

by being one of the most faithful and efficient reporters we have. Miss Hultsch sends in those breezy, interesting notes from the Telegraph Department each month. In that department, down at Springfield, she is regarded as one of the most valuable employes they have, and her smiling face is well calculated to instill optimism and good cheer in the office where she works.



Miss Mollie Edwards

The Passenger Traffic Department is always certain of excellent representation in the Magazine, for the reporter in that branch of the Frisco Family is one of the most clever and original of the staff. Her name—well you have all seen it at the head of those interesting, chatty bits of news from the eighth floor. May we pre-

Perseverance

By Carl W. Yarborough,
Jonesboro, Ark.

The greatest lesson we have to learn is perseverance; nothing worth while can be accomplished without it; a man will begin a certain task, he labors on while others pass him by without even a casual glance, but when his labor bears fruit and the structure or accomplishment, whatever it may be, becomes a reality, then we exclaim, "Oh, how wonderful, how grand!" The pathway of all successful men is not strewn with roses; indeed, they have their ups and downs, but through it all they persevere. We walk into the office of a railroad president, or the head of any large firm or corporation, we observe the fine furnishings, the large clerical force and we remark, "Mr. President, you have a magnificent office, it must be glorious to hold such an important position with this large company." Then the man who has persevered will reply, "Yes, I have a magnificent office and a large clerical force, but this has meant a journey of forty years. Just forty years ago I started to this office. I started out

sent Miss Mollie Edwards, even better natured and optimistic than this pleasant little likeness shows her to be.



Miss Matilda Hoffman

Of course you read that splendid article printed two or three months since on "Signaling Devices." It was written by Miss Matilda C. Hoffman, reporter for the Signal Department and a member of the staff whose un-failing good nature, when her copy is, through force of circumstances, "cut," or even at times omitted, has won the admiration of the editor. Miss Hoffman writes copiously and well, and her monthly contributions are always entertaining.

on a modest salary; I first held an humble position, but I worked hard and grasped every opportunity and climbed up by degrees. Yes, it has been forty years of hard work, but I have won." We leave the big, busy man who has accomplished so much and begin to reflect back over our past life with its small achievements and realize that we are still small potatoes because we have not persevered.

Brought Home the Bacon

Atlanta, Ga., May 27, 1924.

Dear Mr. Bell:

The West Coast Fruit Company, Clearwater, Fla., handles during a season several thousand cars grape fruit and oranges. Mrs. L. Kline handles traffic for the concern.

For several years we have participated in a very fair share of their Western traffic and the "Song of a Bird" series of jingles seems to have impressed Mrs. Kline with the Frisco's standard of excellence.

This rather unusual appeal for business may be of interest, especially so since it has apparently "brought home the bacon." Sincerely, J. E. Springer.

Signs That Gamblers May Believe In

"Wait! You may lose!"

This is the winner in the American Railway Association contest for a suitable warning at grade crossings.

Motor car drivers who dash across the railroad tracks in defiance of that warning will catalogue themselves as hopeless victims of the gambling instinct. The death rate among poker players at grade crossings should be substantially boosted.

"Wait! You may lose!" shouts the signs to the inveterate gambler.

"You can't bluff me," replies the gambler as he steps on the gas in the path of the express. "I'll call you. What've you got?"

"A pair of engines," says the answer.

"That's all you need," replies the gambler as the crash comes.

Or, if perchance he escapes, you can imagine him calling back, "I knew I had you beat." Once let a motorist with the gambling spirit ignore the new warning and get away with it and he'll be wanting to have all the fast trains in the country sit in on "quiet little games" with him.

The psychology of the thing is all wrong. The only way to stop careless motorists dead in their tracks is with grade crossing signs of this order:

YOU
CAN BEAT THIS TRAIN!
WHY HESITATE?

DON'T STOP!
NOBODY'LL MISS YOU!

