



The Marriage of Santa Claus

ONCE Santa Claus sobered and said with a sigh,
While a tear added luster to each twinkling eye,
"Oh, I'm getting so lonely and weary of life,
I need a companion, or better, a wife;
But where could I find one to share my joy,
And love as I love, every girl and each boy?"
He thot and he pondered, this jolly recluse,
Then he shouted, "I have it; 'tis old Mother Goose."
He was off in a jiffy, he whistled, his sled
O'er the snow like the flight of a skyrocket sped.
And his reindeers snorted, with heads high and haughty,
And trotted along at the rate of two-forty.
So he found the old lady, of course, very soon,
She had just returned from a trip to the moon,
And was fixing her cap, slightly mussed from the ride,
While the cobwebs were thick in the broom by her side.
She was old, she was weazened, she had a great nose,
Yet her eyes were as bright as the plumage of crows,
And her voice tho' 'twas cracked, had a ring very sweet,
And her dress tho' 'twas queer, was most awfully neat.
And Santa Claus blushed as he said, "How d'ye do?"
The dame courtesied low, and replied, "Sir, to you."
"Will you have me?" he prays; "my darling, confess."
She hesitates, murmurs, and then whispers, "Yes,
But my children!" she cries, with the usual pause.
"Why children, I love 'em", said bluff Santa Claus.
"Bring 'em out—where are they? I want 'em", cried he,
So forth trip they all in a great company.
First comes a fair maid, and know her we should,
By the wolf and her granny—'tis Red Riding Hood;
While after them, fearfully blowing his horn,
Is Little Boy Blue on his way from the corn;
And the notes of his music he sweetly doth play
Brings the piper's son, Tom, from the hills for away,
And then with a jump and a roll down the hill,
With pails, and with water, bounce poor Jack and Jill,
As well as a nameless man, tattered and torn,
Who is kissing and kissing a maiden forlorn.
And forth from her garden in a way quite contrary,
With fruits and with flowers, comes sweet Mistress Mary;
Then Simon the Simple returns from the fair,
With the pie-man most cautious in selling his ware;
While dragging their tails behind, flock the sheep
Of the wandering shepherdess, Little Bo Peep.
A very old woman lugs up a great shoe,
And out jump her children, a hoisterous crew;
Some sing and some dance, and some of them play
"The Mulberry Bush", and "Rain, Rain Go Away".
"They are just what I want", shouts old Santa Claus;
Mother Goose and her children ring out their applause.
"Now all jump aboard—our new home we'll explore;
On my sled there has ever been room for one more."
With shouts and with laughter they tumble within,
And wrap buffalo robes close beneath every chin;
The reindeer they galloped, the moon shone out bright
As they hurried along in its soft silver light;
And the fat, jolly driver chuckled often in glee
At the sight of his wife and his vast family.
And the songs of the children rang out on the air
As they journeyed along, disregarding all care,
'Till they reached the great palace and thro' it to roam,
And forever be happy within their new home.

—(Anonymous.)

COUNTING THE TOLL

Not many little girls thirteen years old win awards for essays, but Ruth Surles, who is that age won, in competition with many school children of Sherman, Texas, second award for her essay, "Ah! Counting the Toll", written in connection with the recent Fire Prevention Week there.

Ruth is a daughter of J. W. Surles, Frisco master mechanic at Sherman. The Surles home is at 300 South Griddle Street.

Following is the essay:

The annual per capita fire waste in the United States is three dollars, in Europe thirty-three cents. The cause: Europe has better construction, less carelessness, personal responsibility.

Defective flues are responsible for nineteen per cent of all fires. All fires are the same size at their start. Every second counts, so be prepared!

An ounce of fire prevention is worth a pound of extinguishment. Dynamite used as a rolling pin is as safe as cleaning with gasoline.

Clean your chimney and avoid a stack of trouble.

A child and a match are a dangerous pair. "Two little heads without a care."

