

Frisco Veteran Lived Eventful Life

Thos. L. Hasler Now Retired to His River Club
Near Crocker, Mo.

By BERTHA V. REED

Thos. L. Hasler was born July 14, 1852, at Baltimore, Md. When he was eight years of age his parents moved to St. Louis, at which place he attended school at the old Jackson school house on Market Street near the old water tower, and on the way to and from school, he and the other boys would throw rocks and were chased by the policemen several times. Miss Tar was principal of the Jackson School at that time.

Mr. Hasler's father was a cabinet maker by trade. April 14, 1860, his parents moved to St. James, Phelps County. The Frisco road was called the Southwest Branch of M. P., and just extended as far as Rolla, Mo. At the outbreak of the Civil War his father purchased a farm one mile from St. James, but was afraid to live on it account of the bushwhackers, as they were called, being so bad, so his father went back to town and worked as cabinet maker for a short time.

It was a difficult proposition to get anyone to work on the track or section and the superintendent of the Frisco—Southwest Branch of M. P., Thomas McKissick, persuaded his father to take the job as section boss and his father got several men to work for him. He also had the job piling wood and pumping water for the engines.

His father couldn't do all the work so he instructed young Tom how to handle the engine and pump station and how to pile wood. Mr. Hasler was twelve years old at this time. The master mechanic, Jake Johan, came through one day and said, "I see you have the kid helping you do your work," and to this his father replied, "I could not do all the work and attend to the section, too, and I just put the boy to helping me." The master mechanic said if the boy could do the work satisfactory they might as well put him on the pay roll and this is the way Thos. Hasler entered the service of the Southwest Branch.

The most important part of his job was to supply water for the engines and they couldn't get water unless he was there to let the drop pipe down to the engines, as the drop pipe and valve rod were fastened on the inside because the bushwhackers had been in the habit of coming along, letting the drop pipe down in order to let all the water run out of the tank. He lived close to the tank and at night the engineer would come to his home and whistle for him and he would almost freeze on cold nights by the time the tank on the engine was filled. He used to ride back and forth on engines and he got in the notion of railroading. They finally stopped

running trains at night account of the bushwhackers tearing up the tracks.

The farmers used to come to town with wagon loads of apples and the soldiers would always manage to get all they wanted. One day the soldiers unhitched the oxen and made them run away and by the time the farmers would get their teams of oxen back, their apples would all be gone.

In the fall of 1863 they experienced beautiful weather up until New Year's night, 1864, when it turned bitter cold and several soldiers that had been encamped near the town froze to death and several cattle froze standing up in the pastures.

Mr. Hasler remained at home until the close of the war—then moved to the farm that his father had purchased before the war. He worked on the farm until the spring of 1873. About the middle of May he learned they had established a Division point at St. James and he got a notion of railroading again and in June, 1873, moved to Springfield and went to firing on the road between Springfield and St. James. The first man he fired for was Johnny Bronneck. In 1876 he was promoted to engineer by Mike Kearney, master mechanic. He was engineer on No. 44 engine that was formerly a number ten spot. It was made by the Cook Locomotive Works and was on display at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago, 1893. It was owned by the Old Blair Line—later the Frisco purchased this engine and it was brought to Springfield and was assigned Mr. Hasler, his run being between Springfield and Ft. Smith, with Geo. Eddy as fireman. See picture of engine and crew, made at old depot at North Side, Springfield in 1899.

He had a regular run until the fall of 1876, and was then put on a work train which lasted almost all winter. In the spring of 1882 he was given a regular run as engineer in passenger service between Springfield and Neodesha, Kans. In 1892 he was transferred to the Central Division and remained on this run until he was retired, November, 1922.

Mr. Hasler's retirement was regretted by all who knew him as he had many friends on the railroad and he is greatly missed.