TAKE A CHANCE!
REMEMBER YOU CAN
GET HIT BY A TRAIN
ONLY ONCE!

COME AHEAD!
YOU'RE UNIMPORTANT.

TRY OUR ENGINES!
THEY SATISFY.

ONCE ON OUR COWCATCHERS
AND YOU WILL
USE NO OTHERS!

STEP ON THE GAS FIRST!
THIS WILL SAVE YOU
LOOKING FOR THE ENGINE
AFTERWARD!

DON'T
USE YOUR HEAD!
DO YOU WANT TO
LIVE FOREVER?

FORD HASN'T
YET MADE 'EM STRONG ENOUGH
TO HURT
LOCOMOTIVES!

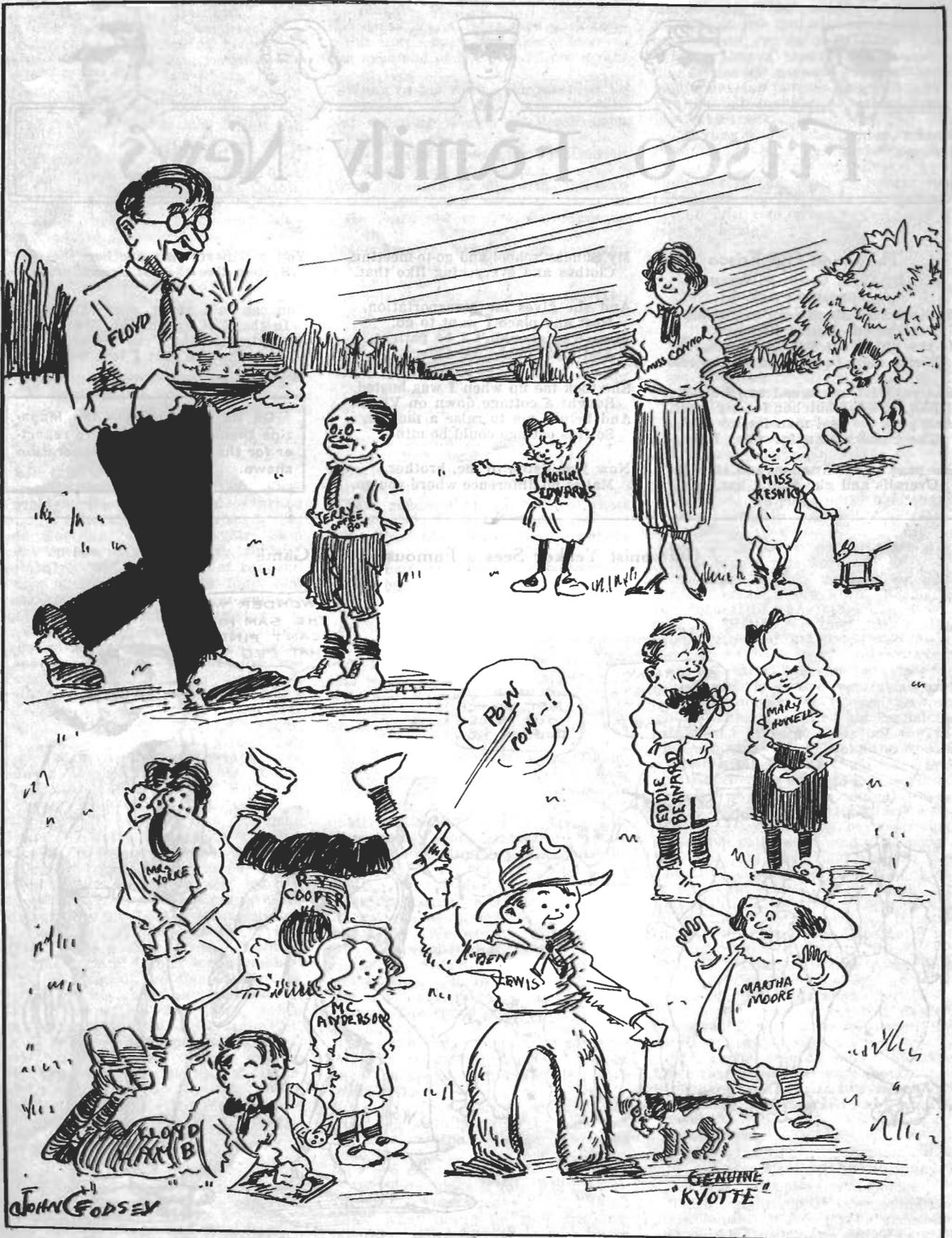
NO PICNICING
ON OUR
COWCATCHERS!

