



Bobby Vacations With Grandmother

"SCHOOL is out—school is out", sang Bobby, as he came bounding home with his books. "Oh mother, I'm so glad", he said.

The trees were green outside—the sun was warm and pleasant. It was summer time and June, and all the world looked beautiful, especially to Bobby, for as he said, school was out.

"Mother", he said, "when are we going to go to grandmother's?"

"We may leave this week-end Bobby, its according to your father's work", mother replied. "Grandmother has been writing and asking us to hurry, and I expect we'll go now very soon."

"Oh goody, goody", and Bobby jumped up and down. "Mother tell me again what grandmother has on her farm."

"Why she has pigs and ducks and horses and cows and chickens—"

"Pigs?" and Bobby paused for a moment. "Are they the ones that have the funny little tails that curl up and when they run they grunt?"

"Exactly", replied mother.

Bobby and mother talked for a long time that afternoon about what they would see on grandmother's farm, and Bobby was more than anxious that the week come to a close so they could start.

Saturday morning arrived at last—and the whole family arose early. Bobby put his hiking clothes in the big suitcase and his ball and glove, and carefully wrapped his little sail boat in paper, for mother said there was a big lake on grandmother's farm.

The ride on the train was delightful and Bobby was most interested in watching the conductor take up tickets. Bobby kept a little folder in his hand, and would mark off the stations, one by one and when they reached the station just before grandmother's home, he began to gather up his belongings.

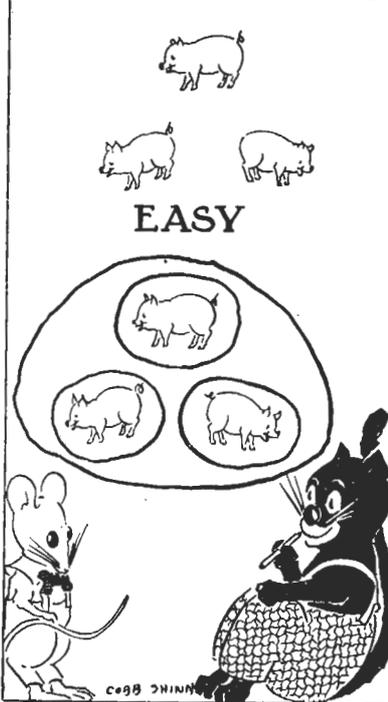
He pressed his little face against the pane, for a first view and all at once he said, "There she is, mother, and grandfather too!"

There were many kisses and hugs and grandmother just couldn't get over how Bobby had grown to be such a man in the two years since she had seen him.

He took hold of grandfather's hand

and walked toward the Ford. The farmhouse soon loomed up in the distance. It was a lovely old place and

PUT THREE PIGS IN FOUR PENS



Bobby was so glad that they had arrived.

The first thing he did was to rush through the house and out the back door to view the barn and yard. "Pigs—horses—cows!" he said, as he recognized the various animals.

Mother found him, leaning against the fence watching the various antics of a litter of small pigs and she told him that dinner was ready.

What a feast! Bobby hadn't had any corn bread for a long time, and buttermilk! Mother was almost ashamed of his appetite when he asked for a second big glass.

But that afternoon grandfather told Bobby to put on his hiking shoes and together they went over the farm. Grandfather in his most interesting manner, told Bobby how he planted each thing in the garden and fields.

When they got down to the lake, they stood there for several minutes

watching the old mother duck with her small ducklings behind her, swimming around with perfect ease.

Bobby was fascinated. He could swim. Daddy had taught him when he was very young—but he wished he could swim with the ease that grandfather's ducks did!

He heard a lot of grunting—and turning, he saw the old mother hog and her seven small pigs nearing the water. One little pig ran in advance of the rest and rushed headlong into the water.

Bobby paused for a moment, and then with the cry—"Oh grandfather, he'll drown"—he jumped headlong into the lake after the little fellow.

But Bobby was a city boy, and he was not familiar with the way of pigs or the depth of the lake, and instead of plunging in the water, he buried his head in the mud. The little pig, with several squeals, turned in the water, which was only about four inches deep and ran back to its mother who grunted her approval.

Grandfather, shaking with laughter, hurried over to Bobby and pulled him from the mud. Bobby spit and wiped the mud from his face. He was a pitiful sight to see.

"Bobby—didn't you know that water was only a few inches deep?" asked grandfather, grabbing a handful of grass and wiping off his face as best he could.

