northcliffes, the Beverbrooks and the William Ran-

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dolph Hearsts. Firm in the conviction that "one-liners" are the important part of the paper, because they are such good "fillers."

**CLAIRMONT, E. W.**—The only automobile expert in Canada who doesn't own or operate a car. Is consequently enabled to write about all with impartiality and without malice.

**CLARKE, Andrew D.**—Born in Grimsby before the Methodist Church made Grimsby Beach a summer resort. Escaped to Toronto while still a boy. Served a long sentence on The World before going from bad to worse at The Mail. Later saw the light and joined The Globe. Was very welcome because of sunny disposition, which generally had climax in song or recitation. Became the close friend and bosom companion of William Houston, and was largely responsible for electing that gentleman to the Board of Education. Went to London for a short while, but returned from the woods at the request of Wm. Findlay and became responsible for The Retail Merchants' Globe, the only newspaper of its kind (thank heaven) in Canada. The only City Editor The Globe ever had who reported personally the City Council, as he had only two reporters left. Coached Marathon speakers in the Commons naval debate in 1911. Is known in the Capital as the only man who ever bluffed Bob Rogers in a poker game.

**CLARK, Cecil**—A good feeder and noise-producer. Breeds Belgian hares and Flemish Giants, and builds rabbit hutches. Plays Jew's harp. Speaks French and two dead languages. Father owns newspaper in Western Ontario, but Cecil prefers the bright lights of Yonge street.

**CLARK, Lenore**—  
She's only been here a short time,  
And that rather hampers our rhyme;  
But she's past her probation,  
And she gets circulation,  
And her beauty is something sublime.

**CLEAVER, Mona Happiness**—  
Born somewhere in Ontario, but has moved from point to point with her itinerant father, gaining a liberal education in geography and parsonages. Being thus made restless, she has added Europe to her territory,

and, through liberal commissions from the "personally conducted," has been able to make frequent trips to the castles and ruins she read about at school. Spent some time at the University, but regards it as a mere primary to the college opened out by daily journalism. Is able to write with authority on dress, manners, house decoration, town-planning, millinery openings, Daughters of the Empire, Women's Institutes and baby shows. Can write on any of them while afternoon tea is being taken and talked about by a dozen people in her office. Between whiles can cook and sweep with the best of 'em. Can work twenty-one hours per day and then read history and biography on the street car. Makes thousands of friends every year, and holds every one of them with hooks of steel, as the Bard of Avon used to say. Has so many ideas she has to use various aliases, such as Polly Peele and Mrs. Buylow, not to speak of unsigned articles, so as not to get blamed for the whole Woman's Page. As Mrs. Buylow, has gained wonderful experience and an advertisement that would be dangerous to the completeness of the staff if the prefix had not disguised her single state. Recreation: Planning to-morrow's work. Crest: The glad hand.

**COHEN, Louis E.** (alias "Murphy.")—Does not mind being called Murphy, his serene disposition enabling him to remain calm even under such a sobriquet. Competent in any department. Has scheme to start a great printing establishment in Jerusalem when H. H. Dewart accomplishes his repatriation plan.

**CORDINER, Andy**—Scottish and very fond of anything smacking of the land of the heather. Drives a large motor truck in afternoons.

**CRISP, Tom**—Englishman and bachelor and bit of nighthawk.

**CRONIN, Anna Lorena**—Anna Lorena Cronin's short career wears this complexion—an inherent gift of humor and the science of detection. At any rate, we're very sure she can detect a joke, and pass it on in funnier form to all the other folk. Perhaps within her pompadour she hides a joke or two, or maybe the hereditary gift to grasp a clue. In any case she has the art of knowing



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who to shake when the Presidential quietude is very much at stake.

**DAVIES, George ("Jeff")**—Born in Barrie, Ont., of Welsh parentage. An old-time printer, now of the proofroom staff. Has undoubtedly had many interesting experiences, but communicativeness is not one of his strong traits. Ardent Prohibitionist. Recreation: Busily engaged on "Lives" of Ben Spence and Rowell. Clubs: Sportsman's, Uplift.

**DELA MOURE, Agnes**—She left the school and the desk—and the rod!—to wield a less tangible but farther-reaching sceptre as Queen of a Circle of Hearts, young hearts that look to her for guidance and always get it. To the Circle of Young Canada she is "Nancy Durham," a mystic and wonderful personage; to the Editorial Department she is a gentle cynic, trying in vain to hide a warm heart under a skeptical smile.

**DENNING, William**—Le Marechal Foch of The Globe composing room. Born in Toronto, and knows it like a book, but doesn't think it is the place it used to be. Wears at work a black cap, which gives him judicial air of being about to pronounce sentence. Strong believer in precedent, and has a keen appreciation of subtle humor. For many years patiently worked with copy passed by incapable editors, but could not reform them. Only job he ever failed at. A splendid manager and director, who believes he has the best staff in America, and does not hesitate to say so. Conspicuous for his toleration of other people's views, and for his wide knowledge of every branch of his craft. Enjoys great popularity by reason of his magnetic personality and the delicate reserve with which he expresses his opinions. No task is ever too great for him, and successful special numbers and supplements show the zest with which he accomplishes strenuous work and shoulders great responsibility. Recreation: Higher criticism. Amusement: Burning out pipes. Club: Globe Park, Port Dover.

**DIAMOND, David**—Genial and obliging pressman. Prints all The Globe's good stationery; and printed this book. Always ready to take a chance. Has eagle eye, and is a fine judge of a good horse.

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**DE ROSIE, Eddie**—New man. Quiet little individual, who minds his own business a good deal better than most of us do. Knows his work.

**DOWER, George A.**—Torontonion by birth. Capitalist. An implacable foe of trade unionism. Dyed-in-the-wool Tory and Protectionist. Stumped the country during election campaigns for Macdonald, Tupper, Borden, Whitney. At present engaged on an expose of labor unionism, entitled "Trade Unions: Their Origin, Growth and Pernicious Program." Clubs: York, Lambton Golf, Toronto Hunt, etc.

**DOWLING, Paul T.**—Irish, but doesn't tell unless cornered. In fact, is known as Paul the Silent, to distinguish him from predecessors of the same name. Has a fondness for poetry and can quote Yeats by the yard, if so inclined. Often comes and goes unknown, even to Hagey, but has never been known to miss calling on Deacon Waddell on Mondays. Began his newspaper life in Brantford and moved, when he had collected all the local data, to Hamilton, which was too lifeless, even for his quiet nature. Has been heard to say five or six sentences all at once, so to speak, but that was when assisting on the city desk. Recreations: Introspection and walking home after work.

**DOYLE, Charles**—Popular representative of the G.N.W. in The Globe office. Has copied all the speeches made in Ottawa in the last fifteen years, and still lives. Maybe because he is Irish. Said to have been one of the original signers of the Ulster Covenant, his signature immediately following that of Sir Edward Carson. Favorite statesman is Newton Wesley Rowell.

**DUNCAN, Campbell**—Whichever part of his name you write first, hyphenated or not, it smells of the heather, but when you look at Dunk's rakish face it suggests the footlights and the cabaret rather than the kilts and the kirk. We don't know much about him, but he seems to have been born in Toronto a good while ago and to have returned to spend his old age here. His stories of the theatre seem to be from the inside, and their Chicago



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tinge, together with the broad, flowing tape on his eye-glasses, suggests membership in the Royal Society and recreation in art classes. You can tell more of his real ability if to-night's stunts don't hang fire.

**EAST, Fred**—The Commodore of the old ship, *The Globe*. Sings a little; plays a little; works a little. Has been known to get enough heat in the building to suit the proofreaders. Believes gas should be used on them. Likes cushions on chairs; prefers elevators to walking. Admires Napoleon. Uses Mary Garden perfume. Not married. Strong supporter of foreign missions.

**ELDER, H. J.**—One who is going to put Montreal on the map. Already his ad. contracts bring a smile to the stern Business Manager.

**ELMES, J. D.**—Otherwise known as "Reno" amongst his friends. Is "king" of the advertising edgers.

**EVANS, John Herbert Spencer**—From a child John dabbled in the theories of the philosophers, and he has collected a library on Anarchists and "Reds" that no one order in Council could cope with. Educated at Upper Canada College, he took such a dislike to canes, for personal reasons, that he has never been able to bear the sight of one since. His favorite recreation is abducting Labor leaders to Oakville for weekends, and he is thought by those in the know to be the direct cause of the T.S.R. electrical workers' strike. He travels extensively on railroads and often flags trains by the hue of his ties. Despite his apparent motto of keeping within the law John's intimate knowledge of conditions at the Jail Farm makes people suspicious. He is spoken of as the probable new Editor of *The Farmers' Sun*.

**FAHEY, Arthur**—New man in ad. room. Quiet and popular. Newly-wed and happy. A good character.

**FANE, Ethel G.**—She knows the secrets of our souls—of our purses anyway, for she works upon the little slips that mean our weekly pay. We must be nice to Ethel G., or she might deduct a nought, and

then, alas! our little rolls would not be what they ought.