Mr. Hasler was married to Lucy E. McLean in Springfield, Mo., in 1883. They resided on the corner of Pacific and Clay Streets. They are the parents of eight children, five boys and three girls. All five boys work for the Frisco. His oldest daughter is deaconess in a Methodist school at St. Joe, Mo. His second daughter, Agnes, died December 26th, 1916. She was just 19 years of age and Mr. Has-

ler called her his lieutenant as she looked after his business affairs. His other daughter is Mrs. Dell Shirley, who resides on North Campbell St., Springfield.

Mr. Hasler is a great lover of outdoor sports and he told me a story of how a party of Missouri hunters in the Choctaw Country, Indian Territory, were cut off from the world for ten days and at night were besieged by hungry wolves. The story of this hunting trip was published in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, February 8th, 1906.

Since retiring from service Mr. Hasler purchased a tract of land on the Gasconade River, eight miles southeast of Crocker, Mo. On this land was an old mill pond and Mr. Hasler has improved it by deepening it and making a lake. He built a stone wall at one end of this lake six feet high, thirty-six inches thick and seventy feet long. The lake is 340 feet long and ninety feet wide, from four to six feet of water. There is a spring in this lake and a spillway over the wall. He has the lake stocked with fish—just received a shipment from the State Fish Hatchery in December and will get some fine trout from Mr. Scott at Sequiota, and is expecting another shipment of rock bass from the state. He also has one four room bungalow, four room dwelling, store, blacksmith shop, and mill on this land and last, but not least, a fine cellar in the hillside. There is twenty acres in this tract of land and it was formerly known as the old Wheeler Mill Site, now known as the Hasler Club. He has built a new mill and has installed a fifteen H. P. Fairbanks-Morse engine.

Last Thanksgiving there were two doctors from the Rock Island Hospital in Chicago, paid the Hasler Club a visit. Also Mr. Hasler's brothers, George and Frank, Jim Dulin and Tom Dwyer, were visitors at the club. They had one Thanksgiving dinner—turkey and all the necessary trimmings, among which were the favorite apple dumplings and the sauce had the usual flavor.

Mr. Hasler is making great improvements at the club. He purchased 1,060 feet water pipe and has installed it from the spring in the lake to the yard and has a hydrant which makes it convenient in carrying water into the house. In a short while he expects to have everything modern at the club.

Mr. Hasler spends most of his time at the present at the club house. Several clerks from the Frisco offices are delighted when they can go to the Hasler Club. That is where some of the boys caught so many fine fish last summer.



Hotel Seavers.



Surety Bldg.



Metropolitan Bldg.



Frisco Group Insurance Proves Its Excellence

Results of the group plan of insurance, now in force throughout the Frisco System, is rapidly and surely proving to employes the value of this means of protection.

A total of 816 claims of insured Frisco employes were paid during the year 1924, aggregating \$91,500, according to records of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, the corporation through which the group insurance is carried. Furthermore, dismemberment coverage was extended to the supervisory employes, who are entitled to individual protection in amounts ranging from \$1,000 to \$5,000—a similar schedule to that included in the life insurance program.

The Metropolitan reports that the 75 per cent minimum set by the insurance company has been oversubscribed and this protection became effective December 1, 1924.

The success of the plan has been so marked that now additional insurance has been offered to the supervisory group. Under its terms, one who is eligible will have life insurance in the sum of \$5,000 if in Class A; \$7,000 if in Class B; and \$9,000 if in Class C, paying in the event of death the full face of the contract. In case of total and permanent disability prior to the age of 60 years the payment will be as follows: Class A—\$90 monthly; Class B—\$126 monthly; and Class C—\$162 monthly, over a period of five years.

The terms of this additional insurance make it available to all present

employes of the Frisco Lines, irrespective of length of service and without medical examination.

It has been highly gratifying to the insurance department to note that a number of subscribers who failed to take advantage of the original offer have become patrons of the new plan, and the department wishes to urge that more employes avail themselves of this real insurance opportunity.

