School Days—And What Happened at One Friday Afternoon Recitation

JOHNNIE never did like school! He'd just sit and look out the window and long for the good old summer time, with its green grass and its swimming pools and its watermelon patches. He'd think about it until he'd be carried so far away in his mind, that he wouldn't even hear the teacher when she rapped on her desk with the ruler and called his name and told him to go ahead and study his geography.

Oh, well—it seemed that little boys all had to go to school, but he'd be glad when he grew up as big as dad and mother and didn't have to go.

And those Friday afternoon recitations! They were terrible. Johnnie never could remember the lines and he'd have to work long into the night memorizing. Of course, he didn't have to say one every Friday afternoon, but his turn came about twice a month.

Mother and dad would coach him, and it would sound fine until he got up in front of his little classmates and he suddenly became aware of the fact that his hands might be dirty—that his shoestrings were not evenly tied—that there was a little rip in his right trouser leg—and away would go his recitation, and he'd have to take his seat.

"Now, listen, son," dad said one day. "Here's your report card and I'm actually ashamed of it. Four 'passes' on it and I know that you can do better. I notice in public speaking that the teacher has marked it 'very poor'.

"Well, dad, I can't be good in everything. I have to help mother so much and carry in the wood for the kitchen range and sweep the walk and rake the yard until I don't have any time to study, 'cept at night, and I'm too tired," Johnnie replied.

"He has time to study at school," Mary, Johnnie's litle sister, said.

"I do not," Johnnie promptly responded.

"Now listen, Johnnie," said father. "I'm going to give you another trial and the report card had better look much better next month or I'm going to take you in the woodshed and impress those facts on you so you'll remember them."

Next month! Johnnie heaved a sigh. And his turn came to speak the next Friday.

And so it happened that the next afternoon at school teacher said:

"Now, children, we're going to have some visitors with us on next Friday afternoon—the superintendent of the grade schools will be here and I am anxious that those who are assigned to recitations will do the very best they can on them."

And then she read off about six names and the last one was—"Johnnie Hawkins!" It struck terror to his heart. The class room full of his little friends was bad enough, but visitors!

And to make it worse, when he got home that evening, mother said she had had a telephone call from the teacher and had been asked to the Friday afternoon performances and she thought she'd go because Johnnie was on the program!

"What are you going to speak, Johnnie?" she asked.

"Oh, 'The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck' or sumpin'. Don't know yet." he replied.

"Well, I hope you do well, for I want to be as proud of you as those other mothers are of their children. If you want me to help you, I will."

And the week dragged on. On Wednesday night Johnnie got out his book of poems from which he selected his Friday afternoon recitations. Slouched down in a comfortable chair he began to read first one and then another. For a wonder, they aroused his interest and he kept saying some of them over and over again, wondering if that would be the right one.

Then he made his selection and with the book in hand he went off to bed.

Mother saw him reading it again the next night and felt sure that Johnnie was going to be the envy of all the other mothers there.

And so Friday came.

Mother got out his best suit and his nice white shirt, with his little blue tie; she saw that he polished his shoes and combed his hair back before he went to school.

But Johnnie was uncomfortable. First of all the suit was itchy! And that white collar! Why of all days on the day when a fellow had to remember so much, dress him up so he couldn't think about anything but not turnin' his head too far one way, so the collar would scratch! It was all wrong.

And at 2:30 p. m. in filed the delegation of visitors. Long black-coated men who fairly beamed intelligence. Johnnie wondered if, when he was educated if he'd look anything like that and he kinda hoped he wouldn't. Then there was the array of the children's mothers. Each one talking about her child.

And the time for the recitations was near at hand. First the teacher called on Mary Ellen, who, with a little swish of her pretty dress marched up and gave a charming little piece and bowing, made her way back to her seat.

Then came Edgar Johnson's little poem, and then Sally Green and Mary Brownlow and—then came a voice which said:

"And now we are going to have a recitation by Johnnie Hawkins!" Johnnie gulped, slid slowly out of his seat and made his way to the platform. But every line that he had memorized had slipped from his mind and this is what he said:

"My beautiful, my beautiful, that standeth proudly by,
It was the schooner Hesperus, the breaking waves dashed high.
Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,
King Henry of Navarre,
Charge, Chester, charge! On Stanley, on,
And let who will be clever,
The boy stood on the burning deck.
But I go on forever!"

