THE GOOD PROVIDER
H. J. Heinz and His 57 Varieties
ROBERT C. ALBERTS

CHAPTER 9
"WE KEEP OUR SHINGLE OUT"

1890
First execution by electrocution, Wm. Kemmler, Aug. 6 at Auburn Prison, N. Y., for murder.
Castle Garden closed as immigration depot and Ellis Island opened Dec. 31.

1892
Homestead, Pa., strike at Carnegie steel mills, near Pittsburgh; conflict between 300 Pinkerton guards and strikers; seven guards and 11 strikers and spectators shot to death, many wounded, July 6. Henry C. Frick, ch., wounded in Pittsburgh, July 23, by Alexander Berkman, anarchist.

1894
Jacob S. Coxey led 20,000 unemployed from the Mid-West into Washington, April 29.

We present in this issue two chapters of a forthcoming biography of H. J. Heinz (1844-1919) titled The Good Provider — H. J. Heinz and His 57 Varieties, 299 pages of text, 51 illustrations, Houghton Mifflin Co. The work, to be published on October 25, 1973, and in England at a later date, will be released in Pittsburgh on October 9. The Historical Society is a sponsor of the Heinz biography.

Mr. Alberts is a contributing editor of American Heritage, which has published a number of his articles, including one on H. J. Heinz in its February 1972 issue. The Good Provider is Mr. Alberts's third biography, the others being The Most Extraordinary Adventures of Major Robert Stobo (Houghton Mifflin, 1965), which received an award from the Society of Colonial Wars, and The Golden Voyage: The Life and Times of William Bingham, 1752-1804 (Houghton Mifflin, 1969). Two volumes written for the National Park Service, "A Charming Field for an Encounter" — The Story of George Washington's Fort Necessity and George Rogers Clark and the Winning of the Old Northwest, are in production. Mr. Alberts is secretary of the Society.—Editor
Strike of employees of Pullman Co., South Chicago, Ill., June, led Eugene V. Debs to call sympathetic strike of American Railway Union. President Cleveland called out Federal troops...

Thomas A. Edison's Kinetoscope given first public showing at 1155 Broadway, New York, April 14...

1895
X-Rays discovered by Wilhelm Konrad Roentgen, a German physicist.

1896
Guglielmo Marconi received first wireless patent from Britain, June 2.

1897
Eugene V. Debs formed Social Democratic party.

1898

1899
South African (Boer) war began Oct. 11... British losses 5,773 killed, 16,171 died of wounds or disease, 22,829 wounded. Boers engaged est. 65,000, losses unknown.
Filipino insurgents (est. 12,000 under arms) unable to get recognition of independence from U.S.A. started guerrilla war.
Boxer anti-foreign uprising started in China; missionaries and Christian Chinese murdered.

The depression of 1893-1897, with its strikes and wandering armies of unemployed, was disrupting and painful. "Exceedingly busy during the fall [of 1893]," Heinz wrote, "although the money panic has curtailed all branches of trade. It was hard financing. Good security was no inducement to banks. We stopped discounting bills, which was equivalent to $50,000 borrowed. A great many had to suspend." He blamed a lack of confidence, the silver question, and the Democratic party, though he had called Cleveland, when reelected in 1892, "a very safe and conservative man." A contingent of Jacob Coxey's army of angry unemployed passed through the city in the spring of 1894 on its way to Washington, camping in Exposition Ball Park in Allegheny.

In 1893 the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago was a bright and happy episode in the midst of social turmoil. Though addressed to the theme "The Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World," visitors who inspected the massive complex of exhibits in Jackson Park tended to conclude, "Great is America and the Glory Thereof." There were nearly 400 separate structures on 700 acres, built, equipped, and maintained at a cost of $18.5 million, not including the state buildings and exhibits. The main edifices looked out on Lake Michigan. There were the Transportation Building, the Court of
Honor, Machinery Hall, Livestock Pavilion, Electricity Building, Manufacturers, Women's Horticultural, Art, dozens of foreign buildings, and the battleship *Illinois*. There were the Zoopraxological Hall, the Blue Grotto of Capri, Lapland Village, Volcano Kilauea, Indian Bazaar, Japanese Bazaar, Japanese Tea Garden, Vienna Café, Eiffel Tower, Model of Saint Peter's of Rome, and Hagenbeck's trained animals. There were the Viking Ship, the *Nina, Pinta*, and the *Santa Maria*. Venetian gondolas on the lagoon, the 130-ton Krupp cannon, and on the midway "the World's Congress of Beauty, 40 Ladies from 40 Nations." The whole was beautifully designed, built, and landscaped; it gave 12 million people a view of the best that men could do in art, architecture, and technology; it gave to some of them a lasting vision of what a city might become.

The food manufacturers exhibited in the Agricultural Building, which was at the southeasterly end of the grounds just west of the casino, quite near the lake shore, and almost completely surrounded by lagoons. This was one of McKim, Mead, and White's splendid structures, long, wide, and high, with fifty-foot Corinthian columns at the entrance and a rotunda with a glass dome. It provided nearly nineteen acres of floor space and cost $618,000.

A visitor entering by the main portal found himself at once confronted by the displays of the foreign governments and of foreign companies — Crosse & Blackwell, Lea & Perrins, Fortnum & Mason, and Dundee & Croydon, among others — apparently on the American premise that if it was foreign and imported, it must be better. The state agricultural exhibits took up the rest of the first floor. Pennsylvania displayed the Liberty Bell and 166 varieties of native grass.

The American food manufacturers were on the Gallery Floor — Knox Gelatin, Durkee & Company, Huckin's Soups, Price Baking Powder, American Cereal, T. A. Snyder Preserve Company, Schlitz Brewery, Lorillard Tobacco, H. J. Heinz, Oswego Starch, and, by some unaccountable aberration, Wise Axle Grease Company. The Heinz Company, in Section 11F to the left of the dome, was given considerably more space than any other food manufacturer. A trade paper called its exhibit "most comprehensive, showing every variety of sauce, relish, and preserve put up, many of them being original with the firm." Rand McNally's guidebook, *A Week at the Fair*, reported, "The H. J. Heinz Company of Pittsburg has a magnificent pavilion

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1 From 1890 to 1911, Pittsburgh, by government decree, was told to drop the "h" from its name. The order was widely ignored.
of antique oak, hand carved and oil polished. At each end of the four corners is a small pagoda. These are tenanted by beautiful girls — one French, one English, one German, and one Spanish.” “We had a good display,” Heinz wrote. “8 persons in attendance and dispensed freely from our products.”

