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Erma Coleman is sitting on the front seat for publicity this trip, watching for the birdie. All in all it has been a rather interesting month for her. July 6th she took a flying leap from a motor car. (She stopped, but the car didn't.) No apparent damage outside of a badly sprained ankle. The evening of the 16th of July she went on her vacation to Chicago, Washington and New York. The heavens celebrated and gave her a very enthusiastic departure — we darned near had a cyclone down here.

J. S. Fleming returned July 15th from a two weeks' trip to Caldwell, Idaho, Long Beach, Los Angeles, etc. (We've forgotten the rest of it.) He says he can't see clearly into the Japanese immigration problem, but outside of that the west looks fine to him.

Frank Westerman went to Los Angeles, Denver, Salt Lake and San Francisco. (Frank says he likes to work for a railroad company—we wonder why?) He had a dandy good time, and didn't see a bowling match all the time he was gone. It's a great old world, but there's too much of it. The only trouble he had was that an old porter woke him up four times in one night for snoring.

Sol Botwinik is slow in regaining his health (Dan Cupid, M. D.) and we have hopes that the poor boy will be his old self again soon.

Willene Jacobs is back on the job after a trip to Denver. She was sure gone a long time. She tried to climb up Pike's Peak but couldn't make it because she's so accustomed to a Durant. They're right there on the hills all right.

Clay DeGraw is back to the office after a long stay at home with an infected heel. He was away from June 25th to July 14th, and we are glad he is able to resume his work.

Herm, it's either Dan Cupid or Father Time. Which is it going to be?

Erma got away on her vacation, but Miss Martin will be glad when she returns, because her absence has placed so much more stenographic work on her.

Wm. Collins, after an operation, is able to be back on the job. Bill had a little trouble with his lip, which gave his associates and friends real cause for concern. The office force gave him a financial contribution to show him that we were counting on him making the grade, and that we wanted to help out a little bit.

Frank Fenner has a cottage in Utopia. He's putting it up rather, and he's got a big hedge on one side that has to come down, and he's puttin' a fence up on the other side. (Odd how everything is so unevenly divided in this old life of ours, isn't it?) He spends almost every evening, every Sunday, almost every Saturday afternoon out there makin' a real,

honest-to-goodness farmer out of himself. It must be awful to come back to the office, though, and get quietly down to work—when the chiggers are so bad this year.

Craig and Mrs. Lacy went traveling the 15th of June. They visited Denver, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Sacramento, Merced, Los Angeles, Calif., El Paso, Ft. Worth, Tex., and Tulsa, Okla. He reports fine weather throughout the trip, a delightful time, and about four dozen kodak snaps that testify the fact that he had some trip.

While in Salt Lake City he had the pleasure of shaking hands with Fred Odell, formerly of the uptown commercial office. Fred has a splendid position, Craig states, with the Tariff Bureau of the OS&L Lines at that point.

It doesn't make any difference how steep the hill is, if you just step on the gas and take a little run for it, you'll more than likely make it. And if you don't you'll have the satisfaction of knowing that you did your darndest, and Abe Lincoln couldn't have done more.

Springfield Store Room

Bertha V. Reed, Reporter

We certainly missed the photographs of the Frisco babies in the August issue, but in the future, I believe, the baby page will make its regular appearance.

Anyone wishing to know what "et cetera" means, or how it is spelled, ask Emmett Mayabb or Pearl Fain. Emmett thought it was a town on the Western Division before he consulted his station book, and Pearl admits she doesn't know just what it means.

Ed Thomson, assistant file clerk, Accounting Department, has resigned and will leave us August 1st for Miami, Fla.

Another diamond ring has made its appearance at the store room. The proud possessor of said ring is Beulah Shepherd, and we learned that the lucky fellow is Joe Ball. I suppose congratulations will soon be in order.

May Yates, stenographer, has returned from her vacation which was spent in St. Louis and Detroit with friends and relatives. She reports a wonderful trip.

J. C. Allen, invoice clerk, has returned from his vacation which was spent in Detroit, Mich.

Charles Gustin says that Pearl Ogden is advertising for a drug store cowboy to herd her new Ford coupe. Ed. thinks Pearl looks fine with bobbed hair.

Velma Martin, steno-clerk in lumber office, and Henrietta Truman, stenographer in general storekeeper's office, are spending their vacation at Galveston, Texas.

W. T. Stone, watchman, has returned from Detroit, Mich., where he spent his vacation. Mr. Stone had

the misfortune to lose his purse while there, containing his Frisco annual and Wabash pass, necessitating sending him wire transportation. He reports a nice trip.

Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Mathis, of Los Angeles, Calif., are the parents of a baby girl, Marjorie Alice. Mrs. Mathis was formerly Miss Elizabeth Johnson, stenographer in general storekeeper's office. Probably we will receive a photograph of the young lady for the baby page.

One evening recently Glen Stone's son was catching lightning bugs and putting them into a bottle. He finally let some of them out of the bottle and stepped on them. Glen said, "Now son, what have you done?" He said, "Daddy, I just stepped on them and broke their flashlights."

Josephine Welch left Saturday for Yellowstone Park. She was accompanied by Eva Westensburger and Jacqueline Tisdell. At Cody, Wyo., they will join a party of girls from St. Louis and will tour the park and visit other points of interest in the west.

Master Mechanic Office Eastern Division

Millard F. Brown, Reporter

J. L. Harvey, master mechanic, has been busy the biggest part of this month at Lindenwood getting ready for the opening of the new roundhouse at that point.

Mary Turner, stenographer master mechanic's office, is off taking her vacation. She promises some real news upon her return.

Allan Moore, timekeeper, has just returned from Hollister and Rockaway Beaches. He reports the scenery wonderful and fishing good.

Chas. Elliott, porter, would like to know if a man smothered to death, if his Met. Ins. would come due.

Traveling Timekeepers Lampkin and Davidson were visitors during the first part of the month. Everything went over fine with the exception that Lampkin happened to go through the wrong door.

R. M. Marcell, pattern foreman, North Shops, is off on vacation enjoying the benefits of these warm days.

Jas. Burns, motor car foreman, North Shops, is spending a few weeks' vacation in St. Louis and other important cities in the east.

C. N. Thompson, C. C. to M. M., attended the opening of the Lindenwood Shops and reports everything opened in fine shape.

W. J. Ficke, formerly night foreman at North Roundhouse, has been transferred to Lindenwood as general foreman.

Quite a bit of excitement was caused during the noon hour the other day when it was learned that two popular employees of the Frisco had quietly entered the state of matrimony on May 31st. The lucky man being Wm. H. Schaller, asst. gen. foreman at the

North Side Roundhouse. While the better half to the contract was Vivian Danielson, formerly employed in the office of Superintendent of Transportation. Immediately after the news was broadcasted, Mr. Schaller's friends placed him in chains and presented him with several nice presents; one of which he is not mentioning and the others of which he is very proud, and for which he wishes to thank his fellow foremen and others. They will be at home to their many friends at 814 W. Pacific Street.

Mechanical Department

Martha C. Moore, Reporter

We, all of us, have been just reviewing the August number of the Frisco Employes' Magazine, and it is simply splendid. The pictures of the "feature city" are fine, and makes me want to pay them a visit.

Turning over the pages to the family news I find Mr. Bell has promised that September will be the issue featuring Springfield. Say, we're surely anxious to get that number and we feel especially favored, as it is the birthday number, etc. Count on us to do what we can to make that issue a humdinger.

Glancing at the contributions by Ben Lewis made me feel rather cheap. I will admit the last month or so has found me lacking in energy and stories as well, and I haven't helped out much; but count on me for the September issue. As I've remarked before, from the easy swing of his lines, they apparently come without any effort, but when I get out some stuff it's like buckin' a motor boat with a pair of oars!

Everybody had a fine time the 4th, 5th and 6th of July. You know all those whose services were not needed got off Saturday (without pay) and of course then we stayed off Sunday. Some of us took trips, others stayed at home. Some of us worked, etc., but as for me—well, I wanted my horse about 62 miles from Springfield, so I rode her down there. Yep, I made it in one day, 62 miles in 9 hours to be exact—11 hours on the road with 2 hours for lunch. Of course I'm used to riding so I made the trip fine—and so did the horse—but when we got there we were ready for a "tie-up" for the night. The next morning I was riding at 6:30 a. m., both of us feeling fine, thanks. Haven't heard of any of the rest of the Mechanical force doing anything quite so wild, however, I thoroughly enjoyed every minute of it.

We registered around 95 yesterday, so this is really vacation weather. Mabelle Campbell leaves soon for California. Hazel Dwyer just recently got back from New Mexico, and Rosamond Horn is now speeding toward Denver, where she will spend a happy two weeks visiting friends. Joe McKenna has just returned from his vacation and our insurance clerk, Rufus Clark, has taken his family to

Illinois, so I understand, for a rest. D. G. Stark visited with his family in Cincinnati and while he was gone, a bad, bad burglar entered the Stark home and took about everything he wanted, and many things the Stark family wanted, too. He was preparing himself for the winter, as he took Mr. Stark's winter clothes, his over-

coat, etc. We'll profit by Mr. Stark's experience and leave someone in our house when we go off this summer.