HAVE YOU MADE
THAT WILL?

People love to be reckless if you give them the slightest ground for thinking there is any sporting element in it. The "Stop! Look! Listen!" sign ceased to be of value decades ago. The same sign is in front of too many phonograph and radio stores.

SPRINGFIELD!

Our next issue will feature
Springfield, Mo. Out Sept. 15.



This is John L. Godsey's Impression of the "Staff"



FRISCO FAMILY NEWS

The Good Old Frisco

By C. B. Crow, Fireman,
Jonesboro, Ark.

You can talk about your railroads,
But the one that I like best
Is the grand old Frisco System,
Worth more to me than all the rest.

She pays for my bread and butter,
She pays the butcher for my meat,
And pays the coal man for my fuel,
The grocery man for what I eat.

She pays for all my shoes and stockings,
Overalls and gloves and hat,

My Sunday school and go-to-meeting
Clothes and everything like that.

And she gives me transportation,
Most any place I want to go,
Then why shouldn't I be patient,
And loyal to the old Frisco.

She took me up when I was busted,
Bought a cottage down on Vine,
And helped me to raise a mortgage,
So this cottage could be mine.

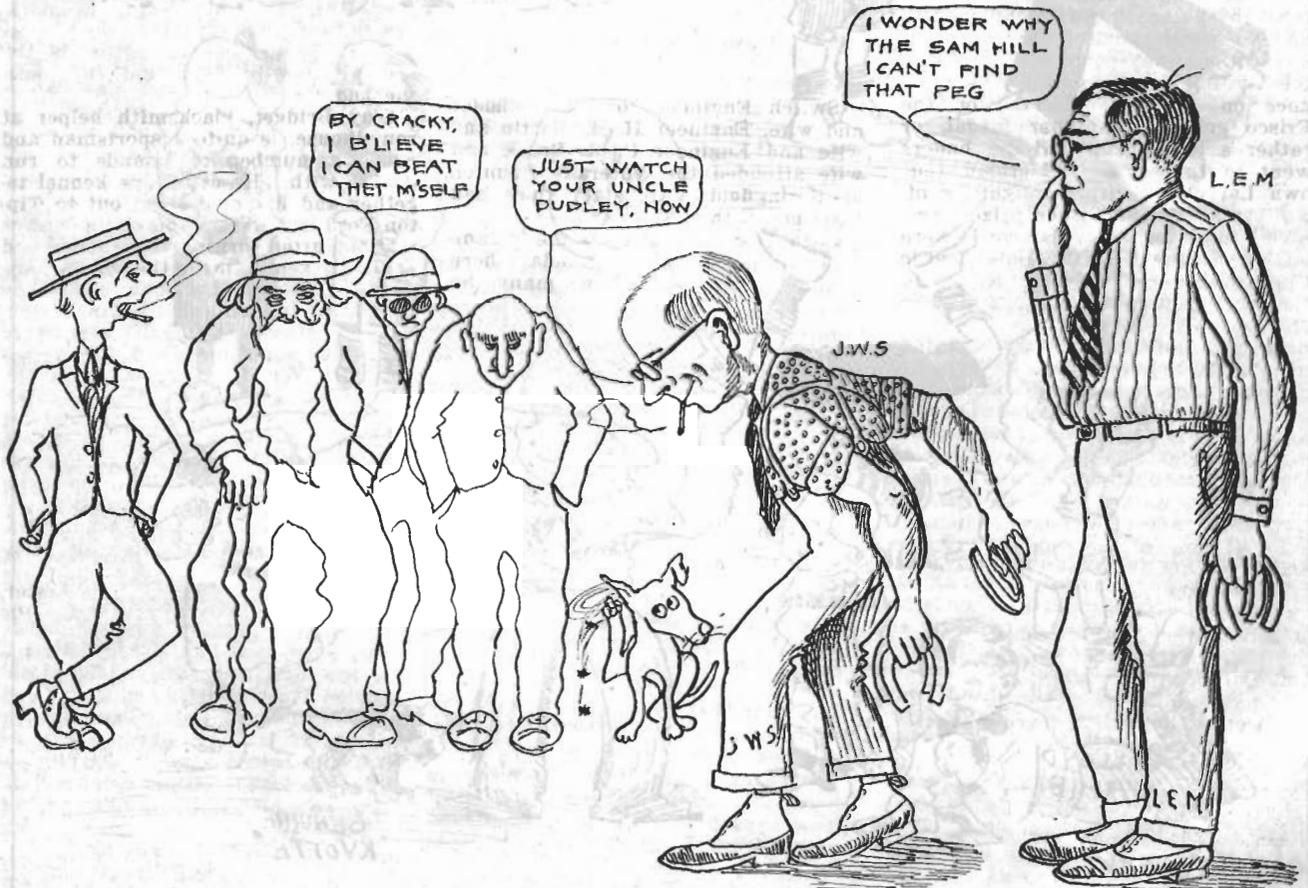
Now just listen to me, brother,
Makes no difference where you go,

