

J. D. KNOX

J. D. KNOX, general foreman of the locomotive department at Kansas City, met with an untimely death on February 8 in Kansas City. While taking E. C. Burg, electrician of the shops to his home account illness, the car which Mr. Knox was driving went into the deep snow on Merriam Boulevard, Kansas City, skidded over a three-foot embankment and struck a tree. The impact of the crash tore the body of the car from the chassis and Mr. Knox was killed instantly. Mr. Burg was badly but not fatally injured.

Mr. Knox was born in London, England 48 years ago and came to this country at the age of 5. He is survived by a widow, two sons, Charles, age 20, and James, Jr., age 9, and two daughters, Maxine and Margaret, ages 18 and 17 respectively.

Mr. Knox served his apprenticeship as a machinist at the North Side shops, Springfield, and after completing his time was employed by other railroads, but returned to Frisco Lines in 1913. He came to Kansas City as general foreman of the locomotive department two years ago.

The funeral was held from the Gates Funeral Home, Kansas City, at 3:30 p. m. February 11, and burial was made in Forest Hill Cemetery. His pallbearers consisted of his Frisco associates and included, W. B. Berry, master mechanic; Jas. Bruce, boiler-maker foreman; Walter Medlock, roundhouse foreman; Joseph Swartz, dead work foreman; George Kent, assistant roundhouse foreman, and John J. Gruelniger, sheet metal foreman.

WESLEY J. FARRAR

The death on January 26 of "Cap" Wesley J. Farrar at the age of 75, marks the passing of one of the old timers of the original Frisco and Ft. Scott & Gulf days. He was born in St. Clair, Mo., December 3, 1853, and moved to Lebanon, Mo., in 1869 where his father had a grading contract when the Frisco was built west from Dixon. He learned telegraphy there and worked at many stations between Pacific and Vinita as operator and agent and when the present Frisco line was built from St. Louis to Ash Grove (by business men of Springfield) he was "loaned" to the new line by Dan Nichols, then superintendent, to operate it for them. During the late 90's he worked at several stations on the Northern division, later serving the Santa Fe, Rock Island, and last the Katy where he was agent at Oswego, Kans., for 17 years. He retired in 1920 and made his home in Kansas City.

KATHERYNE McCULLOUGH DIES

The Frisco Girls' Club of St. Louis lost one of its members on February 4, 1929, when Miss Katherlyne Claire McCullough, of the auditor freight accounts department died suddenly of pneumonia.



KATHERYNE McCULLOUGH

She had attended the last luncheon of the Girls' Club. Due to a slight setback from a severe case of the flu which developed into pneumonia, she died a few days later.

She began her service with Frisco Lines May 11, 1928, and her last day at the office was on February 2.

Flowers sent by the Girls' Club were acknowledged in a note of appreciation from the family of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McCullough.

JAMES BOLIN MOORMAN

JAMES BOLIN MOORMAN, pensioned crossing watchman died on January 30. He was born August 12, 1851, in Campbell County, Va., August 12, 1851. He began his Frisco service on the St. Paul Branch August, 1895, as conductor. He was later transferred to the St. Louis division as brakeman and after a few years service in that capacity, by reason of physical disability he was made crossing watchman at Springfield, where he remained until his retirement. His pension allowance was \$20.40 a month and up to the time of his death he had been paid a total of \$1,856.40.

JACOB LAND

JACOB LAND, (colored) laborer, of Memphis Freight House, died on January 23, 1929, at Chicago, Ill. He entered Frisco service October, 1894, and served until August, 1915. His pension allowance was \$20.00 a month and up to the time of his death he had been paid a total of \$3,220.

JOHN D. COFFMAN

JOHN D. COFFMAN, telegrapher, Marshfield, Mo., died in the Frisco Hospital at Springfield, Mo., on January 19, 1929, following a brief illness of pneumonia. He was active in church and Masonic affairs, being a Thirty-second Degree Mason. He is survived by his wife and two children and two brothers who reside in Iowa. Interment was made in cemetery at Marshfield, Mo.

WILLIAM VINCE FLORIAN

WILLIAM VINCE FLORIAN, pensioned conductor died at his home in Pacific, Mo., on January 10. He was born March 19, 1863, at St. Louis, Mo., and entered the service of Frisco Lines as freight brakeman on the Eastern division in November, 1886. He served later as passenger brakeman, train baggageman and freight conductor. He served in the latter capacity until his retirement September 2, 1924, which was due to disability. His pension allowance was \$59.05 a month and up to the time of his death he had been paid a total of \$3,068.60.

