



The Storekeepers of the Frisco

Above is reproduction of picture taken of Storekeepers of Frisco System after attending meeting in General Storekeeper's Office on April 9th. This group comprises the storekeepers of the system with exception of A. T. Todd, Fort Worth, T. F. Phillips, Monett, and E. M. Fitzgerald, traveling storekeeper in charge of ice service. It is to be regretted they were not present to be in the group.

Top row, reading left to right:
 H. F. Brown, South Store, Springfield; P. V. Hampton, West Store, Springfield; F. S. Vail, Pittsburg; J. M. Sisk, Amory; E. C. Fuson, Wichita; L. C. Dickinson, Bacone; F. G. Collar, St. Louis; E. E. Hobson, Birmingham; C. W. Kerr, Joplin; S. E. Fellows, Newburg; W. J. Patterson, Francis,

C. O. Mitchell, Afton; H. L. Akridge, Hugo.

Second row, reading left to right:
 A. C. DeFries, Kansas City; A. G. Denham, Fort Smith; K. P. Guin, Sherman; J. A. Blankinship, Memphis; C. E. Wheatley, Division Storekeeper, Springfield; C. E. Wright, Traveling Storekeeper, Springfield; A. W. Blume, General Storekeeper, Springfield; J. C. Kerr, Traveling Storekeeper, Springfield; J. M. Walker, Chief Clerk to General Storekeeper; C. B. Smith, Sapulpa; C. H. Stausing, Chaffee; S. R. Gardner, Enid; L. B. Pechner, Charge of Lumber, Springfield.

Bottom row, reading left to right:
 A. M. Burnum, Thayer; R. P. Manley, Fort Scott; A. N. Beck, West

Tulsa; Mascot Master Paul Blume, son of general storekeeper; O. S. Momany, Oklahoma City; G. E. Westbrook, Neodesha; R. A. Faust, Cape Girardeau.

The meeting was held for educational purposes as well as to go over the inventory plans for inventory as of April 30th, 1924. Have heard several comments on the meeting—some stating it was the best meeting they ever had the pleasure of attending in a business way, as the discussions were entered into freely and subjects discussed for improvement in handling store supplies and affairs pertaining to store matters. They all seemed to be glad they were present and several expressed desire for another meeting in the near future.



A Bunch of Frisco Merrymakers in Springfield Statistical Department

The Texas Coyote Took a Vacation—Cutting Weeds at the Lewis Family Home

By BEN B. LEWIS

Used t' figger nobody but Society Folks ever got bored. Had a idea that ennuil was a sort o' high-toned prerogative o' th' Rich. Used t' didn't know, that's all. Since I been gittin' so old, ever' Spring I git ennuied up considerable, myself. Here just th' other day, agents' reports bored me plum t' death; didn't want t' look at 'em any whatever. Didn't want t' see a way-bill no more. Even got tired o' readin' Meek's poetry. So I takes me a vacation.

Most folks save up their money before they take a vacation. Me, I forgot that part of it; an' th' results was I couldn't go gallivantin' aroun' th' country very promiscuous. Weeds needed cuttin', anyhow. Hadn't cut them weeds in a long, long time; an' them rascals shore will grow if yuh don't cut 'em once in a while. Some of 'em four foot high, I'll bet.

Ain't a bad way o' spendin' a vacation, cuttin' weeds ain't, when yuh ain't got nothin' else t' spend. 'nless yuh got too dad blamed many. Kinda got tired o' lookin' at weeds, too. Got bored up ag'in, contendin' with bunchgrass, an' spiders, an' bugs, an' things. Parked my trusty hoe an' went up t' th' office t' see how things was runnin'; an' run into a subscription list t' buy Joe White a weddin' present. Mighta known I ought t' stay away from th' office durin' vacation. Come on home an' cut some more weeds. Rain blew up an' couldn't cut weeds good in muddy ground, so, of course, I was fool enough t' try th' office ag'in. Run smack dab into another subscription list, this time t' buy Clyde Pendergras a weddin' present. Swore-an'-be-durned I'd never visit that office no more. Bad enough t' have t' work there. Tackled th' weeds some more; hoein' fast and furious, tryin' t' forgit them two bucks I squandered on them weddin's. Got so's ever' time I closed my eyes I see th' spreadin' roots an' exuberant branches o' some unknown variety o' weedisimus elephantimus, er somethin'. Tell yuh th' truth, boy, I was exactly sick o' weeds.