There is a genuine satisfaction in the consciousness of service rendered to shop craft and supervisory employes and their families when the experience of the first full policy year is reviewed.

SAFETY FIRST

You may get tired of hearing through the magazine and through the newspapers — "Safety First" — but there are lots of folks who get killed and sometimes it is because they don't read enough "Safety First", or it is because they read it and then fail to heed it.

In this day and age, when speed means so much, there is an impatient attitude about most of us that is uncalled for.

Notice the woman waiting for a package to be wrapped: she fairly writhes with impatience if someone else happens to be ahead of her. Take the man crossing the street. The traffic has just changed and he is forced to wait one whole minute until it changes again. Does he do it? Sometimes! But more often you will see him dodging in and out among moving traffic—taking a great chance all because a minute was too long to wait!

Someone has said that the glass in your windshield is the same stuff that they put in hospital windows. Use your own judgment. Which one you want to look through.

THE FRISCO PARAMOUNT QUARTETTE



Standing—Right to left, Ira Smith, Joe Weddell
Sitting—Right to left, Ralph Matthews, Cecil Waites

Introducing the Frisco Paramount Four Quartette! Composed of employes of the Frisco Railway, these four have organized and are considered one of the best quartettes along the Frisco Lines.

These boys perform at practically all of the Frisco functions, and almost every program of any note in or around Springfield, their location, includes numbers by the Frisco Paramount Four. On several occasions they have filled in for missing acts at the local theaters and on February

10th were the guests of the Transportation Club of Tulsa, appearing on the dinner program.

Their repertoire is unlimited—including everything from "Mother Machree" to the latest edition of jazz.

Whenever they sing they spread happiness, pep and good fellowship, and all who have heard them, reward them with encores, and many of them.

Next time you want a real good program, just list the Frisco Paramount Four for a number!

Why Not for Railroads, Too?

"I believe that a newspaper should make sufficient revenue to do the following things in this order:

"1. To perpetuate itself, and keep itself in the lead in its community and trade territory.

"2. To generously compensate the real brain and muscles of the institution—its employes.

"3. To turn a fair rate of interest for the capital used—say, six or eight per cent."

—Marcellus M. Murdock,
Publisher, Wichita (Kans.)
Eagle.

BIRMINGHAM

"The Magic City of the South"

Launa M. Chew, Reporter

While I realize Birmingham is not the feature city for this month, Mr. Bell has asked for "a story" of points of interest, or employes who have accomplished something unusual or been in the service many, many years, and I know of nothing at the present time more interesting than the unusual growth of Birmingham.

Birmingham was founded in 1871; the area of the city proper covers 52 square miles, while the area of Birmingham and its suburbs embrace 120 miles and is now the third largest city in the south, thirty-sixth in the country and the biggest in America for its age, now having a population of over 200,000.

It is with much pride the citizens of Birmingham tell of the growth of their city; for the year 1924 bank clearings amounted to \$1,367,180,826.71, an increase of over \$60,000,000 over the previous year. Birmingham has a weekly pay roll of over four million dollars. 322 new corporations entered Birmingham during the year, making a total of 1,354 for the entire State of Alabama.

Coke production in Alabama, of which the greater per cent is produced in the Birmingham District, during 1924 is expected to meet the five million ton mark, when official figures are compiled by the State Mining Department. Throughout the year, the coke production has been almost 100 per cent and it is esti-

LAUNA M. CHEW

Below we have Launa M. Chew, the Magazine reporter at Birmingham. And a regular reporter she is—one of the best on the staff. Meet her—we know you'll like her.



mated the production will be greater than ever before in the history of the state. Largest producing companies being the Tennessee Coal, Iron & Railroad Co., Sloss-Sheffield Steel & Iron Co., Woodward Iron Co., Gulf States Steel, and Republic Iron & Steel Company. The most of these companies having large plants located on the tracks of the Frisco Railway.

