



## Junior Jones Becomes a School-Boy "Traffic Cop"

THE summer had been a lovely one, but now the family were at home for the winter. They arrived on a Saturday, and Sunday found Junior Jones unpacking his clothes and the souvenirs he had picked up at the summer resort.

Bud, the dog, was sitting nearby watching the operations, with head cocked on one side, as Junior pulled one thing after another in succession from the trunk. While he did so, he addressed his thoughts to Bud.

"I know why they came home. It's almost near schooltime and I have to go back to that old school. Bud, you oughta be glad you're a dog, cause if you were a boy like me, you'd have to go to school every single day for weeks and weeks, cept of course Saturday and that don't count."

With that he took one of his shoes and threw it into the closet. But as much as he bemoaned the fact, he knew that school would begin for him the next day. Even the fact that he would be entering a new school held no charms for him.

And so he awoke on that bright sunny morning in September, the first school day of the year.

"Time to get up, Junior. Aren't you glad this is such a lovely day for the first day of school?"

"What's the lovely day got to do with it?" he asked. "It's still school day. Mother, why do boys have to go to school? Did Daddy go all the time, even when he was little? Why can't I wait until I grow up and then I'll know lots and won't have to go through all the little grades."

"Now Junior," said mother, "that's the way you learn 'lots,' by starting in early. If you waited until later, you'd be a big grown man and have to go back in the first grade to learn your ABC's."

And so it went on, until he was finally dressed and mother walked with him over to the big red school-house. Junior did not know any of the boys in his class, because it was a new school to him and he had to get acquainted.

But he was a likeable little chap.

He soon found that with his accounts of his recent trip to the sea shore, he could hold the attention of his little playmates with stories of his fishing trips with dad and of his trips up the bay. He did not fail to tell them about Bud, the dog, and he told them that some day they could all come over to his house and he'd make Bud do all his tricks for them.

It was all right, getting acquainted, but still Junior had failed to find the school of sufficient interest to hold his attention and make him welcome the days with his little schoolmates.

But miracles sometimes happen, and after the children had been in school a week, the teacher called the class to order and they all sat at attention while she outlined a plan.

"We've just had a visit from a man who is employed by a big railroad company in their safety department. He has been telling us of many things which we may be able to do to insure the further safety of the school children and he has suggested that we organize some of the boys into traffic policemen to guard the lives of their classmates as they cross the intersections of the busy streets surrounding the school.

"Now I have not yet decided upon a plan to select these boy traffic policemen, except by grades. School has just started and you all have an even chance, and so, the ones who have a perfect grade in three subjects by the end of the first month will be appointed to hold those positions until their grades fall below that mark. If some of the other boys make A in all their subjects, they will be chosen next."

"Gee," thought Junior, "a traffic cop—just like the ones they have on the streets!"

And so it was that Mother found a very different son at home when she came in from an afternoon tea. There was Junior out in the lawn swing, his books beside him, pouring over a tablet. Bud, the dog sat quietly by his side, his tail swishing to and fro, impatient at the delay in their romp.

Mother walked out to the swing. "Junior, I'm glad to see you interested in your books. What are you studying now, won't you show me and maybe I can help you."

"It's spelling, mother, and maybe you could read off the words to me. We have to have a perfect grade for every day or our grade card at the end of the month won't show up so good," said Junior.

"Well, it's nice for you to want to have a perfect grade card. I'll see about dinner and then read the words to you afterward." And she went into the house, wondering what had come over him so suddenly, but overjoyed at the prospect of his enthusiasm for his school work.

And finally a month rolled around. And one afternoon mother was sitting on the porch reading. She saw Junior running down the street, his school books dangling at the end of a leather strap.

"Mother," he shouted while yet a half block away.

Mother got up and walked down the steps.

"Mother—I got it, I got it!" he said.

"Got what, darling?" she asked.

"I'm a traffic cop—teacher told us we could guard the streets if our grades were perfect and look—I got four A's, and she made me captain of the boy police force! Gee, mother, aren't you glad?"

"Why of course I'm glad," said mother, the realization of his strange actions dawning on her for the first time.

"And mother, you'll have to wake me at 7:00 o'clock after this because we've got to be there at 9:00 o'clock to help the children across."

"But, dear, it's only fifteen minutes from home. That's too early."

"No it isn't. I've got a lotta organizing to do, because I've been made the captain, see?"

Mother and dad chuckled that evening as mother related the story.

"Well, miracles do happen, and if he keeps on with his studies like he has started, he'll learn in spite of himself," was dad's remark.