Imagine a street a thousand miles in length lined with buildings of a typical city. Suppose this street, crowded with people and vehicles of every description, should be set on fire at either end, and should burn at the rate of three miles a day. At the end of a year every building would be destroyed, and the spectator walking down the scene of desolation would come upon an injured person every thousand feet and a human corpse every half-mile.

This ruin pictured is reproduced every year in the United States. Why not prevent it?

There was a family of mice living in the chimney of a house. One day the father said he was going out, and told his children, "Keep away from those sticks that have red tips on them." All promised, but one disobedient mouse danced off to find "those sticks," sneaked one to the nest safely, but the second match scraped against the wall and caught the house on fire.

Folks asked each other, "Who set the house on fire?" Only one knew, the little mouse behind the flower-pot.

Moral: Keep matches in covered tin boxes.

A Group of Children of Frisco Workers



TOP ROW, left to right: Gordon A. Long, son of Arch Long, stationmaster, Monett, Mo.; Margaret and Athlela Giddens, children of T. E. Giddens, machine shop foreman, Enid, Okla.; Rosa Frondsens, daughter of P. Frondsens, Monett, Mo.; Paul and Violet, children of Fred Divine, car repairer, Enid, Okla.; George H. Payne, Jr., son of G. H. Payne, employe, Frisco Lines, Pensacola, Fla.; Billie Donald, son of Charles Myers, north roundhouse employe, Springfield, Mo. SECOND ROW, left to right: Graceva and Bobbie, Jr., children of Robert Oringderff, boilermaker, Enid, Okla.; Ammie Payne, daughter of G. H. Payne, employe, Frisco Lines, Pensacola, Fla.; Alma, Lee and Lewis, children of Charles Myers, north roundhouse employe, Springfield, Mo. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Hosie Gill, Jr., son of Hosie Gill, inspector, Frisco Lines; Marjorie and Max, children of W. C. Gottsch, car repairer, Enid, Okla.; Cora Lee and twin brothers, Elba and Earl, children of P. E. German, laborer, car department, Hugo, Okla.; Charles Harlan Roark, son of Charles Roark, machinist, Enid, Okla.; Lloyd Leon McCrite, son of J. A. McCrite, machinist, Enid, Okla.

TWILIGHT LADIES' MAIL

Bluffdale, Texas.
November 6, 1927.

Dear Twilight Lady:

My little brother Jimmie and I worked the November puzzle. We made it so that the fifth tumbler could stand on the bridge.

I have not written you for many months but I have not forgotten you and the nice Valentine you sent me.

I am twelve years old and I haven't hardly decided what I want for Christmas. You know it is a pretty hard thing for a girl my age to know just what she does want, but I am not hard to please and I don't want anything that I think might help some poor little girl or boy. I am sure old Santa will not forget me because he never has. I belong to the B. Y. P. U., and I and another little girl are planning a Christmas box for the orphans at Buckners' Orphans Home.

I am just writing this as a friendly letter because it has never been possible for me to write an interesting letter, and I don't expect mine to be published.

I am in the seventh grade and my Dad is agent at Bluffdale, Texas.

Truly yours, JACQUELINE HALL.

St. Louis, Missouri.

Dear Twilight Lady:

I have not written to you before, so I guess we will have to get acquainted. Last Christmas we got an unexpected gift and that was a baby girl. She was eleven months old on November 12, 1927.

I am not wishing much for Christmas this year, because I am 12 years old and of course you know Santa Claus don't come to see me. I am too big for playthings, so all I want is some nice clothes, but there is one thing that I want every Christmas and that is a painting set.

My daddy is a railroad man for the Frisco and he is a conductor. He brings home the *Frisco Magazine* every month, which I am very glad, because I just love to read the pages which you have for the children.

I wish to receive an answer soon,

Yours truly,
HELEN KETCHUM.

6839 Bradley Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Dear Twilight Lady:

You really don't know how much my baby sister and I enjoy looking at the pictures of the babies in the *Frisco Magazine* each month. When daddy brings the *Magazine* home, sister and I both grab for it. I say, 'See the pretty baby,' 'There's a toot-

toot train,' 'Oh, look, there's daddy' for all pictures of the men in the *Magazine* are of my daddy—so I think.

