

**The FRISCO EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE**Published on the First of Each Month  
By the**St. Louis-San Francisco Railway Co.**

Edited by WM. L. HUGGINS, Jr.

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No. 1

**That Word Service**

**S**PRINGING from comparative obscurity not so many years ago, one word in the English language has taken more punishment in the last decade than William Harrison Dempsey took from Champion Gene Tunney at Philadelphia the night of September 23.

That word is "Service."

It has been set upon by mawkish organizers, shouted from the house-tops by "business-missionaries," bellowed by misguided visionaries, and generally defiled until its repetition by spurious users falls on deafened ears and bored imaginations.

Yet the word is clear and pure—its meaning fraught with sincerity. And its application to the 30,000 employes of Frisco Lines is genuine and worthy.

That philosophical southern gentleman, Mr. J. N. Cornatzar, passenger traffic manager, recently defined "Service" in terms unmistakable.

"Service," he said, "must not be limited to the narrow confines of comfortable equipment and well-arranged train schedules. Service, rather, is the attitude of the employe-body of Frisco Lines toward the patrons of our road. It is not enough for the employe to be courteous, to be technically correct, and to comply with the rules. The employe can do all of these things and still be a consistent business-killer. The employe must be really interested in the welfare of the patron and manifest such interest in his treatment of the patron. If he feels such interest he will show it; if he shows it he will be applying one of the most potent

principles of solicitation—making the patron glad he went the FRISCO WAY."

One of the most courteous men we have ever known imparted a chill to our heart. His "Good Morning," accompanied though it was by a courteous inclination of the head and a courteous smile, was nevertheless a cool and haughty rebuke.

No, it is not enough to be courteous.

Correct information to a questioner is invaluable. Yet a Frisco employe may reply to a question from a patron with "Yes, sir, the train is on time," and fill that patron's heart with rancor.

It is not enough to be correct.

To the station agent, the trainman, the solicitor, and all others who in the course of their Frisco service come in contact with the traveling public, let this fact stand out: A hearty human treatment of patrons will win more friends to you and your company than any other agency of service.

And that, again, is the true Frisco spirit of Service.

**The "High-Ball"**

**T**HE Meteor was speeding through Oklahoma on its way to Oklahoma City. Attached to the rear of the train General Manager Shaffer's car rode easily along the rails. In the seat of honor "Fred" himself presided and on the table in front of him was piled the work on which he centered his attention. Crisp sentences of instruction came from his lips and were transmitted to paper through the flying pencil wielded by Secretary Paul Moffett.

The general manager seemed to have one eye on the track, the other on his work. Occasionally his arm would wave the "high-ball" to a section gang, or to the rear brakeman on a train in siding for the fast-flying No. 9.

Always that arm would give its hearty wave and always the track workers returned it as they went again to their work.

"It's a tradition of railroad operating departments the nation over," Shaffer said later, "that the 'high-ball' be given and returned. There is a world of meaning in it that perhaps escapes most people. Those men along the track want me to know they hope my ride is a pleasant one over the track they are maintaining. And I want them to know as I wave them a greeting, that I'm for everyone of them. They are the salt of this railroad, and if they didn't give me that wave I'd feel mighty bad about it."



# The TWILIGHT HOUR

*A Page Just for Children*

## Virginia Alice Brings Her Dolls

THE Twilight Lady had a caller the other day! Virginia Alice Welch, eleven-year-old daughter of piecework checker E. W. Welch, at Sherman, Texas.

Virginia Alice brought some of her handiwork for the Twilight Lady to see. I'm sure you have all cut out dolls from the magazine, with different colored hats and dresses. Virginia Alice takes some white paper and water colors, and makes her own dolls. She had one with her, and this lovely little doll had several dresses and hats and a doll and a dog.

"I love to draw dolls, and make dresses for them," she said. "You should see all the ones I have at home. I make them all the time, and each of them has different colored hair, and I get mother's fashion books and draw the very latest style dresses for them. They're quite up to date."

"What are you going to do, when you get big, Virginia Alice," the Twilight Lady asked her.

"Oh, I haven't decided yet," and she heaved a little sigh and then she said: "I guess maybe I'll be an artist."

"You mean draw pictures of beautiful clothes so the dressmakers can make them for people," suggested the Twilight Lady.

"Sure, that's it. I didn't know just how to say it."

Then Daddy and Mother Welch had to go and so they started to take their leave.

"You keep that dollie," she said to the Twilight Lady. "I don't need her, and anyway I thought maybe she might be good enough to put on your Twilight Page."

