

The
TWILIGHT HOUR
A Page Just for Children

A FRISCO MILKMAID



Just how many little Frisco boys and girls know how to milk?

The above picture was sent to the Twilight Lady by Eugenia Bouser, daughter of J. E. Bouser, employed in the roundhouse at Clinton, Mo.

In the little letter which accompanied the picture Eugenia writes: "This is my first letter to you. I am sending you a picture of my cow and me. I am nine years old. I hope to see my picture in the next Frisco Magazine. My brother and I enjoy the children's page and the Frisco Magazine in general."

From the picture we would judge that Eugenia took the little tin pail which she is holding in her left hand, and went out to get the kittens their evening meal. At least that is what the kittens expect Eugenia to get for them.

Let's have letters from other Frisco boys and girls, for the Twilight Lady is always anxious to receive each and every one.

Little Mary Orsburn, daughter of J. C. Orsburn, section foreman, north yard, Memphis, Tenn., has evidently heard "Uncle Billy" Morrill, accident prevention agent on one of his numerous tours of the schools in that city, and she became so interested in the subject that she wrote the following little article, which she handed to the Frisco Magazine:

"Many accidents occur on railroad crossings every year. Many are caused through forgetfulness, carelessness, reckless driving and trying to beat the other fellow across.

"A law should be made to prohibit anyone from crossing a crossing after the watchman has indicated

WHO ARE THEY?



The above photograph was sent to the Twilight Lady with the following little letter on the back:

"Dear Twilight Lady:

Will you please put this picture in the Frisco Magazine. From left to right we are, Norma Marguerite, age 6 years; Neoma Winnifred, age 11 years; Nina Marie, age 2 years and Nerine Vera, age 8 years."

However, the last name was omitted. The Twilight Lady is sure that this happy little group of people belong to the Frisco Family, because the photograph came in a Frisco envelope—but the last name was omitted.

Perhaps they'll write her when they see it in print!

Family Keepsake

Teacher: "Joseph, what are you going to give your little sister for a birthday present?"

Joseph: "I dunno; last year I gave her the chicken pox."—*Rexall Magazine.*

that all traffic should stop.

"The motto of the Frisco Lines is to prevent accidents, and with the cooperation of everyone concerned, railroad crossing accidents will be reduced greatly."

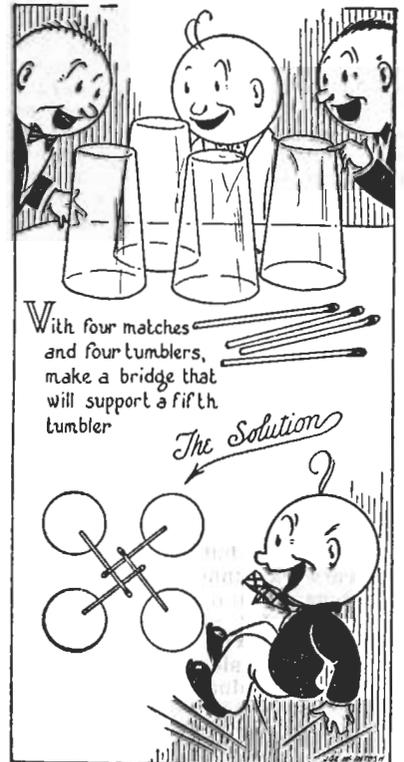
A PARLOR TRICK

Now that the evenings are getting cold, and the family is housed around the fire, games will do a great deal to help pass the time between the hours of dinner and bedtime.

Get the Frisco Magazine first, before daddy or mother or sister get it, and then see if they can work out the little puzzle which appears below.

The solution is at the bottom.

Don't give them more than ten minutes to work it out!



P. S. By the way the Twilight Lady hasn't received many letters this month. She would like to hear whom you tried the October puzzle on and whom you caught—mother, sister, brother or Dad?

Write the Twilight Lady some Christmas letters—tell her what you'd like to receive on Christmas morning and she'll promise to print the best one.