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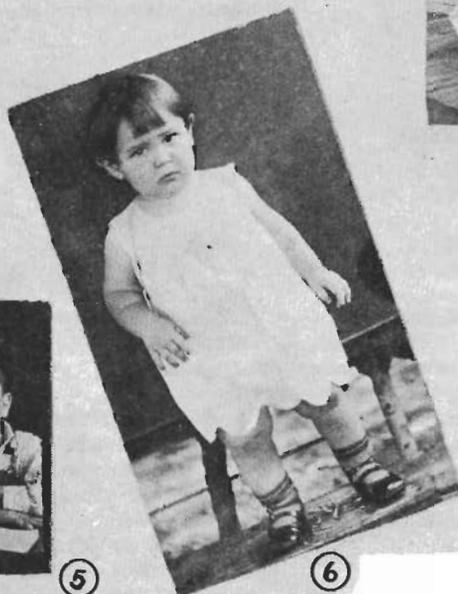
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**Children of Employes of the  
Reclamation Plant, Spring-  
field, Missouri**

No. 1—Welsey Eugene Hardin, son of Mr. C. E. Hardin, laborer; No. 2—Forrest Wasson, son of Freeman Wasson, painter; No. 3—Gene Brennan Hudson, son of G. N. Hudson, general stationer; No. 4—Larry E. Evans, son of John Evans, sheet metal worker; No. 5—Roger Wasson, son of Freeman Wasson, painter; No. 6—Flo Etta Gene Royal, daughter of Harry Royal, supplyman; No. 7—Rhoda Ann Roberts, niece of L. J. Ley-saht, superintendent; No. 8—Wade Wasson, son of Freeman Wasson, painter; No. 9—Robert Lee and Edna Marie Dickman, children of E. R. Dickman, laborer; No. 10—Bobbie Lou and Rachel Ann Sand-ford, grandchildren of Elery Sand-ford, painter.



## A NEW ONE

Groceryman: "We have some nice string beans this morning, Mrs. Newlywed."

She: "How much are they a string?"

## A Fair Price

Ole, a Swede farmer in the northwest, had had the misfortune of having one of his cows stray onto the railroad track and was killed by a train. The road sent its claim agent to settle the claim and naturally the agent wanted to make the best terms for the payment, as possible. So he opened fire on Ole as follows:

"You know Ole, that your cow had no right on our track. It was only an act of providence that it was not a passenger train that hit the cow or else there might have been a terrible accident with many passengers killed. Just think of it Ole, the people who might have been killed because of your cow straying on our property. By the law of Habeas Corpus and the League of Nations we ought to make a claim on you for negligence and contributory criminality."

And he went on in the manner for several minutes with poor Ole holding his mouth open and not saying a word. Finally the claim agent said, "But Ole, we don't want to make it hard on you in this matter, and we want to settle with you as easy as possible. What do you say, how shall we adjust this matter?"

Ole swallowed hard and answered, "Ay bane poor man. Ay gif you two dollars."

—(Submitted by C. Bloodworth, Agent at Haworth, Oklahoma.)

## THE DECISION

"My wife says if I don't chuck golf she'll leave me."

"I say—tough luck."

"Yes, I'll miss her."

## It Really Does

And it does seem that a generation that thought up the airplane and television could have made a few improvements in the paper towel.

## AN OIL SPECIAL

An Oklahoma woman named her twin daughters Gasoline and Kerosene.

The old man's name is probably Pete Roleum.

Here's hoping they grow up a paraffine girls.

We want them refined—not crude.

Had they been boys, one would probably have been named Ben Zine.

—(Skelly News)

## Didn't Miss the Water

Arriving in an oil town, a stranger was attempting to start a friendly conversation with a native.

"Tell me," he said, "what is the status of the liquor supply around here?"

"Status?" mumbled the native, "I dunno what you mean."

"I mean is it easy to obtain liquor and is there much of it around here?"

"Well, mister," said the native, "all I can tell you is that a little while back they turned off the water supply for a week and nobody knew it till the town hall caught afire."

## THE QUESTION

I ask a simple question

'Tis only truth I wish;

Are all fishermen liars,

Or do only liars fish?

(C&O Magazine)

## A SURE CURE

We understand that the best way to cure a Scotchman of stuttering is to let him talk on the transatlantic telephone.

## THE WRONG GIRL

She: "Now before we start for this ride, I want to tell you that I don't smoke, drink or flirt, I visit no way-side inns and I expect to be home by 10 o'clock."

