

# "Christmas—Once Upon a Time—"

By MARTHA C. MOORE

IT WAS an old fashioned room, comfortable to be sure, and spotlessly clean, but with the appearance of having none of the modern conveniences, except perhaps the rural telephone. The room was lighted by a kerosene lamp that shed its light brightly a ways, leaving the corners and behind the table and chairs to be lighted only by an occasional flame from the old fashioned fireplace, in which a huge log was sizzling and sputtering, while the hum of an old teakettle, with its cloud of steam, finished the picture.

Before the fire sat old Uncle Jerry, telling stories. The air was fragrant with pine; evergreen hung from the ceiling; Christmas was in the air. In fact, it was only three days off.

Old Uncle Jerry took his pipe from his mouth, lifted one huge booted foot from the floor and crossing his leg, blew rings of smoke through the air.

"Well, sir, I been sittin' here thinkin' about a Christmas nigh onto forty years ago. I wasn't no more'n a little shaver, 'bout 15 years old, and I heard my pap sayin' that they found bear tracks around the chicken coop and the sheep pens, but 'so far, all they missed was an old hen or two. It was pretty nigh onto Christmas, and they wuz all plannin' on havin' a big black bear hide fer Christmas day.

"The weather was shore cold; way below zero, and they wuz all figurin' on startin' out late that evenin'; meetin' at our house; so about 5:30 in the afternoon, we begun gettin' on our leggin's and our fur caps fer a real bear hunt. I went to the winder and the snow wuz comin' down, flakes the size of a dime, and blowin' and driftin' 'till the old fence was plumb covered up—good weather fer a bear to start to huntin' somethin' to eat, and it bein' Christmas, too. Course I spose he didn't know nothin' 'bout that.

"Well, sir, I thinks I jest sit down by the fire and wait 'till they get ready to start.

"Next thing I knowed, I wuz startin' out, trampin' through the snow, seemed to be comin' down lighter now, and before long it stopped and evenin' settled; cold and crisp with a moon castin' shadows on one of the purtiest scenes God ever pictured. It was shore easy to see tracks, even by the moonlight, and powerful easy to sight a big bunch o' black fur 'gainst that white snow.

"We ain't tramped more'n a mile, through the big timber, when I turns around to one of the fellers to say sumpin', and I find I'm there alone. Course we wasn't stickin' close as we could together, but I calls several times and not gittin' no response, I jest naturally finds myself on a personally conducted bear hunt.

"I kep on goin' and finally I got to thinkin', kid like, that maybe I'd be the hero of the day, and I'd shore feel good, shootin' down that bear alone and leadin' the others to the spot, put my foot on his body and my thumb through my suspenders, and heave me a big sigh; words bein' unnecessary. The more I thought about that hero stuff, the more I hoped I'd lost 'em all, and 'fore I'd gone much further, I was decidin' whether to use that skin to sleep on, have me a coat made outa his hide, or have him

stuffed to show my grandchildren what I done, years ago.

"That there timber wuz plumb full o' the biggest trees I ever seen. Well, sir, I wuz trampin' on, blowin' my hands full of hot air to keep 'em from freezin' stiff, when, man alive, I froze stiff, right there in my tracks. I never seen one bear, I seen two, and to this day I ain't sayin' maybe it was three. The first one, he got his equilibrium 'fore I did; in fact I never got mine, it was plumb past recall. I couldn't have lifted that gun off my shoulder ef it had abeen a feather, and as to runnin', I might as well been minus two feet. Well, they stand there, 'bout as surprised as I wuz, but a heap more shure about the result of our meetin', and right then an thar, I sez to myself, that somebody has shure got to take out. The good Lord knowed who, and so would I pretty soon. I never thought how cold and stiff I wuz till I commenced to try to move. I gazed at 'em fer a minute and then I dropped my gun, castin' aside all stuff to hinder my speed, and I turns sharp around and takes out. Well, sir, when I goes as far and fast as I can. I turns around, not hesitatin' much, and there they come lopin' along, like a pair of trained dogs, but them eyes shore didn't show no tame inclinations. I was plumb give out, and I looks around fer sumpin' to climb. Now course I knowed they could climb pretty nigh as well as I could, er better, but they wuz very little else left fer me to do.