IRWIN S. RUBY

IRWIN S. RUBY, retired passenger conductor, died at his home in Overland Park, Kans., the first of January, 1929. He had served Frisco Lines for approximately twenty-five years. He is survived by his wife, one brother and one sister.

JOEL HADEN POLLARD

JOEL HADEN POLLARD, pensioned claim agent, died at Hugo, Okla., January 21, 1929. He entered Frisco service on August 1, 1902, as per diem clerk, car accountant's office, Springfield. He was later appointed claim agent. His pension allowance was \$54.50 a month and up to the date of his death he had been paid a total of \$708.50.

Opportunity may have knocked at your door the day you were down the street telling somebody a hard-luck story.



Homemakers' Page



MISS LORETTO A. CONNOR, Editor

Common Sense and Food

By BARBARA B. BROOKS,
Home Economics Department, Kellogg Company,
Battle Creek, Michigan.

ONE of the health journals recently made the statement that more lives are saved by common sense than by patent medicines. There is no place where common sense is more needed than in the choice of food. The largest share of this responsibility rests upon the wife and mother in every family. It is she who must plan the meals which are eaten at home, pack the luncheons which are carried to work or school, and by precept and example influence the selection of any members of her family who may eat in restaurants.

Many women ask, "How can I get my family to eat vegetables?"—or milk or whatever it may be. The answer is—to serve every dish so well seasoned and appetizing that it just can't be refused. One secret of success is encouraging a wide list of food likes is not to serve the most popular dishes too often. Just because the children clamor for chocolate pudding is no reason for making it more than once in two weeks. In the meantime, they are learning to enjoy other desserts.

Following are menus for three days which will give you variety, are well balanced and which provide an adequate amount of milk and vegetables:

Breakfast

Bananas
Kellogg's Corn Flakes Milk
Scrambled Eggs
Rolls Coffee

Dinner

Stewed Chicken
Rice Gravy
Scalloped Tomatoes Radishes
Biscuit Lettuce Salad

Ice Cream
Cake Milk

Supper

Toasted Cheese Sandwiches
Apple Sauce
Cookies Milk
Kaffee Hag Coffee

Breakfast

Pep Bran Flakes
Brown Sugar Milk
Bacon and Eggs
Toast Coffee

Dinner

Baked Veal
Stuffing Brown Potatoes
Beets Bread
Apple Cobbler
Milk

Supper

Italian Spaghetti
Lettuce Salad Bran Bread
Fruit Gelatine
Milk Cookies
Kaffee Hag Coffee

Breakfast

Oranges
Krumbles Milk
All-Bran Muffins Honey
Coffee

Dinner

Veal Stew with Vegetables
Brown Bread Spinach
Rice Pudding Milk

Supper

Vegetable Soup
Crackers
Stuffed Egg Salad
Bread Ginger Cake
Kaffee Hag Coffee

A "HOMEY" SUGGESTION

The article on the Homemakers' Page for this month, "Common Sense and Food", was written by Barbara B. Brooks of the Kellogg Company. We feel assured that wives of Frisco employes will welcome these suggestions for meals.

However, the Homemakers' page would be of even greater interest if it contained recipes of our own Frisco wives and mothers. We feel assured that there are many women who have made cakes for Frisco club meetings and who received many compliments. We should have those recipes for our Homemakers' page!

One of the good wives at another point has no doubt, entertained a group of her friends with a delicious luncheon. Wouldn't it be a fine thing to send that to the *Magazine* so that the others might receive a suggestion from it?

Not only does this apply to recipes, but to suggestions for dressmaking, decorations for the party, special birthday dinners and all manner of things important to the homemaker.

We want to impress upon you the fact that this Homemakers' page is one page in the *Magazine* which belongs solely to the wives and mothers of Frisco employes. Of course it will contain from time to time, the very latest ideas to aid in keeping the home appointments up to the minute, but the greater interest would surround suggestions from our own good Frisco folk.

Here is a suggestion which might be tried, and the *Magazine* would gladly carry a story of its success. In a great many homes there are old fashioned fireplaces. Did you, good Frisco wife or mother think about having a fireplace dinner? Why not use that hearthstone for cooking as did our great-grandmothers?

A dinner such as this, may be made up of such a variety of easily cooked food. After the fire is well burnt down, greased potatoes may be hidden in the ashes and eggs may be baked in their shells. Bacon may be eaten in warm buttered buns and for each sandwich wrap an oyster in a slice of bacon, place on a skewer and broil over the fire. An olive wrapped in bacon and broiled also makes a delicious sandwich.