She was good enough, Virginia Alice, but it wasn't possible to make a cut of her and all her clothes and her doll and dog, but anyway the Twilight Lady can keep her, and everytime she has an occasion to look at her, she'll think of Virginia Alice and remember too, the times long ago when the Twilight Lady used to make dolls just like these—and she too, planned how she'd make a doll for every little girl in the world.

When Daddy and Mother come to St. Louis again, be sure and ask them to make another call at the office of the Twilight Lady!

### A LETTER FROM OKLAHOMA

Just read this little letter from Fern Dunkle of Enid, Oklahoma, and then you'll know why the Twilight

Lady is always anxious to see the mail man coming. He might have another one from some of the Frisco kiddies addressed to her:

"Hello Twilight Lady:

"I am eleven years old and in the sixth grade at school. I love to go to school, but I love vacation best of all.

"My papa is foreman of the labor gang. I have four sisters and one brother. I am next to the youngest child.

"I live in Oklahoma in the town of Enid. I have lived here two years and like it fine. So many nice places to go in summer.

"There are so many parks and swimming pools. I learned to swim a little last summer and I learned more this summer.

"Sometimes we take our lunch and go to one of the parks. Of course while I am there I have a lovely time.

"We get the Frisco Employees' Magazine and I enjoy reading it, but I love to read the children's page best of all.

"Yours truly,

"FERN DUNKLE,

"Box 5, R.F.D. Enid, Oklahoma."

### A YOUNGER ROADMASTER

HERE is a little Frisco roadmaster in the making!

The Twilight Lady received the accompanying picture and a story of William Counts, Jr. William is five years old, and the son of W. E. Counts, roadmaster of the second track division at Cuba, Mo.

Notice the little frown on his face? Well, one thing the sun is in his eyes, but the real reason is that he's telling his father that as he approached a bridge near Gratiot on a recent trip he noticed an open joint. This open joint should be fixed immediately, and so he told his father about it and asked him to see that it was given the proper attention.

He loves nothing better than to go on an inspection trip, and he walks for miles at a time—all the while examining switch points, rail joints and looking for broken tie plates and bad ties.

"I'm gonna be a railroad man some day," he proudly boasts. "Sure, I

know just a lotta the parts of a track and I know all about a lot of machinery and I bet I can help a lot some day."



WM. COUNTS, Jr.

The Twilight Lady is just betting on you too, William, and you just keep up your interest in machinery and switch points and bad ties and later on, when you really enter the railroad game, you will have learned all these things.

And, there will be millions and millions of new and interesting things for you to learn.

The Twilight Lady hopes you will keep this desire to be a railroader, for if you do, she is quite sure you will continue your intense interest in the Frisco and its properties.

### SEND YOUR BABY PICTURES

Here's an S.O.S. for baby pictures! For months the supply was great and the pictures had to take their turn, but now our baby pictures are few.

Every picture that has come to this office has been printed. Several complaints have reached here, that the picture had not been printed and each case was investigated and it was found that the picture in question had not been received by this office.

In cases of this kind where they are lost in the mails, or incorrectly addressed, we shall be glad to receive a duplicate copy.



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**FRISCO BABIES**

1—Margaret, daughter of H. H. Thomas, Quinton, Ala. 2—Orb, Jr., and Eleanor, children of Orb Stoner, Ft. Scott. 3—Dorothea and Helen, daughters of J. Prugger, Springfield. 4—Billy, son of W. M. Smith, Springfield. 5—Edward Ray, grandson of I. N. Tague, Neosho. 6—Nelson, son of O. E. Hines, St. Louis. 7—Billie, son of Burl Thomas, Monett, Mo. 8—Nadine, daughter of Foreman Jarrett, Springfield. 9—J. D. and Katherine, children of Dewey Keller, Francis, Okla. 10—Paul, son of Chas. Wingblade, Ft. Scott. 11—George, son of J. R. Hoover, Springfield. 12—Betty, daughter of J. R. Hoover, Springfield. 13—Jack, Irez and Billy, children of W. C. Cripp, Springfield. 14—Thelma, daughter of H. Howell, Davidson, Okla. 15—Lester, Willie and Wilena, children of G. B. Wilis, Henryetta.



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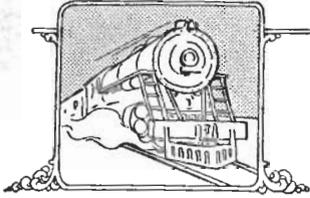
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The  
**FRISCO MECHANIC**  
Published in the Interest of the  
F. A. of M. C. & C. D. Employes



HAS RUN 1,880,000 MILES

**"Jim" Mulhall, Veteran Engineer  
Has High Regard for the  
Frisco Lines**

**"JIM" MULHALL**, veteran engineer, came with the Frisco railroad in 1901, and during his twenty-five years service, estimates that he has run an engine 1,880,000 miles, and has covered over 500,000



"JIM" MULHALL

miles on the passenger run which he now has, Nos. 111 and 112, between Kansas City and Oklahoma City.

