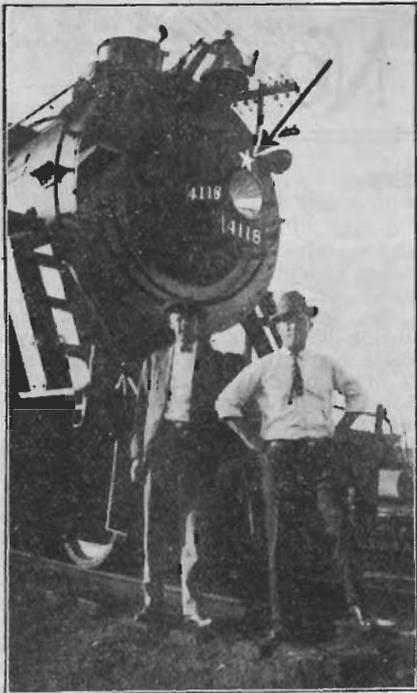


THE GOLD AND SILVER STARS OF FUEL SAVING SERVICE

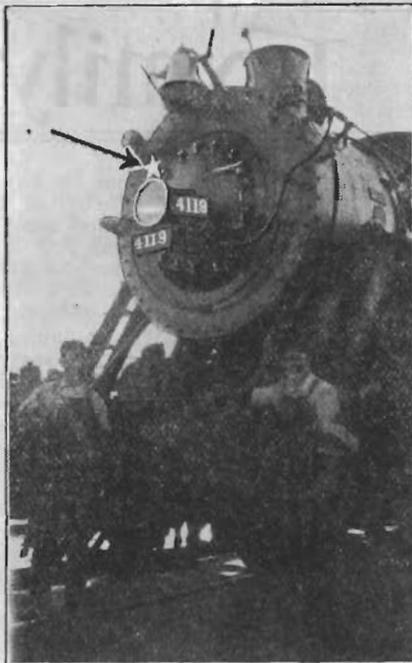


Here are the emblems of service, of a service rather better than usual, in fact, for these gold and silver stars represent fuel saving of extraordinary record.

Engine 4,118 is carrying, just above the headlight, a gold star for having made, in September, the best performance in fuel saving for through freight service on the Cherokee Sub-division of the Southwestern Division.

Engine 4,119 is carrying a silver star for having made the second best performance.

Crews in charge were: Engine 4,118, Engineer J. A. Beatty, Fireman R. B. Roy. Engine 4,119, Engineer D. R. Beeler, Fireman H. W. Musick.



The performance for all engines in this class of service was 119 pounds of coal per 1,000 gross ton miles, or 9.99 gallons of oil per 1,000 gross ton miles. The average weight of trains, all engines being of the 4,100 class, was 1,860 tons.

The performance of Engineer Beatty and Fireman Roy was 107 pounds per 1,000 gross ton miles, or 8.97 gallons of oil per same distance, with an average weight of train amounting to 1,981 tons.

The performance of the runners up was 109 pounds of coal, or 9.14 gallons of oil per 1,000 gross ton miles, with an average train weight of 1,932 tons.

Galloway and Yehle Make Good Record

By L. E. ELLIOTT, Water Engineer

In my article on water treatment, in the August issue of the Frisco Magazine, reference was made to the very bad water condition between Neodesha and Wichita. The most discussed questions among enginemen in bad water territory is boiler washing and waste of coal at the blow off cock. Engineers Galloway and Yehle, running between Neodesha and Wichita, of their own accord, ran their engines from one monthly inspection to another without a washout or water change. The following information

indicates the success of their experiment, and further that frequent boiler washing is not an absolute necessity:

Engine number 1,271, Engineer Galloway, September 1st to October 1st; days operated, 24; locomotive miles, 2,713; 1,000 gross ton miles, 3,683; tons of coal consumed, 272; pounds of coal burned per 1,000 G. T. M., 148; washouts, 0; water changes, 0.

