



THE FRISCO EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

ROOM 743 FRISCO BUILDING :: ST. LOUIS

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THE FRISCO EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

The Frisco Employees' Magazine is a monthly publication devoted primarily to the interests of the more than 30,000 active and retired employees of the Frisco Lines. It contains stories, items of current news, personal notes about employees and their families, articles dealing with various phases of railroad work, poems, cartoons and notices regarding the service. Good clear photographs suitable for reproduction are especially desired, and will be returned only when requested. All cartoons and drawings must be in black India drawing ink.

Employees are invited to write articles for the magazine. Contributions should be typewritten, on one side of the sheet only, and should be addressed to the Editor, Frisco Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Distributed free among Frisco employees. To others, price 15 cents a copy; subscription rate \$1.50 a year. Advertising rates will be made known upon application.

Fifteen Hundred Frisco Veterans Hold Fifth Annual Reunion June 6-7 at Springfield, Mo.

Loyal Workers Many Years in Service Attend Gigantic Barbecue and Field Day—Dan Hartman Chosen President

(Veterans' Panorama Photograph on Pages 42-43)

BY the time the last of the many trains from north, south, east and west had slowed to a gentle stop in front of the Frisco Lines station at Springfield, Mo., on the morning of June 6 and landed their passengers on the platform, 1,500 men and women, all more than twenty years "young" in the service of this railroad, had tumbled laughingly from those trains and were ready for the "day of days" in the year 1927—the occasion of the fifth annual reunion of the Frisco System Veteran Employes' Association.

Old man "Jupe" Pluvius, who has spoiled so many outing days this season, was frowning most threateningly on the beaming veterans, but the overcast sky which "Jupe" was mean enough to send, couldn't dim the smiles and laughter of these light-hearted old-timers, who were "out for a time".

They weren't to be denied—and they weren't, either.

"Slim" Lindbergh was on his way home, the marines were in Nicaragua, President Coolidge had decided on a vacation in the Black Hills—but for the next forty-eight hours these veterans, who had given their working lives to the service of the great Frisco Lines, were going to cease any bother about any other event than their own.

From shortly after six o'clock until nearly 10 in the morning, a constant stream of taxicabs brought the Veterans and their wives to the portals of the Colonial Hotel—official registration headquarters—where a reception committee, well versed in welcoming, made the home-coming a merry one. Stenographers from the Frisco's general offices pounded typewriters feverishly to register the Veterans with all possible speed, and badges and pins, labels, membership cards and tickets were distributed with rapidity.

While the crowd was dense in the hotel lobby, there was no confusion. The reception committee had done its job well, and each veteran knew just where to go and what to do. Scouts answered questions efficiently and personal service of every kind was at hand for the applicant.

And so the great event was begun. The fifth vet-

eran's reunion—probably the most important annual business-social event on this railroad—was under way.

At 9:30 a. m., J. L. McCormack, secretary of the association, announced that street cars were waiting in front of the hotel to convey the happy crowd to Doling Park, the scene of the day's activities. The veterans and their wives piled out, eager for the sight of their new picnic grounds. "Come on, Bill, the engineer's waitin' fer the signal", and "Couple up there, you two, let's pull out o' here, so there won't be no delay on the 87 report", were some of the remarks as they hustled and jostled their way out of the lobby.

Last year it was found that Sequiota Park had become too small to pleasantly accommodate the reunion attendants, and Doling Park, directly north of the Public Square was selected.

The last veteran and his wife arrived about 11:15 a. m., and after an inspection of the park, they met in a huge circle, surrounding their president, George Taaffe. Reverend Edward S. Travers, D. D., St. Peter's Church, St. Louis, delivered the invocation. Mr. Taaffe then called upon Mayor W. E. Freeman of Springfield, who welcomed the veterans to Doling Park and to Springfield. "I look forward to this event each year," he said, "and I am hoping that this year will surpass any other year in being the most pleasant reunion you have ever had. I give you the key to the city and trust that you will enjoy every minute spent here." Mr. Taaffe responded, conveying the thanks of the veterans. W. G. Wolfe, general agent at Pittsburg,

Kansas, together with Ralph Matthews and Elmer Jarrett of the Springfield offices, led the veterans as they sang old-time songs and well-known parodies on the later ones.

At prompt noon, the crowd drifted toward the long tables, set under the shady trees for the barbecue dinner.