Your own
Twilight Lady



1



2



3



4



5



6



8



9



10



7



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12



13



14



15



16



17

FRISCO CHILDREN

Children shown in the above pictures are as follows: 1—Lorraine and Dean, children of Bert Willis, store helper, Newburg. 2—Margy and Billy, children of S. W. Palmer, Enid, Okla. 3—Silvester, Jr., Paine June and Lenard Lee, children of S. F. Furse, store helper, Newburg. 4—Billy D., son of D. A. Hartzler, agent, Deepwater, Mo. 5—Donald Dean, son of C. H. Woodall, stockman, Newburg. 6—Victor Francis, son of V. A. Roane, general freight and passenger agent of the Ashley, Drew & Northern Railroad, Crossett, Ark., a Frisco connection. 7—Shirley Alline, daughter of Robert Finley, car repairer, Springfield. 8—Ruby Marie Sexton, stepdaughter of L. S. Hope, machinist, Hugo. 9—Martha Elizabeth Fellows, granddaughter of storekeeper, Newburg. 10—Mildred Louise, daughter of James E. Head, claim investigator, Springfield. 11—Mildred, daughter of B. H. Edmonds, lineman, Enid. 12—Buddy, son of B. H. Edmonds, lineman, Enid. 13—Harley Richard Pearce, Jr., grandson of A. E. Pearce, west shop, Springfield, and John Umlauf, yard foreman, Newburg. 14—Alvin, son of L. Anderson, machinist, Kansas City. 15—Marguerite Duren, niece of E. L. Duren, Amory, Miss.; Earlene, daughter, and Kenneth, son. 16—Robert Homer and Wanda June, twins of Pete Guffey, store helper, Newburg. 17—Jane, daughter of W. C. Lewedag, clerk, agents' account dept., St. Louis.

The FRISCO EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

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**Remember Your Doctor Friend**

IT long has been a matter of regret to the editor of this publication that space does not permit the reproduction of the dozens of letters which come to our desk each year, praising the hospitals of Frisco Lines. The average doctor is an unpopular chap, professionally speaking, unthanked and disliked, even though his services are indispensable to the health and happiness, sometimes the life, of each of us. It is a peculiar trait of human nature, deeply ingrained, to shun the doctor even when we most need his kindly ministrations. Doctors and dentists can testify to this readily. Yet the doctors work quietly and efficiently along.

If the composite eye of all Frisco employes could have looked down into a mezzanine floor committee room in the Texas Hotel at Fort Worth, Texas, on October 17 and 18—if a composite ear of all Frisco employes could have listened to the discussions, we predict without fear of contradiction that the composite mouth of these Frisco employes would have opened in amazement, and the composite eye bulged a bit in astonishment.

One hundred and fifty doctors from all over Frisco Lines were there assembled for their 26th annual convention. They were in earnest. The discussions of diseases, symptoms, remedies, proper and improper treatments, etc., were almost unintelligible to the layman. There was nothing selfish in that discussion. No one of those doctors was expecting to treat himself

for any one of the hundreds of complaints mentioned. They were working for us, planning for us, learning for us—in order that our ills and aches could be readily attended to when we walked in the hospital door with a coated tongue and a splitting headache.

Every few days a letter comes to the writer from a man or woman who is confined to the Frisco hospital or who has just been discharged. The letter is, in every instance, one of praise for the excellent work of Dr. Woolsey and his staff, the good food, the courteous, kindly treatment. It has been impossible to publish all the letters, and rather than publish only a part, none of them has been printed. But we are convinced that those who have been there, have been eminently satisfied with their treatment.

“The next time I hear a fellow worker grumble about the cost of his hospital dues, I’m going to tell him plenty,” wrote a River division employe recently. “I never made so fine an investment in my life as those few cents I pay each month to entitle me to Frisco hospitalization when I’m sick.”

Remember the doctor when you’re well and when you’re sick. He’s the best friend you have.

The Frisco Girls' Clubs

A MAN should be the master of his own house or know the reason why,” the soap box orator shouted. And a meek, round-shouldered chap in the back row mumbled to himself, “Most married men know the reason why.”

That may or may not bring us to the subject of the Frisco Girls' Clubs of St. Louis and Springfield, but if the men of Frisco Lines think they are masters at the art of organization, or that they have a monopoly on securing business, or that they are supreme at pep and enthusiasm, let them read “News of the Frisco Clubs” in this issue of the *Frisco Magazine* and think differently.

Two hundred and fifty-six girls of the St. Louis general offices form the club of that city, and a like number of general office girl employes constitute the club at Springfield. Their constitution and by-laws are simple and graphic—just “Boost the Frisco”. They are getting passengers, getting freight, holding noon luncheon meetings and bringing along their own talent of dancers, singers, readers and speakers. The Frisco Girls' Club of St. Louis has already attained such prominence that it was given a four-column write-up in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch of October 24.

