KODAK

A MAGAZINE FOR EASTMAN EMPLOYEES

"SUNSET TRAIL"
The judges' ayes flashed
(See pages 8 and 9)

DECEMBER 1936

"PEACE," a photograph typifying the able craftsmanship and the imaginative selection of subjects found in the Eleventh Kodak International Salon of Photography, which was on exhibition early this month in the auditorium of the Kodak Office. This photograph was made by John A. Drake, of Kodak Limited, London. Other salon pictures, including five of the major winners, are to be seen on pages 8 and 9 and inside the back cover

OUR CHRISTMAS LIST

KODAK

Volume 15 DECEMBER 1936 Number 6

A Spotlight on the Selling Job

An Account, First Hand, Of How Kodak's Field Men Get Goods on Dealers' Shelves

WHERE IN THE United States is the typical Kodak salesman?

That was the question—for, if the spotlight could be thrown on the routine of a typical salesman, it would give the rest of us some idea of how all our salesmen go about their business of selling the products that the plants make.

Would it be easy to pick a salesman who might be called typical? As it happened, it was. Someone had an idea: take the salesman whose territory includes the center of population. Whether or not he were typical, at least he would be central.

For the past five decades, the center of population in the United States has been in the southern part of Indiana, moving very slowly west. The last census located it at a point 2.9 miles northeast of Linton, in Greene County, Indiana.

Linton is in Division D of the Company's sales map, and in a territory embracing most of Indiana, part of eastern Illinois, and southwestern Michigan. The Kodak salesman who has Linton in his circuit is Robert E. Allen. Indianapolis is his home.

Each year, Mr. Allen steers his Company roadster, with "Eastman Kodak Company" on the doors, over some twenty-five thousand miles of road, winding and straight, uphill and down. (This yearly mileage is somewhat more than most Kodak salesmen pile up, but in other respects Mr. Allen is indeed typical of the sales force in the field throughout the United States.)

Making "clover leaf" trips south, west, and north—with Indianapolis the point where the stem of our hypothetical clover would meet the leaves—he is "on the road" most of the year. He averages six calls a day in cities; visits six to eight small towns in a day in the country.

In three telescoping cases, Mr. Allen carries the products of Kodak Park, Camera Works, and Hawk-Eye. A specially designed case holds miniature cameras and the smaller Kodaks. A portfolio contains advertising material from the Kodak Office in Rochester.

Salesman Allen (left) on the job. He and his colleagues get the orders that keep Eastman goods moving from plant to dealer to public

"Mr. Dealer, I won't take 'No' for an answer. Look here, we'll. . . ." The "high pressure" salesman in action!

But Kodak goods are not sold like that. High pressure isn't part of Mr. Allen's "ammunition." He is "Bob" to every one of the four hundred or so Eastman dealers in his territory. Besides, he is carrying an established, world-known line.

Mr. Allen, typical Kodak salesman, is a photographic expert. A thorough training before he went on the road fifteen years ago, and a constant flow of magazines, pamphlets, and bulletins from general headquarters in Rochester, give him an up-to-the-minute knowledge of new movements in the world of photography.

Here is Mr. Allen's own description of an Eastman salesman's job. Mr. Allen speaking:—

"On the Road" with a Typical Salesman

REPRESENTING our company, contact with our dealers is most interesting and actually exciting. It is real work, real pleasure, and offers the opportunity of meeting a complete cycle of characters.

The dealers comprise a variety of merchants: department stores; regular photographic dealers; photo-finishers; book stores and stationery stores; jewelers; wholesale druggists; an occasional hardware store; and, last but not least, that great group of home-service stores—the good old drug stores.

Originally, territorial bounds were determined by the railroads, and, of course, we made our routes by train. In those days, train schedules, mileage books, and excess baggage were always a struggle. But now, with the automobile and good roads, we are able to visit more dealers per day, give them more time, and produce much better results.

Routes are prepared at the home office, supplemented by letters which aid greatly in keeping in touch with the continually changing dealer situation. This also spreads calls so that no particular section is overworked while others are missed entirely.

I know practically every dealer in my territory—and know them quite well: know their hobbies, . . . when they are usually to be found at their stores, . . . and what particular soda table or counter they favor for looking

Displays advertising Kodak products in dealers' windows are supplied by the Company. This one, for Christmas, features a photograph appearing in our magazine and newspaper "ads"

at samples and placing orders. Bill Walters, of a certain Indiana town, must always tell about the last bass he caught in Shakamak Lake, and, in that respect, I am not a bad listener. Tom Snyder, of Terre Haute, is a devotee of the American Legion, while Foster and Perrin, of other towns, are philatelists of the registered variety. Others go in for chickens, politics, yachts; and, of course, some are photographic enthusiasts of the first magnitude.

These people offer various resistances in selling. Those who understand photographic fundamentals are, without doubt, the easiest sold and enjoy the best and most profitable business. Some react to the profit appeal, others to the service appeal, and all to the fact that when they have our goods the consumer is best satisfied. For some strange reason, those dealers who are hardest to sell are perhaps the most interesting. To sell a Brownie or two to these oft-times represents more progress than selling "the works" to a more receptive dealer.

25,000 Miles a Year

The routes are so arranged that we try to visit all dealers every ninety days; but of course we see the more prominent dealers in the larger towns more frequently. This particular territory, which is known as No. 44, contains a variety of topography. Lakes and prairies, and, in some sections, "second gear" hills. There are about 425 dealers to be called upon. The annual mileage to do this is about twenty-five thousand miles.

One can not travel thus and be at home very much. This fact of being away from home is the saddest part of the story. After a week out, my wish is to get home; and most of the time it is possible to do this. However, the other three-fourths of my family have been there all week and are ready upon my return to go places and see things. This is a condition which none can appreciate until meeting it. Usually, a compromise is effected, and one does what the wife has planned.

Week-ends have other difficulties, as there is an accumulation of correspondence and phone calls to heed. It is even necessary at times to be "not at home," in order to repair tricycles, remove screens and awnings, and all such homestead duties.

Would you be interested in a review of a typical day on the road? Well—two calls to get up in the morning, at fifteen-minute intervals. Once up, the usual ablutions. Breakfast in the hotel, with the morning mail and one's favorite local paper.

As a rule, I have planned in advance which dealers will be called upon, and the route to follow in doing this. Some dealers I know can be seen in the morning, while others are to be called upon only in the afternoons and nights. Lunch has no fixed hour for a salesman. It comes when it is convenient, and often with a dealer.

The afternoon is much the same unless the town is completed. Then, it is back to the hotel to check out, take care of the mail and forwarding address, and on to the next town.

As to the choice of hotel rooms, this would fill volumes. In fact, it's a business. I usually try to obtain rooms away from noisy elevators and busy streets. In some instances, I drop a card to hotels telling of my contemplated arrival. An important requirement is a good place to write, with sufficient light to work with. An extension cord with a 60-watt lamp is the easiest answer to that.

After the evening meal, the first procedure is to examine oneself for orders, arrange them, and get them into the mail. Most of the time is spent with correspondence and reports, planning schedules, forwarding advance cards, and sales comparisons. In the event that time remains, I enjoy reading, or a visit with some dealer. Invariably, I forget to note the speedometer reading for the day when I park or store the car. This means a trip out to do that; and my weakness for a late snack is often satisfied at the time.

With our new Kodak Adjustable Film Tank, it works in nicely to develop a film while writing. At this moment, the tank is busy. On certain nights, after the reduced station-to-station phone rate is in effect, I will call home. This is always money well spent, and I get a tremendous kick out of it. Bedtime is usually midnight.

There are a number in our selling organization better qualified as reporters than I; but I have been selected to write this account because in my territory lies that geometrical spot called the "center of population." Well, here it is: in Greene County, Indiana, north by northeast from the town of Linton. Located in the desolation of an old strip mine, it has the appearance of an odd monument in "No Man's Land." So, believe it or not, the center of population of the United States is anything but populated.

Not a monument in "No Man's Land," but the center of population of the United States: it is in the southwestern part of Indiana, having moved, during a period of 140 years, from a spot some 23 miles east of Baltimore

Yuletide in the South Atlantic's Swell

Where One Retired Employee Found His Christmas Gifts: A Seasonable Tale of a Tour

THIS STORY BEGINS with a string—the string that John M. Shepherd, retired as supervisor of the Paper Mill, Building 50, Kodak Park, after 22 years with the Company, found tied to his breakfast chair on Christmas morning of last year.

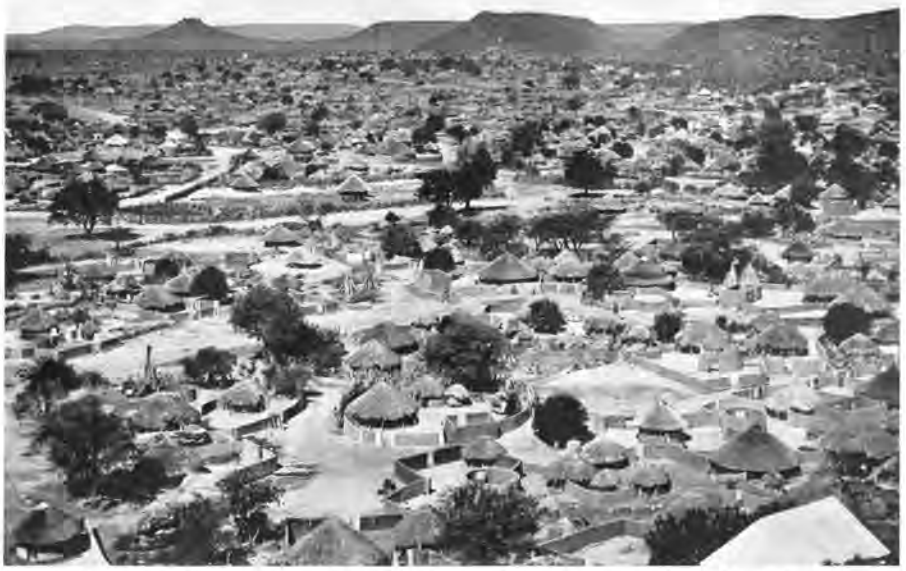
The string led away from the chair and out the door. Mr. Shepherd's curiosity was aroused. He followed the string until he came, at the end, to a Christmas stocking.

