



The TWILIGHT HOUR

A Page Just for Children



Junior Brown Gets the Business

(A Story for the Youngsters)

JUNIOR'S daddy worked for the Frisco, and to Junior there wasn't another railroad in the world like it. He used to watch the big locomotives pulling their freight and passenger trains through the little station.

Junior heard about the Frisco Employes' Club from daddy and about the Auxiliary from mother. He became a regular dyed-in-the-wool booster, sincere and honest.

And so it was that Junior was sitting on the truck on the station platform one day when a well dressed elderly man alighted from the train.

That night Junior's father talked of a construction engineer who was in town to make a bid and see about the new road that was to be built through the town.

"It would be nice, wouldn't it," said Junior's daddy, "if he would ship that material for the highway over the Frisco. I understand the competing road will get most of it. It's five miles further to carry it over our line, but we're all working on it."

Dinner over, Junior trotted to the station. The 7:15 freight train was due most any minute. He lounged lazily on a truck. As the train drew in two bums alighted from an empty car. Junior watched them for a moment. For some reason they did not see him and he remained quiet.

"Spouse we could rake in a haul?" one of them said.

"Sure—there's always money in a little town," replied the other, as they stood surveying the station and the main street.

Just then the stranger came down to the little station. He went in to see the agent, inquiring about the arrival and departure of trains for the east and west, and finally bought a ticket for Pensacola, Fla. He pulled from his pocket a huge roll of bills and peeled off the required amount. Junior was not the only one who saw the transaction through the open window of the ticket office. The two bums who had just alighted had taken in the conversation and had seen the stranger flash the roll of bills.

With a nudge they sauntered off into the dark. And Junior sized up the situation immediately.

GETS MOVIE TRYOUT

Master Sammy Lee ("Sonny Boy") Wesson, golden haired 3-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Wesson of Memphis, Tenn., will have an early chance at fame and fortune, when he reports for a screen test at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios in Hollywood this



SAMMY LEE WESSON

month. Master Wesson's granddaddy, who is O. W. Vaughn, Frisco engineer in Memphis terminal, and his uncle, M. A. Vaughn, Frisco fireman on the Southern division, are betting even money with their friends that "Sonny Boy" makes the grade in the land of Kleig lights and kalsomine. Sammy Lee and his mother visited in Chicago recently, and while there chanced to meet a director for the M-G-M company. Impressed with the boy's personality and charm, the director urged Mrs. Wesson to bring him to California for a tryout. So Sammy Lee is leaving with his mother on July 15. His Frisco friends wish him luck and success.

As the stranger came out of the ticket office, Junior walked back of

him. As he reached the hotel, Junior walked up, hesitatingly.

"Mister," said Junior.

The man stopped and eyed him.

"I'm Junior Brown. My daddy works for the Frisco, and I was just sittin' down at the station watchin' the train come in. Two bad lookin' men got off and watched you as you bought that ticket. I'm afraid they gonna rob you tonight, and you better watch out."

The man looked down at him. "Well that was a fine thing for you to come and tell me, son. I'll start right away to take precaution. Perhaps I can leave tonight instead of tomorrow night. Is there a train?"

"To Pensacola?" said Junior. "Yes sir, leaves just at the same time tonight as it does tomorrow, when you got your ticket."

"Well, I'll leave tonight instead. And he took out a card and asked Junior for his name and address again.

Feeling that he had done all he could, Junior went home. The next morning the town was in a frenzy. The hotel had been broken into—the keeper held up and some money taken—two mysterious men had disappeared on an outbound freight, \$25,000 richer.

Junior told his mother and father about the incident and they in turn told the hotel man.

It was perhaps a week later that Junior got a letter. He wasn't in the habit of receiving letters, and mother and dad both looked over his shoulder as he read. It was from the engineer.

"My dear Junior:

"I have read with interest the account of the robbery at the hotel, and I want you to know that I feel that you owe much to you for your warning. Am attaching a \$10.00 bill which I want you to have for your thoughtfulness.

"Didn't you say your father was with the Frisco? I'd like very much to favor them with an order, and so I am going to ship the materials for the new highway over your road. I tell them I'm doing this in recognition of your kind act, and that you may have credit for the order."

Frisco Children



1.—"Sonny Boy," son of Edward Rose, Lindenwood. 2.—Henry Brunn, Jr., son of H. B. Stierwalt, Ft. Smith. 3.—Karl Seepe, Jr., nephew of Earl Basham, Amory, Miss. 4.—Tommy, son of Edward Rose, Lindenwood. 5.—Leo Jay and Jimmie Pickerill, son and nephew of Jess Pickerill, Pollard, Kans. 6.—Edward and Donald, children of Edward Reiser, St. Louis. 7. Riley Arthur, son of Riley A. Williams, Afton, Okla. 8.—Marlon, son of Felix Rohr, Springfield, Mo. 9.—Glenn Wade, son of Glenn F. Jones, Springfield. 10.—Frederick Brandt, son of James Burns, North Shops, Springfield. 11.—Wayne, son of F. F. McPeake, Springfield. 12.—Mack Chester, son of Chester Reniff, Monett.