T' break th' monotony I decides t' visit th' local freight office. Took a awful chance on another weddin', of course, but I stayed away from th' general office, anyhow. Got t' talkin' with George Littlefair, th' agent here at Fort Worth. George, he's been with th' Frisco a good many years. Started in as chief clerk to th' General Freight an' Passenger Agent April 1st, 1894, when I was about two an' a half years old. They made him Freight Agent in March, 1902, an' he's been Freight Agent ever since, excep' now they call him General Agent. I'll tell yuh what everybody says about Mr. Littlefair's station: Considering its size, which it ain't no midget, George has got th'

most efficient station an' th' prettiest set of accounts in forty-seven states—an' that ain't only my opinion, yuh understand. Th' idea is prevalent.

Th' boys in th' General Offices at Fort Worth are perhaps more familiar with th' "Ole Barn" than most anybody else. Th' Texas and Pacific Railway owns an' operates a sprawlin' set o' yards in th' heart o' Fort Worth, an' across these yards soars th' famous "Jennings Avenue Viaduct." Th' Frisco owns some property adjoinin' these yards, just off Jennings Avenue; an' down there behin' a lumber yard, away from th' swirl an' bustle of that busy thoroughfare, sets a old, two-story buildin', lovin'ly called th' "Ole Barn." When yuh go down there t' look up some ancient record yuh can listen to th' rustle of th' leaves of a big sycamore tree that stands alongside th' old buildin', an' yuh feel as remote an' lonely as though yuh were away out in th' country somewheres; even th' noises of th' yards seem far away an' indistinct.

Th' boys up at th' office, when they git tired o' stoopin' over a desk, they frame up some sort o' excuse an' hike over to th' Ole Barn t' look up a record. Which I ain't sayin' they don't look up a record, yuh understand. I shore ain't goin' back on none o' them boys; I git a longin' t' visit th' Ole Barn myself once in a while. But, boy, howdy! It shore is cool an' refreshin', sittin' in th' shade o' that ole sycamore in th' summertime! Um-m-m-m Hunh! When it comes time t' go back t' work yuh git up an' yawn an' stretch an' fling yore cigarette away, or knock out yore pipe, an' depart from there with a sigh.

Well, I started t' tell you: George Littlefair began work fer th' Frisco when th' Ole Barn was a new office buildin', housin' th' president an' all th' general officers, Chief Engineer, Dispatcher an' so on, of th' Fort Worth an' Rio Grande Railway, back in th' eighteen-nineties. (Th' Frisco bought th' F. W. & R. G. in 1901.) At that time a street car came across from Taylor Street, right by th' Ole Barn. I asked George how it come across, havin' in mind th' present viaduct over on Jennings. George, he says, succinctly, "Bump-de bump-de bump-de bump!" But there ain't no such car line there now.

In March, 1902, when Mr. Littlefair was made Freight Agent, th' general offices was moved up town to a modern, massive structure called th' Wheat Building; an' th' Ole Barn was then th' local freight office. Th' present freight depot was finished in September, 1902, an' th' old general offices were turned into a "Stationery Department." Several years ago th' stationery stock was also moved uptown; an' now behin' th'

door with th' dim word "Auditor," one finds only th' dusty records of a railroad's hectic past. That ramshackle edifice, she's gonna fall down some o' these days, yuh watch what I tell yuh! (An' incidentally kill off three or four boys from th' offices, snorin' peaceful in their unremittin' search fer forgotten files.)