I believe you'd like to have a picture of the 4 J's. The 4 J's mean Jim and John, and Jean and Jane. Jim and John are brothers, sons of fireman and Mrs. Frank Scanlon, of 7012 Tholozan, St. Louis. Jean and Jane are sisters, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Roland H. Hallauer, of 6839 Bradley, St. Louis.

My daddy is a machinist working at the shops in Lindenwood.

Jim was 4 years old last week, Jane is one and one-half years old, and John and I are two and one-half years old. I'm a week older than John.

We are all a live bunch and sometimes—especially when we're together—the switching of the toot-toot trains that our mothers often hear is music to their ears in comparison to the noise we make.

We think that when Santa Claus comes to St. Louis he'll come over the Frisco Lines and that fireman Scanlon with engineer Kingdon will bring him and all his toys on their train.

We, the 4 J's, wish you, Twilight Lady, and all the babies in the Frisco family a merry, merry Christmas.

Lovingly,
JEAN HALLAUER.

The FRISCO EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

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By the

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**Where Is Next Frisco Club?**

THE chief trial of our revered ancestor, Adam, when he first wandered over the earth on which he was the only living mortal, was the need for companionship, we are told.

That yearning for friends with whom to talk and play and work has become a vital part of our heritage. The man who does not wish to know his neighbor, his desk-mate, his fellow-office-worker, the good looking girl in the next office, or the pleasant chap across the hall, is without his share of the milk of human kindness, and is to be pitied by all normal men.

Thirty thousand employes of the Frisco railroad are located in the nine states through which we operate our lines. They are gathered together in groups of five, ten and twenty persons at smaller points, in groups of fifty, one hundred and two hundred at larger ones, and at St. Louis, Kansas City, Springfield and Monett, etc., the groups run from five hundred to five thousand.

It is, in total, a tremendous organization of thirty thousand human beings working for one concern,—working with the ideal of Frisco service always before them,—working for themselves and their railroad, to the end that through their efforts, both individually and collectively, the great public which uses our service will find it superior and satisfactory.

Because of the vastness of the organization it has not been possible for Bill of the shops to know Conductor Jim as well as he would like. Miss Steno in the offices hasn't had time to get acquainted with Miss Secretary in the freight office. There's too much work to do between eight-thirty and five, and there's no congenial medium through which Bill and Conductor Jim, and Miss Steno and Miss Secretary can meet.

Rather let us say there *was* no congenial medium.

Because a gigantic movement on Frisco Lines today has for its objective the upbuilding of a lasting friendship among employes, the furtherance of a better understanding of each other, the promotion of better ideals in service for the company for which we all work, and last but not least, the thought that through our understanding of ourselves and our problems, the standard of service which Frisco Lines is rendering may be steadily improved and bettered in all ways.

And that is the why of these Frisco clubs.

At Fort Scott, Kansas City, St. Louis, Springfield, Enid, Clinton, Memphis, Birmingham, Oklahoma City and Fort Smith, Frisco Employee Clubs have already formed and are meeting once or twice a month for a good time of dancing, entertainment and business discussions. The Kansas City club celebrated its second birthday with a party attended by 1,250 employes and their friends November 18, and the Fort Scott club will observe its second birthday with a gigantic affair in Memorial hall there December 12.

There are other towns on Frisco Lines who should foster the organization of Frisco Employee Clubs. Towns where twenty Frisco men are employed have a potential club membership of sixty, if statistician Babson's average of three to a family is correct. The smaller towns should take heart from Clinton, Mo., on the Hi-Line, where there is not only a club but a ladies' auxiliary as well.

President Kurn and his officers are waiting to hear from Frisco employes to whom the invitation to form clubs went November 8, over the president's signature.

Let's get acquainted with ourselves and our fellow-workers. Let's boost our railroad, ourselves and our jobs.