He: "You're mistaken."

She: "You mean that I do any of those things?"

He: "No, I mean about starting for this ride."

## You Said It

Nobody minds nowadays how bad your English is, as long as your Scotch is all right.

## GOLFER'S TROUBLES

"Finally, a hole in one," shouted the golfer as he reached for his socks.

## Evading the Question

Wife: "John, do you still go to see that pretty blonde you went with last year before you married me?"

He: "She's married now."

Wife: "Answer my question!"

## A GOOD TIP

Here is a Scotchman's tip to vacationists: Stay at home and let your mind wander.

## An Impersonal Inspection

An old mountaineer, who had never seen a mirror, found one that some tourist had dropped. Looking at it, he said, "Well, gosh dern it, if it ain't my Pappy! I never knowed he had his pitcher took."

The old fellow was so pleased with the mirror that he took it home, stole up to the attic and put it in an old box where he kept his treasures. But his wife was watching him, and that night she slipped out of bed, crept up to the attic and opened the box.

"Huh," she said, looking in the mirror, "so that's the old hag he's been chasin' after!"

## THE EDITOR'S ORDERS

The reporter came idly into the office.

"Well," said the editor, "what did our eminent statesman have to say?"

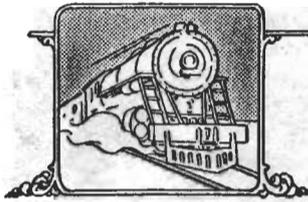
"Nothing."

"Well, keep it down to a column."

## TOO MUCH MILEAGE

The Landlady: "And what's wrong now?"

Boarder: "I just wanted to say that I think you get too much mileage out of that roller towel."

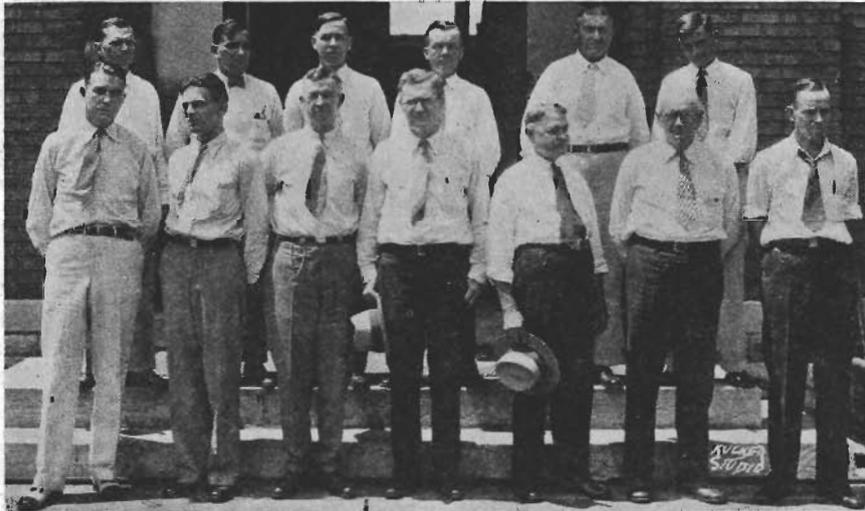


# The FRISCO MECHANIC

Published in the Interest of the  
F.A. of M.C. & C.D. Employes



## System Board Meets in Springfield, Aug. 7-8



**T**HE above photograph was made on the occasion of the regular quarterly meeting of the General System Board of the Frisco Association of Metal Crafts and Car Department Employes, held at Springfield, Mo., on August 7 and 8. Three new members of the General System Board attended the meeting for the first time, including Ralph Fyffe, Kansas City, Joe L. Hendricks, Birmingham, and C. P. Clark, Enid.

The men in the above photograph are, reading from left to right, front row: Messrs. Howard Pickens, secretary, general office, Springfield; Otto Kettmann, chairman, Southern di-

vision, Memphis; D. E. Whalen, chairman, Eastern division; B. B. Walker, chairman, Texas Lines; Frank Junkins, chairman, General System Board; H. E. Burgess, chairman, Central division, and Paul E. Rice, chairman, West Shops, Springfield.

Back row, left to right: Messrs. John S. White, chairman, Southwestern division; I. L. Pence, chairman, North Shops, Springfield; Ralph Fyffe, chairman, Northern division; Joe L. Hendricks, chairman, Southern division, Birmingham; C. P. Clark, chairman, Western division and John M. Sheeley, chairman, River division.

