



## BUDDY'S "PAL" } A STORY OF A BOY AND HIS DOG

(By the Twilight Lady)

**T**HE sun was shining brightly when Buddy opened his eyes one fine July morning. It was the fifth of July, to be exact, and Buddy lay there for a moment thinking about all the fire crackers he had had for the Fourth.

In his little mind he visualized again the beautiful night display which his Dad had bought for him. For the first time he had let him shoot a Roman Candle. Buddy smiled again, as he remembered how much fun it had been to hold it in his hand and watch the stars shoot up in the sky.

But it was all over today, he thought. Somehow he wished it wasn't, for it had been just a lot of fun. He threw back the covers and walked over to the window which looked down on the spacious back yard. The dew was thick on the grass and rose bushes.

Then, from somewhere a low distressing whine reached Buddy's ears. His little eyes roved all over the yard, but he could not locate its origin. He listened again and it came at intervals. Buddy was more than anxious to find out where and what it was, for he disliked to see or hear of anything in pain.

He hurriedly slipped into his play clothes and put on his shoes, forgetting his socks. He went down the front stairs, finding the "whine" was more important than breakfast just now.

Reaching the back yard he began a painstaking hunt, which ended near a bunch of shrubbery at the back of the garage. There he found a very small white dog curled up in a spasm of pain. For a moment Buddy surveyed him. He loved dogs and had no fear of them whatever. The dog, seeing someone near, stopped whining for a moment and glanced up at Buddy. Buddy immediately stooped down. The little dog stretched his head and licked his hand. Carefully Buddy placed his hand on him and rolled him over. One little leg was limp and his side was a mass of blood.

"Somebody's hit him!" Buddy said aloud. With a little pat he left the dog and ran as hard as he could into

the kitchen where he told Mother of his discovery.

Mother was sympathetic with all Buddy's troubles, and before long the Dog Ambulance had stopped at the door and the Doctor had carefully picked up the little dog and loaded him into the ambulance.

It was two weeks before the dog was well, and in the meantime Buddy and Mother had made frequent trips to the hospital to visit the patient.

"But what will we do with him, Buddy, after he's well," said Mother. "Why, I want him," said Buddy.

"But he's only a little waif, Buddy, don't you think we'd better give him to the Humane Society and let them find a home for him?" responded Mother.

"Well, Mother, since he just plunked right in my back yard, I think I ought to keep him, anyway I've spent all my savings on him to cure his leg, and I've already named him," said Buddy.

"And what did you name him?" asked Mother.

"Pal," he replied.

And a few days later Buddy and Mother triumphantly drove home with the new addition. Buddy sat on the back seat, holding Pal in his arms. His leg was still bandaged, but the doctor said he would take the bandage off in a very few days.

Pal seldom took his eyes off Buddy, and Buddy watched his every movement. Once in awhile he would lower his head so he could lick his hand.

Several weeks more and Pal was established in the household. He was docile and obedient, and Buddy and he were inseparable. Pal seemed to take a lively interest in Buddy's games, and in every way showed his love for his little master.

But Pal must have been guided to Buddy's home, so that at some later date he might serve him, in return for Buddy's kindness.

It all happened one Saturday evening when Buddy, Mother and Dad decided to see a picture.

"You can't go this time, Pal," said Buddy. "It's a picture show and dogs aren't allowed. But you stay at home

and keep the burglars away."

It must have been about ten o'clock. Pal had been sleeping in the kitchen, when he heard a strange noise. He quietly got up and went into the dining room. There was a noise under the window. Pal jumped up on the chair and looked out. Strange smells came through the window. This person was a stranger to him, and so he began to bark. The man talked angrily back to him, first in a whisper and then in a louder tone, but Pal barked on.

He would surely go away, Pal thought, for he had already stopped working with the screen. Pal was sure that he had won, however, he barked more furiously than ever with growls between his barks. If he could just get hold of his coat, or a trouser leg, he could really do some damage, but he could not reach the stranger through the screen.