What Frisco town will be the next to announce a Frisco Employees' Club?



The End of a Perfect Day

"How long you in jail fo', Mose?"

"Two weeks."

"What am de cha'ge?"

"No cha'ge, everything am free."

"Ah mean, what has you did?"

"Done shot my wife."

"You all killed yo' wife and only in jail fo' two weeks?"

"Dat's all—then I gits hung."

Courtesy

A haughty lady had just purchased a postage stamp.

"Must I stick it on myself?" she asked.

"Positively not, Madam," replied the clerk. "It will accomplish more if you stick it on the letter."

And That's That!

"May I have the last dance with you?"

"You've just had it."

Straighten This Out!

"Bob, I made you believe I wasn't in earnest when I told you I didn't mean what I said, didn't I?"

"I think so."

"Well, I take it all back."

An Indefinite Number

He had been looking over the Christmas cards on the counter, when the saleswoman suggested: "Here's a lovely sentiment—"To the only girl I ever loved."

"That's fine", he said, brightening, "I'll take five—no, six of those, please."

An unwelcome guest or a bad cold are two of the best things going.

From a New York tabloid: "They have one son, a boy."

From the Washington dispatch in the Houston Chronicle: "Lindbergh was escorted to the place reserved for him while the great crowd came to its feet with a roaring welcome that lasted for two months."

No Tears

New Boarder: "When I left my last boarding place the landlady wept."

Landlady: "Well, I won't. I always collect in advance."

Your ship won't come in 'till you row out to meet it!

The Truth or Not

"How far is it to the Hilltop bungalows?"

"About three miles."

"But this letter says its only a two minutes walk from the station!"

"Well, believe me or believe that letter, only I ain't tryin' to sell them bungalows."

The Parade

Most of the family were at the window viewing the parade. Suddenly one of them said, "Where's auntie?"

"Upstairs," came the answer, "waving her hair."

"Mercy," exclaimed the horrified member of the family, "can't we afford a flag?"

Lost!

"What's the matter, Sam, haven't you been working lately?"

"Nossur, ah ain't been able to find mah dice."

Thanks!

"Thankful! What have I got to be thankful for, I can't even pay my bills!"

"Then man alive, be thankful you are not one of your creditors."

He may have a greasy hat and the seat of his pants may be shiny, but if his children have their noses flattened against the window pane a half hour before he is due home for supper, you can trust him with anything you have.

Salute Your Captain!

Newlywed, following ceremony: "Dearest do you really think that I'll prove a satisfactory mate?"

Mrs. Newlywed: "Oh you'll do for a mate, all right. Now, look me over and tell me what you think of your Captain!"

What He Wanted

It is only natural that children form their estimates of people, places and institutions by what they see constantly associated with them. Which helps to explain why little Harry was

suspicious about going to a hospital.

A few days after Harry's mother came home from the hospital with a brand new baby, Harry fell and broke his arm.

As the family doctor was lifting the little fellow out of the car to take him into the hospital, Harry asked the doctor if he must go in there.

"Yes, but don't worry, laddie; the hospital's a nice place and we'll soon fix you up," replied the physician.

"All right, doctor, but if I have to go to the hospital, I want a pup—I don't want a baby."—The Kablegram.

Reminded

"The storm burst upon us so suddenly and violently that we had no warning of its approach," said the tornado victim, relating his experience to a friend. "In an instant the house was demolished and scattered to the four winds. How I escaped being torn to pieces I do not know! We—"

"G-good gracious!" said Mr. Meeke, jumping to his feet. "That reminds me! I almost forgot to post a letter for my wife!"

Hired!

A recent college graduate applied in the local butcher shop for a job. The butcher looked him over carefully and then said: "We need an energetic young man to run the slicing machine. Have you ever had any experience?"

"I used to play golf."

Wise Man

A little boy from Canada, who had never seen a negro, was riding in New York with his uncle when he spied a colored lady.

"Uncle, why does that woman black her face?"

"She doesn't; that's her natural color."