Despite the variety of sauces, the free samples, the antique oak, and the four beautiful girls, the crowds did not throng to the Heinz exhibit — nor, indeed, to any of the exhibits on the Gallery Floor. Hordes came to the Agricultural Building, looked through the foreign food and state exhibits, glanced at the flight of stairs, and left to see other main-floor displays, the midway, Sandow the Strong Man, or Little Egypt doing her belly dance. They had “done” the food show and did not return.

Heinz had attended the civic parade and dedication ceremonies that opened the fair pro forma in the fall of 1893. He returned at the real opening the following spring and found the fair “a wonderland and a great educator.” He took one look at the straggle of visitors on the gallery, meditated a while, and then left for the nearest printing shop. There he designed and produced a small white card made to look like a baggage check, with the promise on the back that if the bearer presented it at the Heinz Company exhibit in the Agricultural Building he would receive a free souvenir. From his smaller display in the Horticultural Building his men handed out checks to all who would take them, and up and down the Exposition grounds a scattering of small boys dropped them by the thousands. By the thousands the people headed for the Agricultural Building, swept by the foreign food exhibits, and climbed the stairs to the Heinz display. There they viewed an assortment of art objects, antiquities, and curiosities, sampled Heinz products, hot and cold, on toothpicks and crackers, and received their free souvenir: a green gutta-percha pickle one and one-quarter inches long, bearing the name Heinz and equipped with a hook to serve as a charm on a watch chain. Fair officials had to summon policemen to regulate the size of the crowds until the supports of the gallery could be strengthened. The foreign food men filed an official complaint with fair authorities, charging unfair competitive methods. The other American food exhibitors, grateful for the crowds attracted to their own booths, gave Heinz a dinner and an inscribed silver loving cup. “A great hit,” he wrote in his diary. “We hear it from all sources.”

The company gave away 1 million Heinz pickle charms at the fair.
When it was all over, the *New York Times* reported (in a story of the kind publicity men dream about):

**NARROW ESCAPE AT WORLD'S FAIR**

Chicago, Nov. 14, 1893 — It has just been discovered that the gallery floor of the Agricultural Building has sagged where the pickle display of H. J. Heinz Company stood, owing to the vast crowd which constantly thronged their goods or to procure a watch charm.

This time the Heinz firm captured first medal and diplomas on eighteen varieties of their Keystone condiments.

Heinz's solution to the Chicago crisis was based on the Sixth Important Idea he had developed in the conduct of his business: Let the public assist you in advertising your products and promoting your name. He phrased it this way in the diary in July 1892: "We keep our shingle out and then let the public blow our horn, and that counts. But we must do something to make them do this." Very few have ever equaled Henry Heinz in the finesse with which he persuaded the public to blow his horn. He contrived to use his plant operations, his horses, his treatment of employees, his collection of curios, the "pickle brooch," the annual sales convention, the number of his products, the giant and ubiquitous outdoor signs, and the Heinz Pier in Atlantic City as means to excite public attention and make people talk. In most of these, people not only looked and talked; in some way or other they participated. In the case of the plaster pickle, they voluntarily and consciously made themselves ambulatory advertisers of the Heinz name and of its leading product.

Arthur Baum, a *Saturday Evening Post* editor, called the Heinz pickle "one of the most famous giveaways in merchandising history." The historians of advertising still speak of it with admiration for (in their jargon) its "high tie-in and recognition factor." Some unknown writer likened its shape, arching downward at the ends, to "the mouth of a small child just ready to burst into tears." The brooch, or charm, first introduced in 1889, developed a clasp and became a pin, and the company gave out some scores of millions in that form. For no good reason except that they were so magnificently available and it was the thing to do, an army of boys, a whole generation of children, wore Heinz pickle pins on their lapels, shirts, sweaters, blouses, caps. It seemed to be a hard thing to throw away; adults kept them in drawers or boxes, or they carried them in pockets and purses for good luck, or as a gag, or because of habit formed in childhood. Time after time, Heinz people meeting strangers would hear something like, "I visited
your plant once and they gave me this pin. Darnedest thing, but I've carried it ever since.”

Heinz was the first industrialist to invite the public to call and inspect the full range of his plant operations. Any visitor to Pittsburgh automatically included a tour through the “Heinz Pickle Works.” A guide with a group began with the famous stables (“You will notice that these stalls are of open construction allowing perfect ventilation”). They continued through the printing department, the box factory (“We use about ten million feet of lumber every year”), the can factory (“On account of the noise, it is impossible for you to hear me very well, but over each machine you will see a sign telling what it is used for”), the Time Office (Note to Guide: Call attention to the window showing “The House Where We Began”), the dynamo room, and the factory girls’ dining room. They went on through the Baked Bean Building (“The Heinz beans are not boiled but are actually baked to a rich amber brown in ovens located on the floor above, then passing through silver-lined tubes to the hoppers below, where the cans are filled at the rate of 150 per minute”). Then to one of the preserving kitchens (“All our preserves are made on the old home plan — a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit”) and the Pickle Bottling Department, where several hundred spotlessly clean girls packed, inspected, corked, capped, and labeled various sizes of pickles.

The visitors were given samples to taste along the route, a farewell lecture in the company auditorium, and the Heinz pickle pin to wear on bosom or lapel. If it was in residence, they were given, as a special treat, the chance to see a very famous American oil painting hanging in the auditorium. This was Custer’s Last Rally, from the brush of John Mulvany, who had also painted Trial of a Horse Thief, Love’s Mirror, A Comrade’s Appeal, and other lesser-known works. Custer’s Last Rally, 11’8” by 19’8” in size, for which Heinz paid $25,000 in 1898, was so popular that it was kept traveling on a circuit so that no one would be denied the pleasure of seeing it: the Heinz Auditorium, the New York exhibition room at Broadway and 23rd Street, the Heinz Pier, and the major fairs and food shows at which the company had displays. In 1900, twenty years from the date the original was painted, Heinz persuaded Mulvany to produce a second version for the London office. This was a replica in every detail except that this time General Custer’s hair was longer.2 The figures are very nearly life-size.

2 At the urging of his wife, Custer had reduced his visibility before he rode
Some 20,000 visitors were trooping through the Allegheny factory annually at the turn of the century. The Founder [Henry Heinz] sometimes conducted the important visitors through the plant himself, often persuading them to appear before his employees in the auditorium. Signatures in the Register of Prominent Visitors in the early 1900s included those of E. Burton Holmes of Chicago; Henry van Dyke of Princeton; Billie Burke of London; David Belasco and John Philip Sousa of New York; J. M. Studebaker of South Bend; Raymond Hitchcock of Great Neck, Long Island; Prince Axel of Denmark; Jane Addams of Hull House in Chicago; John Drew; Billy Sunday; Ernest Thompson Seton; the U.S. Marine Band; the Brooklyn Baseball Club; twenty-six Philadelphia councilmen; eighteen Japanese businessmen; members of the cast of the Oberammergau Passion Play; the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra; and the Central Committee of the World's Sunday School Association. The name of Elbert Hubbard ("Fra Elbertus") of East Aurora was signed first in the Register and appeared again a few years later.