Mr. Shepherd sat down to examine the stocking. And soon he was joined by other people who, it turned out, had also been following strings to Christmas stockings. They all began to sing Christmas carols.

Mr. Shepherd was hundreds and hundreds of miles from cold, snowbound Rochester. To be precise, he was on a ship in the South Atlantic, 25 days out from New York and nearing Cape Town. The sun blazed.

It's a long way to Melopololo, which was Mr. Shepherd's ultimate destination in South Africa. His brother, Dr. Peter M. Shepherd, lives there, working among the natives. Another brother, Rev. Robert H. W. Shepherd, is a member of the faculty of a large missionary school at Lovedale, which also is in South Africa.

Were Mr. Shepherd a lyricist, he might well compose a song hit entitled "Melopololo Moon." And the song would probably start off with something like, "When the moon is full in Melopololo." For he gives a vivid description of the scene in that Bechuanaland village when the full moon paints a pool of silver on the veld and the natives dance in it to the beat of tom-toms, singing their plaintive melodies—and, it must be confessed, refreshing themselves with great swills of a potent beer made of fermented corn.



Mr. Shepherd photographed this South African village as a souvenir of his retirement tour

Christmas under a blazing sun on the South Atlantic: John M. Shepherd traces the route that took him there after his retirement

Mr. Shepherd's enthusiasm for taking pictures almost proved his financial Waterloo in one native settlement, or "kraal." He wanted to get a "shot" of a woman carrying her curly-haired baby on her back. She refused. He showed her a sixpence.

That was enough! In a twinkling, every able-bodied person in the kraal was round him and clamoring for the privilege of posing.

"Yes, I made a safe getaway," he says, "but I never saw a better example of how money can talk! And, mind you, although my middle name is not McGregor, it *is* McEwan, and I come from Invergowrie."

In Port Elizabeth, Mr. Shepherd visited a snake farm. Thousands of snakes, many of them seven feet from fang to tail-tip, glided in and out among the shrubs. He saw a native walking up and down among them, entirely nonchalant, literally garlanded with live, writhing snakes.

How many wives have you? How rich are you? These questions are synonymous to an African native. His wealth is reckoned by the number of wives in his establishment. Most native men have three or four wives, bought for seven oxen apiece. These women do practically all of the work in the house and in the field.

Going the rounds of a Bechuanaland kraal, or roaming over the veld, Mr. Shepherd found it hard to realize that he was within striking distance of the modern, bustling cities of Cape Town, Johannesburg, and Port Elizabeth. He "did" Cape Town with members of the staff of Kodak (South Africa) Limited, whose headquarters are in that city. And he stopped in at the Kodak houses in Johannesburg and Port Elizabeth.

"It was like being at home, talking to those chaps," he says. "And were they eager to hear Rochester news!"

Most people who crave the thrill of a perilous perch on an Irish jaunting car go, logically enough, to Ireland. Mr. Shepherd rode on one hundreds of miles from Ireland.

Trusting to luck and the skill of a "jarvey" who had never laid eyes on the Emerald Isle in his life, he clicketyclacked through the streets of Las Palmas, in the Canary Islands, on one of the most fascinating sightseeing trips of his journey from South Africa to Southampton, on the homeward "leg" of his tour.

A short stay at the Kodak Works, Harrow, a month in his native Scotland, and then Mr. Shepherd sailed for New York.

"It was a swell trip," he says, "and a grand, warm Christmas."

He's all set for another "warm Christmas" right now. He sailed some weeks ago to spend the winter basking in Californian and Cuban suns.

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Seasonal Note

TINSEL, THAT BRIGHT metal foil with which we decorate our Christmas trees at the proper season, plays a more serious rôle the whole year round at Kodak Park and the Kodak Office. In both these places, it is used to arrest static electricity.

In the Kodak Office Stenographic Department, it is strung across the Multigraph machines in such a way that every sheet of paper printed brushes lightly against it. The tinsel, in this brief contact, removes any static that has been generated on the paper during Multigraphing.

Kodak Park's Roll Coating Department uses tinsel to take static from the film base. As the broad band of transparent material winds past the tinsel, any electrical charge generated goes off through the special wire core of the glittering rope.

Tinsel is used also to some extent in the Printing Department, Building 48. Printed sheets sometimes stick together awkwardly unless static is removed by this means.

San Francisco "Tells"

EVER HEARD of the Kodak Family Archers? Well, in case you ever go out Frisco way and happen to bump into a group of bow-and-arrow enthusiasts roaming the woods, don't start pinching yourself: it's a safe bet that you're wide awake and that it's just a K.F.A. outing from the Eastman Kodak Company's San Francisco Branch.

The group of Eastman William Tells was formed by LeRoy Mow, and it includes Don R. Sanford, Alfred Hargreave (now of Chicago), Robert Antz, and George J. Betts.

Neatest trick of any week-end the Kodak Family Archers have had to date was performed on the seashore by Mr. Antz, crack shot of the crew. He pinked a patriarchal pelican in the bread basket. A side-line account from San Francisco reads:—

". . . The effect was astonishing. From a dignified patriarch, he [the pelican—not Mr. Antz] became like a startled old lady learning to drive her first automobile. . . . Both feet shot forward, paddling the air, with what tail he had spread full. His wings were put in frantic reverse, and his head shot forward on his scrawny neck—while his old bill went 'chop, chop, chop.' As soon as he could regain his equilibrium, he went into high gear and left the country. He never came back. . . ."

Note for pelican-lovers: Mr. Antz's well directed blunt arrow just tickled the old chap's tummy.

She Knew the Ropes

EXTRACT FROM an article in *Vogue*, titled, "My Grandmother *versus* Thos. Cook & Son":—

"The year that she came back from India, she had about four thousand ebony elephants with ivory tusks and an exposed, but perfectly blank, Kodak film, which she treasured with her Travellers' Cheques.

"She had, it seemed, met a friend who was travelling with a Cook's Tour. The Cook's guide had taken his party to see the famous Indian rope trick—the one in which one fakir throws an ordinary rope into the air, and his partner climbs it. My grandmother, who had gone along in a spirit of acute skepticism, had taken a snapshot of the Indian when he was on the very top of the rope. The developed negative was perfectly blank. Grandmother announced that she had exposed the rope trick. It was mass hypnotism. . . . Months later, I found that Grandmother took nearly all of her pictures with her thumb firmly against the lens of the camera. But when Grandmother exploded a theory, it stayed exploded."

Rule of thumb was her method.

Minneapolis Menu

AT A DINNER in honor of Carl R. Wunderlich, recently retired as a salesman for Eastman Kodak Stores, Minneapolis, and brother of Albert Wunderlich, manager of Eastman Kodak Stores, Philadelphia, this menu was offered:—

D-61 Cocktail
Vitava Relish
Half-tone Chicken, Sauté (Super Sensitive)
Auto-Focus Potatoes Orthochromatic Peas
Verichrome Rolls and Azo Muffins
Panchromatic Lettuce and Tomato Salad
With P.M.C. Dressing
Anti-Halation Ice Cream
A.B.C. Pyro Cake

If we know our chemicals, that must have given our Minneapolis colleagues something to talk about over their cigars and their coffee!

Permanent Record

RECENTLY, while driving, the wife of David H. Fulton, office manager, Kodak Office, was edged to the curb by a policeman. He gave her a ticket for speeding.

While the formalities were in progress, a second car drove up beside them, two young men leaned out, and two Kodaks clicked.

Mrs. Fulton protested. It was bad enough being given a ticket, she felt, but why must the scene be recorded by the camera? But the brash youths just clicked their shutters once more and drove off. . . . Who were they? What could their motive be?

Next day, both these questions were answered. They were members of a Kodak Office photographic class. Their instructions had been, "Go out and see what you can get."

P.S. Mr. Fulton is still singing the praises of those alert amateurs. It's that way in the most serene of families. Mrs. Fulton, who'd had awful visions of her photograph on file in some sort of rogues' gallery, is doing nicely.

Hint for Golfers

HOW WAS YOUR GOLF last season? Not so hot? We thought so! Well, it's never too early to train for next year—especially when you can do it sitting down!

Harry L. Stearns, one of the Company's two assistant comptrollers, had a phone call one day while the golfing season was at its height.

"Mr. Stearns," said the voice at the other end of the line, "we've a new type of office chair that we'd like you to try out. It's a swell thing. Helps you to do more work. Improves posture. Why, it will even help your golf score!"