I reckon they used t' have some real pert times on th' F. W. & R. G. George says that back in 1895, up t' 1898, they used t' go four an' five months without a pay day. Th' Grandy didn't have much traffic except cattle in th' Spring, on their way to Oklahoma pastures, an' cotton in September; an' they didn't have enough money t' pay th' boys off regular. He says many a time th' travelin' auditor would go to a station t' make a check an' find receipted grocery bills in th' cash drawer representin' "Cash on hand!"

Back in those days, too, rebates were the order of th' day on all roads, an' he was a mighty sorry merchant who didn't ride on a pass t' do his New York shoppin'. Mr. Littlefair told me he saw one "rate schedule," as they called 'em then, quotin' a flat rate of two cents per hundredweight on carloads of any commodity from St. Louis territory to Texas.

Speakin' of improvements in th' service, Mr. Littlefair says th' Frisco didn't have no freight train schedule along in th' early part o' 1902. Merchandise cars, high-grade commodities, perishable goods, an' so on, used t' drift into Fort Worth from St. Louis on an average o' six days, an' they was lucky t' make it that quick. Along in th' middle o' 1902 they put on a five-day schedule, but they couldn't hold it up regular. They were pretty apt t' fall down in th' Fall, he says.

Then along in 1904 they instituted a four-day schedule which was bragged on considerable by all concerned, an' there was heaps o' folks who figgered th' time was entirely too short, an' th' Frisco'd never make it. They made it fer a while, though, until a period o' prosperity hit th' country an' th' whole system become demoralized an' congested. Freight was clogged up on th' line from one end to th' other. Seems they had a panic in 1907; an' in th' latter part o' 1907 people couldn't even draw their money out o' th' banks. (That ain't nothin'. I kain't draw none out now!) Accordin' t' Mr. Littlefair, they didn't git things cleaned up good until some time in 1908, after which they maintained their four-day schedule fairly well.

In 1912 they put in a three-day schedule from St. Louis; an' fer th' last two or three years they make it every day! Th' old Kansas City passenger schedule is now our freight schedule! An' business is about three times what it used t' be!

OUR TEXAS AGENTS

(A Page Engineered, Conducted and Switched Around to Suit Himself.)

By BEN B. LEWIS

"The 000-Ranch is stocked with Brahma steers and some of them are not real friendly. (You remember the one that got in the lady's lap at the Stock Show.) However, you need have no fear of them as there are plenty of trees in the pasture and if you are not a good climber now, you will be when you get out. Your ability as a sprinter will avail you but little, considering 30,000 acres in a pasture with fences few and far between. If you care to know more about the disposition of these steers you may ask Engineer Ed. Freeman, as he remembers how one of them assisted Brake-man Jefferson in getting out of our stock pens here.

"Now, if any of the boys in the auditor's office are seeking a little real adventure, the exploration of this cave will make your proposed Menard bee cave trip seem tame. Let me know when you expect to make the trip, so I can make all necessary arrangements. I will act as guide to the cave; after that every man will be 'on his own'."

—Derned if it don't look like Texas is gittin' cluttered up with caves as thick as th' cells in a yella-jacket nest.

What d' they call it th' Three-C. pher Ranch fer? Got three o' them holes in it?

Steers? Shucks! When I was nine years old I rode a longhorn steer named "Bony" t' school ever' mawn'in; an' when we got there I'd push him up ag'in th' wood shed an' job one o' them six-foot horns o' his'n into th' west wall, so's he wouldn't stray off before school was out. Teacher was pickin' up wood inside one day, an' I didn't know he was in there, an' about a yard an' a half o' that horn stuck through an' purty near ruined th' best all-round teacher in our county. I had t' ride "Bony" lickety-split t' town fer a doctor; an' doc took seventeen stitches in th' seat o' teacher's pants.

