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The best criterion of the quality of the food we serve and what our cuisine and service mean to people is found in the personnel of those who lunch and dine with us daily. The best dinner to be had in Salt Lake is always at the Rotisserie.

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## JOHN F. CRITCHLOW, PRESENT

Wally Young, who writes regular pieces for the San Francisco Chronicle and who lived here when he was a little feller and still retains a host of Salt Lake friends, had the following to say when Mr. Critchlow accepted a position with the Utah Coal Sales Agency and deserted San Francisco.

John S. Critchlow, who left San Francisco Friday to be one of the really big figures in the coal business of the country, made more friends in shorter time and held them longer than any man I ever knew or hope to know. He was only here four years, but the last three years and eleven months were unprecedently gregarious.

In a way, he put romance into coal. Not, you understand, as Ik Marvel and many another lonely, but sentimental, souls has done, in the grate embers as they weave fantastic shadows at eventide, but rather with the trade—that was John's stronghold. He sold them when the prices were high and made them like it. They were always glad to see him. He was always glad to see them. It was mutual—and no bull.

A fine, upstanding man, with a deep bass voice and a head bald like the Florentine monks, he used to be known in Salt Lake, where he got his real start, as "Long John."

He arrived there in 1895 with \$2.35, a grip with some extra laundry and a derby hat strapped to the outside of the grip. He knew nobody. His first meal cost him 15 cents. It consisted of hamburger steak with a lot of chopped onions. With this inside of him, "Long John" felt strong for anything, and, forthwith, set to carve his destiny.

It so happened that the medium Fate assigned him to do his carving in was coal. He got a job as weigher for a company. It wasn't much of a job and it would have buried anybody else so far as social commingling is concerned; but not so with "Long John." On nothing else than personality, and without even half trying, he was hobnobbing, within the month, with honest-to-Joseph dignitaries. If Henry Ford, cold and austere upon first meeting, had been there at the time he'd have warmed to John Critchlow and called him pal and taken him out for some kind of a peace party where they have four-round affairs, as his guest. That's the way John hit 'em, and not knowing he was doing it at the time.

Of course, he got to be manager of that company. He couldn't miss. But it was a small company, local in its trade and influence. John ran daily ads in the newspapers that were gems of wit, boosting it. In time he outgrew it, but that wasn't why they called him "Long John."

Then he organized a company of his own, also local. But his company, somehow, stretched out. He came, four years ago, to San Francisco to assist in the stretching. He established a San Francisco office and set out himself to see the trade. In a field considered by all coal experts to be sewed up and stowed away in a safety deposit box in the name of a few well-known firms, John Critchlow made a dent so big that they are still talking about it and him.

A nation-wide coal concern saw the flickering shadows on the wall and gathered him to its bosom. With coal fields in Utah, he goes as general manager to Salt Lake. He likes the idea because he made his start there. Also, he likes Salt Lake. Also, he hates to leave San Francisco.

There were two large round tears in his eyes when he said good-by a night or so ago to a few of us.

"Bits of Color 'Round th' Town"? John Critchlow was one, and he has gone from it.

In four years he became a Native Son.

The tendency in the new English architecture is toward substantial, low structures with deep and comprehensive basements reaching down about two stories.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

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