Johnnie, his face a crimson red, took his seat. The teacher smiled and the audience, at first suppressing smiles behind handkerchiefs, finally burst into uproarious laughter, and

Frisco Children

(Upper left) Dortha, daughter of Assistant Bridge Foreman Mitchell, Thayer. (Center top) James Smith, grandson of V. Smith, Amory. (Upper right) Betty, daughter of Assistant Engineer Scott, Memphis.

(Second row, left to right) Evelyn, Katherine and Maxine, daughters of General Foreman Honey, Memphis; Gloria, daughter of Mrs. Ione Shearin, Memphis; Cordie Reed, son of completion report clerk, Memphis; George, son of Mrs. Ione Shearin, Memphis; Sidney and Mary, children of Joe Fields, Memphis.

(Lower left) Betty and Jack, grandchildren of G. A. Campbell, Springfield.

(Lower right) Wanda Smith, granddaughter of P. R. Calhoun, Amory, Miss.

then they clapped.

Johnnie knew that they thought he had put them together, and instead, they were just snatches from all of them.

And on the way home he said, "Mother, was it all right?"

"Sure son—I never heard such a mixup, but I think they thought you meant it. Better study a little more next time."

But that piece saved Johnnie's life—saved him from a visit to the woodshed, for on the card next month in the public speaking column (for dad's inspection) was the word "Good."

A TRIBUTE TO A POM

"Jesse" James once had a Pompom dog, but the Pom is gone to the dog heaven and "Jesse" is grieving.

In case you don't know it, "Jesse" is railroad "slanguage" for J. W. James, traffic manager at Tulsa, Okla. For years the dog had been a boon companion of the James's.

Some kind-hearted gentleman with a gift for poetry indited the following tribute to the canine:

Beneath this tombstone lies at rest.
Pompom of all that's good the best.
His legion friends will e'er remember
He died the seventh of September,
In nineteen thirty while he slept,
And loving ones a vigil kept.

All friends agree Pompom was clever
His intellect was equalled never,
In truth a record-breaking rover,
Pompom was known this country over.
And in each foreign state and nation
He was there known by reputation.

From Pompom's birth till he did croak
He ne'er did dissipate or smoke,
In fact he touched not corn or rye,
Nor did his tongue e'er tell a lie;
He had no thought of power and wealth,
But was content if he had health.

Though Pompom now is dead and gone
His memory ever will live on,
And may he sleep on like a log,
Beloved Pompom—the wonder dog.

Homemakers' Page

Helpful Hints on Menu Planning for the Family

PERHAPS the most common problem the homemaker is called upon to solve is planning the whole family menu. This may be trying, indeed, if one has a family of varying ages, for the respective needs of its individual members may be as divergent as the poles.

Of course, the problem of each housewife is an individual one. To plan whole family menus, adaptable to every family is a physical impossibility. There are, however, certain principles which may be borne in mind that will simplify the task considerably. These may be applied to the planning of the menu as a whole and it may then be modified to suit the particular requirement of any family.

The first requisite is proper balance. We know that the human body requires water, protein, mineral salts, fats and carbohydrates. Vitamins, too, are essential and we, therefore, aim to use as many fruits and root and leafy vegetables as possible as well as milk, eggs, cereals, meats and butter, which as a source of pure fats and oils, is both wholesome and economical. It should be remembered that a varied diet is elastic and may be adapted readily to the needs of any family.

Homemakers will welcome the following menu suggestions and will find that marketing is greatly simplified by planning whole family menus as largely as possible, several days in advance.

Here is the program, suggested for one day:

BREAKFAST

Sliced Bananas
Cereal
Bacon and Eggs
Toast
Coffee, Cream and Milk

LUNCH

Asparagus Souffle
Date Muffins and Butter or Margarine
Sliced Peaches
Tea Milk

DINNER

Creamed Chipped Beef on Toast
Mashed Potatoes Stewed Onions
Tomato Salad
Caramel Charlotte Russe
Tea Milk

Here are two splendid recipes, one for making date muffins and the second for making of the Caramel Charlotte Russe:

Date Muffins

1 cup white corn meal
2 tablespoons brown sugar
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter
1¼ cups milk
1 cup flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
1 egg
½ cup chopped dates

Mix the corn meal, sugar and salt and add the melted butter. Scald the milk, pour it over the mixture and let stand until the meal swells. When cool, add the flour sifted with the baking powder, the well-beaten egg and the dates. Beat thoroughly and bake in greased muffin tins in a hot oven.