"So I sights me a pretty good sized tree and I goes up the tree, barin' slippery ice and snow, 'bout as fast as I could. When I git to the top limb, I looks down and there they wuz (course I expected to see 'em), jest sittin' on their haunches, gazin' at me, wonderin' which part to bite at first. That thought never made me feel no more comfortable. Burr-rr-rr!

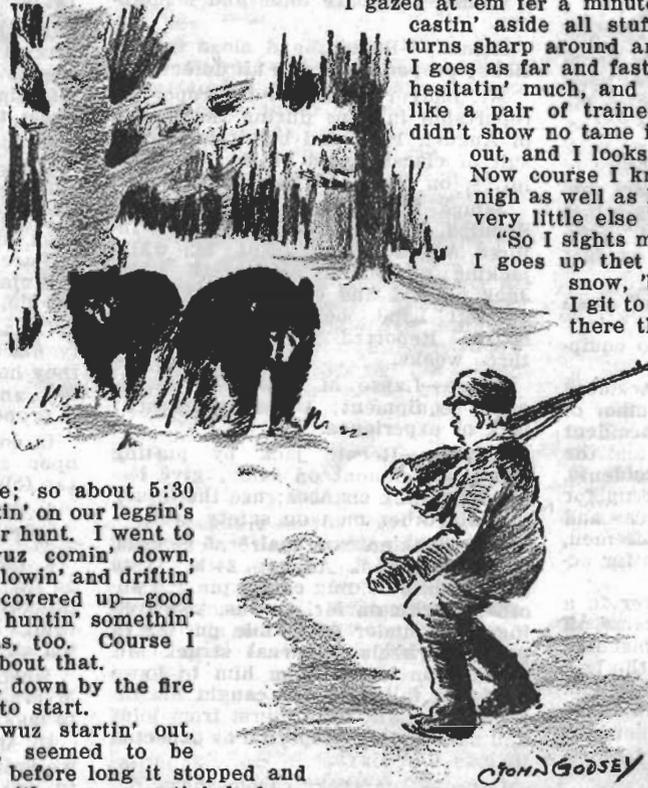
"I never wuz no hand to pray, but then and there I said a prayer thet'd melt anybody's heart, but I guess I been a heathen too long fer good results, 'cause I looks down and the biggest one was startin' up the tree. I seen their game, takin' turns about, one was goin' up and knock me off, like a ripe persimmon, and the other one would be there

to see that I got picked up. Some system.

"Well, I was up as far as the tree went, but I had one limb left to climb out on. All thoughts of a bear rug, or a coat, plumb left my mind and instead I seen a searchin' party pickin' up a piece of my red flannel shirt and one boot and a finger er two, and that gun, dad blast it, ef I only had it now.

"Up this old feller came, closer and closer, I could almost feel his breath, though I was warm enough, the sweat standin' out on my head so big it froze into chunks of ice. When I got plumb out on the limb, as fer as I could go they wasn't nothin' else fer me to do but hang on there, waitin' to see what he'd do. Well he done it; he come straight out on the limb and, as it wasn't none too strong, I herda a crack, and down went me and the bear and the limb and all my ambitions. I landed near the others' at the foot of the tree, and there he was. All I remember was a big welcome grin, showin' some nice fine white teeth.

(Continued on Page 38)





# Always Be Careful



Conducted by GEORGE L. BALL, Superintendent Safety and Insurance

## "SAFETY FIRST"

SAFETY FIRST was stressed at a meeting held in Sapulpa on September 9, the meeting being, at the invitation of Chairman B. P. Meyers, conducted by Professor O. B. Badger, State Director of Industrial Education, Stillwater, Okla. Mr. Badger's diagnosis of various accidents, resulting in personal injury and the treatment suggested to prevent their recurrence, is a splendid exhibit of constructive safety work.

Address by Mr. Badger:

The majority of those present know that for some little time we have been conducting conferences at Sapulpa for the purpose of education of our supervision, and would like to take up with you this morning the responsibility of a foreman on safety and accident prevention, and would like to explain just what is meant by an "accident." Mr. Street, you will please tell us just what this means.