"Blub—blub" sputtered Bobby—"NO!" He and grandfather hurried back to the house, where grandmother and mother were shocked, and later burst into laughter when grandfather told of Bobby's heroic act which ended in disaster for Bobby.

But he was soon in clean clothes again, and none the worse for his experience.

That evening grandfather asked Bobby if he wouldn't like to take a swim the next morning with the pigs, but Bobby only hung his head.

"Never mind Bobby", he said, "come over here I want to show you a puzzle". And grandfather took out a pencil and drew three pigs.

"Now put those three pigs in four pens Bobby, where they can't get to the water" said, grandfather.

(Concluded on Next Page)

A Happy Group of Frisco Children



From left to right, top row: Granddaughter of A. B. Bazzell, box packer, Wichita, Kans.; Artie Gentry, Jr., age 3 and Thelma Gentry, age 1, children of Artie Gentry, trucker, 7th Street Station, St. Louis.
Center: Ruth Ellen Morgan, age 12, daughter of Mr. Herbert Morgan, machinist, Ft. Smith, Ark.
Charles Raymond Sheeley, 26 month old son of Mr. John Sheeley, boilermaker, Chaffee, Mo.; John Wilbur, age 13 and Ruth Lucile, age 8, children of Mr. J. F. Strickland, traveling freight agent, Denver, Colo.
Bottom row, left to right: Minerva May West, one year old daughter of Mr. Ruben West, section foreman, Stanton, Mo.; Mary Jo Ford, six month old daughter of Mr. J. W. Ford, and granddaughter of Mr. J. J. Ford, yard section foreman, Ft. Smith, Ark.; Billy Orr, 17 month old son of Mr. W. L. Orr, engine supplyman, Birmingham, Ala., and Glennie Fay Thomas, daughter of Mr. A. S. Thomas, operator, Dora, Ala.

And Bobby after an interval of a half hour finally penned the pigs up. "Now I guess they won't go swimming" he said. "Grandfather, I don't believe I'm so awfully crazy to know any more about pigs, will you take me out when you milk in the morning, I think I'd like to learn how".

"Not a True Tale!"

A mouse once bought an aeroplane
And flew to such a height
He said, "I must go down again—
Good gracious! It is night."

"O'h, dear! I cannot go so fast,
It's dark." But very soon
The stars came out and then at last,
He saw the yellow moon.

He thought it was a monster cheese
So he, as he drew near,
Bit pieces off, till by degrees
The moon grew small, poor dear.

So now, whenever you look out
And see the moon quite wee,
You'll know that mouse has been
about
And nibbled it for tea.

—(Exch.)

Generous Merchant

Little Edgar didn't realize till he got home and unwrapped his purchase that his mother had bought him a two-pants suit.

"Look, mamma, look," he cried. "That man threw in a spare."

YOUTH IS A MUSICIAN

George Howard Willhoite, although only twelve years of age, is an accomplished musician. He is the son of George F. Willhoite, a conductor for Frisco Lines on the Southwestern division.

He has been playing the piano since he was three years of age and is able to play any piece of music he hears.

In June, 1927, he began to study music and in less than a year's time was able to win the gold medal in the Junior High School Musical Contest of the Monett district, held at Aurora, Mo., April 6. He was the youngest contestant and played "Etude in A" by Wallenhaupt.

He has a very promising future in the musical world and he is planning years of study.

Who's Who

Elsie—There's a man at the door,
Pa, who says he wants to see the boss
of the house.

Pa—Call your mother.

Ma (calling down the stairs)—Tell
Bridget.

Oh, Johnny!

Sunday School Teacher—We should never do in private what we would not do in public.

Bad Boy—How about taking a bath, teacher?

Sharply Dull

A scissors grinder stopped in front of a house. "How's business, Tony?" asked the mistress.

"Fine!" said he, "I never saw things so dull in all my life."

Not Present

Visitor—"Is your father at home?"
Small Son—"No. Daddy has not been here since mother caught Santa Claus kissing the cook."

The Knocker

There is room in this world for sunshine

And flowers and smiles galore—
But the only place for a knocker
Is just outside the door.

Jack and Jill
Sped up a hill.

A curve up there was sharp.

The car upset;
Jack's rolling yet;
Jill's playing on a harp.

—University Life.

Sambo: What kind of watch you got?