Mr. Stearns feigned anger. "So I'm not doing enough work?" he replied, facetiously. "You ought to come up and see me sometime! . . . Guess I'll try the chair out, though. That better-golf angle is enticing."

In a week he was shooting eighty.

Some time later, he returned the chair. "Fine!" he testified. "Never played better golf in my life than I've played since I got that chair. I hate to part with it."

. . . and perhaps it was just coincidence that next time Mr. Stearns went golfing his score was—well, off.

He Joined the Navy to Help the World

Out Over the Main Went The Floating Laboratories; And The Entire Earth Benefited

Sick sailors in the Japanese and English navies, and sick fowls in Java, played a prominent part in one of the most useful discoveries of all time. Efforts to cure these sufferers resulted in our knowledge of vitamins.

"A fine Christmas present to the world," says Miss Laura Comstock, who tells of vitamins—and the navies and the fowls—in this article.

Miss Comstock is nutrition adviser to employees of the Company.

Scurvy, a disease caused by the lack of foods containing vitamin C, was a dreaded scourge of the British Navy in the days of *Mutiny on the Bounty;* but, not many years afterward, lemon juice was prescribed for the naval ration, and scurvy disappeared. This view from the motion picture of the famous sea story is reproduced by permission of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

BETWEEN THE YEARS 1878 and 1883, the Japanese Navy numbered only some five thousand men, and, each year, from one thousand to two thousand were sick with beriberi, a serious nerve disorder. A young doctor named Takaki entered that navy in 1872, determined to rid it of its scourge. He went to England, and studied there for five years. Upon his return, he was made director of the Tokyo Naval Hospital.

Dr. Takaki had observed that (1) climate did not cause beriberi; (2) the Japanese Navy was as sanitary as navies whose sailors did not suffer from beriberi; but that (3) there was a difference between the rations served in the Japanese Navy and those of other navies. He persuaded the Admiralty to make an experiment.

In 1882, he sent a training ship, with 276 men on board, on a voyage that lasted 272 days. The usual ration was given. There were 169 cases of beriberi and 25 deaths.

Dr. Takaki immediately sent another ship over the same course, but this time he changed the diet. The ship was out 287 days. Only fourteen men had beriberi, and they had refused to eat all of the food given them.

Vitamins B, C . . .

Dr. Takaki ordered for the daily ration more vegetables, meat, and fish; less "polished rice," which is rice with its outside silver coat milled away; and one and a quarter pints of milk. Since then, Japan has not been troubled with beriberi in her navy.

About ten years after Dr. Takaki's experiment, a Dutch physician in Java, Dr. Eijkman, noticed that fowls had a disease similar to beriberi. The fowls had been fed on polished rice. He experimented, feeding some on polished rice only, and including the rice polishings for others. The fowls on the polished-rice diet became ill; but, when they ate the polishings, they were cured.

Dr. Eijkman persuaded the government to try feeding brown rice (this has the silver coat and the germ), instead of polished rice, to prisoners on the island. Soon, beriberi cases dropped from 39 per cent to .0001.

Meanwhile, scientists in many countries had been trying to find out what this substance was that could cure and prevent beriberi. And finally, just before Christmas, 1911, a Polish scientist named Funk announced that he had found it. He named it the "beriberi vitamine."

It was found that (1) this "vitamine" was necessary for growth; that (2) milk added to a diet caused rats to grow; that (3) certain vegetables, whole-grain cereals, and yeast had the same effect. After some years, the scientists decided that a better name was "vitamin B."

The English Navy was instrumental in the discovery of what we know as "vitamin C." Many of its seamen had scurvy. In the eighteenth century, a ship's doctor named James Lind had twelve men down with this malady. His supply of oranges and lemons was running short. He divided the men into pairs. In addition to the regular ration, he gave two oranges and a lemon daily to one pair.

The results obtained through the orange-and-lemon diet convinced Dr. Lind that citrus fruits were the best of all known cures. The serving of lemon juice was made compulsory in the English Navy, and scurvy soon disappeared.

Lemons were often called "limes," and to this day English sailors are called "limeys."

For twenty years, many experiments have been made with vitamin C. Workers have found that, like vitamin B, it is not only useful in curing and preventing disease but is also necessary for the good health of babies, youngsters, and adults.

. . . and A

For some years, most scientists thought that the right amount of proteins, fats, sugars, and starches, and minerals like iron, phosphorus, and calcium, were the only necessary ingredients of a perfect diet. In the latter part of the last century, however, some began to think that these were not enough. They removed the impurities from these ingredients, put them together again in right proportions, and fed them to rats. The rats ceased growing, weakened, died.

Soon, it was established that in butter, egg yolk, and cod-liver oil—as well as in green leaves and yellow

(Please turn to page 13)

A Beauty Treatment à la Camera Works

Nine Major Operations And Innumerable Minor Ones Is The Transformation's Cost

Chromium plating: not only side panels, but also such etched parts as the front plates of cameras, and—even more important—plated metal parts that require no etched design, are produced by the new Plating and Buffing Department, one of the finest in the world

YES, I AM REALLY beautiful. But have you ever paused to consider what my beauty has cost me?

Let me tell you.

I have been through nine major operations—not to mention scores of minor ones—all so that you would exclaim over my appearance when you saw me.

Maybe you've never suspected that I, a mere side panel on your Kodak, have a story to tell. Well, I have.

My story begins with the day I arrived at the Camera Works as part of a sheet of brass—very high-grade brass, if I may say so—and was brought into the new Plating and Buffing Department. This department, by the way, is undoubtedly one of the finest of its kind in the world.

But on with my story. The brass sheet is taken into a dust-free room—you see, absolute cleanliness is the constant aim of the Plating and Buffing Department—and there the sheet is suspended in an alkaline solution for fifteen minutes. This solution removes any grease or dirt that may be on the brass. After its "dip," it is rinsed in water and scrubbed—in one direction only—with a very fine pumice powder. A water rinse and a spray to remove all traces of the pumice powder, and the sheet is ready for its first operation.

My autobiography appears on this page. Who am I? A side panel on a Kodak

Clean as a new pin, it is clamped on a horizontal wheel. When the wheel is revolving—six hundred revolutions a minute—an ounce and a half of sensitized glue is poured on the center of the brass sheet. Rapid revolution causes the glue to spread evenly over the sheet and form a thin, sensitive film on the metal.

A quick, expert inspection insures that not the tiniest speck of dust has settled on the coated brass before it is placed inside a drying oven—temperature about 125 degrees—for thirty minutes.

When it is taken out of that oven, it is no longer just a sheet of brass (very high grade), but an impressionable, temperamental sensitized plate. It is well started toward that delicate process called etching.

What has etching to do with me, a side panel of a Kodak, you ask? A great deal. Etching is not reserved for the making of photo-engravings and "etchings."

As you see me now, I am a finished product—a thing of beauty in my smooth, shining black enamel coating and my raised ribbing with its glistening chromium finish. But, speaking as a side panel, I can trace my lineage back to an idea in an artist's brain.

Yes, an artist with pen and ink decided my shape and my appearance. He made a drawing on paper. That drawing was reproduced photographically all over a glass negative as large as the brass sheet of which I was still part.

The big negative is now placed over the sensitized sheet of brass in a wooden frame. One side of the frame is a heavy glass that lets the light from an arc lamp through. After three minutes' exposure to the arc lamp, the sheet is taken out. And what do we find?

Where the glass negative was black, no light got through to the sensitized glue on the corresponding areas of the brass, and therefore the light made no change in it. But, where the negative was clear, light came through and made the glue on the sheet insoluble. So now there are a lot of side-panel patterns in the making.

My second major operation comes now—developing in lukewarm water, which washes the soluble glue away.

Scouring off excess enamel lets the design of the side panels appear, preparatory to chromium plating. At this stage, many of the panels are on a single sheet of brass

My beauty depends on many minor operations in between, but now it's time for the third major operation—baking. A crate full of brass sheets is put into an electric oven and baked for twenty minutes at 500 degrees. (I'll say that's hot!) When they are "done," the glue is a light brown color and is like an enamel.

Time out for cooling, and then the backs of the sheets are sprayed with shellac to prevent the etching solution, when its turn comes, from attacking the backs.

Bathing and Baking

Now, at last, for the etching bath. The etching solution is composed of ferric chloride and water, which can eat into brass. The sheets are allowed to hang in this solution until a proper depth of etching is obtained. For me, that depth is 7/1000 of an inch; it takes about a half-hour to obtain it.

Do you go in for bathing? Here's what happens when my sheet of metal is taken out of the etching bath:—

First, there's a rinse in cold water. This is followed by: a bath in a hydrochloric-acid solution; a bath in a weak alkaline solution (to remove the glue and the shellac that has been coated on the back of the plate); a sodium-cyanide bath; a cold rinse; a hot rinse; a drying in sawdust; and a brushing-off with an air brush. Am I clean, then!

Twenty-four hours later comes the fifth major operation. The etched sheet is sprayed with a base that is used for "binding" enamel coats on metals. It is then baked for 45 minutes at a temperature of 350 degrees. They never get enough of baking me, and it's worse than a Turkish bath.

Out of the oven once more, the sheet is sprayed with a single coating of black enamel. And then, within the next four days, it gets three additional coatings of a transparent buffing enamel.

I Become Myself

Next, the enamel that covers the raised, unetched portions of my design is rubbed off, or "relieved," permitting the design to show. This same process produces a smooth surface on the enamel that is in the etched parts. This is the sixth major operation.