Caramel Charlotte Russe

1 tablespoon granulated gelatine
¼ cup cold water
½ cup scalded cream
½ cup sugar, caramelized
¼ cup powdered sugar
1½ teaspoons vanilla
½ pint cream
6 lady fingers

Soak the gelatine in cold water. Add caramelized sugar to scalded cream. Next add soaked gelatine and when thoroughly dissolved, strain into a bowl and add powdered sugar and vanilla. Set bowl in pan of ice water and stir mixture constantly until it begins to thicken, then fold in whipped cream, adding one-third at a time. Should gelatine mixture become too thick, melt over hot water and again cool before adding cream. Trim ends and sides of lady fingers, place around inside of a mould, crust side out, one-half inch apart. Turn in mixture and chill.

One should enjoy the last of the fall garden and try to utilize every bit of lettuce, radishes, and the late fall vegetables in palatable salads.

Below are a few recipes which one may find to tempt the appetite of the family:

Wilted Lettuce

3 hard cooked eggs
1 large head lettuce
½ tsp. salt
1 tsp. sugar
5 slices bacon
2 tbsp. vinegar

Cook eggs about 15 minutes in boiling water. Wash lettuce, drain and chop. Add salt and sugar. Broil bacon until crisp and brown. Cut into small pieces, using a knife and fork. Add the vinegar, then the lettuce. Turn flame low. With a fork keep the lettuce in motion, so that it will wilt evenly. Add eggs cut in slices. Serve at once. This makes 4 servings.

Cucumber-Radish Fan Salad

1 long cucumber
6 round, red radishes
Lettuce leaf or watercress
Mayonnaise or cooked or French dressing

Peal cucumber and cut crosswise into two-inch sections. Cut sections into ⅛-inch slices, but do not cut entirely through cucumber so that slices may hold together securely. Cut radishes in thin slices. Insert radish slices in between slices of the cucumbers so that the cucumber may spread in a fan shape. Place one section on a crisp lettuce leaf and serve with salad dressing. Tomatoes may be used in place of radishes. This makes five servings.

Vegetarian Salad

1 large head lettuce
2 large chilled tomatoes
6 small carrots
6 flowerettes of cauliflower

On a club of lettuce place one thick slice of tomato. Around the edge of the tomato arrange a row of carrot slices. In the center place a cooked floweret of cauliflower. This makes 6 servings.

Caprice Salad

Lettuce
5 slices pineapple
1 package cream cheese (3 oz.)
1 tbsp. currant or other red jelly
3 halves pears
1 large orange

On a lettuce leaf place a slice of pineapple. In the center of the pineapple make a nest of the cheese, which has been creamed until soft. Place some of the red jelly in the nest and on top of the pineapple place two slices of pear and two sections of orange. Serve with French dressing at the table. This makes five servings.

Time to Spare

She—"Are you sure you have time to show me through this penitentiary?"

He—"Yes mam, ninety-nine years!"

WORTH HAVING

He—"Why are you so pensive?" asked the widower.

She—"I'm not pensive," she replied.

He—"But you haven't said a word for twenty minutes."

She—"Well, I haven't had anything to say."

He—"Don't you ever say anything when you have nothing to say?"

She—"No."

He—"Will you marry me?"

—Transit News.

IT SEEMS TO US

That garage doors are devices to keep others from taking the car out and the owner from putting it in;

That it is not a reflection on prohibition enforcement, but when you refer to the recent "dry spell," people know you mean the weather;

That the next thing to invent, is a miniature golf course which will be small enough to go on the conference table!

Help!

She—"Are you the plumber?"

He—"Yes mam, I'm him."

She—"Well, I wish you'd exercise care in walking over the house. I've just had all my floors waxed and they are in perfect condition."

He—"Oh, don't worry about me, mam, I'll never slip. I've got nails in my shoes!"

PARTLY TRUE

She—"I told you your ship would come in this week. Was I correct?"

He—"Well, partly. My salary was docked."

A DEFINITION

A definition of an adult is one who has stopped growing at both ends and has started growing in the middle.

She Would

He—"You play bridge a good deal, don't you?"

She—"Yes, and if I got a good deal oftener I'd play a good deal better, too."

—Skelly News.

THE POOR PROFESSOR

One hears a great deal about the absent-minded professor, but it would be hard to find one more absent-minded than the dentist who said soothingly, as he applied the pliers to his automobile, under which he lay, "Now this is going to hurt just a little."

A GOOD IDEA

She—"I am always ill the night before a journey."

He—"Well, why don't you go a day earlier?"

Presence of Mind

Wilton Lackaye, the actor, once outshone tact itself when he walked into a bath occupied by a lady and calmly bowed himself out with, "I beg your pardon, Sir!"