Jasbo: I have a wonder watch.
Sambo: Wonder watch! Never heard of that before.

Jasbo: Well, you see it's this way. Every time I look at it I wonder what time it is.—Railway Age.

The FRISCO EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

Published on the First of Each Month
By the

St. Louis-San Francisco Railway Co.

Edited by WM. L. HUGGINS, Jr.

743 Frisco Building

St. Louis, Missouri

This magazine is published in the interests of and for free distribution among the 30,000 employes of the St. Louis-San Francisco Railway. All articles and communications relative to editorial matters should be addressed to the editor.

Single copies, 15 cents each
Outside circulation, \$1.50 per year

Vol. 5**JUNE, 1928****No. 9****A Drummer Speaks His Piece**

THE robust man with the jovial smile lighted a fresh cigar and benignly surveyed the crowd in the smoker of No. 10's rear Pullman.

"I've been sitting here for a half hour," he calmly observed, "and I'm about to change my mind about the favorite indoor pastime of American males. It used to be poker. Now it seems like it's cussing the railroads. I've been piling up twenty-five or thirty thousand miles a year on American railroads for twenty-five years—not making much money, but having lots of fun. I've seen railroad managements come and go, and railroads go up and down in efficiency and comfort. But I'll tell you gentlemen here that you're considerably in error when you make statements like some I've heard here tonight.

"Let's take this road for instance. I remember the Frisco when they used to say 'St. Louis-San Francisco Railway System—hell! They haven't got a system and don't go to Frisco.' Well, the ambitious dreams of the original founders haven't materialized yet as far as making these rails stretch to the West Coast, but the Frisco is some railroad today, and don't you let anybody tell you different.

"I've been supplementing my own knowledge gained from riding their trains, by reading the newspapers. I know from personal experience

that you get as nice a ride on a stretch of Frisco main line as you do anywhere else in America, that the Fred Harvey food in their diners and station restaurants is the superior of any other railroad food in America, that they run their trains on time, and that their equipment is good and their motive power excellent.

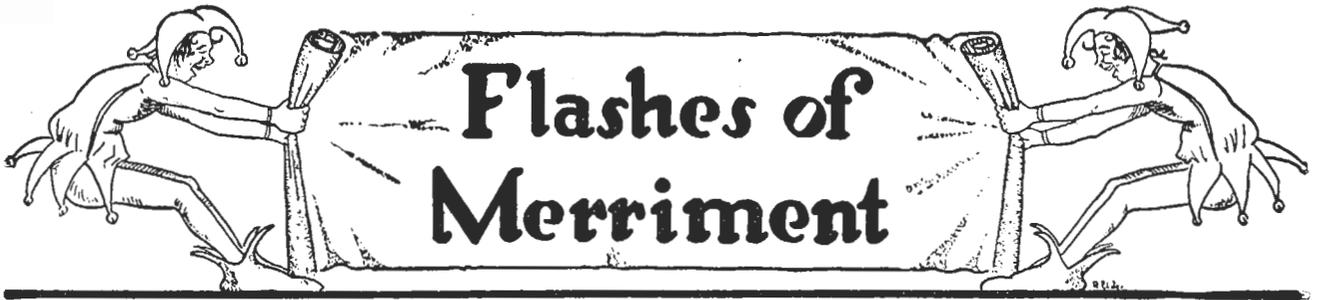
"I read their annual report the other day and saw where they had a decrease of \$5,000,000 in gross revenue in 1927. That's not bad. Other roads had more decrease. But the point is—the crowd running the Frisco today had a decrease in net of only one million and some odd thousand dollars. And if you don't think that means efficient operation look back over the cost sheets in your own businesses when you get home.

"I read, too, that the Frisco's completed its line into Pensacola, Florida, and now has its first 'home' port. That means no more short-hauling to tide-water. They're cutting out the 'middle man', as some of us drummers would say. And they've just opened a new \$1,750,000 terminal in Memphis to speed up traffic handling from the Kansas City and St. Louis gateways to Pensacola's port. The superior motive power on the Frisco makes it possible to take this train the 542 miles from Oklahoma City to St. Louis without a change of engines, and I think they only use one engine on their through passenger service from Kansas City to Birmingham, a longer run yet.