Pal did not know that during the excitement, the family had driven up to the front, and the key had turned in the door. Pal rushed barking to the front door, and when he saw his little master, he tore past him, out into the yard and around to the window.

Buddy's father, in starting up the driveway had thrown the lights of the car toward the garage and had seen the stranger too. He had alighted and started toward him. The stranger ran. But he was not familiar with the back yard, and Pal soon overtook him. He ran in front of him in an attempt to grab a trouser leg, and the stranger, unfamiliar with the dark yard and vainly attempting to make a getaway, tripped over Pal and fell.

In a moment Buddy's father caught up with him, and after a tussle which lasted only a few moments, he flattened him on the ground with a well aimed blow.

Mother called the Police and soon the stranger had been hustled away.

And when the excitement was over and Pal had been given an extra feed, while Mother, Dad and Buddy watched him enjoy it, Dad said:

"Well, Pal—the credit all goes to you. You tripped him for me, other-

(Concluded on Next Page)

## More Pictures of Our Frisco Children



Top row, from left to right: Imogene Hayden (on left), three year old daughter of Francis W. Hayden, train clerk, Tulsa; George Carl Loscy, five months old grandson of George R. Shubert, clerk, Columbus, Kans.; Jimmie and Billie, Ann and Jane, grandchildren of J. B. Kirkpatrick, conductor, southwestern division; Veva Loraine, five months old daughter of Lynn C. Halloway, stenographer, Tulsa; Nina Bess Seitz and Mary Francis Seitz, seven months old twins of Mr. Seitz, Ada.

Bottom row: Lucile McCready, age seven, and Gene Edward, age twenty months, daughter and grandson of Roy McCready, coal chute operator at Kansas City; Frank Wayne Batson, eighteen months old son of Frank Batson, Springfield shops; Lora Belle and Flora Jane, four months old twins of George Paul Taylor, station helper, Marionville, Mo.; Shirley Puryear, granddaughter of Wm. Oakes, section foreman, Catalo, Okla.

wise I wouldn't have been able to have caught him. He didn't know it but he was headed for the only opening out of the back yard, and you could see better than I. You've paid for your trouble, many times over."

"Mother, may Pal sleep beside me on the floor in my room tonight?" asked Buddy.

"Well, just this once, but it isn't because you're afraid is it?" asked Mother.

"Oh, no—but Pal and I just want to sorta talk things over. I saved his life once and maybe he saved mine this time. Anyway he helped to keep the burglar out until we arrived home, and I just want to hang my hand over the side of the bed and let him lick it every once in awhile."

And when Mother slipped into Buddy's room during the night, Buddy was sound asleep. Pal, however, was on guard. He wagged his tail as Mother turned on the low light, but he did not attempt to rise or leave Buddy's side. Mother looked again, and Buddy's hand was hanging very near to Pal's face.

She turned out the light and left the room.

### NEED MORE BABY PICTURES!

The photographs of the children of Frisco employes which appear each month on this page, are of great interest to the readers of the *Magazine*. In future years, many of them will follow in their fathers' footsteps and will be numbered among the Frisco family.

There are many children of Frisco employes who have not had their picture on this page and this is a request to send in at once a clear kodak picture or a photograph to the *Magazine*, of the baby!

Someone has said that we do not take enough pictures of the baby. Only too soon he grows up and we would like to have retained an impression of how he looked at various ages, and that picture, reprinted in the *Frisco Magazine* will be valued by him when he grows to be of age.

Pictures of Frisco babies will be returned as soon as they have appeared on this page.

"How are you getting along at school?"

"Fine. We're learning words of four cylinders now."—American Boy.

### Who Was It?

Someone started the whole day wrong—

Was it you?

Someone robbed the day of its song—

Was it you?

Early this morning someone frowned; Someone sulked until another scowled,

And soon harsh words were passed around—

Was it you?

Someone started the day aright—

Was it you?