Remember last month I told you Lloyd Lamb had promised to tell me about California and the C-shore, n' everything—I am giving you below the letter he wrote me, which is quite a masterpiece:

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Dear Martha:

What I know about California:

Isn't that interesting? Sounds like it might come from Dock Fred Cook, Federal Inspector J. R. Vance, the millionaire hobo, or some other of our great American explorers, but I plead guilty. I'm just a country boy. Fact of the matter, when I get outside of the Eastern Division and Willow Springs Sub, I start whistlin' "Home-sick," and as far as California is concerned, all I know about it is what I saw from a Santa Fe Pullman, going from Needles to Los Angeles, where I spent a couple of weeks.

I have heard various and sundry descriptions of the King Midas State, some pro, others con. One canary will warble, (especially if said canary be poetically inclined) "Oh, such grandeur! Lofty mountain peaks, grotesque canyons, gorgeous flowers, encircling wonderful orange groves," while some would-be owl (especially if would-be owl be poetically inclined) will hoot, "Flowers without fragrance, people without haste, rivers without water, fruit without taste."

The realism came to me that we were in California when we pulled over the Colorado river. The porter yawned, raised his eyelids to half mast and muttered, almost audibly, "NEEDLES," and dropped off into another swoon.

I scraped the moss off it and let her fly: "So this is California!"

Some Arizona cow-hand sitting behind me says, "Yes, Needles, and you're stuck from now 'till you get back across this bridge into Arizona." You see the "hoof and mouth" disease made the Arizonians and Californians pretty hostile at each other. Nevertheless I made a stealthy invoice of my loose change and felt assured, when I found I had four one dollar bills, a couple of quarters, and a "Cockfair-Nelson" milk check.

We did not get up into the orange country until late that evening, but it was worth the ride when we did. You have to hand it to the Californians on their orange and English walnut groves.

Will Rogers says it's a shame, they have to go all the way to New York

to get the big, juicy California oranges. I suppose it is on the same principle that we Missourians have to go all the way to New York to get the large Missouri hen eggs.

It was pretty dark when we came through Pasadena, but I afterwards visited the millionaires' hangout, noted for its fifteen mile speed limit and "Busch's Gardens." I held a kind of philanthropic interest in these gardens, because I felt I had in my small way, contributed (via the nickle beer route) to their existence.

When I first contemplated making the trip, I thought it might be well to study Spanish, as I intended to do all my visiting in Los Angeles and vicinity, and it was my understanding that most of the people there divided their time between making money in Los Angeles and spending it across the border in "Tee Wanna" (if I spelled that town like the native sons do, nobody could pronounce it), but I found out after I had taken a few trips with some of the natives (a native of Los Angeles is one who has been there at least six months), that you don't have to speak Spanish at all, and need only a working knowledge of the English lingo. All that is necessary, is to register one of those awe stricken poses, a la Alexander the Great, lamping off the "Hanging Gardens" for his first shoot. Then give 'em your best effort in "How wonderful!" "Isn't it grand," "Ah, yes, it's quite the scarecrow's ear muffs," and you are hitting 305 with the Californians.

One would think these sunburnt dames and hombres would have to be like doctors, need lots of "patients" in showing you around scenes so familiar to them, but they detest having it vividly impressed upon them that they are living, while we poor Missourians are just existing, like a candidate detests hearing he has been nominated.

I hope the term I used back there, "hitting 305," did not confuse you folks as to whom I had in mind in making reference to Alexander the Great. The one I was speaking of was the one you used to hear about, before the "Cubs" went the Macedonians one better and produced for the discriminating public, the real article.

But let's go back to Los Angeles. Two days after my arrival there I gave them the newspaper decision on climate, and after I had been there a week I decided Missouri's climate ought to be carrying a defect card.

Of course I took in the "see-shores," and maybe I have poor eyesight, but I hope I don't have to take a job on some street corner with a bunch of red lead pencils and a tin cup, until I have made one more trip. I know you folks don't care anything about landscapes, climate and the water Balboa discovered down by the seashore. I know what you have been waiting for and I was coming to that right away.

To begin with, I would like to tell you about the interesting interview I had with J. Warren Kerrigan, and the fight I had with Mabel Normand's chauffeur, but sad to say, I never saw a one of them. Gloria, Doug and Mary were out of the city and I got kleig eyes looking around Beverley Hills for someone who looked like Marie Prevost, of Joyce Jack fame. In fact, as far as Hollywood is concerned, you will have to gather your "info" on it from "Motion Picture," "Screenland," "Movie Weekly," etc. (That's where the people of Los Angeles get their dope.)