You will never find another
System like the old Frisco.

You can talk about your railroads,
In the East and in the West,
Just give me the Frisco System,
She's the one that I love best.

On its first birthday the Magazine thanks each and every reporter for the interest and co-operation shown.

Cartoonist Yeakey Sees a Famous Quois Game



BY CRACKY,
I B' LIEVE
I CAN BEAT
THEY M'SELF

JUST WATCH
YOUR UNCLE
DUDLEY, NOW

I WONDER WHY
THE SAM HILL
I CAN'T FIND
THAT PEG

J.W.S

J.W.S

L.E.M

L.E.M

N. YEAKY

Traffic Department

By Rose Resnick, Reporter

Neil Quinn of office of vice-president traffic is on his vacation—or rather, Neil is on a two weeks' round of golf at Forest Park. Upon leaving the office Saturday, July 19th, he decided that he would rather "follow the pill around" than do anything else, so we arranged to let Neil do that, and upon his return, we may hear something about "Cornelius E. Quinn, the low score medalist." At any rate we know that Neil is going to miss his good old fashioned roll top desk, with which he opens and closes the office each day.

Miss Mabel Hart, one of our able assistants in the stenographic section of the General Freight Office, is on an extended vacation in Southern California. Mabel is due back about July 30th and we are all anxiously awaiting her impressions, particularly of Hollywood.

One of our hard working pay roll clerks, B. L. Vaughn, managed to spend an enjoyable week in and around Wichita and reports a worthwhile trip.

H. F. Sanborn, assistant to Vice-President Koontz, has just returned from a vacation trip to the northwest and Southern California. Mr. Sanborn speaks of a delightful trip and returned with a real coat of tan and renewed vigor. His trip took him through the great northwest country and the wonderland of California.

Vacations may come and vacations may go but you know the golf game goes on forever. Hurrah for the Frisco golfers! Another medal, or rather a loving cup and the honors went to Lawrence C. Hofman (our own Larry), soliciting freight agent, St. Louis. Among other prizes, two loving cups for low golf scores were offered at the big St. Louis Traffic Club outing held at the Kirkwood Country Club, July 22nd, and who should walk off with the handicap prize but demur Lawrence C. Hofman of the Frisco Railroad. Congratulations, Larry—some of us didn't even know you played golf but we know better now. Our only regret is that Freight Traffic Manager Butler was out of town or the Frisco would have walked off with both of the cups. "And I don't mean mebbe."