"Nope! You boys are criticising the other guy's game without knowing what you're talking about. You ought to read the railroad news in the papers. It wouldn't hurt some of you to bone up on this freight rate situation either. You chaps talk like the railroads make the rates. Read up on the Interstate Commerce Act, and see what the Commission does on freight rates. Then if I hear any of you cussing the government of the United States I'm liable to sic the United States district attorney on you for treasonable utterances.

"While I go back here and have a chat with the conductor before I turn in, I suggest you good friends try to figure out what they're doing to Rogers Hornsby. That would be a better topic to guess about."

Members of the Veterans' Association meeting at Springfield, June 18-19, are to be more royally entertained than ever before. Don't miss it, Veteran!



Fur Protection

A skunk and her four baby skunks were basking in the sun when a big hound dog made his appearance.

"Children," said the mother skunk, "let us spray."

The Age

"How old are you, little girl?"
"Five on the train and six off."

At the Porter's Ball

"Is you all gwine bring your broom and pan with you at the ball?"

"No, sir—I ain't goin' take them things."

"You all bettah—'member after the razor fight last year—all them grapes laying on the floor!"

"Grapes — man, them weren't no grapes, them wuz eye-balls!"

Yes, Yes!

"What were the epistles?"
"Wives of the Apostles, I guess."

Oh!

Husband: "Dear, will you please turn off the radio?"

Wife: "It isn't on—now as I was saying—"

What Air?

"What is wind?"
"It's—it's air that's—that's going somewhere."

Wrong Contact

He: "There's something wrong. This gear shift doesn't work."

She: "That's not the gear shift—it's my knee!"

In Dutch

He had come home late and staggered in. She met him at the door and gave him a terrific beating in the dark. Then she turned on the light.

"Why—you're not my husband!" she gasped.

"Are—are you sure?" he said, weakly.

Found

"Sandy" McGinnis had been absent from home and after a search of three days they found him—

Still riding on a pay-as-you-leave car.

Just a Part

"Sambo, why don't you all part yoah hair in the middle?"

"Why part my hair in the middle?"

"Then they'd be a alley in your block!"

Eliminated

"Are you the groom?" asked the bewildered old gentleman at a very elaborate wedding.

"No, sir," was the reply of the young man. "I was eliminated in the preliminary try-outs."

No Room

There is room in this world for sunshine

And flowers and smiles galore—
But the only place for the knocker,
Is just outside the door.

A Smaller Order

Father-in-law: "How would you like a cow for a wedding present?"

Bride: "Oh, a cow would give more milk than two could need. A calf would be about right."

—U. P. Magazine.

What He Can Do

"No, lady, I can't chop wood."

"Well, there will be some coal here any minute, and you can carry it in."

"Sorry, but I can't carry coal. If you have a gas stove, I'll light it for you."

A Wild Pitch

The radio announcer was transmitting a play-by-play account of the World Series game. At an exciting moment he yelled out:

"He swang at it!"

Seventeen sets in Boston burned out.—Life.

Youthful Ambish

"Jimmie," said the teacher, "what is your greatest ambition?"

Jimmie considered thoughtfully.

"I think," he said, "it is to wash mother's ears."

It Might Be

The Golfer: "They're all afraid to play me. What do you think my handicap is?"

The Girl: "Oh, I don't know. It may be your face."

I Vish I Vas You

A German addressing his dog, said: "You vos only a dog, but I vish I vas you. Ven you go mit the bed in, you shust durn round dree times und lay down. Ven I go mit der bed in I haf to lock the blace und vind de clock and put the cat oud und undress myself, und my vife vakes up und scolds me. Den de baby cries und I haf to valk him up und down den maype ven I shoust go to sleep, it's time to get up again. Ven you get up you shust scratch yourself a couple of times, stretch, und you vas up. I haf to quick lite de fire, und put de kettle on, scrap mit my vife already und maype get some breakfast. You play all tay und half blenty of fun. I haf to work all tay und half blenty of drouble. Ven you die, you vas dead; ven I die; I haf to go to hell yet."

—Exchange.

The Same

Teacher (sternly)—"This essay on, 'Our Dog,' is word for word the same as your brother's."

Small boy—"Yes sir, it's the same dog."

An optimistic Colorado farmer, on seeing some clouds floating by, remarked: "Well, I guess we're going to have some rain."

"Aw," said his pessimistic neighbor, an ex-railway man, "those are just empties coming back from Iowa!"—The Earth Mover.

"How's your new radio?"
"It's a howling success!"