THE QUESTION

"If a man smashed a clock, could he be convicted of killing time?"

"Not if the clock struck first."

—Reading Magazine.

Wasted Moments

The wedding bells had pealed some time ago, yet the attendants and the functionaries were still standing around embarrassedly waiting for the principals to show up. At last the bridegroom came tearing down the corridor.

"Am—am I late?" he gasped.

The best man put out a hand to comfort him.

"No, you're on time," he assured him. "The bride was delayed in getting a divorce from her last husband."

"Well, of all the rotten luck!" the bridegroom exclaimed, hurling his gardenia to the floor, "I could have kept that date with Helen!"

Brass

The young married couple were having a disagreement while awaiting lunch at a modest eating house. She was grumbling because they were unable to afford the luxurious restaurants which had been a feature of their honeymoon.

"You can't have a brass band everywhere you go," said he crossly.

"Oh, yes, I can," snapped the bride. "I've got one with me now, on my finger."

CORRECT

A long time ago they probably talked just as much as they do today, but they didn't try to listen to the radio at the same time!

We've just heard of the girl who thought that mushrooms were places to hold necking parties.

HIS REFERENCES

Would-be-Employer—"Have you any references?"

Would-be-Employee—"Sure," and he handed him the following letter:

"To Whom It May Concern: John Jones has worked for us one week and we are satisfied."

QUICK WORK

Pullman conductor—"What are you doing with those towels in your suitcase?"

Patron (with presence of mind)—"Oh, they are some I used last time I was on this train and I had them washed and brought them back."

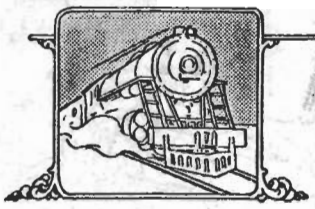
Cutting Out the Frills

One of the section crew of an eastern railroad chanced to pick up a dining car menu card and seeing at the top "Table d'hote" turned to his pal and inquired:

"What does this 'ere mean, Joe?"

"Well," said Joe, "It's like this 'ere. Them swells in the diners have some soup, a bit of fish, a bit of this and a bit of that and a bit of summat else, and call it 'table dottie.' We have 'table dottie', only we mixes it all together and calls it stew."

—Santa Fe Magazine.



The FRISCO MECHANIC

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

J. T. WALSH HONORED

Veteran Boiler Foreman Retires After 43 Years' Service

JAMES T. WALSH, general boiler foreman at the West Shops in Springfield, was the honor guest at a banquet in the Kentwood Arms Hotel on September 4, which was given him upon his retirement from Frisco service, due to his reaching the age limit.

Mr. Walsh, or "Uncle Jimmy", as he was affectionately known to his shop mates, has the enviable record of forty-three years' continuous service with Frisco Lines. More than 100 guests, consisting of officials, supervisors and shop employes and their families were there to honor him. The gathering was ably presided over by J. W. Surles, assistant superintendent of motive power.

After a delightful program, which consisted of vocal solos by Dute Brown of the Southern Wheel Company and his young daughter, a vocal solo by Mrs. Agnes Perry Williams, a Spanish dance by Miss Edwina Tiede and a number of Irish songs presented by Jimmie Cook, an address was made by Rev. Father Thomas Brady. This was followed by the principal address of the evening, made by Mr. Perry T. Allen, local attorney.

Among those who paid their respects to Mr. Walsh were: A. C. Reeves, superintendent, West Shops; F. A. Beyer, D. L. Forsythe, James Bruce, boiler foreman, Kansas City, and R. H. Gardner, system president of the mechanical supervisors.

Mr. Walsh was presented with a traveling bag as a token of esteem from the supervisors, while the Rev. Father Brady presented Mr. and Mrs. Walsh with a beautiful rug and Mrs. Walsh with a basket of roses from the assembled guests.

On Sunday morning, August 24, Mr. Walsh was honored with a stag picnic breakfast at Ritter Springs Fishing Club, where he was presented with a Knights of Columbus ring as a token of the esteem of his friends who were present. The breakfast was planned and carried out by L. E. Reddick, Ed. Grandburg, Bill Lawson, Walter Shackelford and Harry Hall.

Frisco Mechanic Family News

LOCAL No. 24—AMORY, MISS.

RAYMOND F. DEES, Reporter

Boilermaker R. J. Sullivan and wife were guests at a banquet given at the Kentwood Arms, Springfield, Mo., in honor of James T. Walsh, retired. Mr. Walsh is an uncle of Mr. Sullivan's.