Engine number 1,272, Engineer Yehle, August 11th to September 18th; days operated, 26; locomotive miles, 2,651; 1,000 gross ton miles, 3,323;

tons of coal consumed, 253; pounds of coal burned per 1,000 G. T. M., 153; washouts, 0; water changes, 0.

Average fuel consumption through freight:

Lbs. Per G. T. M.

Wichita Sub, September.....151
Northern Div. Standard, August....167
Northern Div. Standard, Sept.....167

It can be seen that sufficient use of the blow off cock and proper use of anti-foam compound where needed will make for successful and economical operation. It will be noted that engine 1,271 was slightly under the average of all engines on the Wichita Sub, and engine 1,272 was only slightly over the average.

Messrs. Galloway and Yehle and their firemen are to be congratulated on these performances. They have proved that heavily treated water can be successfully handled without undue waste of fuel. As far as is known, in this office their record has only been equalled twice and in both cases on divisions where the treatment is lighter than between Wichita and Augusta.

A Letter Which Is Deeply Appreciated by Us

From Miss Adelaide Kurn, West Branch, Mich., sister of President J. M. Kurn of the Frisco Lines, the following letter was received, and the editor of the magazine expresses his deepest appreciation, sincerely and gratefully.

Miss Kurn says:

"Dear Mr. Bell:

Your photograph in the September issue of your magazine may have made it easier for me to try to gain admittance to your sanctum and stop long enough to extend my good wishes.

You see I have a very direct interest in the birth of the infant one year ago, named 'The Frisco Employees' Magazine,' and have watched for each issue, reading line for line the several articles submitted, and with commercial pleasure the advertisements therein. If, in the years to come, the diet is correspondingly increased, the rompers to which you refer in your editorial, will become fond memories of the past and the fear you now have of the child 'crossing the street by its lone,' will be easy strides for the young giant.

Please accept my sincere congratulations on your rapid and tangible growth, and I trust you and those interested will experience the same co-operative loyalty for many years to come.

Sincerely,
Adelaide Kurn."

Natural Economy

Englishman (at street accident in Aberdeen)—"Give him some air!"

Suspicious Native—"Give him some versel, mon!"



Frisco Family News



Ben McCoy, Son of Millwright, Built Real Racing Car, and Boys, It Is a Speedster

The accompanying photograph shows Ben McCoy, age 12, son of H. G. McCoy, millwright with the Frisco Lines at Birmingham, and his older brother, Jay. Both are mechanics of real ability, and the car in which Ben is seated was his own invention. Using a motorcycle motor the racer was built, and it is the envy of every other young person in town. Most any time of day Ben can be seen driving the car, and usually he has hitched on behind a string of tiny express wagons, hauling the neighborhood children about the streets.

Eddie Bets His Shoes on World "Serious"—Now He's Wearing Carpet Slippers

By Eddie Bernard

SAY, fans, I don't know much about this here world serious they play every year back East, so I've decided to give you the right dope. Some of you birds may think a world serious is an easy thing to dope but I'm here to tell you that it ain't so easy as she looks, take for instance that year it took a lot of pillows and some money to dope it the right way. Now who ever would have thought that anyone would put money under pillows in Cincinnati? You wouldn't a thought those fellows would awoke up in time to find out what it was all about.

A friend of mine had some jack he wanted to lose. He is a great gambler, this here friend of mine. Bets every

time there is a world serious on, anything from a time table to a button. I never bet on anything, because someone told me long ago that my I. O. U. was no good. But I got busy for my friend when he asked me to dope the serious and looked into the matter.

Of course I began at the beginning, I often do. And that made it necessary to find who slept the night before and who used pillows. Of course the papers published a lot of foolishness about the Giants trying to bribe the Phillies into throwing some games. But the way my dope shows it, they really bribed the Phillies to try and play ball, but the Phillies' manager said his team hadn't played all season and he'd be durned if he was going to have them start trying in September.