When the potatoes, eggs and hot bun sandwiches are ready, an already prepared salad may be served. For dessert comes a platter of fruits, such as oranges, bananas, apples and dates.

Should this dinner be tried out, the pleasing result would worth a story on our Homemakers' page.

We are asking you, wives and mothers of Frisco employes, to give us your valuable suggestions for home-making, so that we may in turn, convey it to other readers who are eager to read and try them out.



The Thrilling Adventures of Timmy Boy

THE big circus had come to town! Flags of all colors streamed. Side show barkers told of the wonders inside their tents. Pop corn and hot dog stands were crowded and people flocked, pushed, and nudged their way through the tents.

Those who straggled in late, or stopped to view with awe some wonder of the side show on display to the inquisitive folk, heard the band, which burst forth with march airs, and hurried on, lest they miss the big parade, the first number of the program.

Timmy Boy was born under a big white tent. Everybody knew his father, that is, everybody familiar with circus lore, for he was the famous Joe Swartz, the most daring trap-va performer in the world. His stunts were almost superhuman, and he kept his audience in breathless suspense while he swung his body through the air, with seemingly never a thought to the slip which might mean sudden death.

And Timmy Boy's mother was the most famous bareback rider of the circus. Although he was too small to know it yet, he would soon learn that Nellie Riggs drew her share of the crowd. Tripping lightly on the broad back of a snow white horse, she bowed and smiled and as she smiled she thought of Timmy Boy, back in the dressing room, with his big brown eyes wide open and staring at the big white tent, the only home he had ever known.

Timmy was almost eight months old. He was the delight of his two fond parents, and being the youngest child of any of the performers, he was the baby of the show, which brought him much attention. On this particular hot summer day, he waved his little feet in the air and kicked at his face. Then he took hold of his foot and tried to pull off the big toe, but finding it pretty secure, he glanced around and his eyes rested on his mother. She was just getting into her fancy costume, with the fluffy skirt and pink tights.

"Joe," she said, addressing Timmy's father, "let's take Timmy over to the photographers after the afternoon

OUR CONTINUED STORY

For many months the Twilight Lady has been writing stories appropriate to the month—stories of your Frisco children—stories of your playmates and of little intimate happenings. Of course you didn't realize that those stories were taken from life, but most of them were real happenings.

We have had puzzles and we have worked riddles on our Twilight page and now the Twilight Lady wonders how you would like a continued story?

At any rate she is writing one. It is all about a wonderful little baby, born to some circus performers, and his name is Timmy.

This first story introduces Timmy to the readers of the Twilight page, and some pretty exciting things happen to him in the very first article. The story will be continued and the Twilight Lady hopes as you do after reading this first instalment, that it ends with everybody living happily ever after!

show and have his picture made. He'll be eight months old tomorrow."

"Righto," returned Timmy's father. "I've got an errand in the city this afternoon anyway."

"Tell Mary, Joe, that she'd better come on in, we're ready," and Timmy's father went out to look for Mary, who helped look after the wardrobe of the various performers.

Timmy's mother knelt by his crib, "Timmy, you're the sweetest little boy in the world, darlin'. Mother loves you better than the whole world. Hurry and grow up, Timmy boy, mother and daddy have such plans for you," and she leaned over and kissed his wet little forehead.

Timmy said "Goo-oo!" and tried to grab her nose.

She threw him a kiss as she lifted the flap of the dressing tent, and went out. Timmy heard voices, his mother's and Mary's and then as he looked up, he smiled, for Mary was beside him.

Timmy's dad rushed in, grabbed a white silk handkerchief off his dressing table, gave Timmy a smack on the cheek and he was gone.

But the sultry afternoon, the buzz

of a big bee outside the tent, and the far away music in the big show, all helped to make Timmy drowsy. His little hands moved slower. The little feet did not kick quite so high. Timmy's eyes grew droopy, and finally he turned his little head over and finding a spot in the tent where the sun shone through he focused his gaze, intently for a moment on the bright spot, and then as Mary watched, he closed them quite soundly, in sleep.

Timmy's mother was all aglow that afternoon. Babe, her big white circus horse, was feeling fit, altho the day was a sweltering one. The band had more pep than usual but perhaps it was all because it was Timmy's birthday, thought his mother, as she skimmed through her act.

While on Babe's back, she jumped rope, performed the Charleston and leaped thru a paper hoop, and always she saw, in her mind's eye, Timmy Boy, the pride of her heart.