Charles E. Gray, of the Central Boarding and Supply Company, was commander-in-chief of the army of chefs who prepared the feast, and he and his corps of experts had worked all day and the night before



"DAN" HARTMAN, who was elected president of the Frisco Veteran's Association for 1927-28



Pictures reading from left to right: A reunion group of veterans including the Harry Deans, John Forester, the Clarks, C. C. Mills and J. P. Malley; a group of officials and Rev. E. S. Travers, of St. Louis, a guest; below: Mrs. John Pearson and daughter (a granddaughter of D. E. Eicher); Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stybes; President Kurn leaving "chowline" well fortified with barbecue.

Below, at left; Mrs. Mollie Hogan Roth and Mrs. S. S. Fish of St. Louis; center, group of pensioned employes; right, Calvin Davis, eleventh oldest pensioner. Bottom left; Messrs. Woolsey, Martin Worman and Stephenson, arrest officer D. Forsythe for "impersonation". Inset; Vice President Hutchison with a smile of "barbecue satisfaction". Lower right; S. S. Butler, N. G. Gamble, M. M. Sisson, J. K. Gibson and F. H. Shaffer, at conclusion of last refrain of "Sweet Adeline".





Winners of the various dances, top row, left to right: Pat Moore, jig dancer; C. D. Howard and Mrs. Geo. Messick, fox trot; Tom Doyle and wife, waltz; Kathryn and Ruth Ellett, Charleston; W. G. Wolfe awarded the prize as being the fattest man in the Grand March. Bottom row, left to right: Virginia Conley, Charleston; Mrs. Dan McCarty and M. L. Lane, old fashioned quadrille; Lillian Conley, Charleston; C. C. Mills and wife, awarded prize as best looking couple in Grand March; Betty Jean Clark, Charleston.

over the barbecue pits, with pleasing success. Large platters were heaped high with pickles. A short distance away was a huge platter of lettuce, stacks of sliced bread, and four boilers of hot, steaming coffee. Instead of one line, there were three long serving tables and as many lines.

A line of 1,200 people filed past the long tables, barbecued beef and pork were dished out generously, together with bread and butter, lettuce, ice cream, cake and coffee.

About 2:00 p. m., with luncheon over, the crowd began to drift toward the entrance to the Cave at Doling Park, where the photographer awaited them. A huge panorama was made of all except the late diners.

The dance hall was but a few steps further on, and when most of the veterans reached the pavilion, the ring-side seats were taken and G. M. Hasler, leader of the famous Frisco orchestra, was directing them in a lively tune, and many feet were tapping out the meter. C. C. Mills, famed far and wide for his organizing abilities, marshalled the veterans in line for a grand triumphal march.

And did they march?

The old veterans, with shoulders erect and heads high, marched as they had never marched before. On their faces were smiles of great pride—pride in the fact that they were veterans of the finest railroad in the United States. On their arms were their wives, many of them with silvered hair, proud of their husbands, as they smiled at the cheering ring-siders, and holding their skirts with one hand, marching in circles and squares, as "Charley" Mills directed them. "Turkey in the Straw" made them bow and scrape, "The Virginia Reel" made them put forth a burst of enthusiasm, and when it was all over, they stopped exhausted, but as thrilled as when the music was playing.

O. H. McCarty, general manager of the Texas

Lines; J. H. Doggrell, superintendent of transportation, and C. J. Stephenson, assistant to the general manager, both at Springfield, were the judges for the dance prize events, and they awarded three before the contest started, the first to C. G. Beckley and wife, for being the oldest couple in the grand march; the second to C. C. Mills and wife, as being the best-looking couple in the grand march, and the third prize to W. G. Wolfe of Pittsburg, Kans., for being the fattest man on the floor. Mr. and Mrs. Beckley received a box of oranges, the Mills received a bridge lamp, and Mr. Wolfe a fine Virginia ham.

The dances ranged from the old-fashioned quadrille, to the Charleston and black bottom, and while many of the veterans did not participate, the cheering was loud, and the appreciation deep. In the newer dances, the younger daughters of the Frisco veterans were the main participants and they were cheered long and lustily.

After seeing the main events of the dance floor, many began inquiring for the place where the field events were to be held, and many in the dance hall wended their way across the park and near C. H. Baltzell's "prize" booth, where wrestling and boxing matches were already under way.

These two events were secured by "Uncle Charley", and he assured the "vets" that the participants in the wrestling match were professionals. It was the first time many of the veterans' wives had ever seen a boxing or wrestling match, and many of them squealed as the boxers landed lefts and rights.

The professional wrestlers, Dugan Layton of Springfield and Jimmy Finley of Louisville, Kentucky, were loudly applauded and, since the exhibition was donated, money rained in on the mat for them.

Howard Perry, secretary to M. T. Fullington of the telegraphers at Springfield, wrestled the "unknown" boxer, and up until the end of the reunion, "Uncle