I talked first to the Senators and then to the Giants, and found out each of 'em had everything fixed who was to win their respectful pennants, but hadn't yet got together on who was to win the serious. When I got to talking to some of the big guns, like High Landis, Bun Johnson, and the rest, I told 'em straight out just what they ought to do. I says, "Bun, do you know what you oughta do to get all the sucker's jack. You take my advice and you'll be rolling in jack the rest of the year."

Bun just sits there and says, "Go ahead, Eddie, orders is orders."

Then I tells him what to do. I says, "You do this and you'll double cross all of 'em. The day before the world serious you announce that after looking over the bunch you have decided to give the pennant to the Chicago White Sox, and the Philadelphia Nationals or the Boston Braves. They won't be no suspicion attached to any of them teams for none of them players would know how to throw a ball game, and the public will know it's an honest serious and may the worst team, if any, lose."

"And," I continues, "my idea is to have one team win the first day and the other team win the next day and so right through to the end, and each day I'll be running press agent stuff to bring in the suckers and all they has to do is to bring their kale up to the gates and we'll divide it, ninety and fifty."

Bun thinks that is a great idea but says, "This here guy Landis is going to throw a monkey wrench in the works, because I have it on good authority that he was seen eating a hot dog sandwich the other day with John McGraw, and the next day he was munching peanuts with Clark

Griffith. Now what you going to do with a guy like that?"

I says, "I've thought that out, Bun, and my idea is to have Landis git the ticket speculating concession at both parks and we'll split with him."

So after talking a few minutes more during which Bun says, "Eddie, you gotta a great head, why don't you use it more often?" I goes over to my hotel and tells my friend to bet his last nickel according to the schedule I got doped out. Well, he plunged and all his friends plunged and you know the rest.

You know how Bun and Landis crossed me, and let Washington and New York play the serious out, and how Cozy Dolan set in the corner of the grandstand and flashed the plays of both teams to the gamblers outside, and how the gamblers passed the word to the bat boy to switch bats on the players. Take for instance this here guy Goslin. Now my dope was for him to strike out with three men on bases. But what does this here bat boy do but substitoot Babe Ruth's bat while no one is looking, all of the crowd being occupied with watching a aviator flying over the park. And you know what happened. Washington scored three runs and Clark Griffith cried his eyes out that night thinking how he had beat his old pal, John McGraw.

Well, after the seventh game I sneaks out the back entrance, and yesterday I gets a wire from my wife telling me to keep on going and not to stop this side of anywhere.

So I've started working out a new plan for next year, and if my shoes hold out for another 69 miles, I'll be in Canada by that time, and from there will give you the right dope on the next serious.

Monkey Business

By L. A. Mack

This here Dr. Crookshank, one of our foremost members of Royal College of Physicians, comes along not so long ago and goes Darwin one better. He advances, after a long premeditation, a right new theory on Monkey business, and even goes so far as to insult the poor critters when they can't help themselves, and divides this here human race into three classes of monkeys.

He comes back at us naturally supposed to be maby-intelligent race if possible, with the idea that all us white folks sprang from this here

class of monkeys called Chimpanzees. Don't know whether I ever met one of my kin or not, but being as I have seen everything, including pink elephants, guess that I have. Guess that I'll have to ask Ben Lewis whether to feel complimented or not.

The next bright and shiny idea that this here Dr. got was that the negro race came from gorillas. After much thought he decided that being as he had a kind heart and didn't want to hurt anybody's feelings and as this was a lot of monkey business, he decided that all Chinese fellers came from these here Orang-Outangs. How's that for separating us out and not slighting anybody.

Ain't got any possible idea of how this here railroad is worked by so many monkeys and nobody gets hurt in the mixup. Think of all us Chimpanzees going to work with Gorillas and every Monday sending our washing out to be washed by one or another of these here Orang-Outangs.

Sure, and we Irish ought to feel most complimented. He states that the Chimpanzee looks more like us than any other section of the white race, only difference he finds is that the Chimpanzee has a tendency to throw cocoanuts instead of bricks when mad. According to this here Dr. Crookshank, all these tailors ought to be careful how they sit as these here Orang-Outangs sit with their legs crossed in front of them, and that there's going to put these white tailors down in the wrong class of monkeys, and we sure ought not to get into the wrong pew at this here church.

