

# Allen-Bradley Policy Liberal

## The Noonday Hour Is Spent in Sunshine on the Roof

The entrance to a plant is often like a man's face, indicative of what lies within. The waiting room of the Allen-Bradley Co., makers of electrical control equipment, has a large window based with plants. There are cigars on the table, mark you, for the visitor, the sales man and even for the reporter. There is an ivy plant in one corner, a tapestry on the wall and a copy of Franz Hals over the information desk.



Lynde Bradley

And best of all, for those who have to wait a moment, there are no issues of the Scrap Steel News, or the Iron Indicator. The New Yorker is on the table. People who have not waited in factory offices cannot realize what that touch alone is worth. At the desk sits Estelle. She is pleasant, blond and pretty. She doesn't growl at you as others do and before you finish saying "I'm a repor . . .," tell you that Mr. So and So isn't in and won't be all week.

The approach is, in a word, excellent. It is the result of years of hard work on the part of the people who built the company. It dates back to 1893 when a boy in the eighteenth district school of Milwaukee borrowed a book on "Electricity for Engineers," which described a regulator for electric lighting and distributing systems. The idea that the variable contact resistance of carbon could be utilized for electrical control came then to the mind of the reader, youthful Lynde Bradley.

"On the strength of this newly acquired knowledge" said Mr. Bradley, "I built what might be called the first Allen-Bradley rheostat." Almost 40 years have passed since that time and the man who has always been the inventive genius of the institution and its president for many years, has never ceased to build, never lost his interest in research.

### Implicit Faith

"As near as I can remember," he said a little reticently, "I sawed 11 disks of carbon and placed them in the form of a column in a wooden tube made from the hub of a magnet wire spool. The work shop where this was made was in the cellar of my home."

Lynde Bradley believed implicitly in his idea and on his faith in these

small carbon disks he has, with the help of his brother, Harry, built up the present business which employs some 500 people. The latter started to work with his brother on the last Sunday of February, 1904.

"On July 7, 1904," Lynde Bradley recalls, "we rented a room over a small delicatessen store at Clinton and Madison sts. Harry and I occupied as an office the front room. The other two rooms were occupied by couples who did light housekeeping. I never was in a place that smelled so villainously as it did there in the winter time."

That is merely a word in a long story, but those days were not forgotten. When the company put up its present plant, overshadowing the contiguous two-story structure, a small part of which it once occupied, the employes were remembered.

First of all there are more windows than anything else and the floors, even in the machine shops, are as clean as some food plants ought to be. The roof of the factory is more like the top floor of an athletic club. It's an unusual sight, a pertinent commentary on able factory management, to see a man from the shops with his blue shirt and a golf club in his hand, practising in one of the six nets.

### The Noon Hour

Harry Bradley looks out of his office window and says to himself, "We'll have to get the pro down here one day a week for the men and one for the girls." It is a few minutes after the noon hour. In the big broad living room which opens on to the roof, there are a great many more blue shirts. Some are playing ping-pong, some cards; a few are reading and others are talking to a group of girls. Some are standing in the spring sunshine on the roof, instead of on the dusty streets.

The roof itself has a special portion reserved for employes to take sun baths; the canvas covered lounge chairs and swings are just now emerging from their winter quarters. There are badminton courts and a place for boxing. On Tuesday an orchestra plays and once a month 60 foremen and their assistants have an evening party in the big room. If one of the girls has a birthday, there is a small kitchen and a place to entertain her friends. In the shop rooms there's a poster on each board: "Wanted, baseball players."

The employment manager, James Creakbaum, has a personal interest in what's going on. He stops on the stairs to pick up an empty cigaret box. On the roof, he picked up a match. "I happen to be on the safety committee and when we see things a little dangerous, we pick 'em up." It's little niceties like that which make the city health inspector give the company a top notch rating.

If you want to know how up to date a plant is, ask to see the men's wash-room. That will give you the answer. In the Allen-Bradley plant, the wash-rooms are large and airy and for the men whose jobs are dusty there are special lockers and marble showers. The first aid room is even fitted out with an ultra-violet ray lamp which any employe may use, if the sun doesn't happen to be shining on the roof.