### FRISCO MECHANIC FAMILY NEWS

#### LOCAL No. 14—PENSACOLA, FLA.

A. B. DENNIS, Reporter

Mrs. Bert Spillman, sons Coy and Billy, and daughter Ella, Leona, wife and children of Bert Spillman, staybolt inspector, have just returned from a visit at points in Arkansas, Oklahoma, Kansas and Missouri. Mary Dell and Agnes Spillman, daughters of staybolt inspector Bert Spillman, have returned from a month's visit with their sister, Mrs. V. J. McKinney, of Cape Girardeau, Mo.

Mr. Mark Reed, machinist at Memphis, is visiting Pensacola. Mark looks good, and has several friends here who are glad to welcome him.

Mr. J. R. Hirsch and friends reported a splendid fishing trip recently in the Gulf of Mexico; they had a catch of

22 Spanish and King mackerel. If you don't believe there is sport in catching these fish, visit Pensacola and go out in the Gulf and fish for them.

Mr. J. E. McGlothorn, machinist third class, has been trading automobiles recently, and he now has a brand new Chevrolet coupe and says he sure likes the car.

James Dyer, from Sapulpa, Okla., is visiting here with his father, John W. Dyer, triple-rackman.

Mr. George Pittman, foreman of car department, is back on the job after enjoying his vacation. He reports a good time, and plenty of fish.

Mr. Alton Williams, car inspector, is taking his vacation at the present time, and Mr. John H. Cherry is filling his place.

Another ship-load of sulphur has been unloaded at Frisco docks, which means more business for the Frisco, and more to come.

Mr. Dick Carleton, machinist first class, is the glad owner of a sport model Ford roadster. We wish him much pleasure with it.

Mr. David Kelly, storeroom helper, has recently purchased a Ford touring car.

John Jr., and daughter Elizabeth, son and daughter of Mr. John Perkins, operator, are visiting relatives at Dayton, Ohio.

The Frisco shop employes at Pensacola are very proud of their flower gardens here. The superintendent's office force also has a lovely garden, and it is hard to say which of the two is the best.

We are very glad to know that wife of Mr. Ruben Carter, tank-truckman, is improving after the past few days' illness.

Mr. A. B. Dennis, machinist third class, and family, are moving to their new home at 322 West Belmont Street.

#### LOCAL No. 31—BACONE, OKLA.

N. T. RISNER, Reporter

Mr. R. B. Hughes, night roundhouse foreman, is on the job again after having spent 15 days on his vacation. Mr. Hughes reports a wonderful time, visiting places and friends he hadn't seen for several years.

Mr. Lee Jones' and Mrs. Jones and son L. O. are on an extended visit to Florida. They expect to spend a few days in Cuba while on this trip.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Riggs were called to Monett, Mo., July 15, to the funeral of Mrs. Riggs' grandmother, Mrs. Garrison.

Mrs. Virgil Williams, wife of John Williams, is spending a few days with Mrs. Williams of Stegler, Okla.

Mrs. N. T. Risner and sons Claude and Billie, report a splendid visit in Ft. Smith. Mrs. Risner also spent a few days with her father, Mr. J. W. Briggs of Durant, Okla.

Mr. R. B. Hughes has been on the sick list a few days, but is able to work again.

#### OFFICE SUPT. TERMINALS SPRINGFIELD, MO.

NORMAN HINDS, Reporter

Frank Parker, has reported for duty after an absence of several days recuperating from a slight illness and enjoying a short vacation.

Ed Wadley is back on the job after being on the sick list several days during which time he was forced to receive medical attention.

We regret to report the death of Mrs. R. L. Turrentine, which occurred July 24th, at Ozark, Mo. Mrs. Turrentine is the mother of switchman, W. L. Turrentine.

L. P. LaVelle, night general yardmaster, has been working days the past two weeks relieving W. P. Gustin, general yardmaster, who has been on his annual vacation.

Virgil West has returned home after a trip to northern cities including Minneapolis and Chicago.

Frank DeBaker has returned to his duties after being off duty two months due to injuries.

C. L. Willis has been enjoying a short vacation and was relieved of his yardmaster's duties by George Sisk.

J. D. Clark is laying off a few days and is staying at home enjoying a quiet vacation.

Archie Lamb has returned to work after enjoying his annual vacation which he spent at home.

O. M. Simon, chief yard clerk, is at the present time a patient in the local employees hospital where he was forced to undergo a major operation. Mr. Simon is convalescing nicely and is expected to be back on the job soon.