**FARQUHARSON, Robin Attaboy**—The trembling dewdrop on the tender flower, the soft fragrance of a morn in June, the balmy atmosphere of a People's Government—all these, and more, are suggested by "Bob's" very presence. Who has not seen his smile as he comes down the stairs on a Monday, and the enraptured glances of bright eyes from Beauty behind the counter checking over receipts from still another who is fooled into subscribing for *The Globe*? You wondered, didn't you, why the great increase in the staff of the business office? Ask Robin; he knows. Just get in the next booth in the local room and hear him whispering to Central. It's a gift, that's all. His father is a minister, and Robin, as a minister's son, has made the old tradition glow with a new and fervent light. However, Robin at times has his moments of self-abnegation, as witness the thrilling hour when he refused the gift of a motor car from Rev. Ernest Thomas. His abode in Toronto is fixed, except Saturday nights. He is an honorary member of Hart House.

**FEE, William**—Janitor in composing room. From dirt he keeps the office free, does our good Mr. William Fee.

**FERGUSON, Hugh V.**—Born of Ulster parentage in the black north of Ireland, but family got out of the place before Carson started to contaminate it. Name enabled him to pose as Scottish and escape suspicion of Sinn Feinism. Took advantage of this to write and lecture on D'Arcy McGee and other Irish heroes. Visited South Africa in the late nineties under the subterfuge of demonstrating linotype machines, but generally believed to have really started the Boer war. Escaped to Canada when his friend, Louis Botha, capitulated. Heard a Tory say *The Globe* was disloyal, so immediately rejoined its staff. Ever since has led a double life—as Editor of *The Knights of Columbus Bulletin* and as compositor upon *Globe Presbyterian* editorials. Spends afternoons in libraries and drawing-rooms, but at nightfall is lured downtown by bright lights and hum of machinery. Said to be at heart a Gr-r-rit. Swears by Stewart

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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.

**GARDNER, 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

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is worth more than cheques in transit" is his motto.

**GORDON**—"King of the Kids."

**GRANT, John**—Beau Brummel; wears spats; is alleged that he wears corsets; plans to secure a monocle as soon as he can get it to fit into his face. His job is doing the hog market, and such. His fashion follies are merely a hobby; otherwise perfectly sane, steady, reliable and excitable. Smokes cattle drovers' cigars.

**GRAY, Robt.**—From the town of Adam Beck. A man of few words; what he has he holds. Believes that pressmen should wear kilts. Says Port Dover looks more like Atlantic City every day.

**GREY, Wm.**—Of the electricians' department. Was born in the Highlands of Scotland, but does not look it. Has sailed the seven seas, made vodka in Russia, mined coal in Wales, climbed the Alps, and helped to make history; bears some honorable scars. An amateur horticulturist who produces some beautiful asters and dandelions. A good reciter and vocalist. Wants to sing, but is considerate of the feelings of others.

**GREENFIELD, Harry**—Known to the stereotyping fraternity as "Grandma." Holds the champion record for sleeping on morning street cars. Won it from "Buff" Middleton after a siege on Wm. Findlay's Marathon supplements. A prominent member of the Never Lose An Argument Club.

**HACKBUSH, John**—Natty little apprentice. Showing every evidence that he will be "a de'll among the ladies" when he grows up—or when he gets older; he's done growing. Great bowler, and will be greater if Anderson doesn't step on him some day and crush out his young life.

**HAGEY, Lamont Jehu**—This is the wise-looking, venerable figure seen on the editorial floor every hour of the day and night. It is only those who work in the daytime, then drop in at night after theatre or dance, and see him still there, and then compare notes with Odell,

who comes at 1 a.m., and Morrison, who comes at 2, who know that Hagey never leaves the place. The directors don't know it. If they did he would get a watchman's as well as a librarian's salary. If they studied him further they would find that about half the stuff in the paper came from his watchful eye, harnessed to a stout pair of shears. Those fat, indented paragraphs in the editorials, introduced by such words as these: "As The Ottawa Journal so truly says"—they all come from Hagey. He picks out the pictures (not being so partial to pretty girls as some of the younger bachelors), and then bulldozes the engravers to make cuts after 5 at the usual price. Despite his ingratiating ways, Hagey is locally known as "The Sleuth," as he solves all mysteries for The Globe at his own request. Since the world is making secrecy unpopular, despite the efforts of politicians, he is downcast for the future of his sideline, but hopes red-blooded men shall not perish from the earth.

**HALL, Gilbert**—A returned soldier and family man.

**HAMM, Eddie**—No relation to Abraham. Spends his vacation between Buffalo and Toronto. Works sometimes. Heart is in Buffalo. Likes rube town bands; visits the movies; admires Theda Bara. Attends church bazaars. Thinks vaccination should be compulsory—on some people.

**HAMMOND, Melvin Oscar**—Born near Clarkson, and left with the rest of the inhabitants following the pea weevil invasion of '74. Still points out old homestead from the train, but never goes nearer. Did everything to be done around The Globe. Was Editor of The Weekly Globe and Illustrated Saturday Globe, both of which died. Specialized in Canadian history, and got so full of it he was obliged to write a book or bust. Wrote the book. Eaton's recently sold it at reduced prices. Apart from that has been caught in no crime. As Financial Editor mixes freely with bloated profiteers and stock gamblers. Not yet contaminated by either. Is enthusiastic amateur photographer, and may be seen at Globe picnics and public functions disguised as a staff photographer. Globe's art critic. Mixes

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with intellectual people, but remains human. Politics: Doubtful. Clubs: Arts and Letters with the high-brows.

**HAND, Harry**—Late lion and bear tamer, Ringling Bros.' great shows. Qualified for the bald-headed row early in life. Travels extensively—as far as Buffalo every summer. Loves to be called Harold, and is a good musician on canned music.

**HARPER, Jim**—Just loves work, so long as it is not steady and someone else is doing it.

**HARRIS, Will**—A junior in the pressroom; has been a munition worker and tinsmith combined. Able to fix up your old car or a leaky tin pail.

**HARVEY, George**—A deep thinker; electrician, steamfitter, tinsmith, and hunter of big game. Tries to keep down the high cost of living by visiting the north woods every year. He knows the north country like York street, and the deer breathe a sigh of relief when he is safely back at The Globe. Likes a good cigar, and many are promised him. As a mechanic there is nothing that he cannot do, from fixing a door key to moving a 1,200-ton press.

**HERON, Frank**—The man with an appetite. Ready to challenge all-comers to a pie-eating contest. Thinks he can bowl.

**HILL, Charles**—Puts the last touch to corrections; an expert in his work. Slightly handicapped by great size and weight. Sometimes mistaken for H. Arbuckle Anderson, whereat he waxes wroth—and little wonder!

**HOOD, Joe**—The Harry Lauder of the pressroom. Plays bagpipes and golf; walks to the kirk every Sabbath. Likes Sparrow Lake for fishing. Not married—costs too much. Speaks Gaelic.

**HOOD, Sydney**—A quiet, reserved individual, who is strongly suspected of supplying the bright ideas that occasionally give life to the otherwise dull market reports and financial statements. A home-lover, who comes to the office only because he has to, and works on an average as long hours as all the rest of the

staff put together. Knows the morning watchman well by meeting him every morning on leaving work.

**HOUSTON, William**—The last link between The Globe and George Brown. Wrote editorials for Brown, for which the latter doubtless got credit. Has had a large part in governing Canada since Confederation, but can never be persuaded to tell the real truth about himself and his friends. Is the original of the famous phrase describing an editorial writer as "a walking encyclopedia." It is said his whiskers were once red, with vigor corresponding; if so, woe betide the man who crossed his path. Owes his long life and clear mind to frugal habits in all but conversation and hot water. Ran the schools of Toronto for several years and then was ready to govern Ontario, or even Canada, if called upon. Is the youngest old man in The Globe family.

**HUNTER, Jas. T.**—Last man to join the local staff. Evidently not very well versed in politics, as he left a farm paper to join The Globe, and there's a Farmer Government. Got the usual baptism of fire that all the cubs get—doing police and courts.

**IRWIN, Arthur, P.D.F.** (which may be interpreted as past day foreman)—Like Young Lochinvar, he has come in from the West for the warmth and shelter of his native city and the old office, but will hit the trail again when the springtime comes. Has farming interests on the prairies. Particularly alert and clever youth; was capable and well-liked foreman. Pet occupation: Making up on Farm and Country Life. Favorite music: The rattle of the self-binder.