The old time coke ovens are fast disappearing, as furnace operators build the latest and more modern kind, which will do away with the useless waste of great value, resulting in by-products from coal, including oils, sulphate and other by-products, which will add to the wealth produced by this district.

The Criss Crossing Mystery

By Marshall R. Evans

Not far from where the cross-continental highway crosses the Missouri state line, lies the cross-road hamlet of Criss Crossing, in all probability named for the town's postmaster and mayor, one Chris Cross. One learns from the sign in "box car" letters that runs horizontally across his place of business that Mr. Cross also handles general merchandise. Across the square, 'neath the once white-hued wooden cross that stands vertically above a deserted little building, one sees this inscription in modest, faded lettering, "Take the Cross and Follow me." This, gentle readers, being the sum total of the hamlet's outdoor advertising, we will now get on with our story.

Looking back across the square again to the veranda of Mr. Cross' store, we see what is apparently the total population of Criss Crossing gathered in three agitated, yet intent, groups. One gathers from this that the mail has been delivered, including the daily newspapers from the city. There are only three subscribers to the papers in the county, hence the three groups.

To a stranger not versed in the ways of the villagers, it would seem the news this particular morning was vastly important. And rightly so. Yet yesterday saw the same three excited gatherings, and barring unforeseen events, so will tomorrow. One is curious.

Suddenly one of the native sons jumps to a vertical position and gives vent to his pent-up vocal energies thusly: "I got it!" he shouts, "RA! RA! RA!" and looks around with a satisfied air, much as if he had just discovered oil in his back yard. "Ah, now I've got it," thinks the stranger, "they're reading the baseball scores!" But his thoughts are interrupted by a shrill voice that rises from the low murmurings of the crowd across the square, "'Taint no such!" shouts the owner of the falsetto, pointing a much worn writing pencil at the afore-mentioned Rah-Rah boy. "I said it was Ra, and Ra it is," comes the answer, "I

didn't go to no college for nothing!" Slowly the shrill voiced pencil pointer lowers his weapon with signs of disgust. "Well, all I gotta say," he muttered, "is that's a helluva name for anybuddy, much less an Egyptian sun-god."

And so you, gentle readers, may deduce from this, as did the stranger, that the citizens of Criss Crossing were cross-word addicts, even as you and I, as an English scribe, in seven letters, once remarked.

THE END

Springfield General Office Employes Given a Surprise Party

Although most of us are acquainted with one another around the General Offices, at least to the extent of tracing for a reply, or dropping in to borrow some article of stationery, it is a very rare thing for all of us to be thrown together at one big party, given especially for us. Due to the courtesy of some of our officials, who are members of the Country Club, we were all invited to an entertainment given at this place on evening of February 19th.

J. K. Gibson was appointed chairman of arrangements, and working on the theory that dancing is one of the best ways of getting in closer touch with each other symbolically as well as literally, decided to feature the Terpsichorean Art. However, before starting the dance, the other departments were given a chance to listen in on some of the Mechanical Department talent, the first thing on the program being a concert given by the Mechanical Department Band.

J. E. Foster, who is leader of the band while he is not chief-clerking for F. A. Beyer, demonstrated his ability as a band master as well as taking part in the dance orchestra. We hope he keeps in mind that there will be some spring days coming along pretty soon, and that the General Offices are open to a serenade any time.

During intermission the Paramount Four entertained with some snappy songs that were highly applauded. "Skeeter" Palmer then did some acrobatic work on the piano, in fact, all he lacked being another "King of the Ivories" was his failure to have ever been in a hoose-gow. J. K. Cook finished the intermission with a little bit of Scotch and he could not have pleased his audience more, had he brought his Scotch along in a bottle.

Although a prize was announced for the ladies' high score at bridge, the interest seemed to be centered in the dance, therefore, Mr. Gibson, who is ever master of situations, decided to award the prize to the best lady dancer, which was won by Louise Boren. Unfortunately, at least for J. H. Doggrell, there was no gentleman's prize offered, as it seemed the Transportation Department head was the most "cut in" gentleman of the evening.