But that this here Dr. is going to bring up the theory that some of these monkeys had hair growing only half way between their knees and ankles so they could be like these here present day flappers, and that they held spring and summer style shows in cocoanut grove on palm board walk.

Well, here goes for my last cocoanut, guess that we men will have to side in with this here Dr. in one respect, as it took him and Mr. Darwin ten thousand years to make a man out of a monkey, but it don't take but ten minutes for one of these here bobbed hair flappers to make a monkey out of a man.

Well, I'll have to close for this time as the boss says that he ain't going to stand for any more monkey business in the office, so farewell until the winter style show in cocoanut grove on monkey island.

Southwestern Division

News Items

R. W. Harper and L. A. Mack,
Reporters

J. A. Rankin, traveling fireman on this division, paid a visit to his mother in Ft. Smith the 10th, 11th and 12th of this month.

Our General Foreman Talevich says he is going to make a better showing in saving oil than he has on turning tires. We are for you strong, Tom, and the Frisco needs a lot more like you.

Afton, Oklahoma, seems to be the

ideal spot on the Southwestern Division. Mr. Myers, master mechanic, sends every new foreman that he hires to Afton with instructions to look the place over carefully and go back to his own shop and make it look just like Afton, and it will be 100 per cent. Be careful, Henry, don't get the big head. The roundhouse clerk at Afton has gotten next to this and has his office looking like a parlor. Wonder if Mr. Guinney will send his new clerks to Afton, following the example of Mr. Myers.

W. W. Lilley, general car foreman, was very much peeved the other day when Mr. Moore took his best car inspector from him. Don't worry, Bill, go ahead and make more good men and keep up the record of the Southwestern Division.

Mr. Talevich has had several visitors from some of the largest railroads in the country, at Sapulpa, looking over his new tire turning device.

On your next trip to Tulsa do not fail to go to the roundhouse and see one of the best looking boiler rooms on the Frisco. If you can't go, ask Mr. Stephens out of Mr. Kurn's office.

Hereafter the engineers on the Cherokee Subdivision, making the best fuel record, will have the honor of wearing a star on their engine for a month. The engineer taking first place will wear a gold star on his engine the following month, the engineer taking second place a silver star, and third place a blue star.

In September, Engineer Beaty and Fireman Roy took first place with a performance of 107 pounds per 1,000 gross ton miles. Second place was taken by Engineer Beeler and Fireman Music, with a performance of 109 pounds per 1,000 gross ton miles. Engineer Hicks and Fireman Cobbs took third place with a performance of 112 pounds per 1,000 gross ton miles.

Our fuel performance clerk won't have to bother the division storekeeper any longer. He has permission now to put an extension on the car foreman's phone.

Co-operation, not competition is the life of business.

Show me a man that makes no mistakes, and I'll show you a man that doesn't do things.—Roosevelt.

WARNING—Never come near the master mechanic's office at Sapulpa when an engine failure is reported on the Southwestern Division 87 report.

The roundhouse and car foreman's offices at West Tulsa have been consolidated. No one complained with the exception of one and it is a habit with her.

We had another case this month which showed the value of carrying a policy in the group plan of Metropolitan insurance. John Calahan (colored), sand dryer at Sapulpa, died of heart trouble. The report left the master mechanic's office on the night of the 9th. The morning of the 18th we received a \$1,000 draft in favor of Mrs. Calahan. No employe can afford to be without this insurance. During the recent Metropolitan campaign there were about 275 more employes subscribed for this insurance on the

Southwestern Division.

The Frisco Metal Crafts and Car Department Employes gave a smoker Thursday evening, October 16th, at 8:00 p. m. There were present at this smoker about one hundred of the employes and supervision at this point. Music was furnished for the entertainment by the high school orchestra and was appreciated by all very much.