"An accident is the result of some unforeseen incident that causes injury to the workmen, or damage to equipment."

With this definition of an accident we are going to take up a number of cases which show how the accident occurred, the possible causes, and the remedy of such causes of accidents. Now, these cases are brought up for the purpose of getting your ideas and your recommendations, as foremen, for the remedy of such causes for accidents.

A large belt furnishing power to a machine from the line shaft came off the main line shaft. The machine operator was afraid to put on the belt with the pulley running. The foreman tried to put it on for him and in so doing, caught his hand between the belt and pulley. His arm was torn off at the elbow.

Cause—1. Over-confidence.

Remedy—Surprise tests; caution; change of work; discipline.

2. Taking a chance.

Remedy—Put bulletins in his possession and make him attend safety meetings; eliminate necessity of chances; anticipate danger.

3. Awkwardness.

Remedy—Change of jobs; discharge.

4. Nervousness.

Remedy—Medical attention; explanation to remove fear; not too much haste.

The accident curve shows the following peaks. Highest, toward closing time; next highest, after lunch; next highest, shortly after starting

time in the morning.

Cause—1. Fatigue.

Remedy—Do not rush work at closing time.

2. Temporary physical disability.

Remedy—Use first aid supplies; send to company doctor; take into safety meetings; caution against dissipation.

A new, guaranteed and tested cable of a mine hoist breaks.

Cause—Defective tools and machinery.

Remedy—Regular and close inspections; proper repairs to all defects.

Mr. Badger went over the report of reportable injuries during the month of August, 1924, and below is the result of classification of these five injuries, on the Southwestern Division.

James Mabry, 3d class machinist, Sapulpa, 1 year, 9 months service. Injured August 9th, 10:30 A. M., while jacking up binder on engine 4,119. Jack slipped and caught little finger on left hand, between binder and board. Reported. Expected to lose three weeks.

Cause—Lapse of attention; inadequate equipment; taking a chance; lack of experience.

Remedy—Repair jack by putting safety attachment on same; give lesson on taking chances; use the injury to train other men on safety first.

J. O. Tinkler, car repairer, 5 months' service, injured August 24th, 11:40 A. M., while holding center pin and another workman, Mr. Owens, was rolling truck under car, while putting in pair of wheels. Journal struck Mr. Tinkler on leg causing him to lose hold and fall. Bolster caught his little finger, right hand, burst from joint and nail torn off. Reported as expected to lose four days.

Cause—Temporary carelessness.

Remedy—Lay off indefinitely.

Thomas Peugh, colored laborer (BW helper), 1½ years' service, injured August 1st at Oklahoma City, 2:00 A. M. Was tightening plug. Wrench slipped and let him fall to ground. Struck head and shoulder on the ground. Reported as expected to lose ten days account head and shoulder bruised.

Cause—Insufficient supervision.

Remedy—Foreman properly back check on men to see that work is being done properly and as per instructions.

James M. Barrington, 2nd class machinist, 1 year 2 months' service, West Tulsa. Injured August 2nd, 3:30 P. M.

while working on planer. Was removing guide bar from planer. Same was insecurely fastened. Slipped and fell on right foot. Lose week or ten days account right foot mashed.

Cause—Too much haste.

Remedy—Back check to see that instructions are carried out.

Francis L. Misemer, car carpenter 1st class, West Tulsa. In service 1 year 8 months. Injured August 29th, 10:15 A. M. while holding backout punch and punching rivets. Man using maul. Maul handle broke (new break) and maul struck Misemer on left hip. Hip badly bruised. Will lose about ten days.

Cause—Defective material.

Remedy—Discard defective material as developed by inspection.

In this case, defect could not have been determined and responsibility for the accident necessarily chargeable to manufacturer of the defective maul handle.

Each of these injuries was thoroughly discussed and it was agreed that they have herein been properly classified and that the remedy suggested is proper one.

In conclusion Mr. Badger impressed upon all that there are three steps (as follows) in the training of men:

1. Get them in attitude to learn.

2. Teach them how to do.

3. Back check to see that they do as told, and remarked that no man is properly instructed until these three things are done—not any two of them, but all three steps.