The plant tours, of course, were a form of corporate publicity and product advertising. So, too, were a number of other Heinz activities. Heinz had a superb talent for promotion and showmanship. To a degree it was based on a simple and sincere desire to enable everyone else to share what pleased and excited him — for example, Custer's Last Rally, the company horses, the curios collected on his travels. But his generosity was mixed with a quite pragmatic understanding of the benefit to company sales and reputation. In any case, he worked his talent to the limit.

The two-hundred Heinz draft horses throughout the country were all jet black except for a fine gray. Joe Hite, with the company off and on since 1873, now in charge of the stables and now accepted as a character — as a man of "keen wit, colorful language and strong per-

against the Sioux in 1876 by shortening his flowing locks. Mulvany restored them in his second version. The original version is now in the collection of the Memphis Pink Palace Museum, Memphis, Tennessee, where it is rolled on a drum and stored.

Walt Whitman gave a long account of the picture in his Specimen Days (1882): "I could look on such a work at brief intervals all my life without tiring. It is very tonic to me." The work was widely distributed as a colored lithograph. Mulvany took to drink, became a derelict, and committed suicide in 1906 by leaping into the East River. Robert Taft, author of Artists and Illustrators of the Old West, 1850-1900 (1953), nominates the work as one of the two painting reproductions that have been viewed, commented on, and discussed by more people than any others. (The other is Casilly Adams's Custer's Last Fight painted around 1885.)
sonality" — chose the Pittsburgh horses. Except for those bought in Chicago each had to be inspected and approved by two other experts in horse-flesh, Sebastian Mueller and H. J. Heinz. They demanded horses that fitted a certain conformity in weight, size, and type and were pure black with black points, the only exception being a modest white star on the forehead or a slight whitening at the feet. The horses had brass trimmings on their harness, and they pulled white wagons with green trimmings. Heads turned to look and perhaps to comment when they passed. No parade in southwestern Pennsylvania was complete without a Heinz train. As the Heinz stables were a famous showplace, so was the Heinz delivery service one of the transportation marvels of the nation.

At the start, Heinz had emphasized "point of sale" material in his advertising — pieces displayed or distributed in the grocery stores. In 1892 he wrote, "Now in N. Y. City and have contracted for more advertising matter at one time to be used inside of a year than ever before in my life, $10,000. Consisting of calendars, souvenir books, stamped-out pickle cards, pickle charms and spoons, and show cards for boxes." Within a dozen years he was spending many times that amount. In every streetcar in America there was a Heinz color card with a four-line verse. (Nevin G. Woodside, general sales manager, paid his young son William ten cents for every streetcar the boy saw without a Heinz card in it and paid out little money.) There were signs along every main-line railroad; two dozen of the country’s most prominent hill-sides, including a cliff overlooking San Francisco Bay, blossomed with the numerals "57," ten feet high, cast in solid concrete, and white-washed twice yearly. ("My God!" said a foreign visitor, "they number the hills here.") Heinz owned some four hundred private rail-freight cars, and each was painted bright yellow with the company name and the 57 monogram in large green characters on both sides. The Heinz Company was the first to ship vinegar and pickles in tank cars, in 1894, designing and using its own 9950-gallon cars fashioned of four-inch-thick cypress staves. A typical sign on a car, almost as large as the car itself, read: "Loaded with H. J. HEINZ COMPANY AROMATIC MALT VINEGAR for the stores of C. H. Papworth of Syracuse and Watertown."

Henry Heinz did not believe in understatement or low key in his advertising, and he did not let many natural opportunities pass by unused. When the scores of Heinz sales managers rolled into Pittsburgh each January in chartered Pullman cars for the weeklong sales con-
ference, flags were raised at the Allegheny works and they were met with éclat. Heinz described the meeting that opened on January 5, 1892, at a somewhat inconvenient time:

Sallie and Irene give a reception today from 2 to 5. Over 100 ladies called, about 35 carriages and nearly as many more in the evening. Irene's coming-out party. The house was handsomely decorated. (I paid the bills) Music by Gunter, five pieces. I am vain enough to be pleased it was a success.

Our Fifth Annual Salesman's Convention also commenced today. It met in a new room at our works in Allegheny at 10 o'clock. From that time until 12 o'clock was spent in welcoming addresses and responses. About 100 managers of Branch Houses and salesmen are here, stopping at the Seventh Avenue Hotel. The Western men came in one car and the Eastern men in two cars with streamers over the P.R.R. and were met at the Union Depot by our H. J. Heinz Company Brass Band of 21 pieces and were led from the hotel to the works this morning. The men were highly pleased. I meet with the managers in one of the offices while Kuipers and others lead the salesmen in the Convention Hall each day from 9 to 12 and 2 to 6 P.M.

Heinz relied heavily on a relatively unexplored and expensive form of advertising, that of demonstrations at grocery stores, fairs, expositions, and food shows. These were marked by generous free samples and convincing money-back guarantees, on the principle that a person ought to be privileged to try a thing before he bought it and ought to be able to return it if he didn't like it.

Electric outdoor signs were then the newest and most costly form of advertising known. New York's first large electric sign, six stories high, went up at the corner of Fifth Avenue and 23rd Street, facing the Admiral Dewey Arch, in 1900. Heinz designed the sign and explained to O. J. Gude, the great pioneer in outdoor advertising, how it was to be erected. The sign consisted of a green pickle forty feet long bearing the name HEINZ. Below it, in letters ranging from three to six feet in height, appeared "57 Varieties Exhibited at Heinz Pier, Atlantic City," Twelve hundred Mazda bulbs were used at a cost of ninety dollars each night, at a time when a single bulb was a curiosity. By a mechanical arrangement each line flashed separately; one moment the streets were lighted with unprecedented brilliance, the next they were comparatively dark. People thronged Madison Square Park to marvel at the transformation. After a time the sign was changed to read "A Few of HEINZ 57 Good Things for the Table — Peach Butter, Tomato Soup, India Relish, Tomato Ketchup, Sweet Pickles."

In the display room below the sign, daytime visitors might watch a pretty girl demonstrating how to pack midget pickles into a bottle or, if they were lucky, could study John Mulvany's painting of the
Custer massacre. The *New York World* called Heinz "an advertising and merchandising genius," but as so often happens to works of genius in Manhattan, the sign was dismantled in July 1901 to make way for a mere office building — the $4-million, twenty-two-story Flatiron Building.