**IRWIN, William J.**—Looks about 22, but has been on The Globe about 45 years. His cherubic smile deceives the most searching inquisition, and attracts much business. Has passed through all grades of promotion from Simon Legreeing the newsboys to sitting in Board meetings and telling the Directors what to do. As distributor of railway passes he is courted by the staff and detested by the railways. His manner is urbane, but his memory of a bad turn is as long as eternity. He believes thoroughly in publicity, and



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his great disappointment in life is that he is so healthy he cannot have Tanlac prescribed and get his picture in the paper. Clubs: Butter-milk and Bowles. Recreation: Sitting on the verandah.

### JAFFRAY, Rev. Robert A.—

While the home force is converting Canada to prohibition, economy and other forms of good government, R. A. Jaffray is carrying the more elementary forms of Christianity to the Chinese. He left home, friends and great business opportunity years ago to follow an ideal, and is spending himself in the happy pursuit of it. He carries the family love of journalism into his work, and publishes a Bible magazine in Chinese, which has a large circulation among the missionaries. He makes rare return visits to his fellow-Directors and the staff, and when he comes they see a keen, wholesome, whole-hearted man whom it is good to meet.

### JAFFRAY, William Goodfellow.

—Head of The Globe Family. His father gave him his first name and the staff the second. Said to be of Scottish descent, but willing to share the bawbees. Caught late for newspaper work, but is making up for lost time. Tried banking, but rejected it as sordid and selfish. Tried stock-broking, but found it wily and worldly. Found his real Opportunity in directing a National Newspaper which strives to make virtue attractive and vice opprobrious. Wants The Globe to contain all the news that's fit to print, and has his own ideas of fitness. Tolerates advertising, but, standing alone, prefers editorials. Believes in circulation, and cannot understand how any intelligent person can do without The Globe. Would have employees' picnic for a whole week if country could do without The Globe that long. Down on betting as a lucrative profession, but will go the limit of cheering the home team. Others may hesitate over a dozen pencils, but he would buy an octuple press every month if necessary. Believes The Globe has a future as well as a past. To him the employees are names, not numbers, and personalities, not properties. Was elected President of The Globe by the Directors, but would get it anyway from the staff. Recreation:

Planning to make the staff happier and The Globe better. Club: Home.

JEFFERS, Wellington J.—Maker of The Globe's Ottawa despatches. Keen on short sentences, short paragraphs, short words and statistics. Appetite for these created by hearing speeches in House of Commons, in which they rarely occur. Has wide acquaintance with politicians and members of Union Government, which causes him to be regarded with suspicion by upright individuals. Inhaling Blue Books a specialty.

JEFFERY, Thomas—Ancient and honorable. One of the founders of the town of Bowmanville. Worked in Globe office since memory of man runneth not to the contrary. He IS the Globe Benefit Society, which he conducts as a benevolent autocracy. A zealot in Christian endeavor; has taught three generations in the same Sunday school. Has a haughty contempt for money—but is a good collector. With his high financial ability, it is natural that he should have charge of the "bank." Inscription upon his untarnished escutcheon: "How much do you want?"

### JOHNSTON, Archie, the Younger

—Being of an inquisitive turn, followed his father's footsteps in the snow early one morning and came to The Globe office. Liked the noise of the presses and the wonderful questions of people over the telephone, and has been here ever since.

JOHNSTON, Archie—The father of "Little Archie," the lost office boy. Was born in Scotland and plays quoits. When not so engaged, guards The Globe office night and day. Nobody gets by Archie.

JOHNSON, Thomas C.—Day foreman. Esteemed of all. Inclined to have a grouch sometimes and conclude that "this world is all upside down," but it soon passes, and then, "Oh, this is not such a bad old world after all." Depends on environment, incidents and association. Also a vocalist. His rendering of "O Promise Me" would make Alan-a-Dale wish it had—never been popularized; and his singing of "The Maple Leaf" is what makes it wither and fall from

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the tree. Amusement: Walking. Club: York Mills Country.

**JONES, A. Maud.**—You needn't think that you can turn this old Globe topsy-turvy, and have nobody ever learn who played a trick so scurvy. Indeed, you couldn't even make it wobble just a bit without our Maudie finding out you were the cause of it. BUT, if this slippery, slidy world should tumble you about, Miss A. M. Jones will wipe your tears, we know without a doubt.

**JONES, Dilys W.**—She's Welsh from the top of her red-gold head to the tips of her little toes; and there isn't a Welshman worth the while but Dilys Wynne Jones knows. She has sat at lunch with the Premier—Lloyd George is a household word—and his daughter, Megan, calls her friend, so we hear from a newsy bird. It may have been the robin red that hangs about The Globe. (Sorry, but nothing rhymes with Globe—it's in a class by itself. Anyway, Dilys Jones is sweet and clever and pretty, and when you answer the question "Who's Who?" or "Who's She?" you paint the very pinnacle of popularity.)

**KAPP, D.**—The only canvasser that ever buttonholed Hon. Robert Rogers on the street, and obtained a subscription to The Globe.

**KENNEDY, Joshua** (commonly known as Joe)—"Josh" more suitable appellation, as he is good at the verb of it. His short, squat figure has been familiar in The Globe office since early last century—or was it the one before? Expressive and voluble conversationalist; strong on hand gesture. Fond of a good argument, making one suspect a little Scotch somewhere in his ancestry. Final clincher to all discussion: "I may be wrong, but I'm very sure I'm right!"

**KERR, J.**—One of the men who makes the presses hum and speeds The Globe on its way to its readers.

**KERR, John "Boswell"**—Scottish by heredity and instinct, but not appetite. The man who first informed a waiting Canadian public of the signing of the armistice and the terms of the Peace Treaty, and stayed up all night to do it. The

friend and champion of oppressed Jews and Armenians. The one man on the Editorial floor who can keep Matt. Ryan in his place. Writes headings like Chinese laundry checks and book reviews like Sir Robertson Nicol. Soft of speech, except when interrupted by Rutherford. Worked on Calgary paper when newspapermen carried guns for protection. Escaped to British Columbia, where he encompassed the defeat of the McBride Government. Plans to do likewise to Union Government. Believes Borden to be a Lilliputian and Rowell a nonentity. Stalwart supporter of the Farmer movement. Hides light under a bushel, but is believed to be the author of The Globe's weakly religious editorials on Wednesdays. Suspicion confirmed by his refusal to read them when in print. Religion: Opposing Ryan and Rutherford. Politics: Agin-the-Government. Recreation: Harboring burglars.

**KIMBER, H. G.**—Very fond of open air. Specialty: Sunday talks with Drs. Bush, Greenfields and Don Valley. Always accompanied by the dog.

**KLENCK, W.**—Of the City Delivery Department, runs a "flivver," which was useful during the street car strike. Very quiet disposition and hardly ever speaks.

**KNAPP, Wilbur**—Returned soldier. Served about four years as a wireless operator.

**KNOWLTON, Frank**—Generally known as Pat; more familiar with nom de plume, "The Little Napoleon." Great favorite on the Twelfth of July. Has a special hobby of raising rats. Would have been a good sailor, judging from the way he handles a schooner.

**LAHEY, William Andrew**—Honor matriculation graduate of Sydenham High School, and subsequently teacher of literature and history. In consequence is specially qualified to make right and readable the compositions and chronicles of careless editors and reporters after the efforts of hasty compositors have messed them up some more. Noted for "unequalled eagleness of eye" in spotting twisted construction, split infinitives and bad English. Makes

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hobby of accuracy in proper names. Has saved numerous writers from all kinds of trouble by correcting their mistakes. Believes The Globe is a National Newspaper and that no time or effort is ever wasted in guaranteeing its accuracy. Does more and says less than most men on the staff, but blushes to hear his virtues extolled. Noted in his youth as a football player, a baseball pitcher and a sprinter who could clip off the 100-yard dash in better than 11 seconds. Devoted to The Globe Benefit Society, and during period of service as its Treasurer helped to build up its credit and good name. Always ready to give helping hand to the man in distress. Motto: "Out S. C." Recreation: Reading. Politics: Progressive. Religion: Accuracy. Club: His Home.

**LANG, Joe**—A family man and a good fellow.

**LANE, F.**—A regular Irishman, whose blarney is hard to beat.

**LEAKE, George**—A scion of the noble family of Leakes known in Toronto newspaperdom for past seventy years. Thoroughly familiar with all makes of stovepipes, right angles or sextuples, blankets and all accessories.

**LEGARD, Walter**—Friend of all ad. writers, especially the ladies of that line; generally two or three in attendance about him until the midnight hour. A fiery and passionate man, whom it is dangerous to rouse. In his gentler moods is a good storyteller and a successful chicken breeder. Most chicken fanciers are expected to prevaricate a bit when it comes to chickens—and some who have purchased birds of him say he is a real fancier all right! Will likely wind up on a prairie farm, and be neighbor to Arthur Irwin.

**LEMAN, Arthur Hilltop**—Commonly known as the office flagpole. Uses a high desk, and exercises his legs by standing at his work. Sometime acted as cashier, and guarded the money closely, stooping gravely as he doled it out. Is two-faced man, having one for the people who want to sell supplies to The Globe and another for his chums on the bowling green. Can hit the kitty 99 times out of 100, and do

it on any green, pavement or plowed field.