B. P. Myers, master mechanic, gave a very interesting talk and told how well pleased the management was with the conditions existing at the present time on the Frisco Lines. T. J. Talevich, general foreman at Sapulpa, gave a very good talk in which he outlined the program for the coming year and the bettering at all times of shop conditions on the Frisco. In fact Mr. Talevich seems to carry the motto, "don't let well enough alone, try to make it better."

J. W. Baker, car foreman, outlined the program for the Car Department for the coming year, and explained just how much good the vocational training that is being given to Car Department employes at the present time is doing.

Mrs. N. H. Hicks and Ted Wilmot entertained the guests with songs, which were appreciated by all present. Short talks were given by Foreman G. C. Street, Division Chairman Victor Mounger, H. P. Chase and other members present. Summed up in all it was a get-together meeting in which all present feel that they enjoyed a world of good towards their work, as well as entertainment.

Local Freight Office Kansas City

Ruby A. Monroe, Reporter

Frank Fenner's small daughter, Mildred, has an eye on the railroad business, and we think she is going to follow in her daddy's footsteps. While returning from Smith Center, Kan., September 29th, Mildred spied a clear space out by a water tank. "Oh, look daddy, wouldn't there be a nice place to park a train?"

Ethel Martin, secretary to the agent, spent a quiet vacation at home, from the 22nd to the 27th of September. Inasmuch as Ethel and her mother are regular pals, the vacation was beneficial to both of them.

Clay DeGraw is away from the office on sick leave, and we're hoping that he'll be able to return soon, however, his sick leave extends to November 17th.

Fanchon Johnson was called home the evening of the 9th of October because of an accident in the family. Her mother fell from the back porch to the concrete walk. Her glasses broke and the shattered glass cut her face severely and she suffered severe bruises. Fanchon, however, reports that she is recovering nicely.

W. H. Tarp didn't spend all of his time in the Y. M. C. A. while he was on his vacation, October 8th and the two days following. He looked up some old time railroaders on the B. & O. while there, and reports a splen-

did trip and a number of good baseball and football games.

Melvin C. Anderson, revising department, has a new job. John Melvin Anderson, eight pounds, arrived Oct. 9th. The youngster has shown rare judgment in picking out mighty fine parents, and our heartiest congratulations are theirs. Mel says they had to make him a bed in the bath tub because they didn't know where to put him. Being a dad is new work to Mel, but he seems to be getting along splendidly on such a teeny bit of sleep every night.

Frank Welch returned from his vacation trip October 9th. Frank visited so many places that we hesitate to write all of them again, and he enjoyed it immensely.

Rich O'Connor fills the ink well for Walter Wimsatt every morning, and W. W. Doesn't like so much ink so he does away with most of the ink down to about five drops. Rich forgets the next morning and the same program. Rich is studying on the proposition of a reserve tank that feeds about three drops of ink a day. More particulars later.

Herm Wilson is back with us just a little thinner for all the publicity attendant upon his marriage. Herm says he wouldn't make a good president because he's so shy of the crowds.

Marie McGirr almost went out to the Ford Assembly Plant about the first of October. She almost did—but she didn't. They offered her an attractive salary, but, everything else considered, the salary was worth it. Which only goes to prove that the Ford, even if it does pretend to be the standard medium of transportation, doesn't make all of the grades.

Western Division

Transportation Department

Our Slogan—Boost or Blow

A. L. Kinkade and Elma Williams,
Reporters

W. H. Bevans, our superintendent, is enjoying a much deserved vacation in the Ozarks; we're just wondering how the fish are biting at Lake Taney-como.

Following ad recently noticed in a Blackwell paper: "Wanted to trade for Retta property, eight room house with bath on street car line." Looks like the bath was just a little too handy.

The handling given the Ringling Bros. & Barnum & Bailey combined shows on the Western Division was very fine indeed, and all the credit goes to the train and enginemen. The shows were handled from West Tulsa to Enid and then, after showing at this point, moved from Enid to Clinton. The show management seemingly very much pleased with the service given.

