

ies. (Such messages must show plainly in check "Dead Head Answer.")

Do not depend upon the Western Union check on a received message. The Telegraph Company does not usually transmit the reason why a message is sent free and your own file MUST determine whether a message is a "Dead Head Answer" or not.

It is the intention that your report will show all the messages you are responsible for whether sent by you or not.

1. Don't use the words: to the—for—on—will—you—a—my— with — me — by — that— we see company —works— etc., unless positively necessary for addressee to understand message.

2. Don't show title after signature unless necessary to identify yourself to addressee.

3. Don't use large file numbers.

4. Don't show dashes unless necessary— if so, spell them out—"dash."

5. Don't say 9th -50th- 31st- write them out as "ninth," "thirtieth," "thirty first."

6. Don't use numericals. All figures must be written.

7. Don't say A. T. and S. F. Ry. Co.— C. B. & Q.—NYC&HR- C. R. I & P. use the commonly known designation for same as Santa Fe—Burlington Nyc—and Rock Island.

8. Don't use the words—"and"—"R. R." or "Ry." in names of railroad companies. They are not necessary at any time.

9. Don't put a period after each initial in the names of railroad or other companies or spread out the initials. They should be written as one word.

10. Don't punctuate your messages. It is not necessary and the telegraph company counts each punctuation mark as an extra word.

Your co-operation will be appreciated.



Emergency Wrecking Crew on 99031, Ft. Scott, Kans.

### **Circumstances Alter Cases**

At a meeting of clergymen a curate was anxious to bring himself under the notice of the archbishop. He informed his grace that he had recently seen a wonderful example of the ways of Providence. "Your grace," said the curate, "my aunt intended taking a railway journey, but missed the train, owing to her cab being held up. That very train met with an accident and many passengers were killed and injured. Was not that a wonderful intervention of Providence?"

The archbishop looked at the curate,

and after pausing a moment, simply said, "I didn't know your aunt."—*Argonaut.*

### **A Good Start**

That Foreman Mike Abbiatti is figuring on having a concrete gang of his own in the next few years is evi-



denced in the accompanying reproduction showing three of his sons, Ray, Howard and Frank.

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**C. H. CLAIBORNE, SUPT. THIRD DISTRICT.**

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**Another Reminiscence.**

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*By Another Old Timer*

The first time he appeared in the "Houn Daug" country was as operator at Carthage. He had just graduated from his father's farm in the "Flint Hills" of Kansas, and was as proud of his blue cap as Conductor George Dornblazer was of his own new uniform.

When the Red River Division was opened for business between Sapulpa and Sherman, Cal Claiborne was made trainmaster. Great preparation had been made for the installation of the "meteor" trains between Kansas City, St. Louis and Ft. Worth.

The finest equipment money could buy had been arranged for. Traffic Manager Snyder, General Passenger Agent Alex Hilton, Superintendent O'Hara of the Eastern Division, Harry Mitchell of the Northern Division, George Schleyer of the Creek and Red River Division, were instructed to see that nothing prevented the prompt movement of these trains and most of the higher officials were aboard the first trip.

Everything went smoothly and Sapulpa was reached on time and the trains switched for Oklahoma City and Ft. Worth. No. 509 passed Okmulgee and Holdenville on time, but when Francis reported "not yet" the wrecking crew was assembled and in about an hour Conductor George Dornblazer came walking into Francis with the information that the new train had departed from the rails—and you should have seen his new uniform.

No one was injured and the passengers were transferred and Cal Claiborne left to reraill the cars and he

bandaged them so well with George M. Pullman's blankets, that they were put into service without having to go to the shops.

When the line from Oklahoma City to Quanah was authorized Cal was placed in charge of the construction. Labor was scarce and he was sent to Texas to secure men. He returned with a train load of the blackest individuals you could imagine. Work proceeded through Western Oklahoma. Chief Geronimo had been captured and with his band of cut throats was at Ft. Sill guarded by Uncle Sam's soldiers. Chief Quanah Parker lived in a red-roofed mansion at the head of Cache Creek—a few miles west of Lawton—and his Indians were tented for miles around.