Meeting was turned back to Mr. Myers, who requested Mr. Claypool to make an address.

By Mr. Claypool: We all know that we make a lot of enemies by talking to our men after the whistle has blown and as the noon whistle has blown, of course, I will have to look after my own interests and see that I cut my speech short. While there is nothing that I would like better than talk safety first, am only going to give you a little information on our progress along this line. For the information of those present, the accidents in the Mechanical Department on this road, taking into consideration the time loss proposition cost the Claim Department something like 70,000 dollars. You can readily see the necessity for a Safety Department as well as vigilant campaigns on accident prevention. A few years ago when the railroad first started safety first meetings, they sold the proposition to the

men from a humanity standpoint. It resulted in a lot of skepticism. When the men are told that we are doing something for them for nothing, they become skeptical about it. Since that time we have gone into safety work again and on a different standing and in the Mechanical Department alone, where we have commenced the work during the past two years, a remarkable improvement has been made. We find that the Mechanical Department accidents are divided just about fifty-fifty, between the locomotive and car departments. It was very interesting to note the quarterly report issued by the I. C. S. recently, comparing the injuries on the different roads in the United States, which are figured on man hour basis. Will endeavor to give you a little outline on where the Frisco stood. The Frisco stood in ninth place so far as number of accidents per man hours worked was concerned.

Union Pacific ranked first; Chicago Great Western ranked second; S. P. Lines, ranked third; Kansas City Southern, ranked fourth; A. T. & S. F. ranked fifth; M. K. & T. ranked sixth; D. & N. ranked seventh; Wabash ranked eighth; Frisco ranked ninth; N. Y. C. ranked tenth.

While we were ninth, we lacked only a few decimals of being in sixth place. The L. & N., Wabash and Frisco all had 27 and a few hundredths and you can very readily see how easily we can creep up to sixth place, or maybe farther. Inasmuch as the whistle has blown I do not think it advisable to take up any more of these hungry men's time.

### Heed the Signs

A Poem with a Moral

By John J. Beckman

I says to Mandy: "I must go  
Down to the town to order feed."  
Of course, I got a Henry car,  
But I ain't given to much speed.  
Sometimes I kinder get mixed up;  
Shove 'way down on t'other gear;  
Get excited, as folks will.  
That makes Mandy have a fear.

She cries out as I leave the place:  
"Be careful, Cy." Guess she's right.  
There's a railroad crossing on the way,  
Where a car got hit t'other night—  
Knocked all into smitherens—  
It sort o' set you thinking, folks,  
You'd better know your "Q's and  
beans."  
And I ain't tellin' jokes.

I sort o' have an eagle eye  
Out for them there bullgines,  
Because they weigh an awful lot.  
You want to heed the crossing  
signs:  
"Stop! Look! Listen!" If you do,  
You needn't fear the iron horse:  
But if you're careless, goodly friend,  
Your soul will take a heavenward  
course.

On the knob on your front door  
A pretty little crepe will hang;  
They'll lay you in a casket, friends,  
To be reviewed by your old gang.

I've hung around these diggins here—  
I ain't no highbrow wise guy—  
But stop before you cross a track,  
Take a tip from Uncle Cy.

### Rules for Motorists to Remember

Rules for motorists to remember are frequently promulgated, but at this season, when so many people are on the highways, the publication of a new list is never amiss. The following, if observed, would certainly do away with all crossing accidents:

Read and obey these rules and live to cross safely many crossings.

Remember never to race a train; the road may suddenly turn across the tracks.

Remember to let the train that has just gone by get out of sight before crossing; another may be coming from the opposite direction.

Remember, if the track is not visible in both directions, slow down until you have a clear view.

Remember, if a train is in sight, don't undertake to cross. Your anxiety to get across may unnerve you. Wait!

Remember there has never been a crossing accident that couldn't have been avoided with proper care.

Remember not to depend entirely upon the watchman. A mistake may cost him his job—but your life.

Remember double tracks provide for trains in both directions.

Remember crossing signs are for you, not the railroad. Watch them.