Frisco Veteran Employes and Families in Attendance Mo., June 2-3, Are Shown Below



FRISCO VETERANS MEET

(Continued from page 8)

yard clerk, Chaffee, Mo.; H. Thackery, conductor, Chaffee; W. H. Holland, conductor, Chaffee.

NORTHERN DIVISION, J. S. Roche, agent, Galena, Kans.; Guy T. Taylor, ticket-clerk, Ft. Scott, Kans.; John Anderson Benson, clerk, Kansas City, Mo.

SOUTHERN DIVISION, O. E. Risser, conductor, Springfield; C. R. Holloway, brakeman; Frank A. Snyder, section foreman; H. C. Stevenson, engineer; B. F. Holt, engineer; B. H. Nesmith, operator.

WESTERN DIVISION, J. D. Fountain, conductor.

Following the memorial services, the meeting was convened until the evening banquet.

Although practically the same program is followed for the events on the second day's program each year, the veterans never grow tired of the arrangement. Following the afternoon's program at the Mosque, which convened at 4:00, they returned again

promptly at 6:00 for the annual banquet.

Fruit cocktail, chicken in timbales, new potatoes, string beans, salad, hot rolls, ice cream and coffee furnished a satisfying meal. As in past years, the veterans were served by the girls of the Frisco General Office, and the dinner was prepared by the Ladies of Crescent Chapter No. 21, O. E. S.

Professor R. Ritchey Robertson of the Springfield High School had his Girls' Drum Corps and Boy Scout Band on hand, awaiting the veterans and their wives as they came from the dinner table. The concert and drum corps drill were, as usual, deeply appreciated and highly enjoyed. The solo numbers featured by members of the band were warmly applauded by the audience, and Professor Robertson's "Bluebonnet March," of his own composition, received a hearty reception.

The members of the "Old Timers' Club" were called to the platform before the evening's program of talks and vocal selections took place. These thirty-three veterans of over forty years' service, formed a fitting background for the evening's program.

Mr. W. L. Lane, 1929-1930 president of the Veterans' Association, presented the cup, a gift of Mr. E. N. Brown, chairman of the Board of Directors, Frisco Lines, to the incoming president, Mr. W. L. Heath. Mr. Heath, in response, thanked the veterans for the very great honor bestowed on him in electing him president of their organization, and pledged his wholehearted support to the undertaking of making 1930-1931 a better year for the association than any year previous.

Mr. Heath then introduced Mr. C. J. Stephenson who was toastmaster for the evening. There was considerable good natured joking between Mr. Stephenson and Mr. M. M. Sisson, assistants to Mr. F. H. Shaffer. Mr. Stephenson introduced Mr. Sisson and asked that he present the medal to Mr. John Clark as the oldest veteran in attendance. "Jewelers," Mr. Sisson said, "are not as prompt as railroad men and this jeweler has not as yet finished the engraving on the medal, but it will be sent to you, Mr. Clark, within a few days."

Mr. Clark responded to the presentation speech, saying that it behooved

at Eighth Annual Veterans' Reunion in Springfield, in Official Reunion Photograph



each and everyone to co-operate and take advantage of all opportunities to aid and assist the Frisco.

Miss Mary Elizabeth Klingner, daughter of Frisco physician, Dr. T. O. Klingner, presented a delightful violin solo. The violin which she used was 320 years old and came from Italy. Its tone was delightfully mellow and her rendition of a difficult number was warmly applauded. She was accompanied on the piano by Mrs. Hanley.

The principal address of the evening was given by Judge W. F. Lilleston, Frisco attorney for Kansas. Judge Lilleston is a humorist of rare ability. Whatever the occasion, he is fully capable of making an address that has its appeal to his audience. While he injected stories which brought hearty laughter from his audience, there were many serious phases of his address in which he said that the Frisco was to the veterans a bridge of memory. That each year at the meetings, a new span of the bridge was added. He talked of loyalty and of a railroad which had its very existence at the hands of the veterans present, who had blazed the trail and estab-

lished the foundations for the Frisco's greatness. "History," he said, "is really divided in two parts, all time preceding 1800 and the 130 years since. We have accomplished more during that 130 years in the age of steam and electricity than in the years before."

He ended his address by wishing the veterans health and happiness until the next meeting date.