In March 1905 Heinz was busily decorating London with twelve-by-twenty-four-foot enameled tin signs when his son Howard wrote, "The firm think that you are putting up a good many bulletins and do not recommend getting many of those signs." We may assume that the Founder was not deterred. He never forgot for a moment that he was operating in the country's most fragmented industry, with commercial competitors on every side, nor that every housewife who owned a box of Mason jars was a potential competitor as well as a customer. The fight for shelf space in the grocery store, even before the explosion of brand-name products and the advent of the chain store and supermarkets, was as fierce as anything the commercial world had known. Advertising and promotion would help him in the good fight. The happiest arrangement was that in which the Heinz salesman simply went through the stockroom or warehouse every Monday, took inventory of Heinz goods, and wrote up his own order. Every Heinz salesman, with his derby hat, stiff collar, and stickpin, carried in his sample case a hammer for tacking up advertisements and a clean white cloth for dusting off Heinz goods on the shelves. While dusting, of course, he would try to move his competitors' products to the back or lower shelves and place his own at end aisle or eye level.

Heinz personally hit upon the "57 Varieties" slogan in or before 1892 while riding in a New York elevated train. He was studying the car cards and was taken by one that advertised "21 styles" of shoes. He applied the phrase to his own products. There were more than sixty of them at the time, but for occult reasons his mind kept returning to the number 57 and the phrase "57 Varieties." "The idea gripped me at once," he said, "and I jumped off the train at the 28th Street station and began the work of laying out my advertising plans. Within a week the sign of the green pickle with the '57 Varieties' was appearing in newspapers, on billboards, signboards, and everywhere else I could find a place to stick it."

He had only two stern restrictions on his advertising: he never posted billboards in or around Pittsburgh, and he never advertised in the Sunday newspapers. His successors have lifted the ban on Sunday advertising, but few Heinz billboards are seen today. The last giant
outdoor sign stood in Wenceslaus Square in Prague, Czechoslovakia — a huge Heinz ketchup bottle outlined in electric lights. It remained lighted all during the resistance in the spring of 1968 and the Russian invasion that followed. Czechs had a fondness for the sign; they regarded it as their window on the West.

Whenever the Founder encountered resentment at the enormous signs placed on hillsides, he called upon his philosophy of persuading others to blow his horn. The Chattanooga episode is an excellent example. The rumor somehow started that Heinz had leased the side of Lookout Mountain looming over the city and intended to erect thereon the Heinz pickle and a large sign reading “57 Varieties.” The rumor spread, public indignation rose, letters appeared in the press, a committee formed. Ralph J. Pfeiffer, a Heinz executive who started as Heinz’s office boy, now an octogenarian, remembers that a batch of telegrams came to the office and that one read, “IF YOU DARE TOUCH THAT SACRED SPOT WE WILL PICKLE YOU IN 57 WAYS.”

At that point Heinz happened to visit Chattanooga and appeared at his office at 204 Carter Street. The committee met him and made known its views. Heinz expressed shocked astonishment. He protested that he had no such plans. Lookout Mountain was a great historic shrine, one that he would never desecrate. In some other cities, the story goes, he confessed to having such plans but willingly scrapped them and presented the city fathers with his lease to the hillside. In either case, he departed amid plaudits, expressions of good will, and friendly stories in the press.

The costliest, most ambitious, and probably most successful promotional undertaking was the Heinz Ocean Pier at Atlantic City, sometimes called “The Crystal Palace by the Sea,” sometimes “The Sea Shore Home of the 57 Varieties.” Heinz had paid a first visit to the resort in August 1880, when he wrote in his diary, “Took a sea bath, very exciting, breakers very high. Probably 20,000 people here daily, while the population is but 6,000 during the winter. All sorts of swings and museums in town, and shows.” Now, eighteen years later, he leased (then bought for $60,000 and remodeled) the pier near the Breakers Hotel, at the foot of Massachusetts Avenue. The Heinz Pier, still remembered with gratitude by thousands of footweary or shivering visitors, was one of three in Atlantic City, the only one that stayed open throughout the winter (and closed on Sunday).

The pier presented to the boardwalk the freestanding facade of a
vaguely classical triumphal arch. It was crowned with a broken pediment and (in the early years) had two large green Heinz pickles suspended horizontally and rather attractively between the columns on either side of the entrance. Just beyond the façade Heinz added (in 1901) a glass-enclosed Sun Parlor, furnished with rocking chairs, tables, twenty-five desks with free writing paper and souvenir postcards, rest rooms, magazines and metropolitan daily newspapers, displays of Heinz products ("The kind that contain no preservatives"), and a demonstration kitchen with free hot and cold samples.

The pier extended almost nine hundred feet into the Atlantic Ocean and had at the outer end a Glass Pavilion, white with yellow trim, on the top of which stood an electric sign seventy feet tall: "Heinz 57 Varieties." The pavilion held, among other things, an assembly hall seating 125 persons, equipped with a large map showing the location of Heinz installations and with a display of "industrial and sociological photographs" of Heinz facilities and people. There a member of the company's Sociological Department delivered a lecture with seventy-six stereopticon slides, giving a sedentary equivalent of the tour through the Allegheny plant. He ended with, "You are cordially invited to sample the 57 Varieties and will not be asked to buy. If, however, you wish an assorted case you can leave your order and it will be delivered to your home, through your grocer, at less than wholesale price. Only one case to any one home."

At the center of the Glass Pavilion was a booth with thousands of canned and bottled products artistically arranged in revolving pyramids among exotic plants. The main area, however, was given to a remarkable exhibition of 144 paintings, bronzes, tapestries, and curios, some of them lately shown at the World's Columbian Exposition. Major works among the paintings included King Lear Awakening from Insanity by Hildebrandt, French Government Officials Visiting a Secret Distillery by Buland, Decadence of the Romans by Thomas Contour, Stanley at the Congo by Gentz and Koerner, thirteen by twenty-two feet in size, and, at the height of the season, John Mulvany's Custer's Last Rally. There were marble busts of Socrates, Caesar, Dante, Michelangelo, Shakespeare, Othello (in six colors), Milton, Louis XIV, John Wesley, Napoleon, Garibaldi, and Queen Alexandra of England. There was the mummy bought in Cairo in 1894, a mounted ram's head, a Buddhist household shrine, a framed collection of Confederate money, a couple of nine-foot elephant tusks from the Gold Coast, a chair made of animal horns with a leather seat from Omaha's
Trans-Mississippi Exposition of 1898, a panel from one of Admiral Nelson's warships, and a chair General Grant had sat in at Chattanooga.

From time to time the exhibit was supplemented with other treasures appropriately publicized: a collection of ship models, the only complete whaling outfit in the United States, a model of a Navaho village. The serious visitor could buy for a nominal fee an illustrated catalogue of the collection.