Someone made it happy and bright—

Was it you?

Early this morning we are told Someone smiled and all through the day

This smile encouraged young and old—

Was it you?

—Author Unknown.

### Necessary Preparation

Tommy, who had no great love for soap and water, was observed by his mother washing the forefinger of his right hand.

"What's the idea of washing only one finger?" she inquired.

"The boy next door has asked me to come over and feel his baby sister's new tooth," explained Tommy.

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**About those "Good Old Days"**

**T**HE reunion of Frisco Lines veteran employes is now a treasured memory to those of the 20-year service employes who participated. During the days of June 18 and 19, 1,500 veterans met at Springfield, many of them bringing their wives and families, and joined with the officers of their company for a 48 hour session of good times.

Despite the splendid barbecue, replete with field games, photographs, dancing contests, bathing "beauty" revues and other entertainments, one phase of the reunion stands out above all others.

It is that the veterans, especially those retired, liked to talk of the "good old days".

In groups of twos and fours, the older of the veterans gathered in secluded shady spots in beautiful Doling Park during the first day of the reunion, and chatted of the "link and pin" days when a railroad man in line service worked until his job was finished no matter how long the hours,—when pay was not so large and the pay car not so sure to arrive on time,—when railroading was in reality a "game" instead of the scientifically planned, orderly industry it is today.

There were undoubtedly many veterans who sighed as the old time stories were told and retold, and said "Those were the days".

But it is not a matter of record that any of

them added, "I wish those days were back again!"

All of us, as the years roll upward into the fifties and the sixties, give an occasional yearning, backward look into the days of youth. In the roseate glow of our memory the places and deeds and friends of our twenties and thirties are prone to assume an importance out of all proportion to their true worth. If there be a reader of these lines who does not believe it, let that individual go back to the old swimming hole, which was a veritable paradise in the "good old days". It is a sad home-coming to view the muddy water and that weedy bank and tangled underbrush which is still there today.

And so it is in all industrial progress. Our veterans at the reunion last month smiled tenderly as they discussed those halcyon days of early American railroading.

But we'll bet a barbed-wire bathing suit against a hand-tooled bicycle pump that one day's work on the Frisco as it was in 1900 would change it all.

These are the days.

This is the railroad.

And the veterans who "yearn" the most for the early days are the men who work the best now for a greatly improved railroad, with the best men and officers in America.

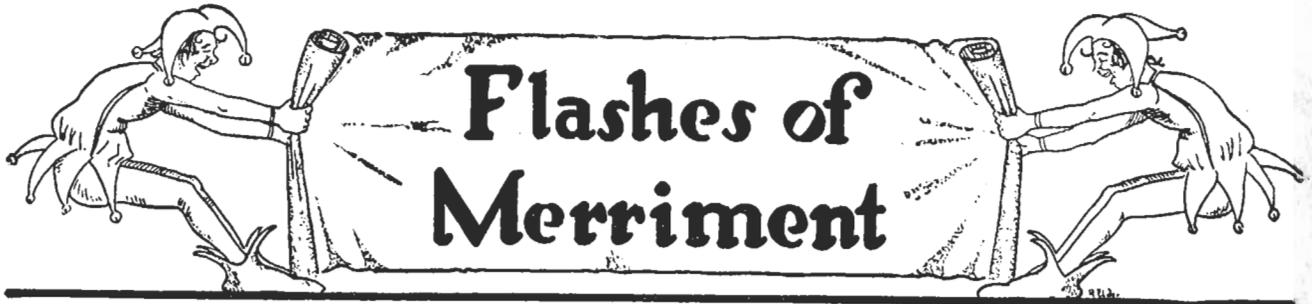
**About the Busses and Trucks**

**F**RISCO employes are working steadily and efficiently in a commendable effort to reclaim to their railroad a portion, at least, of the passenger travel which has been lost to the busses.

In this connection it is interesting to note some statistics on bus operation which were released in New York recently.