I never was much fer goin' down in caves, though. Seems like they clog my breathin' up, an' sorta stife me, some similar t' these rubber collars John Steele wears. Yuh know John Steele? I forgot t' tell yuh, but John was toastmaster at that there banket we had a while back; an' John done noble after he took off that tight collar an' rolled his sleeves up. Them shore air purty garters John wears on his arms. I didn't blame him fer takin' his coat off.

L. T. JONES, Agent, Granbury, Texas, says:

"To date (August 9th.) we have shipped out 83 cars of watermelons and will have some more for the next few weeks. Most of them have moved to

Kansas City and St. Louis via Frisco Lines. I am inclosing several pictures for you to ponder over, and by the time your appetite is sufficiently 'charged,' I will send you a couple of samples."

—Samples received an' contents noted. M-m-m-m-m, boy! Webb Maddox let me put 'em in th' middle o' fifty thousand pounds o' ice at his Crystal Ice Fact'ry, an, in twenty-four hours they was so cold they made my teeth hurt. Hot-a-mighty! My ears is drippin' yet!

G. L. KIGHT, Agent, Proctor, Texas, says:

"It is so warm here the red ants can't work, let alone the agent."

—Say. I don't care nuthin' about no ants. I wants t' know when them oil wells is gonna start spoutin'? D. B. Tipton promised me faithful he was on th' verge o' reportin' three successful oil wells an' I've been waitin' with abated breath fer some feller t' offer t' sell me some stock. I got th' money ready, an' am hold.n' at bay several peevish creditors o' mine, which I kain't hold 'em off much longer. Air y'all gonna produce them oil wells, er not?

GEO. GARDENHIRE, Agent, Brownwood, Texas, says:

"H——, we're too d—— busy t' do any d—— d—— reportin'."

—Th' last time I saw him, George was openin' up mail, Cash.er Forgey was writin' some station drafts, an' th' warehouseman (Beck) was unloadin' eighteen hundred LCL shipments o' packin' house meat. Countin' all three uv 'em, I reckon they was one busy man. George, he run across a ten-page printed circular which some optimistic Claim Prevention Association had patiently issued, in hopes somebody might accidentally read it, an' George says t' one o' his helpers standin' there: "Here, boy! Take this yere elongated circular out t' my warehouseman an' tell him t' drop everything an' sit down an' read ever' word o' this d—— d—— thing before he hits another lick!" Image: Fellow sittin' on a box o' rapidly deteriorating meat, puzzlin' out th' details how t' prevent gasoline cars frum burnin' up after throwin' matches in 'em. Haw! Haw!

George's brand o' humor shore tickles my ribs!

ALL TEXAS AGENTS: NOTICE! If yuh don't write more regular I'm gonna have t' start makin' this stuff up as I go along! As a matter uv perfection t' yorese'fs, yuh better write —because they ain't no tellin' what I'll git out on yuh! Fair warnin'!



Catching One of My Opps, With the Goods on His "Hip."
—Granbury, Texas.

Memphis Supervisors Hold Big Picnic

On July 15th, Memphis supervisors held a picnic and dance at Overton Park. The affair was a huge success, the supervisors at Memphis, Yale and Harvard invited all of the shop men at these points to attend. There were over three hundred people in attendance. We are very proud of the fact that twenty-four supervisors could put on a picnic and dance and have over three hundred shop men and their families as their guests. After the picnic supper there was a dance from 8:30 p. m. to 11:30 p. m., while ice cream, watermelon and lemonade were served to all throughout the evening.