Remember the law gives the right of way to railway trains at crossings.

Remember to "Look out for the Engine"—the rest should be easy.

### Goggles are Not Pretty— But They Saved His Eye

A mechanic in the Frisco shops at Monett had an accident the other day. It might have been a very, very serious one, for a bit of steel struck him squarely over the right eye.

But this mechanic wore the goggles illustrated herewith. Today he is

thanking the rules of safety first that he did so. The steel splint shattered the right lens, as will be noted from the photograph, but the thick lens saved the man's eyesight.

"Too much publicity cannot be given this incident," says George L. Ball, Superintendent of Safety and Insurance. "The railway furnishes the goggles, no expense is incurred by the men in protecting God-given sight, and, nevertheless, frequently our men go to the emery wheel, or engage in other hazardous work without first putting on their goggles. In other words, the disposition of human beings seems to be in favor of taking chances instead of the more sane policy of 'safety first.'"

### Mr. Womack Was Insured— Widow Collects Sum of \$2,000

Roma L. Womack died on September 30th, as the result of injuries received on the same date. Fortunately for his family, Mr. Womack had elected to take advantage of the group insurance plan offered to shopmen, and early in October, only a few days after the death of Mr. Womack, a check was received by the widow for \$2,000.00.

Of this, \$1,000 was payable under the life insurance policy, and the same amount under his accidental death and dismemberment policy.

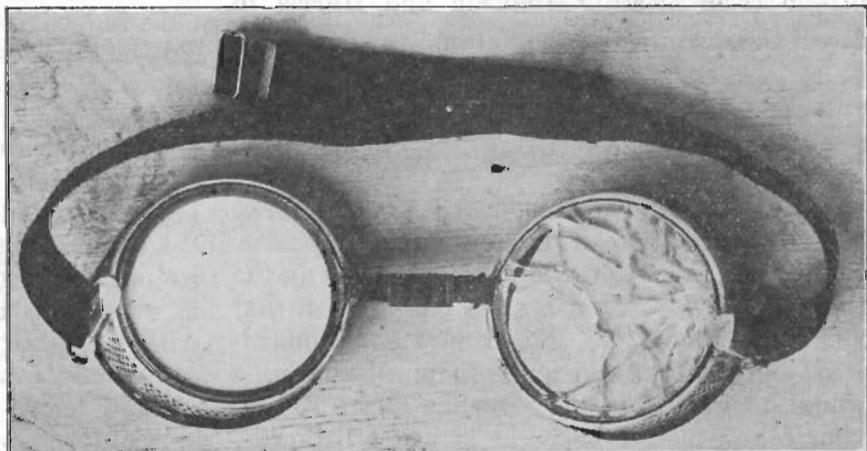
### We Thought Permanency Along These Lines Was Long Since Passe

From a want ad in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch of September 28:

"Wanted—A man who has loved in St. Louis for five years or more. Permanent position assured one who can fill qualifications."

By the way, is this "loving in St. Louis" necessarily restricted to one person or may one have loved several in that period?

### Does Your Car Stop at Railway Crossings?



Goggles are not pretty to look at, but this pair saved the eyesight of a Frisco employe

**The FRISCO EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE**

Published on the Fifteenth of Each Month

By the

**St. Louis-San Francisco Railway**

Edited by FLOYD L. BELL

645 Frisco Building

St. Louis, Missouri

This magazine is published in the interests of and for free distribution among the 25,000 employes of the St. Louis-San Francisco Railway. All articles and communications relative to editorial matters should be addressed to the editor.

Single copies, 15 cents each  
Outside circulation, \$1.50 per year

Vol. 2

DECEMBER, 1924

No. 3

**The Great American Game**

**I**N THIS year of Walter Johnson, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-four, even a railroad magazine would be remiss in its duty did it not recognize the classic achievement of the Washington Senators—not members of Congress, but of the American League—in winning the world's baseball championship.

To "Bucky" Harris, Walter Johnson and the rest of the Senators go the heartfelt congratulations of every man Jack of us.

And had it not been for the brief time allowed for a campaign, we are certain nothing short of fatalities could have prevented the American people from electing Johnson and Harris to direct the destinies of the nation.