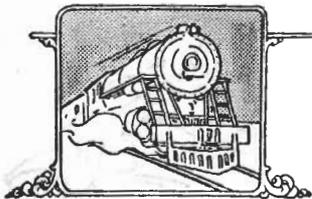
"Is she black like that all over?"

"Why, yes," uncle replied.

The boy looked up beamingly at his uncle. "Gee, uncle, you know everything, don't you?"

Power of Advertising

Card in Florida paper—"Thursday I lost a gold watch which I valued very highly. Immediately I inserted an ad in your lost and found column, and waited. Yesterday I went home and found the watch in the pocket of another suit. Thank you very much."



The FRISCO MECHANIC

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



LEARNS AT FORTY-EIGHT

Carl Oberlander of Springfield Attains 16 Years Before Speaking English

CARL OBERLANDER, locomotive cab carpenter, West Shops, Springfield, son of German immigrants and unable to speak English until after he was sixteen years old, says "a man is never too old to learn"



CARL OBERLANDER

and now, in his forty-eighth year, has enrolled for his fourth term in the night mechanical drawing course at Springfield Senior High School.

He came to America with his parents when he was three years old. The family settled in Kansas where young Oberlander was associated almost entirely with German-speaking people. Carl Oberlander began his Frisco service at Springfield in 1923, and immediately enrolled in the mechanical drawing class.

Until recently deprived of the advantages of an education himself, he is giving his four children a good education. His two boys are members of the famous Springfield Boy Scout Band. One of these boys is attending high school and is planning to begin, this second semester, the course that his father is taking.

Man (in speeding car, to driver): Say, this is a pretty town, wasn't it?

A Merry Christmas to All

By FRANK JUNKINS, General Chairman
System Committee F. A. M. & C. D. Employees

ALL of you, no doubt, are aware of the fact that our organization has entered the sixth year of its career. We have grown from a tiny start of a few members to one of the largest independent organizations in the United States, one of more than five thousand members, stretching over a wide expanse of nine states. This growth in membership is very encouraging to us, whose aim is that this organization shall include every employe in the shops and car yards. The satisfactory results which have been obtained during the year 1927, are most gratifying. At first there was some feeling of skepticism as to whether or not results could be brought about through the medium of our Association, however, am inclined to believe that the majority of the non-believers have a feeling of conviction that our Association is getting results and that the spirit of Co-operation, Good-will and sound reasoning will solve any problem which may confront us.

Now that the Yuletide season is just around the corner, this general feeling of peace and good-will should predominate more than ever during this month, for it is this thought which has permeated the Christmas celebration for almost 2,000 years. Once more the age-old, yet ever new, cry of "A Merry Christmas" is in the air. It is a time when all of us lay aside our cares and give thought to the welfare of our relatives and friends. Wish to express my sincere wish to the Mechanical Department officials and supervisors, with whom my business relations have been quite numerous, for a Merry Christmas and may it be the happiest ever in your history.

In behalf of our System Committee, I want to express to each member of the Association our appreciation for the splendid whole-hearted assistance you have given us in helping to promote and carry on the work which we have started. We are not unmindful of the faithfulness and the good work accomplished by the various local officers and committees over the system who have given their time and efforts in the handling of the business of their respective locals.

I extend to each and everyone of you the old, old wish, "A MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS and A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR."

COOK BECOMES MISSIONARY

James K. Cook, a native of Scotland employed as a first-class machinist at the North Springfield shops, has severed his connections with the Frisco to become a Sunday school missionary for the Ozark Presbyterian Church at Springfield. Mr. Cook will be remembered as the Scotch singer who entertained at so many of the Frisco's entertainments, including the Veterans Association and the Sunnyland Minstrels.

During the World War he fought with a Scottish regiment and in 1920, at the age of 22 he came to America with his two sisters, Christina and Isabella, and a brother, Allen.

He is an elder in the New Woodland Heights Presbyterian Church, Springfield, and has been superintendent of the church's Sunday school for some time. His new work will enable him to still make Springfield his home.