"I" Apple Pie

Take one "I" out of bed about six o'clock in the morning, add a happy good morning for each person met, devour the light bread with same pep you would hot biscuits. After shaking well and basing with a good understanding, place "I" in day's harness.

Pinch every so often to make sure temper is kept cool and disposition smiling. When energy begins to wane strike "I" with a cruel phrase, and if can take remark cheerfully as when placed in A. M., then jab "I's" work and if no defects or shortnesses, turn out for play and frost with a "Thanks for today and hopes of a better tomorrow." Allow all who will to follow.

Our Alice J. is seeing the east; hope she will be in a position to give us some first hand stuff on politics and the Prince of Wales.

Messrs. Kurn, Hamilton, Hutchison and Sisson have all recently visited us at Enid.

The "honks" are real hosts at a weiner roast, San Frans declare. You would never guess they were women haters the way they build fires and roast weiners.

Blanche Hicks, our maintenance timekeeper, is spending her vacation at her home near Graydon Springs, Missouri.

Helen: "Wonder why autumn leaves are of such brilliant colors?"

Vic: "Probably blushing because they have been so green all summer." One of our assistant superintendents spent his vacation in Canada, but no excuses would be accepted, the Mrs. went along.

Grace—"Why look so despondent?"
Ada—"I'm just thinking."

Certain members of the Frisco office force have for some little time now been looking expectantly towards the heavens, and any time there were any clouds in sight, even though very small, immediately there would be considerable duck hunting indulged in. The reason for all this is that it is rumored there has been a certain acreage set aside for a duck pond and everything is ok except there is no water in the pond. Will give you results of the duck season later—after it rains.

Lady (at ticket window)—"What do you charge for children?"

Ticket clerk—"Over five, half fare."
Lady—"I only have three."

Harry Hughes, famous agent, ticket man, telegrapher, baggageman, fireman, custodian of mails, wise guy in the information line, signal light man, and general employe of the Cotton Belt Railway at Fordyce, Ark., has resigned. His resignation was received at the General Office of the company. It is one of the most unique resignations ever presented to a railroad official. The poem letter reads as follows:

"Mr. C. J. Lake,
Chief Dispatcher,
St. L. & S. W. Ry. Co.,
Pine Bluff, Ark.

"Dear Sir:

"Oh genial chief dispatcher,
Kindly listen now to me,
Spare me please one minute,
Till I make my little plea.

"Please send us here one sailor,
To fix our signal light
When the prairie wind gets howling
And puts it out at night.

"For the information bureau,
Please send us one bright clerk,
Who won't succumb to woman's wiles.
And who's not afraid of work.

"And send us three mail carriers,
Three able bodied men,
Who can drag the mail cart up the
hill
And get back down again.

"And send us one strong fireman,
To keep the depot warm,
And to shovel off the platform
After a hard snow storm.

"And don't forget a messenger,
And a ticket agent, too,
Who knows the country east and west,
From Florida to the Soo.

"And send us one strong baggageman,
To handle trucks and such,
If he don't weigh three hundred
pounds,
He'll not amount to much.

"Send us a dozen mouse traps,
And eight storm windows, too,
And a part of a man to telegraph
In my place for I'm through.

"Oh, please sir, give me my time,
And a pass to Omaha,
So I can go back home again,
I'm going back to Ma.

"No more will I flip the tissues,
Nor pound an old Morse key,
My cup of trouble has overflowed,
It's home sweet home for me.

"I'm going to eat home grub again,
To drive away the blues,
To this paper now I'll sign my name,
It's Harry Haverwood Hughes."
The above poem was found in the
office at Arkansas City, Kansas.

Purchasing Department

R. B. McBride, Reporter

L. L. White and family spent a very enjoyable vacation visiting in Grand Haven, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Nettleship and daughter Margaret spent their vacation at Mackinac Island.