And now comes the great moment when I cease to be just a part of a large brass sheet and assume an individuality of my own. The sheet is cut into strips, each strip containing a smaller number of replicas of the drawing that the artist made early in this story. Then these strips are perforated for die-locating holes, and blanked.

"Blanking," the seventh major operation, is performed on a die that is also fashioned exactly on the drawing that the artist made. It consists in placing the strip in the die, over locating pins, and punching out the individual parts.

Then, again, one beauty treatment after another. My back is polished and my edges are buffed! (My eighth major operation, by the way.) Its first stage is carried out on a multiple chuck. And, in case you're vague about what buffing is, or what is that thing called a chuck, let me explain right now.

Buffing is the process in which the gloss is brought out on enamel and on metal, by bringing it into contact with a cloth-covered wheel revolving 2,400 times a minute.

A chuck is a small wooden tray that holds the plates while their edges are being buffed.

After my edges have been buffed, they are beveled. And then I am taken out of the chuck to have my face buffed. Notice how bright my face is? Thanks to buffing!

Chromium plating is the next step in my beautification. As my ninth major operation, I spend thirty minutes in an electrolytic chrome-acid bath. I am really very vain about this, for the average commercial article is plated for only three minutes. You see, I am indeed a quality product!

After the plating bath, I am rinsed, first in hot water and then in cold water. Then I am put into a hot-air drying box.

Another round of buffing, in which I receive an application of rouge—white chrome rouge, as it happens—brightens any part of me that has been dulled in the tanks. . . .

And here I am!

That's my story. There's only one thing more to say: Don't start feeling sorry for me. I went through a lot—but I can take it. That is why I'm here on the side of this Kodak.

Buffing gives that glossy, well groomed look to enameled and metal surfaces on our cameras

An Amateur Prize-Winner

"The Dreamer," by Nowell Ward, of Chicago

FOR THE SECOND year, newspapers throughout the United States have held contests, for amateur photographers, from which the winning pictures were submitted to compete for prizes offered by the Eastman Kodak Company. When the group of noteworthy people who served as judges, headed by Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, assembled in Washington to examine the photographs, they voted unanimously to award the grand prize to Nowell Ward, of Chicago, for the picture he had called, "The Dreamer." His photograph appears here.

The picture is an imaginative example of what amateurs can do in the way of making pleasing photographs indoors with Photofloods. "I got my idea for the picture," Mr. Ward said, "while watching my son reading from a book spread open on the table."

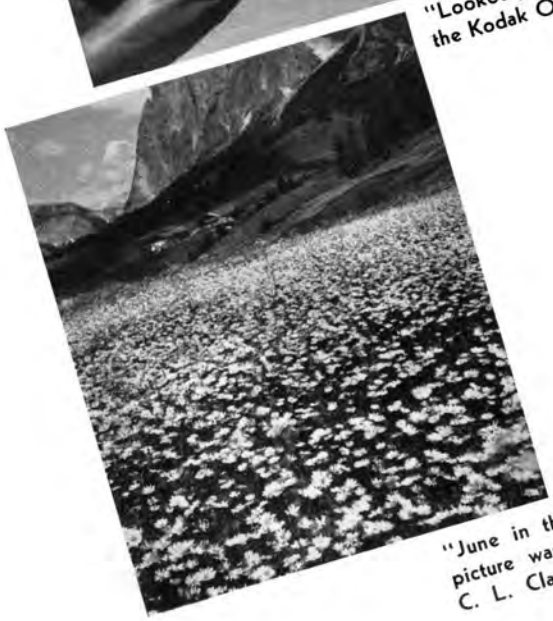
Presenting: The Eleventh

On these two pages are reproduced some of the pictures that were chosen to go on exhibition in the Eleventh Annual Kodak International Salon of Photography, which was held in Rochester early this month. With a total of 1,031 photographs entered by Kodak employees from all over the world, this salon was the largest yet held, topping by 232 the number of entries in last year's salon at Harrow, England. Three hundred and forty photographs were chosen by the judges for exhibition. ▪ Major awards were as follows: the Eastman Medal—premier award in the competition—to Frank C. Miller, of the Kodak Office; . . . the Australian Trophy—offered by J. J. Rouse, chairman of the board of Kodak Australasia, as second prize—to C. H. Willmore, of Harrow; . . . the Rudolph Speth Memorial Gold Medal—presented for the print adjudged the best made by an entrant of less than 36 years old—to Westcott Burlingame, Jr., of the Kodak Office, for "Longlegs" (which appeared in the October KODAK as the first-prize winner in a competition among a class of new employees); . . . the Adolph Stuber Trophy—given annually by Mr. Stuber, assistant vice-president of the Company, for the best print from a negative 2¼ by 3¼ inches or smaller—to Hans Heber, of Berlin, Germany; . . . the Superintendents' Cup—presented by a group of superintendents of the Company in Rochester for the most praiseworthy portrait—to Harry B. Wills, of the Kodak Office; . . . and the Hutchison Trophy, to Joe Henry Gayman, of Eastman Kodak Stores, Los Angeles (see the photograph inside the back

"Still Life," by Roland W. Reed, of San Francisco, is the winner of a bronze medal

"Lookout," by Frank C. Miller, of the Kodak Office, won a certificate

The Eastman Medal: "Mischief," by Frank C. Miller, the Kodak Office



"June in the Tyrol": this picture was submitted by C. L. Clarke, of London

"October Afternoon, Tower Bridge," by E. K. Bunnin, of London, England

Kodak International Salon

cover). . . . Other salon photographs appear on the front cover ("Sunset Trail," entered by R. J. de Stadler, of Cape Town, South Africa) and inside the front cover. ▪ Forty additional awards were distributed for other prints which the judges considered worthy of special recognition. They were: five silver medals; ten bronze medals; and twenty-five certificates of merit. ▪ Chester W. Wheeler, of Building 29, Kodak Park, was the chairman of the exhibition committee. The jury of selection for the salon comprised: Adolph Fassbender, of New York; Charles Aylett, of Toronto; and Clare J. Crary, of Warren, Pennsylvania. All three are men noted in pictorial-photography circles. ▪ An interesting innovation in the method of judging appeared in the form of an apparatus designed by Harold W. Crouch, of Building 14, Kodak Park, and built by William H. DeWitt, also of Building 14. This apparatus electrically recorded the votes when the judges pressed individual buttons—to flash their "ayes" or "nays" for acceptance or rejection—as the prints were placed before them. Each of the 340 photographs accepted for the exhibition received the affirmative votes of either two of the judges or of all three. ▪ Nineteen countries were represented in the competition: Australia, Canada, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, England, France, Germany, Hungary, India, Italy, Java, New Zealand, Northern Africa, Poland, Roumania, Switzerland, Syria, Tasmania, and the United States. Entries came also from Egypt and Holland, but these pictures were too late for judging

The Australian Trophy: for "Honesty and Earthenware," by C. H. Willmore, Harrow

Superintendents' Trophy: "Père," by H. B. Wills, the Kodak Office

The Adolph Stuber Trophy: "The Columns," by Hans Heber, Berlin

"On the South Coast": an entry from A. C. Potter, Melbourne, Australia

"King Charles Bridge": an entry by Maruska Brozikova, of Prague, Czechoslovakia

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

The Wage Dividend, Again

THE COMPANY'S 25TH WAGE DIVIDEND has been voted by the board of directors. Because of the increased total of dividends declared this year on the common stock, the wage dividend to be paid in 1937 will be at a substantially higher rate. The aggregate amount will be $2,220,000, which is more than a million dollars in excess of the payment last summer.

The checks will be distributed March 1st, instead of July 1st. It is hoped that the new date can be continued in future years when a wage dividend is paid.

Each regular employee who has five years of service by December 26th, and who is in the employ of the Company on March 1st, will receive a check for a little more than four times his average wage per week during the preceding five years. For example, an employee whose earnings, during the five years beginning with 1932, have averaged $30 a week, will receive a check for $126.75.

Employees of Kodak who have worked at least 26 weeks, by the end of the year, but less than five years, will receive payments in proportion to their length of service, in accordance with the wage-dividend rules.

To calculate closely the amount of one's check, the simplest way is to add together one's earnings in 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, and 1936, and multiply by .01625.

In anticipating the use of the wage-dividend check, it is important to think of it, not in the same light as wages, but rather as a share in the Company's earnings.

Survey of Leadership

OUR READERS WILL BE INTERESTED in a survey of the careers of a representative number of business leaders, conducted by N. W. Ayer & Son, one of the outstanding advertising agencies.

"To conduct this survey, ten major industries were selected," according to a report that has found its way to the editorial desk. "Of the 341 senior executives of these industries, . . . 258, or 75.6 per cent, began at the bottom and worked their way to the top. Of the remainder, many are lawyers who rose from obscure beginnings to leadership in their profession, and became industrial executives by virtue of long years of association with a given business. Only a very small minority had either money or connections to start with."

كوداك

ONE YOUNG LADY AMONG US knows her geography. As soon as she saw the Kodak advertisement in Arabic on the back of the October number of this magazine, she realized that the Syrians are one of the peoples that speak Arabic, and she showed the magazine to a young man in Rochester who is a Syrian.

He was so pleased to see some reading matter in his native language that he made a special trip to the Kodak Office to call on the editor and let it be known that the "ad" was written in most excellent Arabic. He confirmed one thing we had suspected: that the flowing symbol down in the corner of the advertisement—and now at the head of this item—means "Kodak" in the picturesque language of Mohammed.