In the season, as many as 15,000 people came onto the Heinz Pier daily; in winter, when the pavilion was closed, 4,000 came to the Sun Parlor. In the forty-six years of its existence, an estimated 50 million people visited the pier, and every one of them was offered — and most accepted — the Heinz pickle pin. The Delaware Record generously called the Heinz Pier "quite unique and wonderful in its way, for it represents the rapid growth of a business built upon broad lines of dealing justly with all, and of giving royal equivalents in goods of the highest grade to all customers."

In the 1920s, and thereafter, the pier offered exhibitions, lectures, and concerts of a more sophisticated nature. In 1944, however, the fates decided that the institution had outlived its purpose. The hurricane in September of that year tore out a great section of the trestle between the two buildings and cast the "5" in the "57" into the sea. The Heinz management of that day, perhaps somewhat relieved, abandoned the Crystal Palace by the Sea.
CHAPTER 10

"Kindly Care and Fair Treatment"

The much-abused epithet "Captain of Industry" . . . is given at random nowadays to a whole battalion of commercial knaves who have succeeded in getting their heads above the million dollar mark, but it rightfully belongs to Mr. Heinz . . . It is a common thing now to see big factories and large industrial plants paying considerable attention to the social welfare and health and happiness of their employees, but to Mr. Heinz belongs the pioneer honors.

Arthur Tarbell, "Heinz — The Man," Human Life, August 1910

Pittsburgh's foreign-born population doubled between 1880 and 1900. Into the area, the country's greatest center of industrial production, came immigrants from Ireland, Germany, and the Scandinavian countries, then increasingly from Poland, Russia, Austria-Hungary, Slovakia, and Italy. Their grandchildren are working throughout the city today as engineers, scientists, nuclear physicists, teachers, doctors, lawyers, administrators, but in 1900 life was hard and working conditions often wretched. The immigrants labored in the coal mines, coke plants, steel mills, glass factories, on the railroad, in construction. If they were recruited in Europe by the contract labor system (outlawed by Congress in 1885), and if they had no resources or special skills or waiting relatives, they were housed for a time in railroad cars on sidings and then dumped into the slum areas at the Point or on the Hill, in Skunk Hollow or Painter's Row, or in the steel towns along the rivers. There they lived in tenements, ten or twelve men to a room, sharing a bed in shifts; they caroused in the saloons and whorehouses; they stood in the long line on Saturday evening before the public bathhouse in Soho, where they got soap, a towel, and hot water for a nickel. They strained the city's housing, schools, hospitals, sanitation, fire protection, police protection, and the private charities that made up almost the only welfare services. They died by the thousands in industrial accidents, in epidemics, and from tuberculosis, pneumonia, and typhoid fever. Despite their hardships, they saved to bring over their wives, children, parents, brothers, and sisters.

Women of all ages came by the hundreds of thousands. The woman who sought employment was terribly limited in the work she could do. Teaching and nursing required skills she did not have and could not acquire. Most office clerks and salespeople were men. She could work as a household domestic, or as a scrubwoman, or as a prostitute, or at manual labor in some trades — in laundries, in gar-
ment and glass factories, in stogy factories, in packaged-food plants. The pay was low, the hours long, the work hard and sometimes dangerous, the future uncertain.

There was always a line of applicants at the pickle works in Allegheny City, where H. J. Heinz was engaged in an "industrial betterment" program and where, according to the newspaper stories, a girl would find "kindly care and fair treatment." Lillian Weizmann, born in Allegheny on September 23, 1888, was one of those who went to work at the Heinz plant at fourteen, on graduation from grade school. She had attended the eighth-ward public school on East Ohio Street because her parents felt every child should have contact with a public school and then went for four years to Saint Mary's parochial school on Lockhart Street. "There were eight grades at St. Mary's," Lillian Weizmann says, "and we had a nun who would teach you individually if she saw you were beyond that. My dad and mother wanted me to go to a high school, but all the girls around the neighborhood worked for Heinz. They would say, 'Why don't you come down to Heinz?' I went down to Heinz and I stayed at Heinz."

She worked from 7:00 A.M. to 5:40 P.M., but on Saturdays she quit an hour early, at 4:40 P.M. She began at five cents an hour, three dollars a week. That was what other fourteen-year-old girls got in the best factories, and she knew that she could advance to piecework or to the regular starting wage, twelve and a half cents an hour (half that paid to men). This was a time when Heinz specialty salesmen began at $12 a week; when an unskilled mill hand worked for $.15 an hour; when the average daily wage was less than $1. It was a time when a bakery near the Heinz plant sold three delicious mince pies for $.25; when a woman's full silk-lined tailor-made suit at Guskey's Department Store, "Fresh from the Best Eastern Centers of Fashion," cost $15; when a handmade cheviot skirt cost $5; a linen handkerchief, $.05; a pair of all-wool blankets, $2.69; a man's shirt, $1 (all shirts were negligee garments pulled on over the head); ten bars of White Lily Floating Soap, $.19; a forty-eight-pound sack of white flour, $.89; a pound of Armour's ham, 10½ cents; a pound of soda crackers, $.04; a twenty-six-piece set of Rogers silverware in a velvet-lined box, $5.48; a gallon of Diamond Monogram Whiskey, $3.

Lillie's day began in the dressing room below the five-story bottling building, where she changed her street clothes and where she had the luxury of a private locker with her own key. As a new employee she was given a freshly laundered working uniform and mobcap
each day for one month; thereafter she made her own dresses from
dark blue, white-striped cotton that she bought at cost from the com-
pany stockroom. Her caps, ready-made from fine Irish dimity, cost her
twelve and a half cents. She was required to begin each day in a
freshly laundered uniform and white apron. Since she handled food,
she received a weekly manicure. The dressing room had hot and cold
running water, marble washbasins, two bathrooms with showers, a soft
divan, a reclining chair, an emergency hospital with two beds, and a
matron with some nursing experience. The girls had the free services
of an on-call company physician and two dentists.

Lillie was assigned a seat at one of the long tables in the 600-
place girls' dining room. Every morning on the way to the bottling
department, where she worked, she placed her lunchbox on her chair.
(It was never stolen.) She had a half-hour for lunch. Each day she
dropped a penny into a box as a token payment for the cream, sugar,
and pots of tea and coffee on the tables. The money went into an em-
ployees' welfare fund. Sometimes there were bottles of ketchup or
relish on the tables that had been rejected in inspection that day for
loose tops. While she ate she could listen to music played on the
Orphenion or by one of the girls on the piano, or she could study any
of the one hundred paintings and drawings that adorned the dining
room walls. These had been collected by Mr. Heinz on his travels
and were of a kind that would elevate a young lady's thoughts, appeal to
her aesthetic sensibilities, and exercise a refining influence on her
character. The fifteen or twenty forewomen ate at their own table in a
corner of the room. There were four other dining rooms in the plant:
one for male factory workers, one each for male and female office
workers, and one for top-ranking company officials (male, of course).