Gabe Gorman, our steno on the tracer desk, has taken up golf and spent her vacation in Forest Park chasing golf balls.

Arthur Hihn, who has been our office boy for the past year, has accepted a new position in the Passenger Traffic Department. Everyone wishes Arthur the best of luck in his new work.

George Thomas, our new office boy, seems to be getting along fine with the work, but says he is hoping that the office force does not get the habit of saying "Let George do it."

Kathryn Hughes decided she would rather have a new car than take a trip this summer. She has bought a new Chevrolet sedan, and from all reports must certainly have it dolled up with extra equipment. She says it does not jump as far now, so from that remark we take it she must be learning more about driving.

Henry Compton spent a week visit-

ing his parents and relatives in Kentucky.

Francis Coffmann, Margaret Cowan and Margaret's sister Ella spent Labor Day in Chicago. But the next day was terrible on poor Francis as she had to report for duty, while Margaret and Ella went on to New York City and Washington, where they visited relatives and friends. The three girls had a "spiffy" time in Chicago, and the two that went east acted like—well, not at all like grown-ups at Coney Island.

Mechanical Department News

By Lloyd Lamb

Toby May Be a "Fish," But He Didn't Swallow Jonah!

Sidney P. Tobias, who recently made a trip to Memphis on an inspection tour, is answering a want ad for honesty. While in the gateway to the "Solid South," Sir Sid went into a chin hack garage to get his whiskers turned, and after being okayed for service, absentmindedly got into the wrong coat. His mistake was discovered when the unmistakable outlines of a pint flask pressed against his short ribs; whereupon he returned the coat to its proper peg and obtained his own hand-me-down. However, Tobe is said to have admitted on cross-examination that the bottle was empty.

Another Nimrod

One of the gamest hunters that was ever tangled up in barb wire is no other than our own J. C. Conley, or "Honest John" as he is known in exclusive sporting circles. John waited fervently for the opening of the quail season, but to date he has been unable to borrow a dog, a gun or a hunting license.

Can You Imagine?

Alta Northcutt spent her vacation in Canada, but declares coca cola to be the most exciting drink she had. Why not spend your next vacation in the Sahara, Altie?

The Last Vacation Story of the Year

J. R. Scott and wife spent their vacation in the West. Noticing the chief export on the Santa Fe seemed to be sagebrush and cactus, Mr. Scott asked the conductor why these plants do not grow in the fertile lands. The conductor replied that they were just like a whole lot of we humans—"they can't stand prosperity."

Congratulations, Bob!

R. E. Mansfield is chuckin' a mean chest nowadays, but you can't blame Bob. He's got another claim for exemption on his income tax. For the benefit of those who came in late, we'll remark that it's another boy, equipped with good arms, legs and lungs.

Another New Arrival

We drafted Raymond Ivey from Mr. Beyer's office to fill the vacancy created by Miss Martha Moore's absence, and thus far he has been going over like the Shenandoah. His burnt-orange roof is almost a perfect match with that of Jay Kay's.

Keeping in Trim

Although the ex-Miss Eunice Stark

has been out of the service for a year and a half, we note she occasionally draws a Frisco pay check. ? ? ? ?

Set 'Em Up in the Other Alley

Miss Lillian Hultsch in the October issue of the "Mag" reports that Mr. Maxwell "made the high score in baseball." (Never heard of that crack before.)

Pretty Soft for You, Roy

J. Roy Jernigan is well known to be a man-about-town, but lately his success as a lion-among-the-ladies has exceeded the hopes of his most fervent friends. Quite frequently, early in the evening, Roy is seen to journey forth in a—Oh, to be charitable we will say, —a rather ancient model Ford roadster. Later in the same evening he is seen gliding around in a Dort sedan of the very latest model, and usually a very beautiful young lady is at the wheel. A person who knows all things around and about Springfield is reported to have stated that Roy is in the habit of hiding his road louse a block or so from the home of the object of his affection.