The Social-Security Law

APPROXIMATELY AT THE TIME this issue of the magazine appears, a booklet will be distributed to employees, describing in detail the adjustment of Kodak's annuity plan to conform with the provisions of the new law.

Sports and Spirit

BEFORE WE LET BASEBALL GO for the year, there are several interesting things that can be told. One is that the Kodak Park team will definitely go to the national tournament again next year, without having to compete against other New York teams. The championship team, by the rules of the tournament, is invited back to defend its championship. . . . No champion has won a second time. We have a hunch that Kodak Park may be the team to do it. It would be worth doing.

Many persons have wondered how the Park team was able to take along to the tournament a player from another team, who was not a Kodak Park employee. The player was George Sutphen, of the Mandells, the team Kodak Park beat for the state championship. He went along in conformance with an Amateur Softball Association rule that lets each tournament team bring two players from competing teams. Kodak Park took one, to augment the pitching staff for this gruelling tournament. He pitched valiantly in his game, and he shared the spirit of his teammates-for-a-week.

Here is one of several Chicago newspaper comments that are something to be proud of: "Another world's amateur softball championship has been decided, and we hail the winners, Kodak Park, of Rochester, N. Y. I [Edward J. Geiger, sports editor of the *American*] want to take this opportunity to congratulate the winners and compliment them, not only for their fine, outstanding play, but *their sportsmanship, their fighting spirit, and their conduct on and off the field.*"

Speaking of sports, the Park soccer team seems to be doing things in a big way. If the soccer record is still as good when this magazine appears as it was when these words were written, we shall have to conclude that winning is nothing but a habit—and it's certainly a darned good habit, at that—with our agile ball-booters.

The First Store's 35th Anniversary

Discussion of the Job Done For the Kodak Company By Our Associates in 42 Cities

JANUARY 22ND—which will be here before our next issue—is the anniversary of several notable events. It is the birthday of Francis Bacon, who either didn't or did write Shakespeare's plays instead of Shakespeare. It is the birthday of André Marie Ampère, the French physicist after whom electrical amperes were named. It is the anniversary of the accession of Edward VII as King of England.

But for more than a thousand readers of this magazine—indeed, for all of us—the date has another significance. On the 22nd of January, 1902, the first of the Eastman Kodak Stores was established. From that beginning grew this important group of Eastman subsidiary corporations, with establishments in 42 cities.

Chicago was the first; but before the end of 1902 six other cities—St. Paul, Minneapolis, Sioux City, Duluth, Milwaukee, and Boston—saw the store fronts that have come to mean to photographers "the tops" in service, supplies, and information; that have come to be an important factor in displaying photographic products—important both to Kodak and to its other dealers; and that have come to be "my job" to some eleven hundred store employees.

The Eastman Kodak Stores have the primary purpose of selling our goods—to studio and commercial and industrial photographers, to photofinishers, doctors, dentists, photoengravers, lithographers, and others who use photography in their business, as well as to the amateurs. But they have other very important functions, in addition.

Stimulus to Photography

Service rivals sales—and begets sales—in Kodak's way of doing things. In carrying out the job of service, the Eastman Kodak Stores play a notable part. What are some of these store services to the public—and to the Company?

The photographic life of any community will flourish only if new ideas, new enthusiasm, knowledge of the new tools of the craft and the hobby are supplied in good measure. If photographic goods are only a side line in the shops of any city, or if the other photographic shops are more restricted in scope, these things will not be adequately provided.

Eastman Kodak Stores Co., Chicago: 35 years old next month, this thriving establishment was the first of the stores that serve several interesting purposes for Kodak in 42 cities

But, if the community contains one establishment that concentrates on photographic materials and equipment, a nucleus of photographic interest is provided, and photographic activity is definitely stimulated. The photographers get experienced help, all photographic dealers in the community get more business, and the Eastman Kodak Company sells more of its products.

The various Eastman Kodak Stores—which, because of their connection with the Kodak Company, are in a position to deal in photographic supplies exclusively, and to carry on services otherwise less likely to be provided—are affording this stimulus in their communities. Sales comparisons prove it.

At intervals, professional photographers are invited to attend meetings in which the latest technique in posing, lighting, and the use of films, plates, and paper is demonstrated by experts. Representatives, traveling out of the Stores, bring to the photographic trade, even in the most remote places, up-to-the-minute information and selling helps that would not be regularly available to them except for these visits. . . . Another way in which the Stores assist the profession is through their willingness to accept used apparatus in trade.

By stocking a completer line of photographic goods than other dealers find profitable, the Eastman Kodak Stores provide a chance for these dealers to be familiar with a wide range of photographic goods. In that way, a basic advertising purpose is well served.

Educational bulletins go out from the Eastman Kodak Company each month, keeping the Eastman Kodak Stores staffs informed of the latest technical developments. These bulletins are vital, as the Eastman line becomes increasingly more complicated. A comparison of our professional and amateur catalogues of 1936 and 1926 will indicate the size of the job confronting the Eastman Kodak Stores salesman before he can conscientiously say that he is well informed. . . . Yet they work at it hard, each knowing that tomorrow's front door won't be open long before someone will be leaning across his counter to inquire eagerly about some seemingly obscure point, with full confidence that he has the answer. About ninety-nine times out of a hundred he does, if there is an answer. And, the hundredth time, he doesn't fail. He simply refers the query to the Kodak Company.

Expert Selling

Here is an important sales-promotion job: The public has become aware that a complete assortment of photographic equipment can be seen at Eastman Kodak Stores. Persons interested in photography visit these stores to see equipment, and they are met by sales people who know the subject. Knowledge is power, in sales—and the idea is sold in a way that a catalogue on another dealer's counter can't possibly do it. Although the cus-

(Please turn to page 14)

OUT OF THE HAT

One smokes a unique pipe; one hunts with bow and arrow; one is a farmer after the whistle blows. Out of the hat we draw these three stories of three fellow employees. There is no telling what interesting things your neighbor has done or has seen.

A Christmas Smoke

A century ago, a shot rang out in an Irish countryside and a deer staggered, sank in the grass.

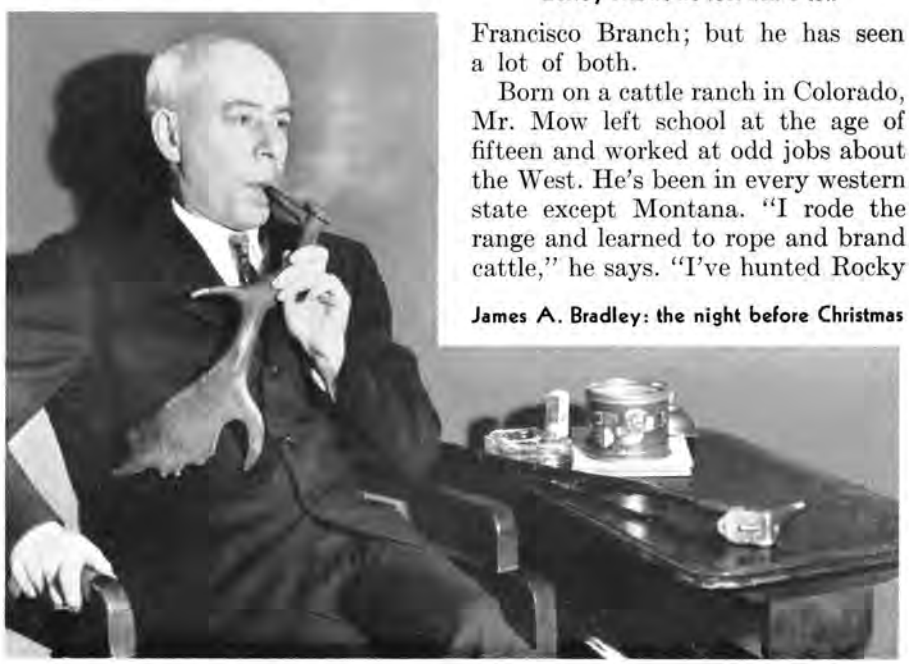
Had the huntsman missed, James A. Bradley, of the Shipping Department, Kodak Office, might not have won first prize as owner of the oddest-shaped pipe in a contest.

Mr. Bradley's prize-winning pipe was made by his grandfather from the antlers of that deer. Grandfather Bradley was the sure-eyed huntsman as well. What could be a more appropriate smoke for the night before Christmas than an antler?

"The prize was worth winning," says Mr. Bradley. "I got ten pounds of tobacco; a box of cigars (good ones, too); a tobacco pouch; and"—coals to Newcastle—"four pipes."

A dangerous rival in the competition was, in Mr. Bradley's opinion, a pipe built into the head of a cane, with a grotesque face—whose parted lips revealed a sturdy set of teeth—carved on the bowl. Mr. Bradley would not have cared had it captured the prize. It was his also (look at it on the table beside him)—another of his grandfather's interesting works of art. "Grandfather loved to do unusual things. I've heard that he made his own coffin and kept it under his bed in his home in England."

Mr. Bradley does not go in for his grandfather's hobby. "Couldn't get me to whittle a stick," he vows.



James A. Bradley: the night before Christmas

Sportsman

"I'm at home in the mountains and lost on the prairies," declares LeRoy Mow, head of the Receiving and Shipping Department of the San Francisco Branch; but he has seen a lot of both.

