

NCR News

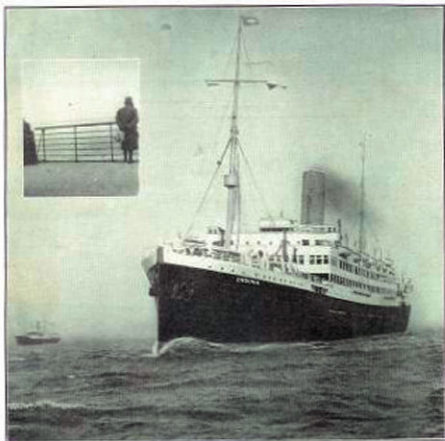
1923



Merry
Christmas



My Trip on the "Orduna," the Ship on Which Our Hundred Pointers Will Soon Sail for Bermuda



Watching for submarines on the "Orduna"

It was like meeting an old friend again when I saw, in The NCR Sales Record, the picture of the ship that is to take the Hundred Per Cent Club to Bermuda, for that is the ship on which I sailed for France and the "Unknown Adventure" in 1918. The pictures showed the deck, around which I had walked many a mile in the bracing sea air; the smoking room in which we played bridge or pinochle almost incessantly; and the dining room, showing the very table where I sat.

Our departure, on February 1 of that bitterly cold winter, was supposed to be a very secret affair. Another lieutenant and myself loaded our luggage in a taxi and drove down to the pier, not venturing to trust it to an expressman in those uncertain days, and the boat left about 1 o'clock in the afternoon. We were all ordered to stay inside until the boat cleared the harbor but the ship's siren tooted and moaned and shrieked all the way down the bay, which was hardly our notion of a "secret departure."

From the Land of the Kangaroo



The above pictures were sent us from our Australian Branch. They were turned in by C. Allen, the young man shown in the inset. Although Mr. Allen is a new member of the N. C. R. family, he is a very enthusiastic cash register man and also an N C R News booster. The upper picture shows kangaroos in the Adelaide Zoological Gardens, while in the lower picture we see some Indians on a Government Reservation. These Indians earn money shearing sheep and as soon as they accumulate any, immediately spend it. There are but few of this tribe of Indians left.

A Booster

Be a patron of the Library. If you are not enjoying the noon-hour entertainments, spend your leisure moments in consultation with learned men and women via the printed page. I know a man who thinks horse power is the distance one horse can carry a pound of water in an hour; that a grass widow is the wife of a dead vegetarian and that letters in sloping print are hysterics. Learn more—earn more.

—Hazel Moore, Stock Ordering.

Be like a rubber ball, the harder you are thrown down, the harder you bounce.

Harry Schillo has been promoted from assignment clerk in this department to head clerk in the Enameling Department.

Earl Stanzell has been transferred to the Repair Department.

—P. Rench, Punch Press Dept. No. 2.

How any man can read the signs in the Library window without having his mental cogs turn forward at least one notch is a mystery hard to comprehend. The advantages to be gained by devoting a few minutes per day to good reading are stated in words that a child can understand.

Hallowe'en



These girls are on their way to a party at N C R Hall. Seated, left to right: Bertha Mohr, Pearl Zumbriak, Mildred Etter; standing, left to right: Hazel Davis, Irene Little (all of the Office Service Department) and Mabel Nye of Decca.

Monotony

According to some writers the life of the average employee is one long, monotonous grind. They write pityingly and sentimentally of the sameness of his work; of the way it dulls the intellect and kills the initiative. They offer all sorts of panaceas for the ills he has to suffer; they devise all sorts of subterfuges to make his lot as bearable as possible. In short, they do almost everything except the most common sense thing, i. e., stop writing upon a subject which they know so little about. If these sentimentalists would do a little more downright hard thinking and less writing they would come to realize that the average employee in this day and age suffers very little from monotony. While there may be little or no variety to his work as compared to a number

of years ago before specialization came in, this is offset in most cases by the greater ease with which the work is performed by our present day labor-saving machinery.

To admit that the life of the average employee is one monotonous grind would be about the worst possible insult to his intelligence. After all is said and done and if we will be perfectly honest with ourselves, most of us must admit that we find our greatest happiness in our work itself. Few of us are so devoid of imagination and have so few outside interests that we permit any one job to take all the joy out of life. We rather flatter ourselves upon our versatility and our ability to get the most out of any situation. If this were still in the days of the handspike age when men were driven to their tasks in herds, there would be something to this idea of monotony; but as it is the idea is very much overworked. The man who gives way to monotony in the average factory today is in an abnormal condition, and if the truth were known, it would be found that monotony had little to do with his breakdown.

The more mechanical and consequently more monotonous a task, the freer is the mind to find relaxation upon whatever subjects are of most interest. From this it can be plainly deduced that monotony of an unbearable degree is not the product of the sameness of the work. It is more the product of an inactive mind and most of us know from our own experience that our minds are rarely if ever idle. To have a vacant mind is synonymous with being an idiot, and this is why we resent the remarks of those who seem to think that we lead such monotonous lives simply because we are engaged in some work that must be done to keep the old world on the move.

All in a Life

When you first came into the world you cried;
When you first got stung you hollered;
When you first got stuck with a pin you yelled;
When you got your first scare you screamed.
And when you draw your last breath, you will
creek.