F. W. Rose of the General Freight Office left his abode as "Possessor of the Archives" on July 23rd, for a two weeks' vacation in Chicago. Mr. Rose is a very faithful son and is on one of his annual pilgrimages to Chicago for a real visit with his mother. Incidentally, the Municipal Opera has lost a follower. If there ever was a light opera fan, Mr. F. W. Rose is "it."

ONLY A LINEMAN

He is only a lineman, the people say,
As they pass him by or give him
the way.

For his tools with their rattle and
bang,

Strike many ears with unpleasant

clang.

His dress is not tidy; face dark tan;
But note—he walks like a man
Not ashamed of his friends, not afraid
of foes

When to his work each morning he
goes.

Not dreading danger of death each
hour,

His trust and hope is the "Unseen
Power"—

Gives strength to his arm, light to
his eye;

He fears not to live, fears not to
die.

A scene on the street a few days ago
With "Only a lineman" in death
laid low.

His pals stood by, their tears fell fast,
Not a word was spoken till he
breathed his last.

They said of their comrade lying
dead at their feet—

"He was only a lineman, ever tidy
and neat,

But his heart was as big as the
world," they said;

"We'll defend his good name now
that he's dead."

And the brotherly love of the gang
that day

Was renewed by the side of their
comrade in clay,

Who loved his friends, feared not his
foes

And had a big heart for humanity's
woes.

Lawton, Oklahoma

By J. L. Shrader

Switch Engineer John R. Geissler and wife, Engineer H. H. Martin and wife and Engineer C. R. Brock and wife attended the Veterans Reunion at Springfield. All state they had the time of their lives.

Conductor Sherrill, from the "Shamrock Limited," spent Sunday here fishing. Didn't say how many he caught, but ask Hank about it.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Black and son, from Altus, spent Sunday here, and to get his car which has been on the rip track.

Miss Ava Geissler, the roadmaster's clerk, is taking her vacation. She states she is going to quit work sometime. We wonder why.

We all wondered what could be the cause of the smile on the face of our ticket clerk. On investigating, found she had purchased a new Dodge coupe. The speed cops are watching her already.

Miss Gertrude Geissler, stenographer from the Oklahoma City freight office, is spending her vacation with home folks.

Mr. Fox, our warehouseman clerk, has been awfully quiet the past two or three months. Wonder what has gone wrong. Oh, yes, cheer up, Foxie, they are coming back.

Ask Slat's Jones if rain will hurt an automobile if you leave it out. Don't know what brand he was drinking, but think it would make a man climb a tall tree.

Oh, where is the man that invented

the song: "Tain't goin' to rain any more." If you find him send him out on the west end for a vacation.

Have always heard it said that a blonde headed woman would make a soldier lay his musket down. But ask Gray about making a freight train jump the track.

Am sure you will be tickled to hear from us out here on the bollies, but nevertheless if any one of you ever come out in this country I want you to call me up. My phone number is: "eight one two green," and now I stay at home.

Joplin News

Number one was a Cannon Ball,
Number two the best of all;
Number eight was a local freight,
Stick your head out the window,
Watch the box cars shake.

Whoa, back up here; I plumb forgot what I started to say, but, anyhow, I can't say it now because Spark Plug or "Pop" one has the "heebe jeebies," and I would hate to have to guess which one, as "Pop" would deny it and poor Sparky can't defend himself.

Mr. J. Wilson, car inspector, paid the hospital in St. Louis a visit last week and advises the place is the best there is and certainly received fine treatment.

Mr. W. B. Berry, master mechanic, paid us a visit this week.