More Frisco Names

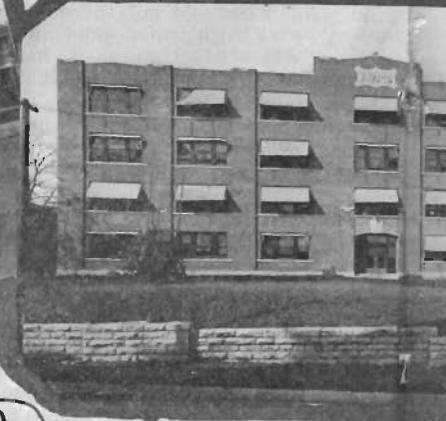
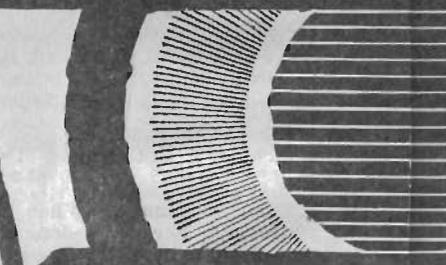
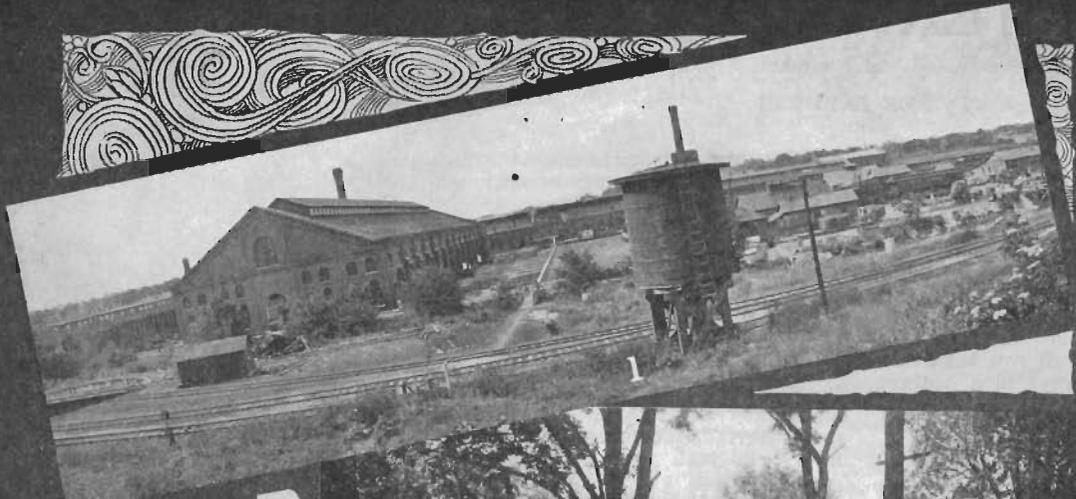
Chaffee, Mo., August 22nd, 1924.
Mr. Floyd L. Bell:

Ben B. Lewis in the September issue mentioning Indian names on the Frisco does not mention the following which are all in Missouri on the Hunter Branch of the River Division. And are of the Mingo Tribe, Chief Wappapello and his squaw Puxico, they had three children, one son Ojibway, and two daughters, Chaonia and Taskee.

J. D. Allison,
Chaffee, Mo.

Godsey's portrayal of Messrs. Bell and Cooper in a recent cartoon was very good; however, he had Mr. Cooper caricatured a bit too old.