**"He Is a Nice Chap, But—"**

**H**OW often have you heard that remark? And how it can damn with faint praise. Chop that "but" off your sentences. It is the thing which you say after the conjunction that makes you disliked. Men cannot be standardized, and if you could make them all alike this would be, indeed, a sorry world. Learn to love your fellow-man, because he is just a little different than others around him. Just say, "He is a nice chap" and stop there.

**The Man We Love**

**W**HEN we find a man—  
Who knows down in his heart every man is as noble, as divine, as vile, as diabolic, and as lonely as himself;  
Who knows how to forgive, to overlook;  
Who knows how to sympathize honestly and sincerely;  
Who has learned how to make friends and to retain their friendship;  
Who loves flowers, can hunt birds without a stone, and feels the thrill of an old forgotten joy when he hears the laughter of a little child;  
Who can be happy and contented among the meaner drudgeries of life;  
When we find such a man—we love him.  
Don't you?

**A Tragedy in a Nutshell**

**L**OCOMOTIVE, high - powered automobile, reckless driver.  
Railroad crossing. Train approaching.  
Motorist steps on gas.  
Omit flowers.

**A Merry Yuletide to All**

**O**NCE again the holiday season is with us. Once more the age-old, yet ever-new, cry of "A Merry Christmas" is in the air. It is a time when all of us lay aside our cares and give thought to our neighbor's welfare. And fortunate, indeed, for this old world that this is done. To the readers of this magazine go the heartfelt wishes of every Frisco official for a most happy Yuletide and the wish is sincere and deep-seated. Our cover this month portrays the Christmas spirit. The artist has caught the idea of a glad home-coming. But whether at the home hearth or cast by fortune miles from its portals, the shadow of its refining influence is ever with us. Blessed memories, coupled with thoughts of things to come make for a contented "family"—just such a family as ours of the Frisco. To each of you the old, old wish—"A Merry, Merry Christmas," and the editor adds his personal wish that it may be the happiest ever in your history.

# The Rio Grande—and Fort Worth

By BEN B. LEWIS

THIS article is supposed to be written on the subject of "Fort Worth," and by the left hind leg of Conductor Billie Moore's Krazy Kat, it is going to be written on the subject of "Fort Worth." But we start at Menard, Texas, 227 miles southwest, and progress by easy and interesting stages 227 miles northeast.

What I mean is, Fort Worth is more than a city—it is a part of West Texas; an integral, component part, and the Frisco Railway is a strong factor in welding this part to the other parts.

Consider.

It was back in 1911 when the Frisco built from Brady to Menard. Prior to that time, the cattlemen drove their herds to Brady for shipment; bringing them in from McCulloch County, Mason County, Kimble, Sutton, Edwards, Crockett, Schleicher, Tom Green, Concho, San Saba, Mills and Menard Counties. From the south, west and southwest they came in great numbers. At times, as many as twenty-five or thirty thousand head would be concentrated at Brady, raising a dust that clouded the sun, and a din that hurt the eardrums.

The main cattle trail extended from below Sonora, through Menard to Brady. Along this trail, and at certain other strategic points, the Frisco established (or caused to be established) ten "traps," consisting of blocks of land, each 640 acres in area, fenced, to accommodate the herds during the drives, and to help relieve congestion at the loading station.

After the Frisco built to Menard, the "traps" between there and Brady were no longer needed, but many of our rancher friends and patrons are still using the "traps" from Sonora to Menard, because livestock is today being driven overland from surrounding counties to the railhead at Menard. One of these "traps" adjoins the townsite of Menard, and is not only a convenient camp for the animals, but a section of it is used as a picnic ground by Menard citizens and visitors. It is almost covered by tall pecan trees, whose branches have shaded many a famous barbecue. The Texas Rangers, immortalized in song and story, have held their annual reunions there on several occasions; and never a fourth of July passes but what that "trap" is a scene of patriotic merry-making.

Seven miles almost due west of Menard is another "trap," and about 22 miles southwest, another. This is at Fort McKavett, where Theodore Roosevelt was stationed in the early days of his military career. Southwest of Fort McKavett there are other

"traps," the furthestmost one being a few miles south of Sonora. In all, seven "traps" are in use today, vividly illustrating a practical, picturesque "service" on the part of the Frisco.