Several times during the summer Lillie's turn came to climb into
a horse-drawn wagonette with eight other girls and spend a morning
or afternoon, at no loss of pay, being driven through the park and the
downtown areas. If she had a suggestion on how to do something
better, she could drop it into a box and perhaps get a reward or even
a promotion. She could use the dressing room after hours. She could
sun herself on the girls' roof garden atop the bottling building,
equipped with rustic benches, awnings, a fountain, blooming plants,
and a conservatory. She could swim in the company natatorium and
exercise in the company gymnasium. She could take members of her

3 A large boxlike instrument imported from Germany that, according to its ad-
vertisements, "renders many pieces with the effect of an orchestra."
Henry ("Harry") Heinz at age twenty-one, dressed in the height of style. Note callouses on hands.

H. J. Heinz in his forties.
Henry J. Heinz in the early 1900s.
Early electric truck — 1901 approximately.

Heinz ad on wheels — 1904.
Mrs. Agnes Dunn, forewoman of the Pittsburgh plant, and Miss Lillian Weizmann, her successor.

Two young ladies give a public demonstration of hand-packing jars with two sizes of pickles, red peppers, pickled green beans, white onions, and cauliflower.
The Heinz Ocean Pier at Atlantic City, with its demonstrations, free samples, lectures, reading room, rocking chairs, and collection of art curiosities, was an attraction for millions of people from 1899 to 1944.
“Ports, Hopkins and all the office boys, 20 in all, had their pictures taken in front of the Homeopathic Hospital at 1 P.M. Each desired to have one or more to frame.” H. J. Heinz’s diary, September 27, 1884.

At that time, the Heinz plant was on the Southside, just a few doors away from the Homeopathic Hospital. The typewriter, brand new, is being demonstrated proudly by a secretary.
“Greenlawn,” east Pittsburgh residence of Henry J. Heinz, completed in 1890 (located in the section of Pittsburgh now called Point Breeze).
Father and sons: Clarence, Howard, and Clifford. Heinz wrote on the back of this picture, "Experience and Gaining Experience."
immediate family with her on the company outing in July. This was held on a Saturday in one of the parks within fifty miles or more of Pittsburgh as the employees elected — Olympia, Rock Springs, Rock Point, Idlewild, Cascade, or Conneaut Lake. It involved the movement of some 3,000 to 4,000 people in a paddle-wheel steamboat or in three chartered trains, sometimes loading as early as 5:00 A.M.

There was considerable emphasis on self-improvement in the company-sponsored after-hours activities. Lillian could take free courses in dressmaking, millinery, cooking, freehand drawing, and, "for those who desire culture in voice music," training by a singing master. She could have received instruction in the intricacies of becoming an American citizen. She could read in the reading room, borrow books delivered to the plant from the new Carnegie libraries, and attend evening lectures in the company auditorium. At noon she sometimes heard talks by some of the great figures of the day. She heard Russell H. Conwell deliver his famous inspirational speech, "Acres of Diamonds," the theme of which was the sanctity of wealth. ("Get rich, young man, for money is power, and power ought to be in the hands of good people . . . I say you have no right to be poor . . . You and I know there are some things more valuable than money; nevertheless, there is not one of these things that is not greatly enhanced by the use of money.")

Lillie was not a poor girl and was not overwhelmed by these amenities. She recalls that she found the working conditions "pleasant." To a girl who had worked for several years stripping moist tobacco leaves of their stems, weighing and tying them in pounds for the rollers, sitting with her back to a damp wall in a cellar, working by the light of a gas jet, eating her lunch off a corner of her workbench — to a peasant girl from Central Europe who a year earlier had been living in some remote village in a cabin with an earth floor, the animals housed under the same roof on the other side of the wall, who had worked in the fields in all weather — to such a girl the physical comforts of the Heinz plant, the relatively short hours, the pay, and the companionship were a revelation and a delight.

The center of most of the educational and social activities was the Heinz Auditorium, completed in 1900, said to be the first in the

4 Dr. Conwell (1843-1925) delivered this talk no fewer than 6,000 times, and in so doing he both reflected and set the philosophic tone of his generation. The founder of Temple University, he used his fees to send boys through college.
country built solely for the benefit of employees. It had a musical director, 1,500 opera-type seats, a gallery with two proscenium boxes, 2,000 incandescent light bulbs, a pipe organ, a Pianola, a Steinway Concert Grand Piano, an Edison Stereo-Projecting Kinetoscope, and a splendid large dome with artistically designed stained glass. The dome represented the globe, on which appeared the motto, “The World Our Field.” Underneath were mural paintings representing the inhabitants of the four corners of the earth: Asian, African, North American Indian, and Anglo-Saxon, William Gladstone’s portrait serving to typify the last. Around the base of the dome were inscribed the eight essential qualities for success in business: Integrity, Courage, Economy, Temperance, Perseverance, Patience, Prudence, and Tact. The walls held a number of fine paintings, including (most of the time) Mulvany’s Custer’s Last Rally. Between the pictures appeared mottoes, some of them composed by Mr. Heinz himself: “To do a common thing uncommonly well brings success,” “A young man’s integrity in youth is the keystone of his success in after life,” “Make all you can honestly, save all you can prudently, give all you can wisely.” And his favorite, which appeared in offices, halls, waiting rooms, and work areas of every Heinz installation: “Do the best you can, where you are, with what you have today.”

Four times a year the seats were removed in the auditorium and the floor waxed for a large dance, generally to the music of Rocereto’s sixteen-piece orchestra. Each employee was permitted to bring one guest, by written invitation only. To spare Mr. Heinz’s feelings, the dances were called “Promenade Concerts,” and to satisfy that title there was always a grand march, usually led by Sebastian Mueller and Mrs. Agnes Dunn, the general forewoman of the Home Plant girls. “One time Mr. Heinz came,” says Lillian Weizmann, “but not on the dance floor. He stayed on the balcony, waving down at us.”