Mr. F. H. Shaffer, general manager of the Frisco Lines, made a short address in which he commented on the pleasant two-day session in which time the veterans had become even better acquainted, and ended his short address by wishing the veterans health and happiness and expressing the sincere hope that he would meet them at the reunion in 1931.

A fitting close to the evening's program was the vocal selection presented by Mrs. Agnes Parry Williams. She sang "Home Sweet Home," an old favorite with the veterans.

Mr. Stephenson then turned the meeting over to Mr. Heath, who, wishing the veterans a happy and healthful year, brought the eighth annual reunion to a close.

As the hour was 10:00 o'clock, many of the veterans and their wives enjoyed the dancing in the Shrine Mosque, the music furnished by Bob Hudgen and his orchestra. Late trains carried them to their respective homes, with happy memories of two full days of fun and seriousness, to be pondered over in the days before the next reunion.

When You Say That—Smile

"You look just like a fellow I know who writes songs."

"Where did you get that hat?"

"Then there was a Scotchman. . . ."

"She wore blue—what's trump?"

"I'm afraid that's whimsey. . . ."

"Only a short wait for orchestra seats for this performance."

"He's in conference right now. . . ."

"You see, I'm workin' my way through collitch. . . ."

—David S. Lehman.

The difference between legitimate educational activities and pernicious lobbying is the difference between whether it is done by our friends or enemies.



A SMART MODEL

"Yes, sir, that's the smartest hat we've got."

"It doesn't have to be smart. I'll put the brains in it myself!"

A Notice

We received the following from one of our good Scotch friends: "If you don't quit publishing jokes about the Scotch, I'll read another magazine when I go to the library."

IT NEVER HAPPENED

Old lady, going up for her first ride in an airplane: "Oh, you'll bring me back all right, won't you?"

"Yes, mam," replied the pilot, "I've never left anybody up there yet!"

To Speed Him On

"Boss, will you all give me about a dollah. Our pastor is done gwine away and we all wants to give him a little momentum."

HE SHOULD!

We've got a plumber friend who recently moved into a very exclusive hotel, only to check out a week later.

He saw the sign, "Stop! Have you forgotten anything?"

ANALYZE AND ANATOMY

My analyze over the ocean,

My analyze over the sea;

O who will go over the ocean,

And bring back my anatomy.

That's It—At First!

Bride and groom, sitting on the sea shore. Groom: "Roll on thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll on!"

Bride: "Oh, Gerald, how wonderful you are. It's doing it!"

JUST GOING

"I woke up last night and thought my watch was gone."

"Was it?"

"No, but it was going."

CONSOLING

"Did you have my white flannels fixed while I was in the hospital?"

"No—but I had your black suit cleaned and pressed. I thought that would be better in case anything happened."

He Couldn't

"Have you got a match?"

"No—but here's my new cigarette lighter."

"Howinell can I pick my teeth with a cigarette lighter?"

Keeping the boss in hot water is what makes him hardboiled!

A DEEP STUDY

"What are these tickets I found in my husband's pocket?"

"He is an archaeologist. These tickets are evidence of a lost race."

The worst thing that happens to you may be the best thing that has ever happened to you, if you don't let it get the best of you.

Help

For three years he had called, and talked in the drawing room of her father's home, using her father's electric light.

"Answer me, Mabel," he suddenly cried. "Answer me! I can bear this suspense no longer."

"Answer him," came a voice from the other side of the door, "answer him. I can bear this expense no longer."

HELPI

The young son came running madly into the house and dashing over to the bookcase, began throwing volumes right and left.

"Where's the book telling how to swim?" he cried.

"What do you want with it?"

"Pop needs it—he just fell into the river!"

He Done Forgot

"Good horse," commented the race fan.

"There ain't no better, suh," remarked the old colored groom.

"Who is he sired by?" the race fan asked.

"Well, suh," the colored groom replied, not wishing to disclose the shady pedigree of the horse, "nobody knows that. This colt is so fast he run away from his home before evah he'd heard his papa's name!"

Wrong Again

"Shay offisher," said the drunk, "where am I?"

"You're on Broadway and Forty-fifth street, southeast corner."

"Cut out the details, what town am I in?"

A GOOD IDEA

They feared her father would be unstrung when he heard of their elopement, so they wired him.

—EnArCo News

A June Thought

All brides are cheated because at all weddings the "Best Man" doesn't get married.

—EnArCo News

LIFE

*There isn't much to life but this,
A baby's smile, a woman's kiss,
A book, a pipe, a stalwart friend,
And just a little cash to spend.*

Both Correct

When the doting wife found her husband embracing the new maid she said that she was certainly surprised, in no uncertain terms.

"No, my dear," he replied, "I am surprised—I should say you are astonished!"