Menard's principal industry is the raising of cattle, horses, sheep and goats, but she also produces wool, mohair, turkeys and pecans in commercial quantities. The San Saba river runs through the town, as does the irrigation ditch of the Menard Irrigation Company; and fruits and vegetables are grown in abundant variety for home consumption. Deer, wild turkey, bass and crappie are found in fascinating numbers in Menard and surrounding counties, as can be testified by hundreds of hunters and fishermen.

Menard has several churches and schools, and her people are sturdy, progressive and ambitious. Some of them are numbered among the best known and most prosperous stockmen in the state.

Callan, 215 miles from Fort Worth, is a small, non-agency station, but is interesting to Frisco Folks for two outstanding reasons. First, it is the highest point on the entire Frisco System, not even excepting the celebrated Ozarks. Second, it is at this point that the Frisco Railway obtains the cheapest water on the entire System—and it is good water. On the top of a hill, on the right-of-way, where they dug on advice of an old time cattleman, after exhausting all their own theories, they struck water at a depth of twenty feet. Three windmills provide the power, and a gravity water line fills the water tank at the bottom of the hill.

Brady, 190 miles from Fort Worth, is a bustling, thriving city of cosmopolitan aspect. You saw some pictures of Brady in the magazine a while back, you remember. C. Crawford, our agent there, is active and aggressive in competition, but meets everybody with a manly courtesy. He has made many friends in Brady and among the farmers who trade at Brady.

Brady has wholesale grocery houses who distribute an enormous amount of goods throughout that district; several wool and mohair concerns; a cotton compress in addition to gins; hardware stores and automobile agencies galore; a cotton oil mill; some beautiful churches and schools; and many other features too numerous to mention in this article. At the time this is written, Brady is putting over an extensive paving project.

Next, Brownwood, 141 miles from Fort Worth, with Geo. Gardenhire as agent. Brownwood is the place where they held the West Texas

Chamber of Commerce Convention last spring. I wish I could sell you on this West Texas story, not because I want to sell you something specific for your money, but because I want you to open your eyes to the tremendous development—the significant, highly dramatic movement that is taking place, all over West Texas. You should know it, and thrill to it, because it is an epoch in American history. Thousands upon thousands of people are moving into West Texas. Millions upon millions of acres of land are being purchased and settled. (Please do not think I am exaggerating—I am giving you facts.) One tract of more than 3,000,000 acres is being cut up into small farms. Many other large tracts increase the figures to enormous proportions. Remember, we are talking about the largest state in the Union. West Texas alone, has an area of more than 91,000,000 acres.

West Texans are alive to their fingertips. They are growing, prospering, working hard and enjoying their honest gains. Their towns are doubling in size, in some instances. They have their Chambers of Commerce, their Rotaries, Lions and Kiwanis Clubs, and so on. Their blood tingles to the consciousness that they are developing a wonderful new agricultural empire where formerly immense ranges were given over to roaming cattle.

Brownwood is a typical West Texas town.

Brownwood is proud of her schools and colleges, her Soldiers' and Sailors' Memorial Building, with its 4,000 seating capacity, her hotels, business houses, cotton compress, wholesale stores, her water supply, and her Old Gray Mare Band. Her citizenship is unusually clean-cut, cultured and intellectual. The list of her productions: grain, cotton, live poultry, live stock, dairy products, fruits and so on, would fill a book.

Then, Comanche, 112 miles from Fort Worth, where G. W. Jessup is agent. King Cotton was moving through here, too, the day I was there, and for many days; coming by truck and horse and wagon—and being loaded into Frisco trains. In addition to cotton, Comanche ships live and dressed poultry, oats, peanuts, berries, butter, milk, etc.

Is Comanche proud of her schools? Listen! Go to one of their football games! Did I mention electric lights at those other Frisco towns? They have them. Gas? Water? Paved streets? They certainly have.

Comanche has an interesting history, raised on the foundation of her heroic old pioneers. Comanche used to be a word to strike terror into the