LeRoy Mow: he lost half a ton

Born on a cattle ranch in Colorado, Mr. Mow left school at the age of fifteen and worked at odd jobs about the West. He's been in every western state except Montana. "I rode the range and learned to rope and brand cattle," he says. "I've hunted Rocky Mountain sheep, ptarmigan, bear, grouse, sage hens, and other game, big and small. I've been tossed by bucking broncos. I've carried a .45 Colt—and I knew how to use it."

John J. DeVelder: his truck shines

Mr. Mow knows how to use a bow and arrow, too. Indians taught him when he was a boy. Now he makes his own bows and arrows. Instrumental in forming an archery group at the San Francisco Branch (see page 4), he has led many a Kodak party on hunting trips with bows and arrows.

From 1908 to '12, when he entered the Company, Mr. Mow was in the Navy. He rejoined in 1914 and served on thirteen destroyers before he returned to Kodak four years later.

He prizes several blue ribbons that he won as a boy for the hundred-yard dash. He was also a good high jumper. He goes in for things like swimming and diving and skating, now, but he can still give a good account of himself on the track. Only four years ago, he lost half a ton of coal by a nose at a picnic sprint.

When he wants to "get away from it all," Mr. Mow indulges in his favorite study, geology.

Spare-Time Farmer

A lot has been said, these years, about the use of leisure time. John J. DeVelder, who plays the part of Mercury for the Kodak Park Printing Department, is a past master at filling

his spare time. He fairly packs it in. After hours, and before, he's a farmer —on his farm near Grand View Beach, on Lake Ontario.

Farming is both habit and hobby. Long before Mr. DeVelder came to Kodak, eleven years ago, he had passed the rudimentary stage of knowing that you don't feed gasoline to mules or oats to autos. Indeed, there's very little he doesn't know about running a farm—and is he proud of that record ear of corn, 12⅛ inches long!

It's a useful sort of hobby. Lean is the season when the DeVelder family has to buy butter, eggs, milk, bacon, ham, or vegetables. But Mr. DeVelder has to get up at five to do it; and it's usually ten before the chores are finished at night.

His two sons, who go to the Hilton High School, help their dad keep 25 acres well cultivated. Things move so efficiently that when it's necessary for Mrs. DeVelder to feed the stock during the day there is nothing for her to do but to open bundles of fodder ready and waiting at each stall.

"Johnny" is a familiar figure at the other plants and the Kodak Office, as well as at the Park, for he makes half a dozen trips back and forth every day carrying copy and proofs and engravings for the Printing Department. Practice in currycombing his horses is perhaps responsible—but he certainly does keep a shine on his Company truck that sets a standard for the rest of the Yard Department drivers.

Mr. DeVelder used to be on the softball team at Kodak Park. Then his throwing arm went out of kilter. But, when it comes to handling a pitchfork, he's still in first-class trim.

The Envy of St. Nicholas

Toyland under the tree: George W. Byrnes, a Kodak Park employee, constructs this world in miniature every Christmas; and everything lights up—even the tiny autos' headlamps

THE SIX LITTLE Byrnes children are not so little any more. Three now have homes of their own, and even the youngest is eleven years old. But Christmas at the Byrneses' would make any child think he had plopped right into Toyland—the real Toyland after which all others were named. For the Byrneses' father, George W. Byrnes, who works in Building 48, Kodak Park, every year constructs a miniature countryside under the Christmas tree that would make St. Nick himself downright envious.

When June roses begin to bloom, it is Mr. Byrnes's signal to commence preparing for December 24th. Down in the cellar, for six months of evenings, he tinkers and cleans and fabricates. By Christmas Eve, all is in readiness for the world in miniature to be created under the tree, and soon Byrnesland lights up.

The street lamps actually turn on, and the tiny automobiles have headlights that can go dim or bright. The airplanes have red and green wing-tip lamps; the Zeppelin's gondola glows; and the airport can be floodlighted—by 20-volt current. There is a campfire that appears really to burn. Also, a radio can be heard from one of the miniature houses.

Mr. Byrnes made a switchboard, with twenty switches, to control the electrical effects of this juvenile wonderland. Many of the miniature "properties" he has also made himself; but, in addition, he has prowled through ten-cent stores and gift shops in many states in search of things that were just the right size.

He Joined the Navy

(Continued from page 5)

vegetables—there was a substance that would promote growth. This substance they named "vitamin A."

And here, again, we find a disease cured by a vitamin. During the World War, the children of the Danish poor who were fed nothing but oatmeal, skim milk, and barley soup developed eye trouble. When whole milk and cod-liver oil were added to the diet, the eye trouble disappeared. Vitamin A did the trick.

Scientists tell us that when there is only a little vitamin A in the diet, (or stored in the body), we are not so fit. A proper supply builds up our resistance and enables us to fight infection. Is not this sufficient reason for keeping an ample amount of this vitamin in storage?

There are two other vitamins which one hears discussed—vitamins D and G. Both have a definite connection with disease—vitamin D with rickets; vitamin G with pellagra, that dread disease of the southeastern United States.

Many are confused about the variety of vitamins and wonder how to avoid the pitfalls of vitamin deficiency. All that need be remembered is this: except in the case of diseased conditions, fresh fruit, vegetables, milk, and eggs in the daily diet will take care of one's needs. Cod-liver oil or halibut-liver oil, during the winter months for us in Rochester and other northerly communities, is an added safeguard.

In the discovery of vitamins, scientists found a cure for disease. They also proved that vitamins are essential for right growth and development in the young; that they are necessary for buoyant health in the adult; and that they are indispensable for life at all ages.

Coincidence in Minneapolis

When Gerald C. Bailey, salesman for Eastman Kodak Stores, Minneapolis, visited the private car of a railroad company to demonstrate the operation of a newly purchased Ciné-Kodak Special, he was sure that the camera ought to work well, for the name of the car was the name of the Eastman factory in Rochester where the instrument had been manufactured. Alert Mr. Bailey thought of KODAK, and had this picture taken for the benefit of our readers

Store's 35th Anniversary

(Continued from page 11)

tomer may ultimately go to the other dealer to make the purchase—as does often happen—goods manufactured by the Eastman Kodak Company have been "moved."

Every employee of Eastman Kodak Stores always has before him the fact that he is just as much a part of the Eastman organization as a man at the controls of a roll-coating machine at Kodak Park. He feels the responsibility of the "outpost," of the "proving ground." Naturally then, the staff is glad to show the goods, even realizing that the resulting sales may materialize over some dealer's counter many miles away. This is particularly true in Atlantic City, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, where vacationists and travelers interested in photography naturally gravitate to the Kodak Stores.

Other dealers are, indeed, invited to send their customers to Eastman Kodak Stores to inspect an item they may not have in stock, and the demonstration is just as thorough, just as freely given, as if a direct sale were in prospect.

Perhaps the relation between the Company and the Stores is not clear. The Company sells its goods to the Stores at the full wholesale price, realizing the same profit as on its sales to other dealers. The Stores, in their turn, pay their own way, in the sense that they show a profit on their own wholesale and retail operations.

In selecting their locations, the store managers have almost invariably paid a premium for buildings with large show windows in good situations. Displaying attractive and interesting photographs in these windows, the Eastman Kodak Stores give another push to public demand for photographic goods—to the benefit, again, of the Eastman Kodak Company and its other dealers, as well as the store's own benefit.

Emphasis on Picture-Taking

The windows are kept strictly free from "bargains." The price appeal is never stressed by the Stores. It is, as we have seen, of greater importance to create interest in picture-taking, to give service to the picture-taking public, and to show the latest in equipment and supplies.

The Stores are consistent advertisers in their local newspapers. Here, again, the emphasis always is institutional, designed to create general interest in picture-taking rather than to sell a specific item. Much of this influence benefits other dealers in the area.

The story behind any institution is always interesting. To their customers, the Eastman Kodak Stores are just extra-good photographic establishments—but the information in this article shows some of the ways these stores have "gone to bat" for photography and the Kodak Company since January 22nd, 1902. The eleven hundred store people, whose total number is the greater because of the Stores' "service functions," may well be proud of the job they do for the rest of us.

Activities Calendar

December 14—Camera Club print-criticism group meeting, at the Mechanics Institute cafeteria, 6 p.m.