And now that I have given the "Movies" honorable mention in "What I know about California" about the only thing left is the conclusion, and in conclusion, I wish to state that it was not my intention to stack up the relative merits of Missouri and California, but since I have made such frequent references to both, perhaps the proper title of this article should be "Mud and Sand."

Yours truly,

LLOYD LAMB.

Speaking of vacations—I had part of mine the last week, and as it is too long to include in this article, I shall write it up under another head, and, if Mr. Bell will print it, I'll tell you about one of the most thrilling experiences I have had for a long time.

Kansas City Terminals, Yardmasters and Clerks

A. W. Meyer, Reporter

Well, vacations are about over now with the yard forces and we will all be down to our old force again doing our best for the Frisco. Local happenings are scarce so will not be able to give you much news from this point.

We note the Boliver Harold states the Sarcoxie Berry Association is the oldest in the state and has been in existence for 35 years, also has a membership of 400. Here is hoping their membership will increase to 1,000 shortly and they will remember the Frisco as in the past.

Some folks are like a wheelbarrow, won't do a thing until they are pushed and that is the way I feel today pushing this write-up for the magazine.

The Rosedale Mills burnt down July 5th, and Frisco car 122,750 caught fire. We were unable to get car to the water crane so Yard Clerks J. C. Bagemihl, Arnold Singer and Revising Clerk Bill Walsh got some gunny sacks and wet them and beat out the fire, saving the car and contents. Good work, boys, the Frisco is proud of you.

Well, I spent my vacation at Birmingham, Ala., early in June, and must say it is some town. I couldn't resist seeing this town after reading the write-up in the Frisco Magazine. I will say Birmingham is a fine town, and if you want to get a good idea of the colored section of the town you should read the Saturday Evening Post articles by Mr. Cohn, who lives

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at Birmingham and uses the colored folks there for his characters.

Personally, I believe it is worth one's time to spend a week at Birmingham, to see the great iron mines and mills located there.

Yardmaster Frank Myers returned Monday from an extended fishing trip in Clay County. May his fish stories all be little ones.

Yes, Ross will take his vacation in September, or I should say start on his trip over the high seas then.

Mr. Sisson is visiting us today.

Springfield General Store Room
 Bertha V. Reed, Reporter

Each reporter is supposed to tell in honest truth what they think of "our magazine," also an expression of

opinion as to whether or not any improvement has been shown and what more can be done to make the magazine interesting to all. First to tell the "honest truth," in my opinion it is one of the best railroad magazines. I have inquired of several of the employes what they think of the magazine and they say it can't be beat. Everyone waits patiently for the arrival of the magazine each month. I asked one person in particular, E. M. Fitzgerald, what he thought of "our magazine" and he said, I, being a lady, he couldn't tell me without swearing. But I believe after all Mr. Fitz thinks it is a humdinger.

Every issue of the magazine shows improvement. Before our magazine was seven months old the pages in-

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Agents J. R. Thompson, Ky. writes: "Received my free suit. It. Made \$110.00 the first month." "Just write" "Send me without obligation, measuring chart and full information about your wonderful free suit offer."

AMERICAN WOOLEN MILLS COMPANY
Dept. 5001 Established 1898 Chicago

creased from 48 to 64, which shows considerable improvement. The Springfield Republican gave the Frisco Employes' Magazine a write-up recently in regard to featuring Springfield in the very near future, which shows that the magazine is devoting a great deal of attention to the Ozark country. We are looking forward with pleasure to this issue featuring Springfield.

On Monday morning, June 29th, Glen V. Stone, chief clerk to Division Storekeeper, walked into the office making all the noise he could to attract our attention and when we looked up from our work to say good-morning, we noticed that Glen wore a smile from ear to ear. We soon found out the news. He was the proud father of a baby girl, which had arrived on June 27th, and weighed 10½ pounds. The young lady has been named Gladys Dolores.

A few days later Mel Lambeth, checker at the store room, seemed happier than usual and upon investigating as to why all the smiles learned that a baby girl, Mary Angeline, had arrived at his home, July 1st.

On July 16th, we learned that a baby boy had arrived at the home of E. A. Thomas, supply car clerk.

On July 18th a baby girl arrived at the home of P. V. Hampton, storekeeper at West Shop. Mr. Hampton won't have as much time now to listen over his radio as he once did.

Do You Want Neat Files

By Orville Coble

Wouldn't you rather handle a neat file than a sprawly, ragged one? The former is actually easier to have if everyone handling the file will cooperate.