Mr. Mulhall is one of those kindly fellows one meets now and then during a lifetime. His face is mellowed with soft lines, and his whole-hearted smile advances a welcome to those with whom he comes in contact.

He was born at Hodgenville, Kentucky, in 1863, and attended school and college at Jessemenia, Kentucky. He began his railroad service on the New York Central in 1872. Some eight months later he went with the L. & N. Railroad, then with the M. K. & T., the Kansas City Southern and the C. R. I. & P.

"After my service with the C. R. I. & P. I decided my 'boomer' days were over," he said, "and I came with the Frisco in 1901. That move was the

*The Death of W. S. Blennerhassett*

**T**HOUSANDS of employes on Frisco Lines were grieved to learn of the death at Springfield, Mo., August 22, of W. S. Blennerhassett, of Monett, Mo., widely-known general chairman of the Frisco Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen. Mr. Blennerhassett died from the results of an accidental gunshot wound which he received while hunting near Springfield on August 3. It was necessary to remove several shot from the groin on August 10, and complications set in, following the operation, which caused his death at 4:50 p. m., Sunday, August 22.

The late general chairman was born at Washburn, Barry County, Mo., May 25, 1868, and christened William Sarsfield. He died at the age of 58 years.

He began railroading on the Frisco at an early age, and in 1897, while a Frisco fireman, he was elected to the position he held at the time of his death. His first term as general chairman was from 1897 to 1901, and in the latter year he resigned to take an engineer's run on the then new division at Chaffee and Cape Girardeau. The last engine Mr. Blennerhassett operated was No. 522 on the southwestern division in 1904. In December, 1907, Blennerhassett was again called to the general chairmanship of the B. of L. F. & E., and at each subsequent election from then until his death, he was unanimously re-elected to head his organization.

Mr. Blennerhassett was known as a "four square" man, fair in his dealings with his men and his com-

pany. As a Frisco fireman, fuel inspector and later road foreman of engines, he was liked and respected by employes and employers alike.

The funeral was held at the First Christian Church of Monett, Wednesday afternoon, August 25. Acting pallbearers, lifelong friends of the deceased, were: L. S. Thompson, T. W. Morey, John Bowler, all of Springfield; F. L. Higgins, of Monett; E. T. White of St. Louis; and Otis Embry, of Sherman, Texas.

Mr. Blennerhassett is survived by his widow, a sister, Mrs. Ben Shelly, and a half-sister, Mrs. Fannie Shelly, of Rogers, Ark.; and a niece, Mrs. T. J. Rose, of Monett.



W. S. BLENNERHASSETT

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run for nine years, making his home in Ft. Scott, Kansas.

S. G. Manlove, road foreman of equipment, says that Mr. Mulhall has a reputation of always bringing his train into the terminal on time, if it is within his power, and that he has had very few engine failures.

"Everybody knows Jim Mulhall for his kind words and acts," Mr. Manlove remarked. "He has no children of his own, but he has been a real 'father' to several nephews and he loves children. I have seen him train many new firemen, and take all the patience in the world with them. His years of experience have made him a fine teacher."

SOME ENGINES

(Submitted by W. D. Scott of Fort Worth, Texas, and clipped from the Locomotive Journal of England, dated May, 1926.)

There are different opinions of the running of engines,  
Some true and—well—some otherwise;  
All opinions don't tally, or seem, somehow, pally,  
And that's where the funny part lies.

Some say they are good 'uns, and others, well, dud 'uns.  
The opinions of some we must guess.  
Here's a tale told today, in a humorous way,  
Of the steeds of the L. M. & S.

Sighing and crying, o'er the roads you go flying,  
Oft you feel you are up in the air;  
Winding and binding, your tender spots finding,  
For, somehow, those engines don't care.

Wheezy and breezy, in winter time freezy,  
In summer nigh roasted alive;  
You're fretting and sweating, then getting a wetting,  
Till you wonder however you thrive.

Slow starting, then darting, with plates almost parting,  
From the dome to the parts underneath;  
Bumpy and thumpy, the driver gets crumpy,  
Whilst the fireman nigh swallows his teeth.

Groaning and moaning, in daylight or gloaming,  
You can't get away from the din;  
The rattle cause cattle to gaze, then skidaddle—  
No wonder folk shout "Salmon-tin!"