As she stood, poised on one foot in the center of the ring, taking her third bow, she glanced for a second at Timmy's father, at the very tip-top of the tent. He was just wiping his hands before a leap through the air to catch the round bar which was to meet him half way.

He caught her glance, and waved back. His wave seemed to say—"This afternoon—Timmy's picture—your act is going strong—proud of you honey."

The big performance went off smoothly, and the crowd, generous in its applause, was enthusiastic.

Timmy's father and mother walked leisurely back to the dressing tent, conversing about new toys for their baby.

As they pulled up the flap to enter the tent, Timmy's mother was the first to see the empty crib. Mary often took the baby out, but a closer survey showed an envelope pinned to the pillow.

In a frenzy the two tore open the letter. Then with a little cry, Timmy's mother fainted and fell to the floor.

Timmy had been stolen!

(To be continued next month)

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.

927 Frisco Building

St. Louis, Missouri

This magazine is published in the interests of and for free distribution among the 25,000 employees 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. 6

MARCH, 1929

No. 6

**Again—Train versus Bus**

IT has been a dreary task, indeed, to passenger men of American railroads—this business of watching passenger earnings drop steadily and consistently each year. Combat it as they might, the decline continued, resulting in discontinuance of trains and substitution of motor car service where possible, always with an attending battle before the public service commissions of the various states, and not always a winning battle at that.

One of the reasons, as we all know, lies in the natural preference of the potential railway passenger to use his private automobile whenever possible. That reason is a good one, and one to which no railway man will file a complaint.

But many complaints have been registered against the buses which make free use of the nation's highways, paying small tax if any, operating when and where and as they choose, with inconsequential restrictions as to fares, equipment and schedules.

While the picture has been a black one for the past eight years, the evolution of the passenger problem has at last brought a ray of sunshine.

In this issue of the *Frisco Employes' Magazine* appear reprints of two editorials, one appearing in the Bonne Terre (Mo.) News-Register, the other in the Aurora (Mo.) Daily Advertiser.

The first develops a splendid defense for the

railroads in their effort for regulation of the buses on a parity with rail regulation, and points out that inferior service on bus lines is making the public "realize that they did not make the best exchange in transportation when they so willingly deserted the railroads for the bus."

The second editorial praises the railways for the marked change in attitude, which has resulted in a highly favorable public opinion as compared with the indifference, and sometimes antipathy, with which the public regarded its railroads in years gone by.

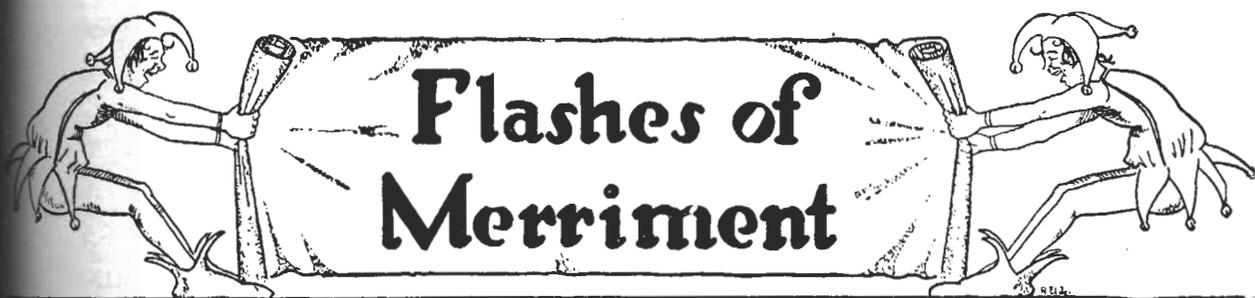
We think there is justice and sound judgment reflected in each of these editorials, typical as they are of a changing opinion throughout America.

We all know that the man or woman who makes a long bus trip seldom repeats it. We know that the hundred years of railroading experience in America has built up the greatest transportation system of any nation of the world, and that quite naturally that experience would bring about the best possible in transportation. And, it is not easy for railway employes to understand what influences a man to ride via bus when it is possible to use the train, unless we consider the reduced rates which the bus lines have instituted and which have attracted many persons to whom this slight reduction would be the deciding factor.

In an effort to determine what service the transcontinental bus lines give their patrons, two investigators recently rode from Chicago to Los Angeles and return in buses operated by nationally known companies. The result of their trip is printed in the February 9 issue of the *Railway Age*, and is recommended to all Frisco employes as the most informative and accurate article on bus service that has been published recently.