**LILLIE, Andrew**—A fine Scot, with a beautiful "curr"; operator on Gaelic machine. Had been policeman in Bonnie Scotland. There's versatility—policeman and operator. Was also noted cyclist. Hobby: Gardening; "strong" on onions.

**LINDSAY, Egbert Innes** (brother to John Henry Gibbs of that ilk)—Apprentice. Age, 17. Dimensions, 6 feet x 170 pounds. "A broth of a boy."

**LINDSAY, J. H.**—Operator. Blew in not long ago from Guelph and made good. Fortunately, not related to the other Lindsay group, as Family Compact danger must be guarded against.

**LINDSAY, John Henry Gibbs**—Our youngest returned man. One of the original inventors of the tank. Served with University Tank Battalion. First line of type he set as boy read, "John H. G. Lindsay, possible Senator," which shows a fondness for the soft spots. Was "Inchiquin" in Children's Circle until long pants put him out of it. Has bought a house, which may indicate his immediate plans.

**LOVE, Martin**—His name tells the story, for brotherly love is his watchword, and he lives up to it in spirit and in letter. A member of the same church as Sir Joseph Flavelle and Sir Edward Kemp, he is not overawed by the Baconesque traditions of the one or the militaristic sentiments of the other. He proceeds along his own path without bluster or self-advertising, and his way is lighted by the sunshine of his smile and the kindness of his heart. In his earlier days he was a pioneer of the Western country, and the prairies and Winnipeg were his stamping grounds. Like all quiet men who mind their own business first, bad men had no terrors for him. It has long been his cherished sentiment that The Globe is the bright and shining morning star of all daily publications, and that there is something wrong mentally with people who do not subscribe to it and read it. As a Globe director, he puts the interests of that institution before his own, and acts according-



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ly. Recreation: Reading The Globe, driving a Ford Sedan, hiding his own light beneath a generous recognition of the abilities of the other fellow.

**LOWREY, H. C.**—Fond of the wild life. Timagami is his specialty. At all other times he thinks, eats and sleeps with ad. contracts in his mind.

**LUCAS, John G.**—Operator on commercial copy. Nature: Somewhat noisy and boisterous; facetiously termed "Silent Lucas." Direct antithesis of "I.B." of that ilk, one of the Seven Sleepers; is square and upright gentleman. Particularly well informed on commercial and financial topics; a contributor to trade journals.

**LYON, Stewart (D.S.O., LL.D., Litt.D., O.B.E.—All Refused)**—Conservative party and Liberty League believe name properly spelled **LION**. Born in Auld Scotia, September 22, 1866. Signed the pledge the following day. In consequence, felt lonely in Scotland and came to Canada. Started soap-boxing immediately on arrival in Toronto, but, life not being fast enough, moved to Chicago, where he fomented (Printer, please be careful, not "fermented") the Haymarket riots. Returned to Canada in time to make Bob Fleming Mayor, Wilfrid Laurier Premier and Newton Wesley Rowell President of the Privy Council—and lived to regret all three. Lucid speaker, but writes some unknown language in pencil. Signature with three initials (ringed) widely known and much dreaded in The Globe office. Never forgives man who splits an infinitive or spells a proper name wrong. Editor for three years, but has been The Globe for twenty years. Will not stand for the word "dam" except in agate type, and applied to sloth or inaccuracy. Master of the history, literature and politics—international, national, provincial, municipal and Scottish—of twenty centuries. Opposed all combines from Joseph the First's corner of corn in Egypt to Joseph the Second's corner of bacon in Canada. A mark for beggars and has a woodshed full of bootlaces and court plaster bought from blind men. Doesn't care a hoot for Hun

shells, bombs or bullets; Flynns, Business Managers, Financial Mag-nates, Premiers and other Parasites, but is death on Profiteers, Predatory Corporations, Self-advertisers and Unctuous Pretenders. Falls for children in "baby crawls" and horses on a betless track. Preaches an eight-hour day, but practises a twenty-eight. Expects much from his Staff, but always doubles the best man's best. Recreation: Editing The Globe. Religion: Accuracy. Politics: Progress. Club: The Globe Office.

**MCCLEARY, George**—The man with a temper never known to get ruffled when asleep. Is assistant fore-man of mailing department. Sings and plays. Builds boat models and raises chickens. Very fond of driving hard bargains with farmers at the market. On top of all this, is a good fellow.

**MCCLEARY, Robt. A.**—The man who keeps The Globe's circulation under 100,000. Has an extensive correspondence, mostly beginning: "Please stop my paper." Received many such from old-time Liberals during the election campaign of December, 1917. Smiled through it all, and sympathized with every writer. Believes if the paper published a daily page devoted to the results of Abe Orpen's racetracks the circulation would move forward as fast as the horses and the class of readers would be more cosmopolitan. Is a firm believer in eight-column red flares, but has so far failed to convince the Editor that this isn't Leninism. Is a Globe Park angler, but is never able to support his vivid piscatorial romances by affidavits from the fish. May buy the Vigilant when the League of Nations puts an end to all international embroglios.

**MCCANCE, William**—The man who links The Globe to The New York Times, and takes all of Philip Gibbs' big stories. Favorite states-man is W. E. Raney.

**MacKAY, Edward Jacobus**—Early showed a talent for singing, and went to Italy and took from the best masters. He had to return home hurriedly at one time, as he took more than his contract called for, but in Italy time and



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oblivion are synonymous. He was with the Italian army, and his splendid rendition of "Stickite Aheema Up Backatta, Italiano," is believed to have saved the Piave for Italy and Venice for the tourists. He is an authority on pianos, but dislikes Toronto. It lacks the warm-blooded impulsiveness and the steady, persistent comradeship he learned to love on the Plains of Lombardy. Being religious, he lives on Church street, but prefers the ornate homes farther east.

**MACKENZIE, Anheuser Institutional**—Brought up in Scotland. Mac, when very young, signed his name on a dotted line, and later discovered, to his horror, that he had taken the pledge. He sticks to it. Having nothing further to live for in Scotland he came to the only place in Canada Scotland knows of—Walkerville. When August, 1918, came around, General Foch told Mac there were 67 breweries in Berlin, and Mac simply bust clean through to the Rhine. For six months after that he remembers nothing. He has the senior reporting assignment, churches and schools. He edited a special edition of Gibson's "Decline and Fall of the Parisian Vampire," and wrote an interesting monograph on "Chorus Girls' Costumes and the Canadian Winter." Address, Chorley Park. Club: Shrapnel Corners. Recreation: Working.

**MACKENZIE, C.**—Distant relative of Sir William. Prefers to be called Charles. Suffers by his resemblance to Maud the Mule. Ex-ballplayer in the days of Rev. Wm. Sunday. Partner in the racing stable of Cordiner, Leake & Mackenzie.

**MacLEAN, Donald Garnishee** — After serving in France for years as Chief Supervisor of the Rum Ration, Mac came home and was put on the Hotels and Rails beat. He says the hotels are not like the old days, but nobody notices him offering the assignment to anybody else. He is fond of amateur theatricals, taking the part of the villain in melodrama without any make-up. He is an enthusiastic supporter of the Liberty League and a member of the Open Forum. He is also a musician of note, having written that popular song and fox trot, "I'm Always Hunting for Cel-

lars." Address, unknown. Clubs, all closed down. Recreation: Futuristic art.

**MACLEAN, John S.** — Personal representative of the Big Interests in The Globe Office. This is shown by the fact that he once lived in Montreal, and while there did nothing to aid public ownership. Afterwards tried to show the General Electric Company that it pays to advertise, but they preferred to create a monopoly, save the money and get a Senatorship. John is proud of his Scottish ancestry, but lived too long in Montreal to be able to prove it by his tongue. Is a mass of contradictions, being able to write on bank clearings, on trade with Zanzibar or review a book of poems. Is a fancy skater of wide fame, and brings the same art to bear in writing on ticklish subjects. Crest: Canada thistle.

**McARTHUR, Peter**—Capitalist and associate of politicians and profiteers. Played into the hands of the U. F. O. by making Mackenzie King Leader of the Liberal party. Permits his family to farm for him. Shares with W. L. Smith the doubtful distinction of deceiving drummers into the belief that Ekfrid and Orono are not mere sideroads. Pays The Globe for the publication of his autobiographical and signed rambblings.

**McBRIDE, John P.**—Known as "Mac" by general public and "Jawn" by intimates. Suspected of belonging to the Farmers' party by reason of the fact that he resides in Hamilton. Fellow-citizens generally try to live it down. He professes pride in it, and is consequently hopeless. A glad-hander and contemporary of Geo. L. Wilson in the proud possession of a dress suit, plug hat and frock coat—things no mere newspaper man possesses. Is consequently convicted of being a journalist. Owns and operates a Ford, which runs over everything but the roads.