Motor busses today, the report stated, cover some 270,000 miles of regularly established routes in the United States, or 20,000 miles more than do the railroads. Last year these bus lines carried 120,000,000 passengers, as compared with 875,000,000 which traveled by rail. Motor trucks, the statement continues, hauled 3.7 per cent of the freight of America, against 90.5 per cent carried by the railroads. But between 1920 and 1926, the less than carload freight hauled by railroads declined about 20,000,000 tons, most of which went to the motor trucks.

There is food for thought in these figures, on the part of railroad employes. We should redouble our efforts in legitimately and fairly increasing our traffic on Frisco Lines.



**The Dumbest**

The dumbest dumbbell we ever knew wants to know if they pump up flat cars on a railroad and if so if the pumper does it.

**That's Him**

(According to Some Frisco Folks)  
 "Is an editor a man who puts things in the magazine?"  
 "Hell no—an editor is a man who keeps things out."

**The Weaker Sex**

"What happened to you? Were you in an accident?"  
 "No—I was being shaved by a lady barber when a mouse ran across the floor."

**Enough**

"I've got a horse that can run a mile a minute 'cept for two things."  
 "What am dose?"  
 "De longness of de distance and the shortness ob de time."

**All But One**

A large troop of soldiers had been on a 30 mile march. After they had returned, all tired and worn out, their officer, a big, strong fellow, said:

"Now, those of you who think you cannot do the thirty miles again, take three paces forward."

All the soldiers took the three paces forward with the exception of one man who was looking extremely tired.

"I am much pleased to think that one man can do the march over again."

The man, hearing this, was quite embarrassed as he said:

"Nay officer, I can't even take the three paces forward."

—Salstaff Bulletin.

**Presently**

A patron of the saloon-bar tasted his potion suspiciously and then remarked to the "Duchess" behind the counter.

"This is a curious whisky and soda. May I ask which you put in first, the whisky or the soda?"

"The whisky, of course," said the barmaid.

"Oh, all right," said the thirsty one, raising his glass, "I daresay I'll come to it presently."—Salstaff Bulletin.



Ole—"Ye Gods man your wife just fell in the well."  
 Soak—"Sall right (hic) sall right, we don't use that water for anything no more (hic)."

**The First Step**

Jock met his friend Sandy in the street.

"Sandy," he said, "I wonder if you could oblige me with a cigarette?"

"But I thot you said you'd stoppin smokin'?" said Sandy reluctantly.

"Aye weel," replied Jock, "I've reached the first stage, I've stoppin buyin'."

**Take Him Out**

"I 'ear Bill is suin' the company for damages."

"Wot 'ave they done to 'im?"  
 "They blew the quittin' whistle when he was carrying a heavy bit of steel and he dropt it on his foot."

**Sympathy**

Our heart goes out to the dear young thing who moans that all soldiers are dishonest. She says she heard of one sentry after another being relieved of his watch.

**The Cause**

"Say, what's the cause of all these divorces lately?"  
 "Matrimony!"

**Hiking**

"What's become of the Hikers' Club?"

"Oh, it disbanded. It was getting too hard to persuade passing motorists to pick us up and give us a lift."

**A Match**

"Your school is not a seminary, it's a match factory," said the young college student to the girl graduate.

"You're right, we furnish the heads and get the sticks from the men's college."

**Very Choice**

"Are you a sailor's sweetheart?"  
 "No, I don't like salt with my mush."

**The Usual Way**

A centipede was happy quite, until the toad in fun,

Said, "Pray, which leg comes after which, when you begin to run?"

This wrought his mind to such a pitch, He lay distracted in the ditch, Forgetting how to hun.

**Just in Time**

The argument between Harry and Larry was waxing warm.

"Say!" Harry ejaculated. "Do you want me to knock you into the middle of next week?"

"I'd certainly appreciate it," responded Larry gratefully. "I've got a date with your girl for Wednesday night."