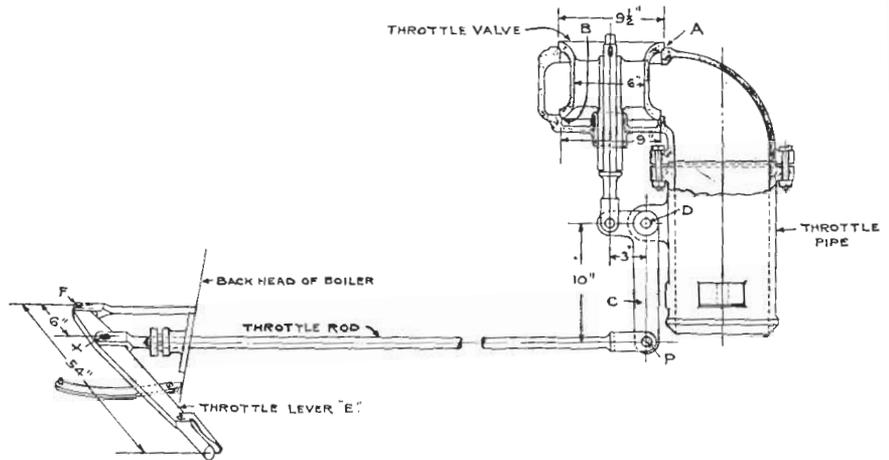
Winter and summer alike to the hummer,  
They will run till they come to a stop;  
In all kinds of weather the parts hold together,  
But the Lord only knows when they'll drop!

Rolling, then strolling, the roads making holes in,  
Like a ship on rough sea—how they dip;  
From the motion a notion you feel of the ocean,  
And you get mal-de-mer every trip.

Dirty, oil squirty, when the wife sees your shirty  
She nags you, and truly she might;  
Till, for recreation, you change your

The Locomotive Throttle Valve

By F. G. LISTER



THE purpose of the locomotive throttle valve is to deliver steam to the dry pipe and thence to the cylinders for the operation of the locomotive. It is usually located in the steam dome of the boiler in order to obtain dry steam. The throttle lever for operating the valve is located on the back head of the boiler convenient for the engineer.

Its operation is through levers of the first and second class. The valve most commonly used is known as the balanced throttle valve and consists of a cast iron spool having two conical seats (one upper and one lower). These fit into two circular openings in the upper part of the throttle pipe. The upper valve is slightly larger in diameter than the lower, and in consequence the unbalanced steam pressure tends to keep the valves closed.

An example from practice will show the operation of the valve and the force required by the engineer to open it. The accompanying diagram will illustrate the throttle rigging under consideration, the boiler pressure being 200 pounds per square inch.

The steam enters the throttle pipe at A and B and flows down to the dry pipe. In the valve illustrated, the upper valve is 9 1/2 inches in diameter and the lower valve 9 inches. It is, therefore, only necessary to balance the difference between the areas of the two. By squaring 9 1/2 inches and multiplying by .7854 we obtain 70.88 square inches for the area of the upper valve. By the same method we obtain 63.62 square inches for the area of the lower valve. As

the valve spool is hollow, having an inside diameter of 6 inches, we should deduct its net area from the top and bottom areas but as it would be the same deduction from both, it is not necessary. The difference between the areas 70.88 inches and 63.62 inches is therefore, 7.26 square inches. This multiplied by 200 pounds will give 1,452 pounds pressure holding the throttle valve closed. A leverage must, therefore, be provided that will overcome this pressure so that a man can open it.

The bell crank lever "C" has a short arm 3 inches and a long arm 10 inches with the fulcrum at "D". This is a lever of the first class, and the fulcrum lies between the power on one end and the weight on the other just the same as if the lever were straight. The throttle lever "E" is of the second class. In a lever of the second class, the weight lies between the power on one end and the fulcrum on the other. Its weight arm is 6 inches and its power arm is 54 inches. Figuring, as before we have 3 x 1,452 which, divided by 10, gives 435.6 pounds as the power which must be delivered at "P." This is, therefore, the pull on the throttle rod, transferred to the throttle lever at "X", 6 inches from the fulcrum "F". We then have 6 x 435.6 divided by 54 inches (length of power arm) which equals 48.4 pounds, the pull an engineer must make on the throttle to open it against 200 pounds of steam. Changing lengths of levers will, of course, give a different pull on the throttle, depending on the pull desired.

vocation,  
And scrub whilst she looks on in  
fright.

She will sit there and grumble, and  
somehow don't tumble  
(Her intellect not being large),  
Till you make her blood boil, when  
you tell her the oil,

Dirt, and grease are all hers, free  
of charge!

Oscillating, pulsating, one's heart pal-  
pitating,  
The toughest has got to confess  
They who work them are pucky, and  
dreadfully mucky,  
For, 'struth, they're a h—l of a mess.