**McKINNON, Captain Hector B.**—Known far and wide as "The Boy Orator of Priceville." Came to The Globe in 1912 by answering an ad. in The Weekly Globe, the only time that medium ever brought results. Has succeeded better than any ed-

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itor in the country, except Cap. Smith, in concealing the fact that he knows nothing about farming. May be identified in the office by sleeves rolled up to elbows as token of his association with U.F.O. Was, in fact, Drury's only rival for office of Premier of Ontario. Has a neat, chaste style, greatly admired by printers and school teachers. When writing purple patches for farmer readers always signs himself "Timothy Spray" to prove that he is one of themselves.

**M'LELLAND, John**—Spends the day "inessin' about," as we say at 'ome, on a variety of work, chiefly on forms. One of the old boys. Specialist on liners: "Have you got any liners?"

**MACPHERSON, Mary - Etta.**—Born before the outbreak of war under a lucky star—lucky for the people who come in contact with her, for it gave her a dower of cheerfulness and kindness and dependability, as well as all the outward graces. Devotes most of her time to the intricacies of finance, but has some left over for helping everybody out of the difficulties of keeping up with office correspondence. Her hours are as varied as her tasks. Vies with the Managing Editor in the effort to crowd 26 hours of work into one day. Always smiling—and the people she works for smile, too.

**MAGEE, F. P.**—Will be a fine big boy if he ever grows up and fills out. Cracking operator. Haughty and stern in bearing, but a real good scout. Fine judge of horseflesh.

**MALONE, Elias Talbot**—An Irishman and a King's Counsel, and a shining success at both. A genuine son of the Emerald Isle, he early became impatient at the quietness of his ancestral country, and set out to make a name in the Dominion. He has succeeded in doing that beyond all the dreams of the Sinn Feiners, who begged him to stay in the auld land and avoid excitement. He looks back with thankfulness to the fact that he lived through a period during which he was President of the Toronto Reform Association. As a Freemason, he has occupied every position of importance in the Grand Lodge of Canada, and retains that of Grand Treasurer. Still, likes real men whether they know the high sign or

not. He lives for "Canada Night," in Zealand Lodge, and as a storyteller has the best collection of entirely proper and trustworthy yarns in captivity. He belongs to a number of clubs, chiefly because the last name in their appellations reminds him of the shillelahs of his native land. Recreation: Keeping The Globe out of libel suits.

**MARKEY, Joe**—The boy who makes Mike Rodden's life miserable. A musician, who wears his hair long, and writes headings the same way.

**MARTIN, George**—Another apprentice boy. Acquiring the rough and husky voice of adolescence, and, if he ever wants to turn Bolshevik, will have the whiskers in a day or so. Much concerned in upward trend of prices in the barber shops.

**MARTIN, John**—Enlisted early for the service of his country and had long service in France. Was connected with a "mulligan battery" but left the field cooks and the ducking of "five nines" when the war was over and became associated with Archie Johnson in keeping The Globe in shape.

**MARTIN, John Wesley George Torrey Alexander.**—As a boy George won 52 prizes a year for his faithful attendance at Sunday School. He fully intended going to a Foreign Mission Field, but heard an editor talk once when an edition had missed the mail, and decided a wide scope lay in the field of evangelizing the journalist. He has not changed his opinion yet. Can write a verse or prose with equal facility, and is author of a hymn book, circulated privately among members of the Press Gallery. Besides The Christian Guardian, he reads extensively the popular best sellers by Isaac Pitman. He used to have a lot of different addresses, but he is married now and has to report both at home and for his paper. Club: Y.M.C.A.

**MEARS, Fred C.**—Born in Ontario and educated in many parts of Canada where his father stayed overnight. Continued nomadic life until married, and had to stay where he paid his taxes. Was at one time the ablest school master in Baltimore (Ontario), and defied all attempts to "lick the teacher." Lost his hair in early cogitations to surpass Burns and Byron in writing

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love poems. Conducted the early retreats of the allied forces during the war, and as soon as he left the front victory became certain. Is gifted with fluency of speech at 2 p.m. in describing the other papers' scoops, and has a pleasant literary style, but never uses it. Recreation: Riding on Dundas cars.

**MIDDLETON, John**—Stereotyper—and a good one—by trade, but raiser of prize-winning Buff Orpington chickens by profession. Turns out the cleanest plates by night and the finest birds by day. Carried off all special prizes at the Earls Court and Cocksville Fairs. Next year plans raid upon the Canadian National Exhibition. All his friends and colleagues are backing him to win. First tenor in The Globe Stereotypers' Glee Club and soloist of the cellar. Always smiling, and has twins who take after him.

**MILLIGAN, James Lewis**—Born in England many years ago, and is devoting the sunset of his life to bringing culture to the colonials. Started first by sky-piloting in the backwoods of Hastings, and, finding his pearls unappreciated, moved on to Peterboro', where his editorials were so broad, sweeping and well-informed that the town thought they were clipped. But long before that he had

"Lisped in numbers, for the numbers came,"

and it was not long before an old friend on The London Chronicle published one of his poems, and then the doors were opened. After much practise and many disappointments he finally got a poem in The Christmas Globe. Now he is the office bard, and only wishes he could write up the Board of Education meetings in poetry.

**MILLRAY, Edmund**—Slow but sure. A little restive at times.

**MOORE, Lloyd**—Youngest man on the staff, and even younger than he looks. Began life early. Did quarter-mile in 42.16 when only four years old, establishing juvenile record, which he broke 16 years later on Varsity track. An authority on gardening, orcharding and arboriculture, and glad to let people know it. Has been heard to swear, but generally chews his pipe-stem. Makes frequent trips out of

town, but doesn't leave his address with Hagey or at his home. Always comes back. Affiliation with newspaperdom dates from the days of the Brantford boom, when he made his money. Recreation: Arguing with Central about the number.

**MOORE, Mercy**—A lovely alliteration that tempts the intrepid headliner to make a story just to fit the name. Three miles through to the back of the office and three steps up takes you to Mercy's sanctum—and the inevitable box of Laura Secord's. If you like them, cultivate Mercy. She's quite an unknown quantity—otherwise a new quality in these precincts, and is well worth cultivating.

**MOORE, Rollin C.**—Manipulator of copy. One of the old boys; an all-round good printer. Distinguished by his dark and swarthy complexion. Is a good enough bowler—for the Beef Trust class. Claims Meaford as home town; no evidence from Meaford in rebuttal. Hobby: Collecting of "copy hooks." Motto: "More copy!"

**MORRISON, Douglas**—Young man with big understanding. Wears about a No. 11 boot. Can eat every two hours and still be hungry.

**MORRISON, Roy**—Spent the summer at Kew Beach, and is now a benedict. Receives much advice from those who work with him. Fond of canoeing; is a good swimmer, for which, along with other reasons, the name of "Fish" has been tagged to him.

**MORRISON, John C.**—Prime Minister of the Mailing Room, which he rules from midnight to morning. An optimist, always planning to catch the mail, and generally doing it if he has a show at all. When in doubt he jollies Jim Casino into breaking the speed limits and endangering the lives of himself and all late pedestrians on the streets. Is a splendid swimmer—or at least thought so until the day he tackled the Editor in the lake off Port Dover. A musician of note, and head of the Mailers' Glee Club.

**MORSE, W. Pittman**—The man who guards The Globe's gold and endeavors to control and regulate the frenzied finance of so-called literary men who know nothing about arithmetic and have absolutely no



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sense of proportion in spending money that isn't their own. Believed by so doing to have insured Globe dividends and improved the outlook for increased salaries, thus saving his popularity. Masquerades behind a grey beard, and beneath silvering locks, in order to lead unsuspecting shareholders at Globe picnic into the hallucination that he is past thirty years of age. Consequently was able to sprint hundred-yard dash in nine seconds flat and leave Glad Jaffray, Stew Lyon, Martie Love and other youngsters who thought they were speedy hopelessly behind. Took his triumph modestly and as a matter of course. Lives a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde life—immersed in the materialism of statistics and statements at the office, but indulges in artistic and aesthetic pursuits in his leisure hours. A lover of good music and fine artistry. Addicted at times to bowling—on the green. Otherwise has no bad habits, and is liked most by those who know him best.

**MUNDAY, E. J.**—Very successful canvasser, but surpassed himself in Brantford quite recently.

**MUNRO, J. Ewart**—Born in Bruce and always tells it. Got his fingers mashed in cogs of his father's press when sixteen months old, and helped to finish the weekly edition before reporting sick. Left Bruce for Canada when the chores began to get heavy, and finally became a member of The Globe Family. Is believed to have been of Liberal persuasion, but gave up all work for war, in 1915. Was the smallest Lieutenant but carried biggest revolver in his battalion. Poor revolver shot, but probably used gun as a club. Spent his leaves in Scotland and said to have figured in a Scottish Court as one of the principals in a poaching case. Always regarded as diffident and shy, but war developed unsuspected courage, and it is reported that Bruce will be further depopulated before long, and the house famine in Toronto again emphasized.