Radio



This department is conducted as a medium of exchange of ideas for the many radio fans throughout the Frisco System. Let us hear of your experiences, your thrills and disappointments, your station-getting records — and some of your mechanical troubles. And we'll pass them on via the Radio Page.

America is on the verge of having another trite phrase thrust upon the already over-crowded category of trite sayings. That phrase is:

"Program coming in fine!"

The other night a family of fans sat around the loud speaker, wafting here and there over the ether, tuning in on stations thousands of miles apart.

Announcers in St. Louis, Los Angeles, Vancouver, Havana, Fort Worth, New York, Chicago, Kansas City and other stations read telegram after telegram from the listeners-in. And always the sentence was heard:

"Program coming in fine!"

Possibly such a complaint from us is evolved from a mind of meanness—but, isn't there some other way? Can't, and won't, these people who wire in their compliments to the broadcasting stations, construct their comments in some other way than:

"Program coming in fine!"

And here is the reason:

Radio fans are legion—they are thousands and hundreds of thousands strong. That great army of listeners-in has grown amazingly — will grow more and more.

They strap on the head-sets or turn on the loud-speaker for entertainment. And only those who have listened-in evening after evening know how boring it is to hear continually, perpetually, eternally:

"Program coming in fine!"

Leo Fitzpatrick, famous "Merry Old Chief" of WDAF, the Kansas City Star, will utter a groaning, sympathetic second to the above. Leo, as an announcer, has to read the telegrams, and he estimates the occasions into the thousands when he has been compelled to read into the microphone that old, old story:

"Program coming in fine!"

"'Tis a poor radio man"—who blames his loud-speaker entirely when he gets blaring on loud signals. Remember, this may be due to the signal being so strong it causes a sort of temporary paralysis of the audio frequency tube, or tubes, by putting so large a charge on the grids that the plate current is stopped for the moment. This is commonly called "overloading."

It is best to avoid poor mica in condensers, as it may contain mineral salts that entirely destroy its insulating value.

Binding posts on a set should preferably be mounted so the terminals of high potential difference are well away from each other. Otherwise dust and moisture will collect and form a partial short circuit which will reduce the signal strength.

The vibrant declaiming of Charles G. Dawes, inaugurated vice-president of the United States on March 4, was not heard over radio throughout the world. A restriction prohibiting running wires into the U. S. Senate Chamber was the reason.

REMEMBER—

Many of the most unaccountable noises in receiving apparatus are caused by nearby battery chargers. If you have such a noise that you can't locate, examine the neighborhood for such a device.

When you add an amplifier to a regenerative receiving set be sure you have a proper condenser across the output leads of the receiver. This will make up for the capacity

across the phone cords, which for radio frequencies have a high capacity.

And don't forget that connections soldered with paste may corrode if not used properly and often wiped clean.

This Page for Radio Thrills

Due to a rapidly growing number of radio fans throughout the length and breadth of the Frisco Lines, the Editor feels the Radio Page should forthwith become a regular department of the Employees' Magazine. It shall not, however, be conducted as a technical, mechanical department, but under the broader banner of a page of personal experiences in radio entertainment. From any radio magazine (and there are new ones springing up every month these days), Frisco men and women may procure expert advice on construction and maintenance of their various sets, and many magazines solve the most intricate problems of operation for their readers.

But you Frisco workers are establishing radio records, if you but knew it! You fans are getting long-distance stations — you are traveling the ether from east to west and north to south—you are hearing the best (and some of the worst) of the radio offerings. Many of them are tickling your funny bones! Let's hear about those. Many of them are bringing through your ear-sets and loud-speakers music that soothes, speeches that instruct, songs that twang the heart-strings. Suppose you tell us of those.

Make the new radio page a loud-speaker in its own right—broadcast your experiences to others of the Frisco Family.

Send it in to the Editor.

Let's go!