One Sunday three of Cal's black men wandered up to Cache Creek and seeing a tent proceeded to investigate. It happened to be occupied by a few "squaws," who had never seen anything quite so black, and their Comanche yell had immediate results for "bucks" seemed to rise out of the ground and the race was on, all records broken, especially when the right of way fence was reached. Every colored man made a clear record and never touched a wire and they lost no time getting into the bunk car.

In a short time Chief Quanah Parker rode down on a Cayuse about the size of a jack rabbit and remarked that it was a good race and showed the superiority of the red man over the black, but Mose, who had just come out from under the bed, said "No, Boss, they didn't do that for the closest they got to us was when I tripped over one of

them pesky Green Cactuses with about a million stingers in it. About the second time I rolled over, I looked back to see how long I had to live and one of the gentlemen had a 'superior' pointed right at me, but he must have missed me, as the other boys say there was nothin' stickin' to me when I passed them."

"Well," Quanah remarked, "Cache-lightower-Olustec-Creta," which interpreted means "Cal, you better keep your burheads on the right of way."

The work proceeded but a sharp razor occasionally reduced their number, and I know you have wondered at the number of little mounds near the switches at stations west of Chickasha. Every colored man was buried near a switch so that his spirit could talk to Captain Bill Ramsey and Engineer Binkley of the Quanah Flyer.

The next construction work, The Arkansas Valley, was a rather tame affair. The Pawnee tribe had so much money they couldn't notice us and Mr. Black Bear of the Cheyennes was too lazy, but Cal was quite busy watching his material.

And now he has been in Arkansas and Southeast Missouri for some years and a man that can bridge the Red River of Texas, "Crib" the Arkansas of Oklahoma, catch fish in the Tyronza and sleep at Big Creek, must be all right, and he looks all right and is all right.

### **Pit Protection**

At the Harvard Yards, Division Foreman Loyd has put in a protection to the cinder pit in the form of neat picket fences at each end, which not only are attractive, but will unquestionably save many from an unpleasant bath.

### **Frisco Team**

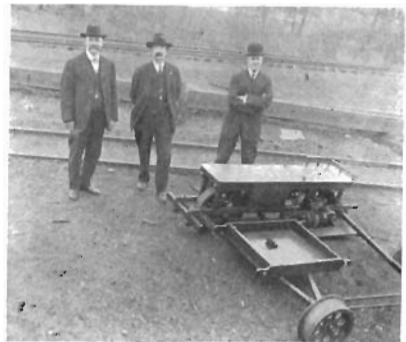
The Frisco baseball team at St. Louis for the year 1914 is considered the strongest that ever represented the railroad. It is composed of employees in the General Offices all of whom are well known in St. Louis amateur circles.

They are playing in the Railroad league of which they were champions in 1913 and are expected to repeat their performance of last year.

Sundays are set aside for out of town games and any fast team along the Frisco can arrange games by addressing W. A. Watson, 1120 Frisco Building. The 4th and 5th of July are open dates on the schedule and Mr. Watson, manager, is anxious to fill these dates as soon as possible.

The lineup is as follows: B. Co-

lonna, 1b; W. A. Watson, 2b and manager; H. Brady, ss.; P. Connelly, 3b; G. Hoehn, cf; C. Curran, rf; T. Fairchild, lf; J. Atkins, c; R. Fairchild, p; J. Close Close, p; R. Roche, utility; H. Burgwald, utility.



**R. E. Miller, bridge engineer; J. Nelson, general foreman and Uncle G. W. (Bud) Turner, the father of all bridgemen.**

### CLEAN LIVING AND QUICK THINKING.

The following talk with Connie Mack, reported by Henry Beach Nedham, and published in the May issue of McClure's Magazine with graphic illustrations and re-published by the courtesy of that publication in THE FRISCO-MAN, will prove of interest to every railroad man whether he be a baseball enthusiast or not.

Quoting from the preamble of this article, Mr. Nedham says: "This great specialist tells some of the big factors which go to produce that peculiar combination of pluck, daring, endurance, self-command and quick judgment that make men and teams win."

We might go further and bring out the point that this article carries in its broadest and most restricted sense the value of Safety First.

It was directly after the World's Championship had been won by the Athletics for the third time—a record—that a broad-minded newspaper editor, who is hardly to be classed as a baseball fan, remarked that Connie Mack had more influence with the youth of America than any other man he could name.