December 15—Kodak Office Bridge Club Christmas party, at the German Club

December 17—25-year dinner (see p. 16)

December 18—Kodak Office Recreation Club children's Christmas party

December 21—Hawk-Eye office girls' Christmas party, at the D.A.R. House

January 4—Kodak Office Book Club

January 7—Camera Club, regular monthly meeting. Speaker to be announced

Early January—Hawk-Eye Athletic Association party, at the plant

January 10—Dr. Walter Clark, F.R.P.S., president of the Kodak Camera Club, will discuss the Kodak International Salon exhibition, at the Memorial Art Gallery (where the prints will go on exhibition late in December)

January 11—Camera Club print-criticism group meeting

January 13—Camera Works card party, in the Kodak Office auditorium

February 1—Kodak Office Book Club

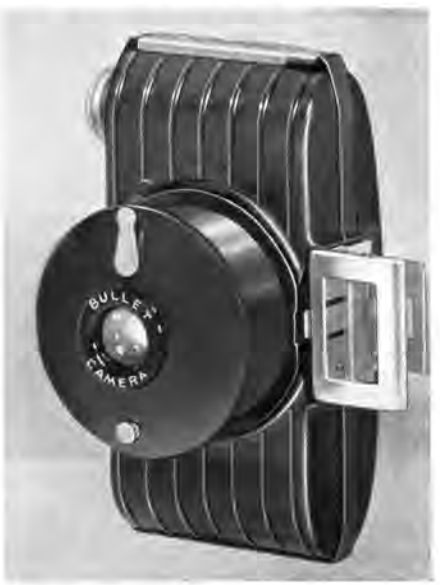
February 8—Camera Club print-criticism group meeting

Early February—Camera Works girls' party

—Camera Works men's smoker, in the Kodak Office auditorium

Mid-February—Hawk-Eye girls' party: dinner and dancing at the plant

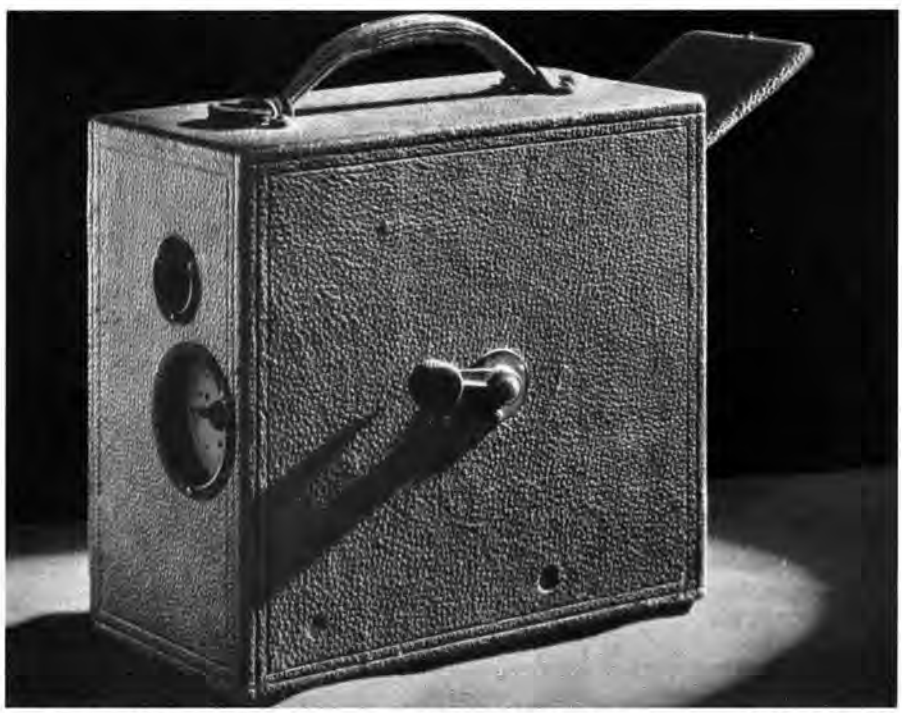
The Bullet Camera



Featuring an ingenious spiral mount that will bring the lens into position at a single turn, and an eye-level finder that folds flush with the body of the camera, the new Eastman Bullet Camera retails at the low price of $2.85

"16-Mm.": Notes Upon the Pioneer Days

The first 16-millimeter movie (enlarged), and the beginning and end of a 16-year record



The hand-cranked experimental camera model that took the first two scenes looked like this

Highlights From the History Of Amateur Motion Pictures: Interesting Records on Film

THE AMATEUR-MOVIE scenes on this page are unique.

Taken in order, they are: (1) the first 16-millimeter motion pictures ever made; (2) the beginning of the home-movie record with the longest span of years; and (3) its end.

The man who photographed the three little girls at play performed a feat that could not be duplicated, at that time, by any other person. The scene was "shot"—in 1920—as the very first test of the first 16-millimeter camera in the world, by the foreman of the instrument shop at Hawk-Eye, which made the model.

The second scene—taken with the same model—was the first "entry" in the motion-picture record that John G. Capstaff, of the Research Laboratories, has kept of his two daughters. Mr. Capstaff headed the research that produced the present system of home movies and made similar records possible for thousands of families all over the globe.

In the third scene—photographed in the present year—the Misses Capstaff make their bow once more. They are young ladies now, and they consider the sixteen-year record complete with this picture.

The third man to take pictures with that experimental Ciné-Kodak was Newton B. Green, now of the Camera Works.

The picture beneath the films shows what the early 16-millimeter experimental model looked like.

The idea of amateur motion pictures was discussed before 1917, but the war interrupted, and so it was not until 1920 that the experimental model was completed, and not until 1923 that the Company put the Ciné-Kodak on the market.

So satisfactory was the early experimental model that the first marketed model—a hand-cranked camera for use on a tripod and known as the "Model A"—differed but slightly from it.

What determined the 16-millimeter dimension, with its 10-millimeter frame size? The answer is interesting. Mr. Capstaff tried various frame sizes, and it was found that one with about one-sixth of the area of a standard 35-millimeter picture was very satisfactory. This is given by a picture 10 millimeters wide, which involved the use of 16-millimeter film.

Honor to 40-Year and 25-Year Employees

Michael J. Culhane, Kodak Park

Charles G. Phelps, Kodak Park

Burt Mohlar, Kodak Office

Frank J. Heyer, Camera Works

Frederick LaPalm, Kodak Office

Bernard Fleck, Camera Works

ADDED TO Kodak's list of old-timers this year will be the names of 170 employees who have completed their 25th year of service with the Company and thus are eligible for the bronze service medals. The addition of these new names will bring the total number of medals awarded up to the imposing figure of 1,240.

To celebrate the occasion in Rochester, a dinner will be held in the Kodak Office on December 17th, at which Frank W. Lovejoy, president of the Company, will present the medals.

The hosts at this dinner will be those Eastman employees in Rochester who have this year completed forty years' service.

The pictures on this page are of seven of the employees who have attained the forty-year mark during the year 1936, and who will thus be hosts at the dinner for new old-timers.

Harry R. Darling, Camera Works

Kodak Quarter-Century Medals

Kodak Park

John W. Grinnan, Sr.
Milo C. Worboys
Roy Cluff
Ralph E. Merrill
Walter Raymond Starkins
John Reardon Weidenkofer
Edward Abram Granger
Frank H. Perry
Roy John Herrick
Charles B. Orcutt
George Brackley
Walter Sydney Todd
Charles P. Thistle
Thomas Lewis Lane
Edward J. Bach
Cyril John Cannan
Harry William Sill
Edward Fred Desens
Mary Brickler
John James Canavan
George F. Robie
William H. Armstrong
Frank A. DeMarle
James D. Meagher
Abram James Eilinger
Emil Ernst
Laddie Jerome Wilson
Robert Earl Switzer
Leo Joseph Szczepanski
Perl Geogre Dryden
Ray W. Waldron
William J. Mattern
William Thomas Larkin
Charles Albert Baker
Frank Charles Pearson
Agnes Julia Liebeck
Julia Elizabeth Wirth
Harry Douglas Brice
Edith Mary Pflaum
Almerion Starwald
Alfred Holloway
Harry William Kestler
Bartholomay Gramlich
Jessie Mae Howard
William J. Malone
James Wallace Milner
Theresa Marie Zick
Charles W. Sweet
James Edward Sexton
Katherine Marie Gutzmer
Patrick Joseph O'Hara
Harry Watt
George Edward Izard
Mildred Louise Kavanagh
Edward Hans
Bernard Donahue
Robert John Besna
Michael Yarach
John Damaske
Jacob John Hilfiker
Albert J. Heintz
Frank Otis Parshall
John F. Friesman
Esther Loretta Furlong
Arthur Herman Brest
Robert M. Johnstone
Walter James Tapp, Sr.
Adolph A. C. Kusch
Frank A. Jones
Frank Schuldes
Robert John Lamb
Louis Joseph O'Donnell
Elizabeth Margaret Gildner
Lloyd Eggle Clarke
Thomas M. Creighton
Fayette Ager
Victor J. Chauncey
Alfred M. Caswell
John D. Sherman
Fred Stenglein
George Frederick Schaible
Frank John Lustyk
Oscar F. Knell
Merle E. Puffer
Charles K. Flint
William Francis Durkin
William G. Roller
Ernst G. Fechner
Anna C. Murphy
Patrick Francis Treacy
Bruce Snyder VanAtta
Adolph J. Bader
Harold A. Mills
Clinton M. Eysaman
Daniel Ambrose Shea
William G. McMaster
William Fred Benwitz

Camera Works

William Boland
Rachael J. Blinco
Andrew C. Brasch
Richard H. Jennings
Arthur Charles Miller
Richard J. Bach
George E. Wacker
Amilcare Paliani
Fred H. Fleckiger
Leo R. Nowack
Meyer Davis
Anna Crowley
Fred G. Davey
Leo Hoefen
Carrie Ginter
William H. Zimmer
John Joseph Campbell
Fred H. Greider
Arthur Keiling
John I. Rearson, Sr.
Walter H. Yells
Harry Rappaport
Isadore Rappaport
Mayme E. Burns
Eden E. Vincent
Minnie Fisher
Grace Conklin
William A. Christman
Raymond J. Ashton
Daniel A. Doran