D. D. Junkin, local car repairer, purchased himself a new Ford. Seems to run natural like any other car.

R. S. Watts, car inspector, is the proud father of 9½-pound boy, born the 2nd.

Clay Bridget, blacksmith helper at roundhouse, is quite a sportsman and keeps a number of hounds to run wolves with. He called his kennel together and flivvered them out to Tipton Ford last week to make the wolves scatter; after turning them loose and advising them to make the wolves hard to catch, it was not long until they struck a hot trail and the music commenced. Clay said, "Oh, boy, they sure have them going now," and sure enough they did, but the dogs were in the lead and coming for camp at high speed. That settled the wolf hunt for that night. After taking them back a second time, they even refused to leave the fivver. Some dogs have got a lot of sense at that, ain't they, Clay?

Mr. R. W. Outland, car foreman, wife and daughter, Helen Louise, are visiting in Memphis this week.

M. J. Gray, car inspector at Baxter, is suffering with a broken arm, the result of arguing with a Ford.

"Ain't goin' rain no more." Say, the feller that wrote that song should have lived here for the past two weeks and he would have changed that song a little.

Good night.

Tulsa Freight Station

Edith B. Applegate, Reporter.

Tulsa freight station is enjoying her clean house. We feel very necessary and prosperous since we are all painted and varnished and scrubbed up; we are entertaining every day now; some one's

handbag is always sitting in our office. This past week we had an agent's meeting here with Mr. J. W. Gantz, St. Louis; Mr. B. J. Gleason, Kansas City; Mr. S. L. Oliver, Memphis, and Mr. W. C. Smith of Springfield, Mo., present. They spent a very pleasant and profitable day. The morning was devoted to inspection of warehouse and terminal and the early afternoon to a conference of the committee, after which these visitors were taken for an automobile trip over our city with Messrs. Snyder, James, McGuire and Bittner as hosts. Ask them about Tulsa. We need no boosters; our visitors do the boosting for us.

Edith B. Applegate spent two days in Oklahoma City last week, where she with several other delegates represented the P. E. O. chapters of Tulsa, of which there are three.

F. X. Adams visited us this week in the interest of his work in the claim department.

H. F. Allen was called to Thayer last week by the serious illness of his mother, who is reported as improving.

B. A. Hamilton and the Mrs. have been entertaining Mr. John Boss and Miss Clara Boss of Cape Girardeau, Mo., for a few days, aunt and uncle of Mrs. Hamilton.

R. J. Lewis and Harry Johnson made us a two-day visit recently in the interest of demurrage.

Stores Department, Sherman

Mrs. Iva Sewell

We sure are ignorant this month. Nothing has happened, nobody has been anywhere. Oh! yes, K. P. Guin, he has been sick. No girls working here, but me, to have their hair bobbed, and mine is already bobbed. Not anybody to get married, as most all of us are already tied up. News is just simply scarce. So what am I to do?

There seems to be some attractions at Fort Smith for the employes of the Stores Department, as two of the men have made trips there this summer already. J. J. Fortner, store-room man, visited there a little while back and then A. Machlinski, bolt house man, spent all of last week there.

Anyone who wants to know a good remedy for falling hair please get in touch with Hobart Glascock, he has found a remedy. He wears his hat all the time as a result.

We were honored with a visit by one of our employes, Mrs. True W. Adams of Bonham, Texas, and she wasn't by herself either, as she brought her twin son and daughter with her. She will be remembered as Miss Ethel B. Davis.

Among the new things bought are: A new pair of summer trousers by C. V. Montgomery; a new Star automobile by Hobart Glascock and a Ford sedan by L. McMillan.

Think Jimmie Honaker is going somewhere as he spent about two or three hours with his head in the

guide today. He remarked that he would have to ride three trains to go twenty miles. Wonder where he is going?

The rest are still here but have not done anything worth mentioning. Will try hard to get our names in the magazine in the next report.