**Fifty-Fifty**

"Where were you last night?" demanded the wife.

"I was home in bed," answered the husband righteously. "Where were you?"

"Why," she stammered, flustered. "I was—er—er—over to Mabel's—and it got so late—that is—well, you win. What are you going to do about it?"

"Ye gods!" he exclaimed. "So you weren't home last night, were you?"

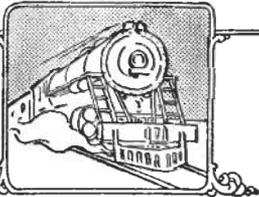
**The Poser**

"What was the most difficult part of the civil service exam you took at the post office?"

"Writing with the post office pens."

# The FRISCO MECHANIC

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



## HE CATCHES BIG ONES!

Mr. Sam S. Grider, steel worker at the north shops, Springfield, is at the present time located in Michigan City, Ind., inspecting new cars being built for the Frisco by the Pullman Company, and while there, he tried his luck fishin'. He sends the accompanying picture to the *Magazine* with the



SAM GRIDER

little poem on the sport:

### When I Go Fishing

Pretty soon I'll crank my flivver  
And go speeding to the river.  
Of all the sports beneath the sun,  
You can have them all but one.

Give me fishing.

You can bet your bottom dollar,  
I won't even make a holler,  
Every time a hook needs baiting.  
There is always joy in waiting.

Give me fishing.

With every nibble there is a feeling  
That my bait something is stealing,  
But I will fool them when I yank,  
And flop 'em on the bank.

Give me fishing.

## APPRECIATES HOSPITAL

Mr. H. H. Fuller, of the mechanical department, Enid, Okla., a recent patient in the St. Louis Hospital, sends his appreciation of treatment received to the *Magazine*:

"The writer recently spent two weeks in the Frisco employes Hospital in St. Louis, where he underwent an operation for the removal of a cancer on the lip. I am wondering if we appreciate the splendid facilities that this institution affords the employees. Dr. Woolsey and his assistants are experts of highest rank. Everything in the hospital is spotlessly clean. The nurses, under the able leadership of Miss B. Pollack, are courteous and ever ready to render any service or attention to a sufferer, and untiring in their efforts to make your stay as comfortable and pleasant as possible.

"The writer takes this method of thanking everyone concerned for the

## Machinist Olan Bull Is Poultry Raiser



Mr. Olan Bull, machinist in the Springfield roundhouse started a hobby in 1923 which bids fair to put him in the ranks of the leading poultry men of that section of the country.

In February, 1923, he purchased an unimproved ten-acre tract of ground two miles west of Springfield on the Division Street road. The ground was ideal for poultry raising. He started with a few hens and a great deal of determination to make good, and at present has built up a large poultry farm, dealing in bred-to-lay Barred Plymouth Rock chickens. He is shipping breeding stock, baby chicks and hatching eggs to more than twenty middle western stations

and has customers in Minnesota, Texas and Florida. He ships the entire year round.

In 1927 his gross sales amounted to more than \$7,200.00 which shows that his sideline has become more than a mere hobby, and besides fully employing his time while away from the shops, it is remunerative.

Mr. Bull's chicken houses are of the latest design, sanitary and well kept. His incubators, of which he has several, have a capacity of 6,150 eggs each and his brooder houses now hold about 3,200 young chickens which he will later sell as young mated pens and cockrels for next year's production.

many kindness's shown him while there.

"We have been paying hospital dues for a good many years and often wondered just what was done with money. We never realized before just what a small deduction from each month's pay would do, pooled with the 30,000 other deductions from employees of the Frisco.

"It is a comfort to know that such a splendid institution stands in readiness to serve when we need it most."

DO YOU THINK THE HORSE THAT WON THE KENTUCKY DERBY WOULD HAVE COME IN FIRST IF THE JOCKEY HADN'T CO-OPERATED? THIS BUSINESS NEEDS YOUR HELP TOO--TO WIN OUT!