"All over the country," said the editor, "mothers are telling their boys that if they want to stand high in sport, if they aspire to be champions, they must not drink—they must lead clean lives. The victory of Mack and his team is a triumph for clean living."

#### *Connie Mack Analyzes the Athletics' Success.*

This speech made a strong impression on me, and on the first occasion that offered I asked Connie Mack to explain in a word the success of his team. He smiled and answered:

"We had the best ball club and showed our best baseball."

But, when I put the same question to him again, three months later, he answered:

"I've thought about that, off and on, ever since you asked me before. Our batting, our fielding, our team-work, yes, and our superb pitching, which sure did fool the experts—all these were factors, big factors, in our land-

ing on top. Then there was the boys' gameness, which I could illustrate over and over. Back of it all put down the youth of the players, for—'Youth will be served,' you know. Barring our pitchers Bender and Plank, who are veterans in years but as young as the best of them, our baseball machine doesn't average above twenty-five years for the twelve 'parts'—the regulars, I mean. Our great infield averages under twenty-seven. Of course, this counts heavily in the box score."

#### *Quick Thinking in Baseball.*

Mack paused and thought for a moment before he went on. Then he said slowly:

"I have come to the conclusion, however, that the continued 'class' shown by the Athletics can be put down—if you want it in a sentence, right over the plate—to *clean living and quick thinking*.

"And without the one you can't have the other—the quick thinking. There's nothing to that.

"Temperance is a fine thing and don't get the wrong angle on that *temperance*," he cautioned. "For one thing, it applies just as much to eating. One of the most brilliant players of the last ten years ate his way out of the American League! If you think that's far-fetched, remember

that a former citizen of my home town, Ben Franklin, spoke of men who 'dug their graves with their teeth.' I would make the guess that more folks die from overeating than from starvation—that is, in America.

"Who puts the ball-player out of the game? You would naturally say 'the umpire,' wouldn't you? Well, all the umpires together haven't put as many ball-players out of the game as has Old Man Booze!"

Again Connie Mack shook his head and uttered a warning:

"Now, don't get off on the wrong foot. Booze is *not* common among the high-grade ball-players. It was common twenty years ago; but today it is rare in the majors—boozing. Keep in mind, though, that steady—'moderate'—drinking gets a ball-player in the end just as sure as boozing. Alcohol slows a man down inevitably, and slowing down is the reason for the shelving of by far the majority of players. If you estimate a clever player's years in baseball at fifteen, why, 'moderate' drinking will cut off from three to five years—a third of his life on the diamond.

*The Drinking Player Can Not Meet Competition.*

"I don't want to put this question of clean living on the basis of morals for one minute," explained Mack. "I'll leave preaching to the clergy—I do in dealing with my players. But you ask me why the World's Champions have done so well. I have to answer: because of the kind of lives they lead, and their consequent ability to think and act quickly in an emergency.

"It isn't a matter of morals to our club, but of human efficiency. And say—I wonder if we might not be further along in dealing with this

drink question if we had paid more attention to the net loss in human efficiency?"

"Have you any rules on the subject?" I asked.

"In our club we have no rules about the players' personal habits," answered Mack. "It is recognized that a major leaguer, with a career in front of him and really big money in his pockets, must cut out all bad habits. For if he doesn't the pace becomes too hot for him—the competition for a regular position too fierce."

This reminded Connie Mack of an experience, and he told this story:

"Going South one spring, I took quite a fancy to a youngster who was to be tried out. I liked his looks and I liked his line of talk—above all, I liked his high spirits. Seemed to me that he would be there fighting all the time—never down in the mouth and ready to quit. So, having taken such a fancy to him, I began to pry into his private life a little, but in such a way as to make him see that I was—you know—really interested in him, not merely curious about his own affairs. Quite casually, as I might have asked him if he liked to go to the theatre, I inquired if he drank.

*Connie Mack's Method.*

"Well, that young fellow was frank and above-board about it. Said he took a drink once in a while—a glass of beer occasionally, sometimes a whisky; but almost always he drank to be sociable—to be a 'good fellow.'

"Do you ever go awhile without drinking?" I asked.

"Sure!" he exclaimed. "Sometimes I go two weeks or a month without taking a drink."

"Don't you miss it?" I asked him.

"Not a bit! Never miss it at all."

"I kept quiet a few minutes. Then