**MUNRO, James Ross**—Born in Bruce county, but couldn't help it. Attended High School long enough to get expelled. Took revenge by becoming a teacher himself. One year was enough. Lugged into his father's office as printer's devil, and had no chance to escape newspaper

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work. Had choice of becoming tramp printer or reporter, and made the bad choice. After period of starvation joined the staff of The Globe under Stewart Lyon's news editorship, and determined then to some day succeed his chief and do as well. Succeeded in the first of these endeavors. Knows the family name and crests of all kinds of type, can set same and read it from any side, including the bottom. Could make up the forms, make the plates and even cover police. Holds firmly that news is essential in a daily paper, and would abolish editorials—unless he writes them. Has his ear constantly at the world's key-hole, and can smell a war or political scandal whenever needed. Recreation: Catching the Flying Post. Politics: Bright front pages. Club: Bruce Old Boys.

**M. URRAY, George**—A popular member of the proofroom staff. A careful, conscientious worker. Born in the mountains of Wales, where early in life he learned to step lightly from peak to peak; has been hitting the high spots ever since. One of his ancestors, it is alleged, was knighted by Henry the Eighth for concocting for that Monarch the delectable Welsh rarebit, to ensure his Royal Nibs pleasant dreams. Life-long bitter adversary of Lloyd George, whom he labels "Tricky Taffy." Abhors Royalty—the Prince of Wales in particular. Great admirer of Lenin and Trotsky. Recreation: Cultivating leaks, and dreaming of the blow-up of the British Empire. Club: Bolshie.

**MYLES, Richard**—Ad. man. Like "Bobs," "he's little but he's wise; he's a terror for his size." Ain't you, Dick? What he doesn't know about printing is of no importance anyway. An Irishman from Dublin, with all an Irishman's partiality for a little good—but what's the use in these degenerate days!

**NASH, Frank**—A University student. Plays on Varsity Rugby team. Weighs between 200 and 500 pounds. Aids in Mailing Room Saturdays.

**NASH, Frederick**—Spends pleasantly several hours each evening on the make-up. Lives somewhere south of the Height of Land, but arrives before seven. Pastime: Going and



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coming. Has a wide range of information on many subjects, but backward and reserved in speech, with a nice reluctance to obtrude his views. Summer home: Ragged River. Hobby: Agriculture. Politics: U. F. O.

**NICHOLSON, F. R.**—The man of many clubs (golf). Hopes to be the champion some day.

**ODELL, George**—Foreman pressman, whose great worry is paper and the Flying Post. Every time he hits a bad roll of paper it takes a day off his life. Is a mystery when he sleeps or eats, but still he always looks healthy. Hobbies: Consuming tobacco and phoning the paper company. Likes fussing with his huge machinery, just like a mother fussing with her baby. Also wears a black cap, and looks like a Chief Justice.

**O'DONOHUE, Eugene** — Winner of the sack race at The Globe picnic. Always looking for something for nothing.

**O'GRADY, Martin** — Reviser-in-chief of The Globe's editorial policy, the man finally responsible for each day's Junius page. Probably chosen by reason of his weight and the fact he was a boxer of celebrity and a champion ball player toward the end of last century. Noted cornetist in old De La Salle Band, particularly effective in his rendition of "The Wearin' of the Green." Suspected of being Irish at heart. Summers up Honey Harbor way, where, authoritative reports say, he can fish longer with less result than any of the other piscatorial pikers up that way. His son, Joe, who has to row the boat, confirms all fish stories. Fine and kindly type of gentleman is the O'Grady.

**O'REILLY, Cyril**—Another University student. Quiet, but gets there. Aids in Mailing Room Saturdays.

**PARKHURST, Edwin R.**—Lives up to the traditional detached attitude of the critic. Has never been known to flirt with a chorus girl, nor color his view of a performance according to the beauty of the actresses. Has a high opinion of Shakespeare, and pays no attention to the girls of the Follies who wave at him from the running-board. Brought a high sense of

dignity of the drama from his native England, and has difficulty in finding enjoyment in a moving "movie" age. Believes real people have still a place in amusement and instruction, and will not surrender everything to the lure of the screen. Is a real musician as well as dean of Canadian musical critics, and in the old days of other fellowship had rare Saturday night parties at his house, when he fiddled away to the enjoyment of men who waited his judgment on other days. A hale, wholesome gentleman, a bit lonely, perhaps, as the old generation passes, but holding more love and respect of his fellows than he knows.

**PATTERSON, Adam**—One of the veterans of The Globe. Foreman stereotyper. Achieved great fame as the leader of Patterson's Full Band. Had an offer from Philip Sousa, but refused it. Is quiet and unassuming, but could tell romantic history of the famous band if he would loosen up. Never grumbles when forms are late, and never grins when they're ahead. Outside of his work, has a pleasant time recalling in his own mind the famous band.

**PATTERSON, Ruby** — The Promotion Manager's staunchest ally and most appreciative audience. She's the silent partner in the Editorship of The Retail Merchants' Globe—excepting when the Editor proper makes a joke. Chief recreation, also chief diet: Ice cream. Clubs: The Exhibition and the Movies. Favorite film: "I'll Get Him Yet!"

**PAYNE, Edward**—The devil!

**PERRY, Annie**—They blame each editorial head, the poets do, whose work is spurned, but when it all is done and said, 'tis she by whom the verse is burned. And when the poet's dreamy lay discarded lies, the heads he blames; while if he knew the office way—'tis she who feeds it to the flames.

**PINNEL, Roy**—Described by the ladies as "that tall, fair, handsome young man." Is mate on the good ship Lenore. Is also double-jointed and can do all kinds of stunts, such as locking both feet behind his neck.

**PINNELL, Walter** ("Hopper")  
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Grass")—A noted teacher of dancing. Learned bad habits from his former employers (The Times); also a swell high diver, when alone. Prominent member of the Gim-me Club. Great chum of Jack Middleton, Buff Orpington King.

**PHELPS, Frank Hugh ("Fatty")**—Born in Woodstock, where he learned the art of printing. One of the "Old Guard" of The Globe composing room, where the setting of artistic headings engages his chief attention. "Fatty," who in his day was a noted athlete, still takes a lively interest in all lines of sport, on which he is an authority. Has at his command the record of every athlete of note, past and present. Played the piccolo in Patterson's now defunct band. Recreation: Reading Globe sporting exchanges. Club: Sportsmen's.

**PLYLEY, William**—Welland claims the honor of being his birthplace, where while he was learning the printing trade he helped to dig the famous canal. When George Brown founded The Globe "Bill" "came over" to help out with the ad-setting, and has been holding down the job ever since, at which he is an artist, and still going like a colt. Dyed-in-the-wool Grit. A fluent romanticist. Powerful and effective prohibitionist pamphleteer. Now resides "over the Don," but not in the "Castle," where some Liberty Leaguers would like to place him. Author of "Some Drawbacks to Long-distance Irrigation." Recreation: Gardening and Motoring. Club: Don Valley Bone-drys.

**PRENTICE, C. A.**—Finds The Globe a better home than The Times.

**PRITCHARD, John**—The Sherlock Holmes of The Globe staff. Frequently called on by the Toronto police to help them solve mysteries and find clues. Never misses. One of the Old Boys of the Family in length of service. Covered the police assignment till he knew every bobby by his first name. Stands him in good stead when the Masons hold a midnight seance. Does not smoke or drink to excess. Endeavors to liven up Globe editorial page by clipping extensively from British and American periodicals. Stuff usually goes in wastepaper basket. Shows

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long-whiskered Grits around the plant in the daytime, and apologizes to them for its failure to support Hartley Dewart. Can talk with equal facility on any side of any question. Always agrees with the man he is talking to.

**PROCTOR, C. B.**—The night-hawk at the Counter. Recipient of confidences of bashful grooms who bring belated wedding notices.

**READING, Ernest (Deadly) Paul**—One word describes this gentleman, and that is "Jazz." He draws his very breath of life from New York, and is a prominent member of a society to promote annexation with the United States. During his war career he was an ardent admirer of the United States army, and often lectured in London on the subject. The bright lights of Yonge street attract him, and he rarely can be induced to go outside the city. From the fact that he appeared on Tuesday instead of Monday to visit Mr. Waddell on one occasion he is believed to have private means. Paul is a great supporter of "Tommy" Church, and an admirer of the Board of Control, particularly on Boxing Days. His address is suppressed, but Rosedale sees him frequently. While down town he often can be found at the National Club. His recreation is writing copy.

**REDPATH, "Eddie"**—Born in Glasgow, Scotland, and consequently a safe boy to leave in charge of the editorial floor in the day time. Answers to all kinds of calls and runs all kinds of messages. Knows, accordingly, the secrets of all the staff.