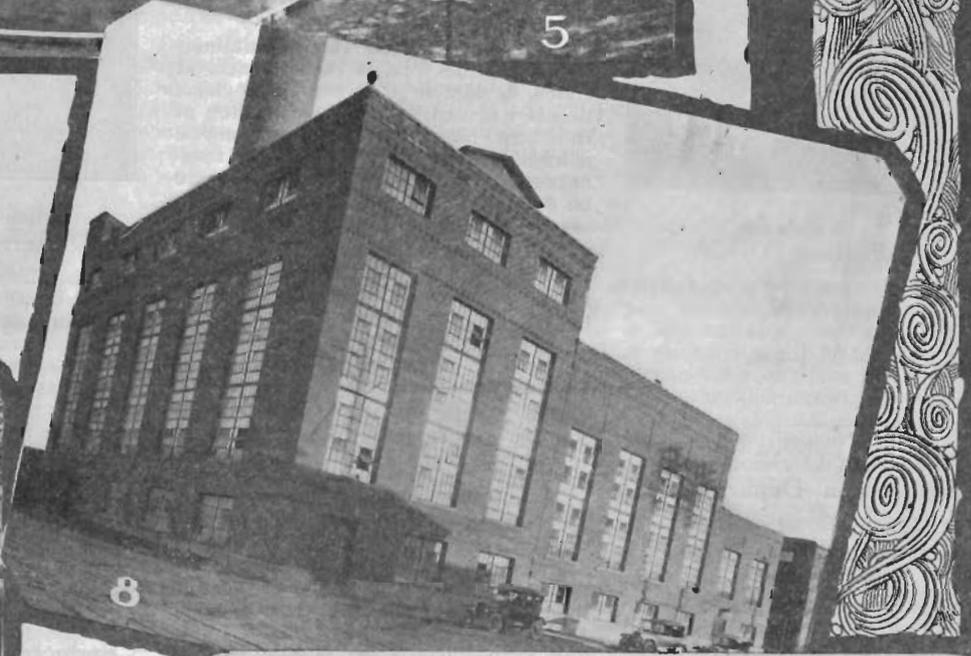
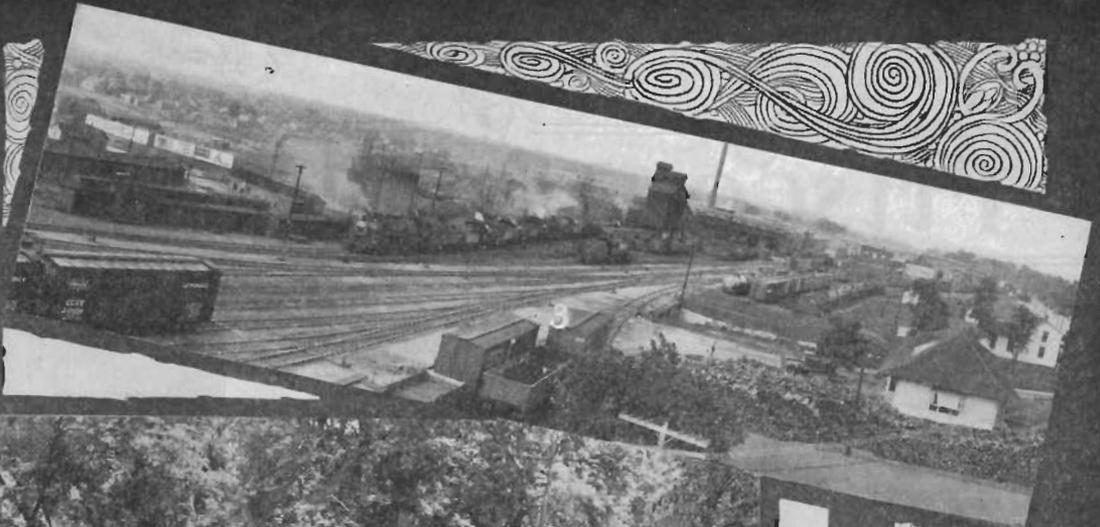
We notice that the "Texas Coyote" has broken into the "Homemakers' Column." It's a wager he can furnish some recipes in which the men might be interested. Texas has been a dry state a long time.



SCIENCE BUILDING MISSOURI STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE 9

Industry, Beauty, Science, and Recreation at

- 1—South Shops of Frisco Lines. 7-
- 2—Abou Ben Adhem Shrine. 8-
- 3—North Shops of Frisco Lines. 8-
- 4—Springfield, Mo. Country Club. 9-
- 5—Lake Sequiota, State Fish Hatchery, Springfield, Mo. 9-
- 6—New Grace M. E. Church, Springfield, Mo. 10-



**Prosperity, Wealth, Inspiration
at Springfield**
 7—Frisco Office Bldg., Springfield, Mo.
 8—Power Plant, Springfield Gas and
 Electric Company.
 9—Proposed New Science Bldg. Teach-
 ers College.
 10—County Court House and City Hall,
 Springfield, Mo.