R. F. Dees, pipefitter, had his uncle, Dan D. Dees, of Delta, Colo., and cousin, Frank Bean, of Mt. Vernon, Ill., as guests recently.

Frank Woolf, night machinist, is visiting home folks at York, Ala.

R. M. Culp, fatherinlaw of machinist J. T. Bolding, is rapidly recovering from a recent operation we are glad to report.

Roundhouse Foreman F. J. Garner had to slow down a few days ago account of a boil on top of his foot. He is back to his normal speed at this writing.

The many friends of Mrs. G. H. Threllfall, wife of night roundhouse foreman, will be glad to learn that she is improving rapidly from a recent operation at Baptist hospital in Springfield, Mo.

BRIDGE AND BUILDING DEPT. EASTERN DIVISION

ARTHUR BUNCH, Reporter

George Gott and wife recently spent several days visiting their son at Denver, Colo.

Arthur Rude has been appointed foreman of the gang that will build the gravel deck bridges at Newburg.

Cleve Heflin and wife spent Labor Day visiting relatives in Texas.

Bill Hines and gang are building a concrete culvert at Langston, Mo.

Mr. J. B. Brown, B&B foreman of gang No. 8, went out on pension September 1. Roy Hill is acting temporary foreman at this time.

George Mutz and family spent Labor Day visiting relatives in Kansas City.

Jim Carter is back to work now after being off several days on account of hurting his arm when driving piling at Ash Grove, Mo.

Charlie Wallace and gang have been repairing station buildings at Harrisonville.

Chas. Baron and gang have completed the renewing of the freight platform at Springfield.

LOCAL No. 32—NEWBURG, MO.

E. F. FULLER, Reporter

Dan Malone and family visited in St. Louis.

Miss Margaret and Dorothy Malone returned home from a visit in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Miller are the proud parents of a baby boy, born August 12.

D. B. Ege, wife and son, Bobbie, visited Springfield and Marionville.

Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Painter of Springfield, spent a week visiting the R. L. Painter and H. W. Fuller families.

L. A. Fuller and family returned home to Kansas City, Mo., after a two weeks' vacation.

L. S. Fuller and wife visited Mr. and Mrs. Neal of Galena, Kan.

LOCAL No. 7—FORT SMITH, ARK.

LEE W. CAVINESS, Reporter

Local No. 7 has a committee working out details for a picnic to be held at Lewis Tilles Park on or about the first of October.

P. E. Scherry, machinist, has returned to duty after having spent several weeks touring the western states. Mrs. Scherry and son accompanied him on the trip and report a wonderful time.

Jim Adams, water service mechanic, is still confined to the Frisco Employes' hospital at St. Louis, however, we are happy to report that his condition is improved and hopes are that he will soon recover and be able to return home.

Our members and invited guests had a bountiful watermelon feast last month, a whole truck load of ice cold melons were served.

Roy West, machinist, has recovered from a serious illness and has returned to duty.

Mr. and Mrs. Dewey M. Windes spent several days with relatives at Monett, Mo., during the last month.

George C. Shields and Mrs. Shields visited relatives at Springfield recently.

Local No. 7 wishes to take this method of expressing our sincere good wishes for a long and happy wedded life to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Centers who were married recently. Mrs. Centers was formerly Miss LaVine Vernon.

B. G. Worden, machinist, and J. R. White, boilermaker, have entered the poultry raising fraternity. We wish them success.

Lynn Loyd, machinist, and family spent several days with relatives at El Reno, Okla., recently.

W. F. Freemon is acting as general foreman while Mr. J. H. Dyer is taking his vacation.

An invitation is extended at all times to visiting members of our association. Local No. 7 meets each first and third Tuesday nights, W. O. W. hall.

CAR DEPARTMENT FT. SCOTT, KAN.

JAS. N. HARGROVE, Reporter

Vacation season is over and every one has settled down to work again for another year.

There has been several changes at this point in the last few months in the way of supervisors and clerks. Mr. Eugene Moore, who was traveling car inspector, displaced L. L. Graham as car foreman the 16th of July and Mr. Graham is acting as lead car man at this place.

The writer, after being bumped a couple of times, is at last settled at this place as car clerk and will attempt, with the co-operation of all the boys, to furnish a few items for the magazine.

LOCAL No. 18—BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

W. A. MYERS, Reporter

B. G. Gamble, master mechanic, was a visitor to one of our meetings recently. He was accompanied by L. M.