**REID, Barbara**—Used to teach the young idea how to shoot, but now, instead, persuades the older idea to model itself by The Globe. Does this with such effect that the subscriptions simply pour in, and presently the paper will be so rich that it will build a skyscraper and establish a second "Times Square."

**RESTORICK, John**—Always busy, or seems to be.

**REYNOLDS, Evelyn**—She came to us from Ottawa, she doesn't know us yet; but after she's been here awhile she'll like us well, you bet! For the Advertising Manager she rattles on the keys, and keeps it up

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all sorts of hours. The Globe and her chief to please.

**RICHARDS, George A.**—By birth a Torontonian. In his youth an athlete of renown. Ex-champion long-distance bicycle rider, heel-and-toe walker, baseball player, etc., etc. Won, in competition against all-comers, numerous medals of various materials for singing while on tour with Patterson's Peerless Band. Enthusiastic aviator. Recreation: At present engaged on a voluminous work entitled "Some Amazing Stunts of Globe Newsroom Performers." Clubs: Goodfellows, Sportsman's, Aero.

**ROBERTSON, Frank**—Is one who started life as an office boy and will make good; is now collector in the city.

**RODDEN, Michael J.**—Graduated from Queen's with first-class honors in football and boxing. Took post-graduate course with the Argos and passed final examination by knocking down nine men one after another. Joined The Globe to protect the institution against disgruntled politicians, warlike veterans, and, incidentally, as assistant sporting editor. Has done good work in all lines.

**ROSENBACK, Al**—The man who was never known to be late. Hails from Buffalo. Takes a keen interest in fishing and shooting.

**ROSSIE, Melville Willing**—The subject of this brief sketch was born at Oshawa, Ont., which was many years recovering, but which may yet admit his greatness. He early took to scribbling, and is still at it. Is greatly prejudiced in favor of newspapers, and reads his own articles twice over every morning while shaving. Early in life was favored with Views, and has been using them steadily ever since. Realizes that setting the world right and keeping it there is a big job, but is willing to try. Has been called the Scholar in Journalism, having explored all the riches of the British Museum and the Port Arthur Public Library. Writes a refined style and polishes it until the sentences sing and the printers swear.

**RUTHERFORD, Walter Rounder**—Born on the anniversary of

Wesley's death to carry on his work, but declines the assistance of Wesley Flavelle and Wesley Rowell, which he once cherished. First learned the taste of water on September 21, 1916, and is the only man in the office so far discovered to carry a bottle in his grip. Went to Montreal for a two-day visit recently. Graduated as a teacher and never loses the opportunity to teach. Favorite pupil is William Houston. Was California's correspondent of The Calgary Eye-Opener until he joined Globe staff. Rather given to sensationalism, and headed the Lusitania tragedy as "Marine Notes." Never permits work to interfere with discussion. Was never beaten in an argument, and has had many. Office authority on spelling and punctuation. Religion: None. Politics: Wavering. Recreation: Discussion.

**WARD, Kathleen**—She does city circulation, and she does it mightily well; but how long she will be with us not one of us can tell. For there's someone on probation, and we hear his chance is good, of serving Miss Kathleen for life—or so 'tis understood.

**RUTTER, Arthur F.**—Born in England, and believed to be descended from Lord Chesterfield. His conversation dazzles ladies in the drawing-room, and thrills men in the club. Broad-minded in politics, and consequently suspected of voting Liberal. Rendered supremely unhappy by Mr. Drury's threat to abolish parties. A book-maker, but not the kind that Mr. Jaffray excludes. Opposed the agitation of certain spinster reformers to abolish tobacco. Abolishing the bar was bad enough.

**RYAN, Mathew**—"The Tiger" of the Proof-reading Department, so called by reason of his Clemenceau-like willingness "to be set right if I am wrong, but they have not shown me to be wrong yet." A man who has spent a long and useful lifetime correcting the mistakes of others. In early years was head of Typographical Union, and got first-hand knowledge of the tendency of compositors to get it wrong. They've never been able to fool him since. Likewise, knows the weaknesses of every editor, reporter and ad. writer on the staff—and is always ready to point them out. Wrote an extensive thesis

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to prove that "enquire" should be spelled with an "i." Can read all kinds of writing, from the pencilled hieroglyphics of the Editor to the Chinese laundry checks which Rutherford substitutes for headings. Prefers the former. Staunch supporter of temperance—in speech. Strongly suspected of writing, under the nom-de-plume Tertius, by reason of lengthy religious arguments with John Kerr, in which he invariably has the last word. An ardent Imperialist. Rose from a sick bed to do honor to Lord Jellicoe, and regretted it was not Lord French. Possesses a felicitous poetic gift, which he carefully conceals, but is shrewdly suspected of having penned much of the brilliant anonymous verse which appeared in Canada in honor of the Prince of Wales. May be Irish, although he has never claimed descent from Brian Boru, but is partial to Celtic literature.

**SAMMONS, E.**—Expert pressman. One of the really good men of The Globe's lower region.

**SCOTT, William J.**—Does Varsity for The Globe. Not known in the local room whether he attends as scholar or looks after the furnace in Hart House. Grew up in the wilds of Owen Sound, and hopes to be a newspaperman after finishing his work at Varsity. Is taking the best way to failure by getting on Varsity staff. Reviews books between fires.

**SHAW, George**—Here's a problem! Is he printer or architect? Reported he has added materially to the beauty of the residential sections of East York. Born in England, but realized some years ago that Canada needed him, and hastened to answer the call. Motorist and optimist. Has made good.

**SHERIDAN, Charles Edward Joseph** (alias "Red")—There's a mouthful! New man. Young and competent. Fully justifies the appellation "Red." Affable and good-natured. Has just launched his barque on the matrimonial sea.

**SMART, Annie**—Enthusiasm is her name, and Sherbourne House her theme; her work is on the mailing sheets—she fills them by the ream. She isn't shy of telling folk just what they ought to do; and e'en

the wisdom of the men her keen comment may rue. She's got a cheery, kindly word to spare for those who pass, but she doesn't like palaver, for she's a Scottish lass.

**SMART, T. W.**—"The Grand Old Man" of the City Delivery Dept; over twenty years' service; still quite spry except on his extremities.

**SMITH, Captain Clayton**—Owner of a large motor launch, from which he derives much pleasure.

**SMITH, Ethelbertha.**—In office hours solicits subscriptions. Hobby: singing. Always smiling, gloom beguiling. Here a year but has hidden her light under a bushel, and it's only just beginning to shine through the cracks.

**SMITH, Frank**—Operator of fine and portly mould. Pastime: Weight-lifting and throwing heavy hammer; could crowd the great John Flanagan in his palmiest days.

**SMITH, George Ebenezer-Go-Save-the-Sinner.**—This well-known young gentleman is the sternest and most uncompromising foe of sin in any particular on the staff. The beauty of a peaceful inward life is manifest uninterruptedly in his radiant countenance. The faithful and tender correspondence he maintains with Chicago Leaders of Moral Reform will rank among famous eternal friendships of history. He is a strong upholder of Royalty; indeed, it is believed that four Kings are his ideal, tending to stabilize business and make good returns on honest ventures. He played hockey until the O.H.A. barred him out. Played lacrosse so long with New Toronto, the team defaulted. He is easily confused in his directions, and frequently mistakes south for north, especially in summer. He is a charter member of the W.C.T.U.

**SMITH, Gordon "Farrow"**—Single (or was when we went to press), and rosy-cheeked; a handsome lad, and likeable withal. Though still in his teens, served with distinction as Professor of Pomology and Agronomy in Belgium while recovering from effects of sudden Armistice. An authority on Percherons, chicken-raising and pipe-to-baccos, with a strong inclination for rural life, so long as it doesn't last



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more than a day or two at a time. Takes his pleasures seriously. Recreation: Plowing his own furrow. Ambition: Dual-control on a ten-acre lot.

**SMITH, R.**—It would be a poor office that couldn't boast of a Smith or two. This is the little one. In contradistinction to Frank of that ilk, is short and stocky, and wears a grim and determined face, which makes one hesitate to be flippant. Is one of the younger generation, and sets all the really handsome advts. you see in your morning Globe.

**SMYTH, Alice.**—While on duty takes in city advertising; while off keeps house for her brother, cultivating his domestic talents as well as her own and training him well in the way he should go. Like so many other members of The Globe Staff, she has forsaken the field of pedagogy to help plow the furrows of publicity.

**STAPLETON, Vera B.**—Though everybody loves her quite a lot, and everybody likes her sunny smile, there's somebody can claim what we cannot, and we hear she's apt to leave us in a while. The qualities that won her all our hearts won one of them forever and a day, and we know he's got the rest of' skinned a mile; although from this our "sphere" he's gone away.

**STEVENSON, Harry (Steeve)**—Born to The Globe Monday, December 1, 1919. He is a promising child but unfortunately for his general upbringing, especially towards truthfulness, he is connected with the Circulation Department.