Hawk-Eye

James McKee

Kodak Office

Helen R. Buggie
Norman L. Ferris
George F. Heilman
Olive Breehl Pawlik
Albert E. Bevan
Joseph J. Kick
Ella E. Huck
Laura S. Eckler
May N. Gambee
Harold D. Ruesel
Helen M. Fisher
George W. Greenfield
Edward T. Peart
Grace L. Hallifax
Frank W. Foskett
Madeleine L. Maloy
Henry Heininger
Myrtle W. Dalgety
Albion H. Knight

Salesmen and Demonstrators

James Joseph Dorsey
Fred Walton Swan

United States Branches

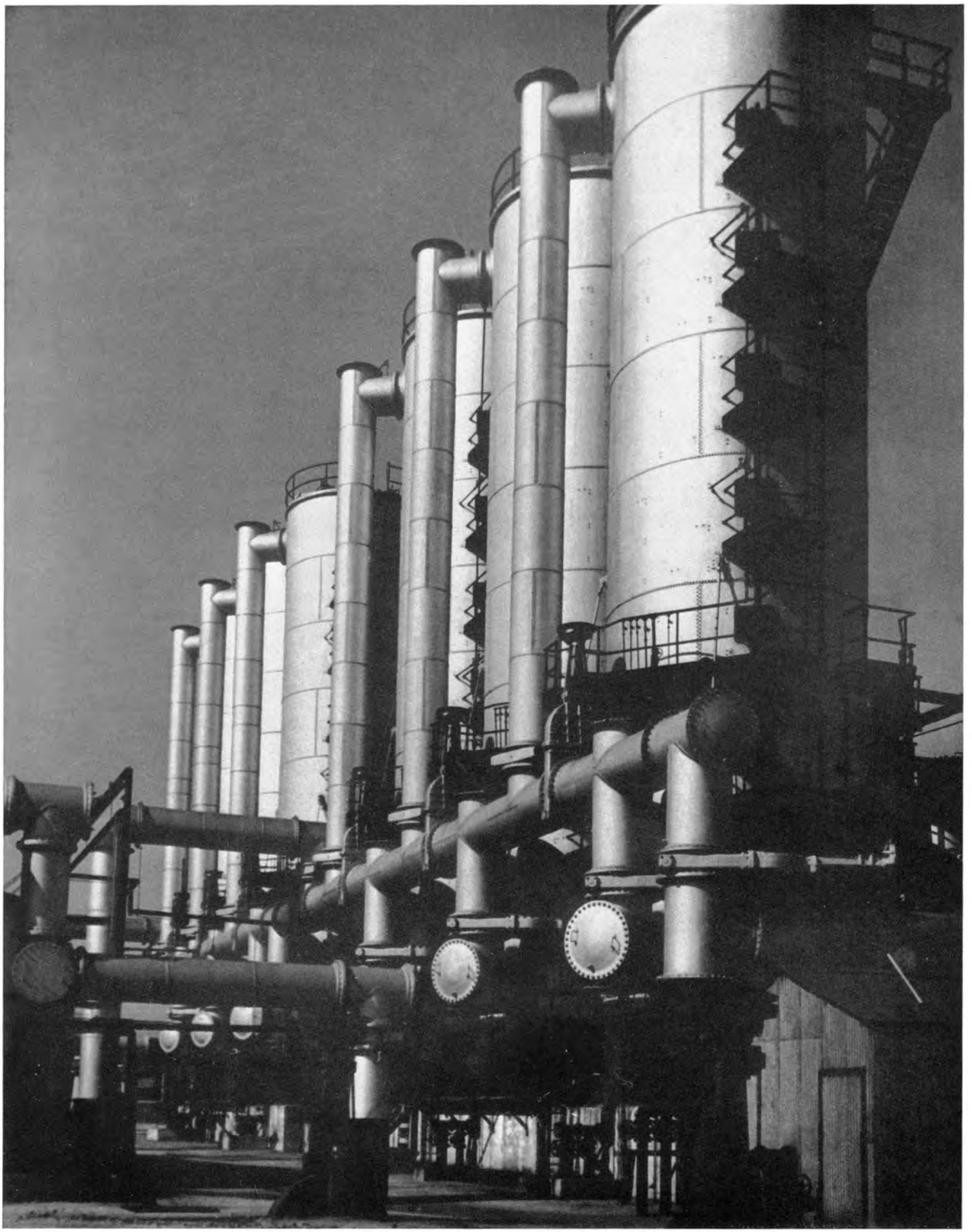
Frank John Priebe
John Edward Reindl
Anna Agusta Ellor
Dorothy Winifred Wilson

Eastman Kodak Stores

Ellen Gertrude Markham
Otto Alexius Englund
Elizabeth Katharine Gorman
Bertha May Sanborn
William Nicholas Helgert

Taprell, Loomis & Company

Hattie Ella La Rocque



"Silver Towers" won the Hutchison Trophy for J. H. Gayman, Eastman Kodak Stores, Los Angeles. This trophy, donated by Charles F. Hutchison, of Kodak Park, is awarded for the outstanding artistic advertising photograph in the Kodak Salon. Mr. Gayman's striking industrial view would be very effective, indeed, as the illustration of an advertisement. Application of the principles of artistic photography to industrial scenes is one of the most noteworthy developments in our field over the past eight or ten years. Subjects that once were treated only as "record photographs" can be portrayed with satisfying beauty

PRINTED AT
KODAK PARK

The gift that brings the world home... *in movies*

Ciné-Kodak

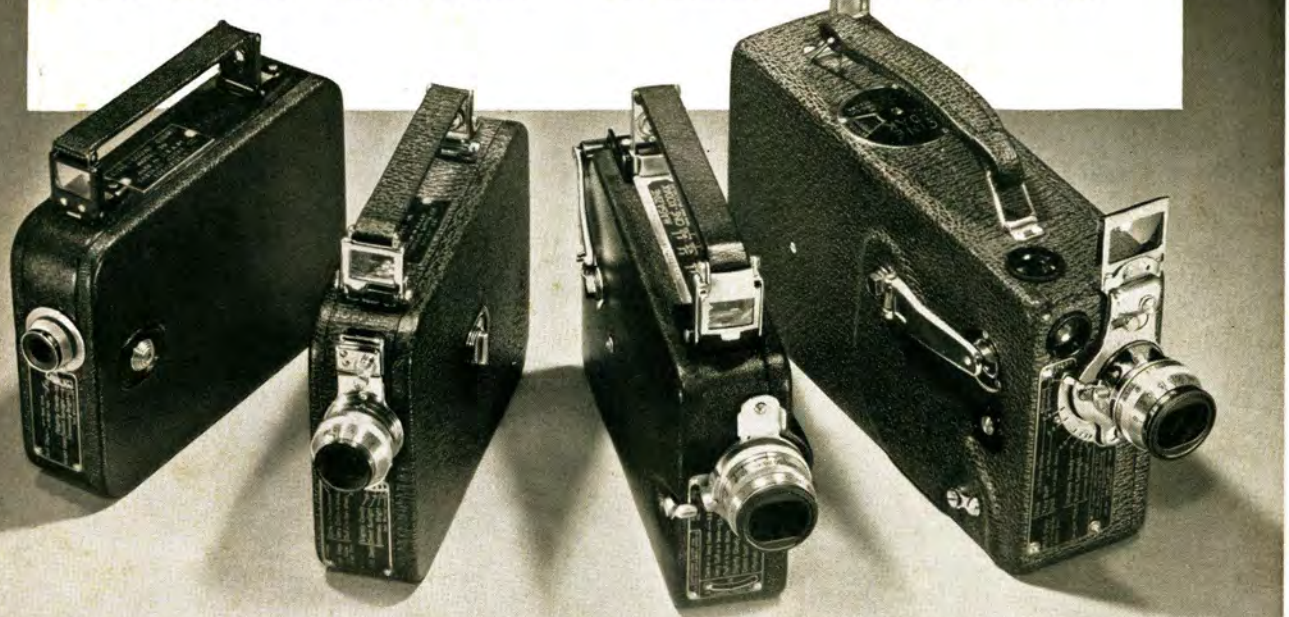
PERSONAL movies of children at play, their smiles, their gestures ...the color and movement in foreign streets and harbors...the high spots of sports and hobbies. What other gift could mean so much? Your dealer will show you these Ciné-Kodaks, and the excellent movies they make. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

CINÉ-KODAK EIGHT, MODEL 20, costs only $34.50. Gives you 20 to 30 full-length black-and-white movie scenes on a roll of film costing $2.25, *finished, ready to show*...Your own movies for 10c a "shot."

CINÉ-KODAK EIGHT, MODEL 60, offers the economy of 8 mm. film in a de luxe camera. Its ultra-fast *f*.1.9 lens is interchangeable with a telephoto lens (extra) which magnifies objects three times. With carrying case, $91.50.

MAGAZINE CINÉ-KODAK (16 mm.) The film comes in a magazine. Just slip the magazine into place, close the camera cover and shoot. With *f*.1.9 lens, $125; including carrying case, $137.50.

CINÉ-KODAK K (16 mm.) The world's most widely used home movie camera. You get clear, brilliant movies at the touch of a button. Loads with full 100 feet of 16 mm. film. With *f*.1.9 lens, $112.50; including carrying case, $125.



ALL THESE CAMERAS MAKE MOVIES IN GORGEOUS FULL COLOR WITH KODACHROME FILM...

NO EXTRAS TO BUY, NO GADGETS, EASY TO MAKE AS BLACK-AND-WHITE

Ciné-Kodak on the Christmas-advertising front: this "ad" appears in numerous magazines