Needless to say, the investigators did not find a comfortable, well regulated trip. They did find poor equipment, indifferent drivers, inaccurate information as to terminals and changes, an almost complete disregard of schedules, many engine failures—all in all a service that could in no wise compare with the crack Chicago-California trains operated by our transcontinental railroads.

It might not be long until the public finds, as the Bonne Terre News-Register so aptly stated, that "the bus will never become its (the railroads) substitute in safety, efficiency, or comfort."



Ouch!

Abie sat on a thumb tack and his
sh rose!

This Marriage Question

He: "Will you marry me, dearest?"
She: "Certainly. Companionate,
or fight-to-a-finish?"

Figure It Out

Lend me twenty dollars, but only
me ten of it. Then, as I owe you
and you owe me ten, we'll call it
square.—Geo. Washington Ghost.

Practice

Doctor: "You cough easier this
evening."
Patient: "I ought to, I've been prac-
ticing all night."

Who, Is Right!

Mother: "Wash your face and
sock, son."
Son: "Neck who, ma?"

Immediate Delivery

He: "Do you love me?"
She: "You bet I do."
He: "How much?"
She: "A whole bushel."
He: "Well, a bushel is four pecks
and I'll take them right now."

Iowa—I o w a !

A train in Iowa was brought to a
standstill by striking a snowdrift. A
farmer, carrying a long pole, showed
up on the scene. He would walk a few
yards and stick the pole down in the
snow.
Finally he came close to the train
and a passenger opened the window
and asked the farmer, "How deep is
the snow, out there?"
The farmer replied, "I'll be gosh
damned if I know, I'm hunting for my
dog."

The Date

"What's the date today?"
"I don't know."
"Why don't you look at the news-
paper you have in your pocket?"
"No use, it's yesterday's paper."

THE TRUTH AT LAST!

It is alleged a schoolboy in Kan-
sas wrote the following entitled
"An Editor":

"I don't know how newspapers
got into the world, and I don't
think God does, for he ain't got
nothing to say about these in the
Bible. I think the editor is the
missing link we read of, and that
he stayed in the business until
after the flood, came out and wrote
the thing up, and has been kept
busy ever since. If the editor
makes a mistake, folks say he
ought to be hung; but if the doc-
tor makes mistakes, he buries
them and people don't say noth-
ing because they can't read Latin.
When the editor makes mistakes,
there is a big lawsuit and swear-
ing, and a big fuss; but if the
doctor makes one, there is a fun-
eral with flowers and perfect sil-
ence. A doctor can use a word a
yard long without him or anyone
else knowing what it means, but if
the editor uses one, he has to spell
it. If the doctor goes to see an-
other man's wife, he charges for
the visit, but if the editor goes, he
gets a charge of buckshot. Any
college can make doctors to order,
but editors has to be born."

Ice Cream Exhaust

An ice cream manufacturer recent-
ly advertised that he would give a
cone free to every boy who called at
the plant and brought his dog.

One dog was reported near collapse
after assisting all the boys in one
neighborhood to obtain their cones.

Scotch Thrift

A Salvation Army lass, while out
seeking funds, met a Scotchman.

"Will you give me a dollar for the
Lord?" asked the lass.

"How old are ye, lassie?" he asked.

"Eighteen past," she replied.

"Ah, well, I'm seventy-five. Since I
will be seein' the Lord before you, I'll
hand it to him myself."

Page Mr. Jones!

A man who had led a very active
business life, passed on into the spirit
world.

"Now for a little peace and quiet,"
he said.

Just then a spirit tapped him on
the shoulder, "You're wanted on the
Ouija board," it said.

Another One

A Scotchman stood leaning on one
of the rails overlooking the river. He
held a penny in his hand.

Holding it over the water, he said
to his companion, "For two cents I'd
drop this in."

The Last Card

"What was the last card I dealt you,
Mike?"

"A spade."

"Oi knew it."

"How?"

"Ye spit on your hands before ye
picked it up."

A Crash

We read in the paper recently
where two taxicabs had a head-on col-
lision and forty Scotchmen were in-
jured in the crash.

Good, Sometimes!

"Is he a good driver?"

"Well, when the road turns the
same time he does, it's a coincidence."

The Reason

A colored agent was summoned be-
fore the insurance commission.

"Don't you know," said the commis-
sioner, "that you can't sell life insur-
ance without a state license?"

"Boss," said the darcy, "You suah
said a moufful. I knowed I couldn't
sell it, but Ah didn't know the rea-
son."

Better Than a Diet

When you begin to take on weight
And your waistline's somewhat
hazy;
You're either getting old, my boy,
Or else you're getting lazy.