There were weekly organ recitals in the auditorium and concerts given by an employee Choral Society of sixty voices. There was, one evening, an illustrated stereopticon slide lecture on the 1900 Paris Exposition, with views of the city, and the following week an employee performance of Seven Keys to Baldpate. There were performances of plays written and directed by Karl R. Hammers, one of the midlevel executives; these were taken quite seriously by cast, audience, and Mr. Hammers, and they were, by all available accounts, creditable productions. There were, from time to time, professional performances by “recognized stars of the first magnitude” — orchestras playing at
Exposition Hall, vaudeville headliners (Elsie Janis, for example, the teen-age prodigy who did imitations of public figures). The supreme event of the year was the Christmas Party, which began at 2:00 p.m. on the afternoon of the twenty-fourth. In a typical performance, Santa Claus appeared on the decorated stage, followed by Mr. Heinz, who shook his hand and made a short address on the joyous spirit of the season. The program included instrumental and vocal solos by employees, with encores, humorous recitations, a playlet, and presentation of a floral tribute to management from the girls of the factory. The audience then dispersed to its departments, each person to receive an identical Christmas gift according to sex — an umbrella, or a silk scarf, or a music box, pocketbook, leather chatelaine bag, box of linen handkerchiefs — often an article that H. J. Heinz had seen on his travels, wanted his employees to have, and on the spot ordered by the thousands. "Sometimes not all the employees appreciated them," Lillian Weizmann recalls, "because some of them were picture albums and not everybody appreciates picture albums, you know."

All such events were reported fully in the company magazine, which began in 1897 under the name Pickles as a publication solely for salesmen but in 1902, as The 57 News, broadened to become an organ of employee communication. The humor was lame. ("When does Lettuce Blush?" "When it sees Mustard dressing.") The criticism was tactful. ("The April 23rd concert exceeded the expectations of those most interested in the aims of the Choral Society.") Whatever its faults, the News was crammed with names, information, and features that seventy years later are invaluable company history. An employee who was ambitious, moreover, might win some recognition in the News; a girl in search of a husband might manage to appear there in a picture, looking her best.

The News exacted in full measure the price of "kindly care and fair treatment": it constantly goaded its readers to render faithful, cooperative, and loyal service to management. The editorials were moralistic and exhortative: "Find Your Place and Fill It," "Aim for What You Want," "Character as a Business Influence," "Thoughts on Success," "Keep Step," "The Power of Perseverance," "Life is Growth," "Bridging Obstacles." There was no labor trouble at Heinz — and there were no unions — for sixty-five years. The first strike came long after the death of the Founder, when the Depression and New Deal ushered in new ideas and a new age.

Lillian was hired by and worked under Agnes McClure Dunn,
the plant's forewoman. Mrs. Dunn, born in Ireland, had worked for Heinz in the mid-1870s, left to marry, and returned three years later as a widow supporting her father, badly wounded in the Civil War. Fifty-four years old in 1902, she protected and disciplined her girls with evenhanded firmness. She sat in a rocking chair in her office off the dressing room, always in factory uniform despite her position, and there listened patiently to any girl who came for advice or help. If the problem was medical, Aggie Dunn would order appropriate care and turn the bills over to Sebastian Mueller, who paid them privately and personally. A Heinz executive once remarked, "I always pitied the man or boy who would say anything to a girl that was not right, if Mrs. Dunn found it out." Adolf Siegmann, a retired executive, recalls that when he was a young pay clerk he was summoned to appear before Mrs. Dunn. "I had the habit of slamming the pay envelope down, bingo, on the table or desk in front of the girl for her to pick up. I was reprimanded. Mrs. Dunn ordered me to hold the envelope out to each girl and wait until she took it. She said, 'I want my girls to be treated with respect.' I learned a lesson."

Lillian became a pickle bottler — one of 110 girls who sat and worked at long tables with Carrara glass tops, five girls to a side. She deftly inserted pickles, one at a time, into spotlessly clean bottles by manipulating a grooved wooden stick scooped at one end. "Goods carriers" brought the pickles to her from the barrels at the side of the room. When the porcelain dish before her was almost empty, she called out, "Susie! Pickles!", and Susie came running.

This was considered a good department to work in if a girl was skillful enough to meet the requirements. The pickles had to form a uniform design according to the type of bottle used and the kind of pickle being packed. The giant bottle, about nine inches high and quite wide, held the larger pickles, Size 1250. She placed exactly twelve in each bottle; more or fewer meant that the bottle would be returned to do over. Fancy pickles — midgets or gherkins, Size 1000 — were packed in vase-shaped bottles wider at the bottom. She packed these in rows around the bottle, taking the slightly larger pickles from the bowl first, using the smaller ones toward the top, and inserting a single red pepper in the pattern where it would show.

When she finished twenty-four of the larger bottles or forty-eight of the gherkins, Lillian carried them in a crate to the inspection table, where girls examined them one by one and either passed or rejected them, as for a bad design or a stem on a pickle. She then took them
to the forelady for that section, who, seated at a desk, gave her a metal tally for the approved bottles and credited the work against her number — Number 597. A boy named Mike filled these with vinegar. Other girls corked the bottles and wheeled them on hand trucks to the labeling tables, where girls applied paste-saturated labels and placed them on pallets for delivery to the shipping room. The fancy midget bottles were wrapped in paper.

At the end of the day, Lillian exchanged her accumulated tallies for larger denominations and hiked up her skirt to help the other girls scrub the labeling tables and the floor around them and to clear the bottling tables of all unused and rejected stock. Twice a week she joined the others in scrubbing every inch of the tile floors and walls of the entire room.

She earned one cent for each bottle packed and approved, and within a few months she was packing twelve or thirteen dozen a day and was averaging better than $1.50. When someone suggested to Sebastian Mueller that music would make the work easier and faster, he replied, tongue-in-cheek, “I’ll try anything once” and arranged to have recorded music played in the bottling department. But packing pickles required concentrated artistic attention, and the girls who were making good money on piecework objected to the distraction. The music stopped.

Girls in the other departments — more than one thousand of them in 1902 — washed bottles, cut up chickens, trimmed meat, stuffed olives, skinned tomatoes, peeled and stoned peaches, cut the eyes out of potatoes, filled cans with beans and tomato sauce, sorted pickles by size, and passed cans to men who affixed the lids. Immigrants just off the boat were put to peeling onions, which they did in a resigned or happy spirit until they learned they were doing work no one else wanted to do. In the “kitchen season,” when the produce came into the plant by the trainloads, everyone who could move worked overtime at stemming strawberries or handling tomatoes or at whatever other work was urgent.

In an age blemished by sweatshops, firetrap factories, callous indifference to industrial accidents, and many filthy food-processing plants, people came from thousands of miles to see this model factory. Henry Heinz went personally in 1900 to receive two gold medals conferred at the mammoth Exposition Universelle Internationale in Paris, one for the quality of the products exhibited, the other “for the policy of the firm tending to the improvement of factory conditions . . . for the
sociological features of its business as exhibited by means of photographs.” Interviewed by a New York reporter on his return to the United States, Heinz opined that Paris was a poor place in which to hold an exposition, because “of all the cities of the world it is the most attractive, a permanent exposition in itself.” Asked whether he thought his company got its money back for its services to employees, he said, “I have never given that side of the matter any thought. We are fully repaid when we see our employees enjoying themselves and spending their noons and evenings in a manner profitable to themselves.”