The easiest way to put an attachment on a file is the neatest way and it is the only neat way. Now learn the easy method. Take the file in your left hand, holding it up near the brad. With your right hand pull the points of the brad up together; then push the brad down until its points are even with the top of the file. Now place the letter on the file even with the letter below, push up the brad and bend it down. If the file is too thick to push the brad down even with the top of the file pull a portion of the file up to the top of the brad before making the attachment.

That's all there is to it, and it's a lot simpler than this sounds. But a

file clerk can't keep a file straight unless the rest of the office will cooperate, for the stenographers and other clerks make as many attachments as do the file clerks.

Carelessly built up files seem to declare careless handling all the way through, while neat files indicate a careful office.

Office of General Manager

By Orville Coble, Reporter

Virgil Williams and wife have taken their seven year old daughter, Velma, who has been ill for some time, to Kansas City to place her under the care of a skilled orthopedist.

Mike Connelly has joined the property owners' league, having purchased a home on Harrison Street, across from Zack Dunbar.

Since returning from a brief vacation at Rockaway Beach, Ann McClernon is continually and enthusiastically talking about Jack Salmon. We don't know who he is but we understand she "hooked" him in White River.

Springfield Freight Office

Elizabeth Johnson, Reporter

Besse Jones and Mrs. Elizabeth Johnson entertained with a miscellaneous shower Saturday night, July 5th, at the home of the former, in honor of Verna Jones, who is to be married in the early fall to A. B. Mitchell, chief yard clerk. The bride-elect was presented with many useful and beautiful gifts.

Oswald Rainey, yard clerk, accompanied by his wife, spent July 5th to

THE TELEPHONE OPERATOR SAYS—

The Wrong Way to Get Your "Number"

"Hello, hello. Give me main line."

"Sorry, the lines are all busy right now."

Bang goes the receiver slammed on the hook.

Ten seconds later.

"Well, well, give me main line."

"Yes Sir."

A wait of three seconds—the user will swear it's ten minutes—then, "Number, please."

"Olive 4 umph, ugh 6."

"What number, please?"

"Say what's the matter with you?"

Want me to write you a letter? I said clearly Olive 4567."

"Thank you."

Another second.

The busy signal—the hum which has become familiar to all users of the telephone. Business of frantically pushing the receiver up and down on the hook. "What number did you call, please?"

Repeats the number more or less distinctly, principally less. Another second, "Sorry, the line is busy."

"Give me chief operator."

The supervisor responds. "This is supervisor, what number did you call, please?"

"Say, listen, I didn't call for supervisor, I called for chief operator."

D. PRAGER & SONS

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OFFICIAL RAILROAD WATCH
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14th motoring in the northern part of the state.

Mary Larkins, secretary to W. C. Smith, agent, is spending her vacation at home. She is being relieved by Mrs. Annabelle Drago.

Mrs. Elizabeth Johnson, accompanied by her mother and grandmother will leave August 3rd for the east. They will visit in Philadelphia, Newark, N. J. and New York.

Oswald Rainey proved himself a real hero when he saved his sister from drowning in the James River, one Sunday not long ago. He came to work and never mentioned the matter to us on Monday. The first we knew about it was about 4:00 p. m., when the Springfield Leader announced it in glittering head lines.

This hot weather is getting the best of some of the heavy weights of this office. Especially Mr. Mills, Mr. Bevier and Mr. Hargis.

From the telephone calls that Blanche Handley, C&CD clerk, is getting, it won't be long until I will have another engagement to announce.

Bruce Crow, demurrage clerk, is spending his vacation in the east.

Miss Handley spent July 4th, 5th and 6th with her mother and father at Agnes, Mo.

Business of explaining carefully and courteously that the "supervisor" answers the first complaint call.

After a few seconds, supervisor succeeds in convincing indignant patron that he should repeat the number.

Perhaps two seconds more elapse, "Here is your party."

* * * *

The Right Way and the Pleasant One

Patron takes receiver off hook and in response to switchboard operator's, "Number, please," says quietly and distinctly, "Main line, please."

Directly the main line answers, "Number, please."

With mouth correctly placed before the transmitter and speaking clearly and distinctly, "Olive 4-5-6-7."

One second later, "This is Olive 4567, with whom did you wish to speak, please?"

A moment later the patron has resumed his regular work, his spirits are unruffled, his temper has been kept in that degree of temperature necessary to calmness and quick business adjustment. The girl at the switchboard later in the day is apt to remark, "Isn't that man Mr. Jones a nice fellow? He is always so pleasant and courteous, it's a real pleasure to answer his calls."

Try it. Be a "Mr. Jones."