**STOCKS, R. K.**—The King of the "condensed ads." Very aggressive and gets results. Uses some speed in motor cars in getting ads, and that's going some.

**SUGAR, A.**—The only thing that he does not know about Bulletin Boards is that he does not sleep on them.

**SWARTZ, Harry**—A real business man, not confining his interests to Toronto alone, but also has a newsstand in Niagara Falls.

**TANZER, Max**—Apprentice. A

bright and hustling youth. Has fine financial ability, and will own The Globe some day—if he doesn't join Louie Cohen in the big printing enterprise in Palestine. Will convince you that he is the "enfant terrible" of The Globe family.

**TASKER, George**—Sets, reconstructs and arranges the editorial page and tries to make it readable. This has made him an ardent supporter of everything the editorial page doesn't advocate. Only man in the office who can read fluently the Editor's written "copy," and can tell by the construction of a sentence which of the editorial writers penned it. Would have made fortune as handwriting expert. Chief characteristic is loquacity. Published his policy on the memorable occasion when he declared: "Less you say, less you have to take back!" Never wastes a word. Was mainly responsible for The Globe's uninterrupted string of victories in the newspaper five-pin league last season, and puts up a score of 250 without any "side." Helped to organize Globe league this year and insists upon losing to encourage the other fellows. Believes practise is more effectual than preaching and does much to keep alive and vigorous the help-one-another spirit that pervades the staff.

**TAYLOR, Harry**—Born in Manchester. A genial employe of the proofroom. A fine musician and general entertainer. Kind-hearted little man. Recreation: Collecting antiques. Club: Home.

**THOMAS, S. J.**—Route boys and carrying routes are the bane of his existence. He says he likes them, but—

**THOMPSON, Donald**—The Minister of the "Stamps and Mail" Department. Very likeable. Great favorite with the ladies who have personal letters to mail.

**TOWNSON, John**—Chief of the mailing-sheet department, and in collusion with McCleary in the romance of circulation. An old-timer, but still young; has had a good "swig" somewhere of the elixir of youth. Famous marksman in his day (a champion), and can still "draw a bead" with the best of them.

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Nature lover and student; widely known as authority on ornithology. Vocalist of no mean order; favorite solo, "Neilly McGilligan's Daughter Mary Ann," with its haunting refrain, "But they had to let her go just as soon as she could show she was Neilly McGilligan's daughter Mary Ann."

**TRELEAVEN, Frederick (Rev.)**—A noted divine of the Methodist Church. Celebrated for his philanthropy in collecting and distributing magazines and periodicals. A member of the Never Sleep Club, an adjunct of the Web Pressmen's Union.

**TRENEAR, Dick**—Can tell all about carrying and piling quarter-fold. Is a member of a bowling club.

**TUCKER, F. O.**—What "Freddie" does not know about "advertising copy" is not worth knowing—so one hears—may be true. The "friend across the table" is a previous Who's Who.

**TURNBULL, Sir William, Bart.**—Born in Scotland about the middle of last century. An ardent Bourbon and Tory of the old school. Traces ancestry to King Charles I. Knighted in recognition of distinguished services to Royalty. Has ambitions to the Peerage, and believes in the Divine Right of Kings. In demeanor retiring and taciturn. Moderate, persuasive, conciliatory and diffident in publicly advancing his theories or supporting his contentions. Is suspected of having inspired Sir James Loughheed's historic defense of the existence of the Canadian Senate: "the bulwark of vested interests against the clamor and caprice of the mob." Recreation: Golfing. Clubs: York, Toronto; Rideau, Ottawa, and Carleton, London. Crest: Unicorn bearing Royal Standard, prancing upon Dragon of Socialism.

**VAHEY, William**—A returned man and one who will chance anything once.

**VANBUSKIRK, Alma**—She treads the upper reaches, where the high-brows reach still higher; she records their aspirations as declaimed 'n tones of fire. And when her "Boswell" hours are through she tunes

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up her own lyre, and writes a verse or two. She can bring her mind to details like the writing of a letter; though there may be things she has to do she likes a little better. And when the weary grind is o'er she casts off every fetter, and builds a house or two. If things get too prosaic, and life a dreary round, she tries to soothe her saddened soul by music's heavenly sound. 'Tis then she goes to Massey Hall and hails the laurel-crown'd; and writes a stick or two.

**WADELL, David W.**—Surnamed the Deacon, and also the Wise, is reputed to have been associated with George Brown in starting The Globe in 1844. Has age-long feud with Will Irwin as to who was first on the paper. Is treated with more respect than anyone else in the office, for, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he carries our fortunes, likewise our I.O.U.'s, in his hands. Was a boy once himself—long while back—and will accept any reasonable excuse for an advance of a dollar, but not before Friday. Knows all our salaries by heart, and never overpays anyone. Is known far and wide for the stories he tells and for the prolonged joy he can get out of one cigar. Club: Helping Hand Society. Crest: Coat of arms adapted from dollar bill.

**WALKER, William**—One of the old-timers in the mailing business. Returned to Globe after about three years overseas.

**WARD, Beatrice**—  
We've had a heap of Hello girls,  
And all were rather fine,  
But it takes our pretty Peggy  
To manipulate the line.

**WARD, Kathleen**—Dowered by the good fairies with a wealth of auburn hair and a sunny disposition. Has been a pillar of the City Circulation Department for a number of years, but it is rumored that very soon Mr. Blenkarn and his associates will have to struggle along without the assistance of the efficient Kathleen.

**WEBBER, Geo. A.**—A returned man and something of a dresser in civvies.

**WEST, George**—Infantry in war. Engineer in peace. Lover the U.V.L.

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and Walter Girlish. Can run a Rudd Heater successfully.

**WHITE, Edgar**—"Chickens" are his hobby—feathery ones at that—and not those seen at King and Yonge every day.

**WHITE, G. C. Mary**—Born last century in God's country by Bay of Quinte, and has ever since been that region's chief press agent. Dowered by Nature with a voice like spun gold, and manner that compels at least twenty per cent. of truth from a social butterfly. Editor for years of "Church Life," and a confidante and adviser of curates. Is now successor to Major Maude as regulator of Canadian deportment. Believes that women comprise the greatest sex in the world, but that some women are better than other women. Speaks English, but writes some unknown language. Is opposed to working more than eighteen hours a day. Clubs: Laura Matilda and Hickory. Recreation: Conversation, and then some more.

**WILKINSON, Norman** — Better known as "Won Lung Minorc." Head apprentice and comedian of the Mailing Room. Rumored that he has interest in a laundry business. Can read Chinese checks.

**WILLIAMS, Wm.**—Understudy to John Townson, and in the secrets of circulation. The seclusion of the sheet-room keeps him out of our observation, and we can't recall anything against him—unfortunately. Pass, brother.

**WILLIAMS, B. P.**—Pastime: Buying and selling motor cars.

**WILSON, Frederick**—Born at Woodstock, because his parents were there. Attained marvellous efficiency at marbles while attending public school, which shaped the rest of his life. Played baseball and boasts about getting a foul off Rube Waddell when the latter pitched into Harry Anderson's mit on Chatham

fields. Worked on The Sentinel-Review until such time as they got another boy. Left Woodstock following a raid by the savage Highlanders of Zorra. Came to Toronto and was extended the sincere sympathy of Judge Francis Nelson and got a job. Still has it, but goes at irregular intervals to the South, where he watches ball players skirmish around the field and writes beautiful fiction for The Globe sport pages. Writes better than American ball writers, but hasn't inflicted any "Dere Mable" stuff on the suffering public as yet. Saves much money in the summer time by living at the Beach in a bathing suit. Sometimes gives away passes to the ball games. And The Globe still prides itself on having the best and the cleanest Sporting Editor in Canada.

**WILSON, George L.**—The greatest advertising solicitor on the continent. Admits it himself, and then some. Ready, as a sideline, to run any other department of the paper, and run it well. Can make speeches, write editorials and preach sermons with equal facility. Enjoys great popularity at pink teas and social affairs. Became a plutocrat, and now drives an "automobile."

**WOOLLEY, H. E.**—The "warbler" of the business office—so realistic that one has asked where the canary was.

**WRIGHT, Frank**—Returned soldier. Follows all the sports. Can tell all about any player. One of his chief interests lives in Cobourg.

**WRIGHT, "Teddy"**—Day ma hinst. A lively sprig of a lad, full of merry quips and good-natured badinage. Minds his own business.

**YOUNIE, Mabel**—A recent happy addition to The Globe staff; consequently we have not had enough time to discover her pet vices, but, when we do, be assured they will be as harmless and pleasant as her cheery smile.

# **The Globe**

CANADA'S NATIONAL NEWSPAPER

*Founded by George Brown, 1844*

**PRESIDENT:**

*William Gladstone Jaffray*

**DIRECTORS:**

*G. Tower Fergusson*

*Robert A. Jaffray*

*Martin Love*

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