Telegraph Department

Lillian Hultsch, Reporter

E. E. Dent, lineman, connected with the Frisco since 1918, passed away at the Frisco Hospital in St. Louis on September 25th. His death was caused by typhoid fever.

Mr. Dent was born February 27th, 1891, at Salem, Missouri. He entered the service of the Frisco, in a reconstruction gang, on December 16th, 1918, and was promoted to division lineman at Enid, August 1st, 1922. He was later transferred to Hayti, Mo.

Irene Ennis, telephone operator at Tulsa, has returned from a vacation spent in the East.

Ethel Hill, telephone operator at Springfield, has returned from a trip to Houston, Texas.

We will all admit Arthur knows how to raise beautiful dahlias.

The bowling season is now opening up at the Shrine Mosque, and we will soon have some good bowling stories from Mr. Linster.

Alice Larkin, chief telephone operator at Springfield, has returned from a month's leave. She visited her sister in Detroit.

Letha Linn, telephone operator at Ft. Scott, is off on account of sickness.

This department has now completed the installation of new cable between the Lindenwood roundhouse and Tower Grove.

Ethel Holland went to Kansas City on October 18th for a week's vacation.

Mrs. Edith Austin, chief telephone operator at Ft. Scott, Kansas, has returned from a trip to California.

Division Lineman J. E. Jordan, located at Hugo, Okla., announces the arrival of a baby girl. Congratulations, Mr. Jordan. Don't forget to send us her picture for the Magazine.

Of course, everyone has heard of the man who got up in the middle of the night to go horseback riding, but we have a young lady in this office who gets up at 6 a. m. and goes walking.

Irene Overstreet, chief telephone operator at St. Louis, has returned from a trip to Seattle.

Telegraph Gangs, Jennings, Oklahoma

Bruce Davidson, Reporter

Hello, gangs.

Will say we are still here in the sand hills.

There has been a slight change in the gang since the last report. Our old straw boss, Claude Frizzell, has a division now and R. B. (Bert) Jones has been promoted to straw.

Our grunt, Ernest Jones, has left us. His vacancy is being filled by Paul (Blackie) Davidson.

Lineman (Chief) Davidson spent Saturday evening and Sunday morning at the home of his parents—or supposed to—but we found out he was strutting his stuff in Seaby's dance hall. Watch your step, Chief.

Yes, by the way, we have a preacher here with us. Ask "Shorty" Stamate any question on Scripture of John the Baptist. He knows.

Our foreman, "Rip" Harris has the rambling blues. We believe his little lady friend gave him the cold shoulder. How about it, Rip?

Oh, yes, we have a sheik. At least he has vamped a sixteen-year-old flapper at Fulton, Okla. "Chief" is his name in the gang.

Our cook, W. Thompson, is being relieved by H. James.

Mr. Parrett, our chief lineman, was with us Saturday morning.

Let us hear from the other gangs.

Master Mechanic's Office Eastern Division

Millard F. Brown, Reporter

Al Hubener, general foreman, North Shop, has been transferred to Memphis. We all regret losing "Al" as he has made many friends while here. Before leaving, he was presented with a platinum Shrine pin, set with diamonds and a horn-handled carving set. We all wish him the very best of luck and success in his latest move.

J. J. Collins, chief clerk to the shop superintendent, has returned from a few days' vacation spent in Beggs, Okla. He reports having a wonderful time, as well as learning to drive a grocery truck.

Mona Watts, distribution clerk, is spending her vacation in California. We are all looking at the movies nowadays, thinking perhaps we might find our Mona playing a stellar role.

E. W. (Cowboy) Brown has been made general foreman, North Shop, vice Al Hubener, transferred. Here's wishing you well, "Cowboy." Stay right in there. Glad to have you with us.

W. F. Brandt, general foreman, North Roundhouse, said "Alexander, the Man Who Knows" sure made an awful mistake, as what he told Mrs. Brandt never did come true.

From all indications, it looks as if we are going to lose one of our stenos, at this writing. Do not know if it is a vacation or — But, you know, the