What about it, men?



Flashes of Merriment

Hollow?

A portly gentleman stepped on the scale, which was evidently out of order and registered only 60 pounds. "Commere", yelled a little urchin to his comrade. "Lookat dis old guy, he's hollow!"

Plain Spoken

"Johnny, there were three pieces of cake in the pantry, now there is only one. How did that happen?"

"It was so dark in there I guess I didn't see the other piece."

Never Mind

Mrs. Murphy: "And sure, do yuh think the child looks like his father?"

Mrs. O'Brien: "Oi do, but never you mind, just as long as he's healthy"

Ivory!

Sambo: "Ah wants a cake of soap to wash with."

Storekeeper: "What kinda soap you all wants?"

Sambo: "Soap to wash mah head with."

Storekeeper: "Then you all wants Ivory soap!"

New Styles

An old-fashioned girl who believes in SAFETY FIRST is the one who takes the cigarette out of her mouth before pulling her night gown over her head. —(Community Booster.)

Out West

"Oi, Abbie, Abbie, your shirt tail is out!"

"Out—out where?"

"Out vere the vest begins!"

Business Judgment

A railroad had paid a claim for injuries to Mandy. Her husband demanded half of the money.

"Sam, you don't get none of dis yere money. It was mah face dat was wrecked and ruined, not yours. Ah did all de sufferin, not you."

"Ah'm entitled to mah share, Mandy. Why, after the wreck dere you was a lying alongside de track, stunned and senseless wif nothing de matter with you and ah had de good business judgment to go over and kick you in de face."—Forbes.

The piano is the best illustration of what humanity should be—grand, upright and square.

If you don't think co-operation is necessary in any business, take one wheel off a wagon and see what happens!

How's That?

"What kind of a dress did she wear to the party?"

"I don't remember—but I think it was checked."

"Say, what kind of a party was that?"

Some Help

"And did you have a honeymoon, Mandy?"

"Well—Rastus done helped me wid washin's de fust two weeks."

Loud Speakers

"Is your wife still at home?"

"Hell no, she's louder there than anywhere else."

Girls used to wear sensible clothing, but its all off now!

Boosters for Weather

During an extremely cold spell in the Puget Sound country, something gummed the works of a thermometer hung outside the Chamber of Commerce building and the worst it could do was seventy-two above.

Along came a man, bundled up to his ears, but still shivering. For a moment he gazed at the thermometer, then turned away in disgust, saying: "Aint that just like the Chamber of Commerce anyway?"

Emulate the pin. Its head keeps it from going too far.

The pin gets there by pushing—not pulling.

Good Stuff

"Why do you put your thumb into your liquor?"

"Because if the nail stays on I'm going to drink it."

Both Types

"Who is that brunette over there?"

"That's Ray's wife, don't you recognize her?"

"Why I thought he married a blonde."

"Oh yes, he did—but she dyed."

An umbrella with celluloid windows in it has been invented. Very handy, as it enables the user to see if the owner is approaching.

Ambition

"Bejabers", roared Pat, menacingly, "Oi was born an Oirishman, Oi'm living an Oirishman, and Oi'll die an Oirishman."

"Vell," said Able, "have you no ambition?"

Short Sayings

The exercise that reduces the waist-line most quickly, consists of placing both hands on the table and pushing back.

After listening to a few of these radio tenors we've decided that our American aviators are not the only ones lost on the high C's!

An Englishman, flying at about the rate of five miles a minute, wins the air speed championship for 1927. We wonder if an Irishman was chasing him?

The hardest ups and downs in life are keeping expenses down and keeping appearances up.

Men are like trains—they are at their best when on the level.

This Is Pretty Bad

"I'll bet you", said the humorist, "that I can make trees fall by telling them jokes."

"Alright, we'll see if you can", answered his companion.

And so they went into a forest. The humorist told a joke near a hickory tree, and immediately after the tree broke in two and fell. Another joke felled a maple tree. He stood near a stately tree and told a joke but the tree remained standing. He told another and still the tree remained. Finally he became disgusted and the two left the forest.

About four o'clock a great report came from the forest and hurrying to the scene they found the tree broken in two and part of it lying on the ground.