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Mrs. McGowen, secretary to O. R. Carson, superintendent of terminals at Birmingham, Ala., recently secured some passengers for the Frisco Lines for the through car line to California. Her splendid work has been recognized by the passenger traffic department in a personal letter from Mr. J. N. Cornatzar, passenger traffic manager.

Transportation Department, Kansas City, Mo.

A. W. Meyer, Reporter

Store department take notice! Better watch out for your engine compound because Switchmen R. D. Perkins and A. C. Lawhon noted a piece in the roundhouse a day or two ago, and Perkins argued it was chocolate, and Lawhon claimed it was fire brick. Be careful boys; be careful!

A good many of the clerks at Kansas City received a case of eggs April 1st.

Slim Engberg has a new plaything now. It is a snake made of wood.

Radio Bug, B. H. B., is going to build a new house. B. H. Benison is chief clerk to the General Yardmaster at Kansas City.

Our third trick chief yard clerk, Mr. Crumrine, formerly of Monett, Mo., and Miss Josephine Russell were married March 22nd. Monett papers please copy.

Yard Clerk J. W. Ryan had a black eye the other day and he claims his pencil slipped and hit him in the eye.

Broadcasting Girls of Fort Worth

By W. E. Meek

We have some clerks who are not boys,

But girls who long ago destroyed their toys.

They work in harmony with all

To help departments in a stall.

Of course our stenos they are few,

And work so fast we need just two.

One tall, one short, they make a pair,
For Mutt and Jeff, now they are fair.

We have comptometers, you know,
Who sit and toil all in a row.

They number one, two, three and four,
We sometimes wish there were some more.

Our typist clerk performs with skill
As she records each foreign way-bill.

A few, of course, are now away,

We'll mention them some other day.

We've others, too, as good as any,
That makes enough and not too many.

One Man Received the Credit But Another Man Wrote It

In the last issue of the Frisco Employes' Magazine, through some unaccountable error, the article on "Inspection of Trains an Aid to Fuel Saving," which was credited to Mr. E. E. Bell, should have been credited to Mr. J. R. Lynn, transportation inspector, Springfield.

It is not always easy to tell just how such errors are made, but they will creep into type now and then, and a magazine or newspaper has the disadvantage of having its errors stand forth in cold, clear type that all may read. Mr. Lynn wrote an excellent article. Mr. E. E. Bell also writes excellent articles. When the compositor "made up," the names were switched. That is the way it happened. But Lynn wrote the article and it was a mighty good one, too. Our apologies to Mr. Lynn.

Transportation Department Springfield, Mo.

H. C. Holmes, Reporter

Blanche Evans and Irene Schaller, with W. E. Gray and Clarence Wilks, motored to Branson on a recent Sunday, where they enjoyed a hamburger dinner.

Vivian Dantelson and William H. Schaller were married May 31st at the home of the Rev. Leake. Their honeymoon included the Shrine Pilgrimage to Kansas City, thence Chicago and St. Louis, and they are now at home, 814 Pacific St., Springfield, Mo. Mrs. Schaller, prior to her marriage, was a record clerk in this department. The happy couple have the sincere good wishes of the department.

F. H. Masters is on a vacation as this goes to press.

Freda House is making an extended visit to California.

C. H. Huss, general embargo clerk, is spending his vacation with relatives at Lansing, Mich.

The entire department tenders to L. R. Hoff, chief clerk, its sincere sympathy in the loss of his sister, who died suddenly at Sedalia, Mo.

R. L. Patrick has returned from a trip through the west.

Miss Freda House has returned from an extended trip through the west. While in Los Angeles, California she was the house guest of Mrs. Helen Bucher Hudson formerly a record clerk in this office.

Jacqueline Tisdale and Eva Westerberger are making a trip through the west and will spend some time in Yellowstone Park.

Miss Helen Dryden has returned from Detroit where she visited her sister, Mrs. Madge Dryden West, formerly file clerk in this department.