We regret to report the death of George Mangan, which occurred in Chicago as the result of an accident. Mr. Mangan formerly was employed as a clerk in the yard office and is the brother of F. A. Mangan and Ralph Mangan, clerks in the yard office.

### NEWBURG, MO., YARDS

MACK J. COTHAM, Reporter

Fred Hendricks, former helper at Niangua, has bid in the night clerk job at the freight house relieving E. C. Murphy, who bumped George Schwandt at Pacific.

Burl Thomas, clerk at Monett, visited here between trains one day this month.

R. D. Wilson, car foreman, left August 16th to enter the Mayo Brothers Clinic, at Rochester, Minn.

H. E. Rook, yardmaster, and family left August 16th to visit for a few days in St. Louis.

L. A. Fuller, traveling passenger agent and family of Kansas City are spending their vacation with relatives and friends in Newburg.

Ed Fuller, machinist, and family left August 18th to attend the State Fair, at Sedalia, Missouri.

Ed. Clark traveling agent, for the M. D. T. Co., of Chicago, visited with friends here August 14th.

Mrs. S. J. Gorman, wife of yardmaster, left August 17th to visit in Springfield, Mo.

Mrs. W. G. Hall, wife of master machinist, of Sherman, Texas, visited between trains with Mrs. Mack Cotham and family, August 16th.

Rolvie Jones, clerk, and wife of Springfield, visited the latter's parents here this month.

Vertia and Virgil Finley, twins, of J. W. Finley, operator, have returned from their vacation trip to Oklahoma, Kansas, and Texas.

### NIGHT ROUNDHOUSE NEWS SHERMAN, TEXAS

S. H. OGLESBY, Reporter

Mal Harrington, night round house foreman has returned to work after spending two weeks vacation visiting, fishing and swimming. Mal says fish are not biting as they should, must be the dry weather.

John Harwell, night coppersmith, has returned to work after spending several days accompanied by his family visiting relatives and friends in west Texas. John has a bad blistered shoulder and arms and says his next swimming will be in shady spots.

J. J. Mitchell, night engine inspector, is sporting a new Chevrolet sedan. Mitchell says it sure rides easy and doesn't make any noise.

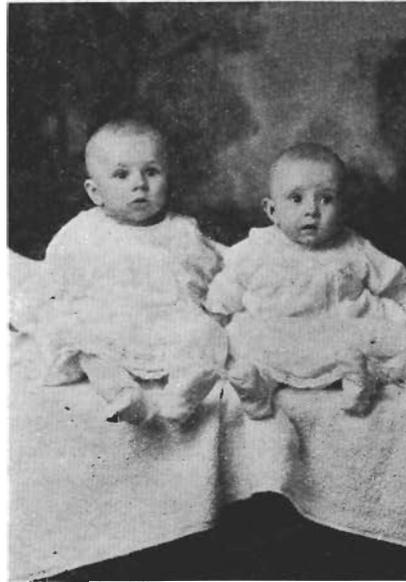
Geo Whitten, night cellar packer, has returned to work after several days vacation spent visiting relatives at Dallas and McKinney, Geo. says he is afraid this dry weather will ruin the pumpkin crop and he sure will miss his pumpkin pie this fall.

Molley Bowen, 3rd C. machinist on night job, has returned to work after being off several nights on account of sickness in his family. Molley reports the sick improving.

Homer Wooten, 1st C. machinist on night job, is batching on account of his family visiting at Big Springs, Texas. Homer expects to join them soon for he says batching is out of his line altogether.

Hub White, cab man on night, is off on vacation. Hub accompanied by his family are touring in South Texas

## Four Pairs of Twins At Springfield



**M**ONETT boasts of its strawberries—Tontitown boasts of its grapes—Hope, Ark., boasts of its watermelons, but the Springfield North Shop employees boast of their four sets of twins. They range in ages from eight months to nineteen years of age.

The youngest set, Richard Charles and Martha Ann, age 8 months are the children of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Seth. Mr. Seth is an air man at the North Shops rip track.

Second in line are the twin boys of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Barclay. These twins are three years old, and give much promise of following in their father's footsteps as car carpenters.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Freeman of Springfield have the second oldest set of twins, Misses Jean and Jane. They are thirteen years of age and Miss Jean is a violin student and an artist of talent, while her sister is a student of the piano. Mr. Freeman is a train dispatcher for the Frisco, located on the North Shops' property.

Miss Nadine and Maxine Watt, age 19, are the twin daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Watt. Mr. Watt is a sheet metal worker at the North Shops.

The North Shop challenges other shops on Frisco Lines to beat this record.