It was an English walnut tree.

A minister was horrified one Sunday to see a boy in the gallery of the church pelting his hearers in the pews below with horse chestnuts.

As the good man looked up, the boy cried out:

"You 'ten to your preaching, mister, I'll keep them awake!"

PASTIME

FRISCO BOY TO CARDINALS

Yard Clerk Craig Campbell of Enid, Reports March 10 to 1926 Champs.

OPPORTUNITY has opened the door and welcomed in another member of the Frisco family. Craig Campbell, yard clerk at Enid, Okla., has been signed by the St. Louis Cardinals.

He is the son of Mrs. Arch Campbell. His father, the late Arch Camp-



CRAIG CAMPBELL

bell will be remembered by his many friends over the system, as an ardent railroader and a baseball fan.

Craig started railroading about four years ago, his first job being time-keeper for an extra gang laying rail on the Perry Sub. Since that time he has been yard clerk at Enid.

He is a "south paw" and has been playing ball since he was large enough to pick up a bat.

He leaves for Syracuse, N. Y., on March 10 to report for duty, carrying the best wishes of a host of friends.

Subterfuge

Sportsman (ruefully): "Got any pheasants for sale?"

Shopkeeper: "Not one, sir. Sold out this morning; but we've got some fine sausages."

Sportsman: "Sausages? How can I tell my wife I shot sausages?"

Frisco Ball Team of Sherman Wins 1927 Championship of Texas Lines

By MRS. IVA SEWELL



THE Sherman Frisco Baseball team won the championship of the Frisco Texas Lines for the season of 1927, when it defeated the Frisco team of Fort Worth. In this game Sherman's pitching ace, Hughey Harmon, struck out nineteen men.

The Sherman team played seventy-seven games this season, losing only nineteen games, and also won two loving cups this season in the Sherman city championship series. The cup in the accompanying picture was won from the Northern Texas Telephone team after the Sherman team won three straight games from the Telephone team. The other cup was won from the K. T. P. team, the Sherman team winning a double-head-

er. Besides the games played with other Sherman teams the Sherman Frisco team played with the following teams: Ft. Worth Frisco; Nocona, Texas; Denison M. K. & T.; Colbert, Okla.; Marietta, Okla.; Gunter, Texas; Howe, Texas; Whitesboro, Texas; Ethel, Texas; Bells, Texas; Durant, Okla.; and Whitewright, Texas.

Following are the names in the picture, showing the batting average of most of the players:

First row, left to right: Ben Inman, catcher; Johnny Griggs, center field, batting average, 341; Ned Thomas, left field, batting average, 311.

Second row: Clifford Green, short

stop, batting average, 265; Clyde Aiken, short stop, batting average, 309; Henry Lewis, third base, batting average, 281; Harold Gardner, second base, batting average, 322; Dick Pennell, pitcher, batting average, 262; Jewell Brown, pitcher, batting average, 282.

Third row: Hughey Harmon, pitcher, batting average, 286; Kenneth Watson, third base, batting average, 259; Wade Hogan, manager, batting average, 27; Ward Campbell, pitcher, batting average, 272; Mac Moore, right field, batting average, 398; Vesta Lyons, first base, batting average, 305; Paul Hartman, catcher, batting average, 352; Ralph Huffer, right field, batting average, 301.

Fourth row: J. J. Thurston, score-keeper; W. A. Morgan, president, and Jim Estes, umpire.

The records of the pitchers of the Sherman Frisco team was:

| | Won | Lost | Tied |
|--------------------|-----|------|------|
| Hughey Harmon..... | 23 | 2 | 1 |
| Ward Campbell..... | 17 | 3 | 0 |
| A. Pennell..... | 18 | 3 | 1 |
| H. Lewis..... | 3 | 1 | 0 |
| J. Brown..... | 4 | 2 | 1 |
| C. Hinkle..... | 4 | 0 | 0 |

The team's successful season is due to the remarkable leadership of Manager Wade Hogan and the brilliant manner in which his team supported him.

Walls

Rastus, telephoning Mose: "An' don't rust to come see me right quick."
Mose: "Whah is you at?"

"Whah is I at? I'se in de Waldorf!"
"Walled-orf? Whoo-ee! Yes, I guess you is. You'se walled-orf in Jail."—Exchange.