Pressed further, he said, “Very well then, if you don’t like the sentiment that attaches to the plan, I want you to distinctly understand that it is good business as well. It pays; it increases my output. But I don’t want to put it merely on a dollars and cents basis.” He received a diploma at a fair in Liége, Belgium, “for consideration given employees in lighting, warming, ventilation and sanitary arrangements” and a grand prize medal at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis in 1904 “for placing factory conditions on a higher plane and developing their employees into comfortable, happy, ambitious and more intellectual workers.” The company’s “industrial betterment work” received the ultimate accolade, however, when a Harry W. Sherman, Grand Secretary of the National Brotherhood of Electrical Workers of America, attended a convention in Pittsburgh, visited the Heinz plant, and in an interview with a New York reporter called it “a Utopia for working men” and said, “The most advanced philanthropic ideas are in practical operation there.”

Lillian Weizmann was tall, pretty, hardworking, and smart, and she attracted favorable attention. She had learned a fluent German from her parents. She finished several yearlong courses at night school at Duff’s Business College.

I was the firm’s waitress for a while. When the regular waitress was out I was asked to go over to the firm’s dining room, so I went. Now it’s called the executive dining room. I would go over there. It was always considered an honor to be selected, but some of the girls were too shy to do that work.

You never knew when Mr. H. J. was coming in. The members of the board would come in pretty regularly on time — right after twelve o’clock. But no one knew when Mr. Heinz was coming.

That kitchen served the office men’s dining room at one end, and the office women’s dining room at the other end, and the firm’s dining room in the middle, and they were very careful not to have a lot left over at each meal. If they had reached the end of their line in the kitchen and Mr. Heinz came in, I’d say, “Mr. Heinz, there isn’t a whole lot left over. For instance —.” And he’d say, “Well, give me ‘for instance.’ ” So I said, “Mr. Heinz, the only thing that comes to mind is prunes.” He said, “Prunes are good enough for anyone; bring them in.” So I did that. I’m telling you this so you can get an idea of the kind of man he
was. He was a man who was easy to know and very easy to talk to.

I didn't do anything particular to make Mrs. Dunn like me, but when I finished my training at Duff's Business College she came to me one day and said, "Lillian, I have to tell you this. Mr. Anderson said there's a job for you in the office if you want it." At that time there was a wide gap between factory and office workers and never the twain should meet. She said, "You know, you and I have been friends. Do you mind me saying this?" She was a lot older than I was. I said, "No, Mrs. Dunn, I don't mind if you say anything." She said, "You can go to the office side of the street, but I think your forte is right here in the factory." And I said, "Well, I don't think you need to say anything. Mrs. Dunn, I've already made my choice. I don't want to go to the office, I want to stay right here in the factory." I was eighteen then. And she said, "Good for you."

Immediately after that they asked me to go to the Pittsburgh Exposition, where we had an exhibit, and demonstrate bottling. So I was on a platform there, with a fence around me, and I worked over there for the month of September. There was always someone to bring me and take me home. The manicurist looked at my nails every morning.

Now, around the front of the exhibit we had demonstrators who would pass out samples of our foods. At the side we had a small lecture hall, and at given times an illustrated talk would be given about the business and the goods and so on. Around the back they would come to watch me bottling pickles.

At the other end of the hall there was a concert hall, and if you pleased, for your twenty-five cents admission you could hear Sousa, Rocereto, Victor Herbert, Walter Damrosch, and this other Italian conductor who when he was through, he was exhausted. Even in those days he wore long hair. When Walter Damrosch Week was on, those doorkeepers had to watch, and nobody, but nobody, was allowed to go through that door when he was conducting a piece.

It was quite an honor to be chosen for that work, because you were in close contact with the members of the firm. That's how I got to know Mr. Heinz. I really got to know him then, more than in my working in the factory. And I knew the sons Howard and Clarence. I knew them all.

We always had visitors going through the plant. In those days we had men — they were mature men, they were probably retired businessmen, because they were really imposing men — who took these visitors through. As they made the tour through the plant, they ended in the Auditorium. Then we took them into the demonstration room, where there were linen tablecloths, linen napkins, everything was linen. And they would get a sample of the various products we made. I used to love to go over there and wait on those visitors. The girls in the bottling department said to me, "You don't care how much you earn — you'd rather go over into the Auditorium and be on day work." I said, "I'd rather go over and be with people."

But it was very helpful to me because afterward I was chosen to work in the factory employment office. I graduated from the bottling department to the employment department. I accepted that because it was something new. We didn't really have an employment department before that. If Sally Jones had a friend she thought would make a good employee, she would bring her along with her to work, and that was handled in the Time Office.

Miss Weizmann worked with "Colonel" J. S. Foster, H. J. Heinz's administrative assistant, on employee Christmas presents.

The Colonel and I — we started about a month ahead of time, and we would allot so many presents to Bowling Green, so much to Muscatine, so much for California, and so forth — and then we would get someone over from the railroad and send them out. They were sent to the personal address of the manager, to his home, very much under cover.

5 H. C. Anderson, senior vice-president.
One year we had fur-lined gloves for the men. The first day after Christmas when we came back to work, I was in my office in the employment department when the Colonel stuck his head in the door and said, "My God, Miss Weizmann, what do you think they said down in Florida and out in California when they got those fur-lined gloves?" We both started to howl, but neither of us ever said a word about it.

It was quite odd how the nationalities of the girls changed. When I started in the bottling department they were overwhelmingly of German and Bohemian parentage. Afterwards the Polish girls came in, and still later the Italians. Before I started there had been Irish girls. When I would get awfully upset about something that was happening among the girls, Mr. Heinz would say to me, "Don't worry, Lillie. When the Irish were here they used to run at each other."

Miss Weizmann became forewoman of the bottling department in 1918, at age thirty, shortly before going to the employment department; she continued to hold both positions. When Mrs. Dunn died of pneumonia in 1924 at age seventy-six, all Heinz offices, warehouses, factories, and other plants were closed the afternoon of the funeral, and the main plant was closed all day. Lillian Weizmann succeeded to her position as general forewoman. She retired in 1953, after fifty-one years of service. Two years later she was asked to become one of two managers of Eden Hall Farm, a 375-acre institution twenty miles north of Pittsburgh, set up in the wills of Sebastian and Elizabeth Mueller, whose lives had been saddened by the early deaths of their three children. It was run for all Heinz girls and alumnae in the United States and Canada as a combination vacation resort, country club, and convalescent home. It had quarters for twenty-five girls, who were picked up at the plant on Friday evening and returned Sunday night. The original emphasis was on health, provision being made for all Heinz women to receive free surgical and convalescent care. There were horses, skating, archery, swimming, and buffet suppers that people still talk about with a dreamy look in their eyes. Miss Weizmann was still working at a very active institution in the spring of 1973.