

## An Old Timer Recalls Early Railroad Days

Forty-two Years Ago—The Frisco and Ft. Smith, Arkansas

By C. E. BARRELL

This article will doubtless interest some of the very older Frisco employes, and the writer trusts many of the younger generation:

In February, 1883, the writer, then in the employ of the Missouri Pacific Railway at Carthage, Mo., as telegraph operator and clerk was offered a similar position with the Frisco at Ft. Smith, Ark. Charles Hall, agent for the Missouri Pacific at Carthage, had a short time previous been induced by Geo. W. Cale, general freight agent of the Frisco, to take the agency for the Frisco at Ft. Smith, Mr. Cale, a great friend of Mr. Hall, having left the Missouri Pacific, taking a more responsible and possibly more remunerative position with the Frisco.

The Frisco was operating its line to Van Buren, Ark., thence by ferry across the Arkansas River, from where a stub line hauled freight and passenger trains direct to Ft. Smith.

On arrival at Ft. Smith, most all of the passengers appeared to know where they were going, except myself. Main Street was the destination of most of them, but I wanted to find the depot and report to Mr. Hall. I was not prepared for a box car depot, but such it was, set up about four feet from the ground, with steps to a side entrance. One end of the car was the freight and ticket office, the other being reserved for passengers, considerable express and some perishable freight, the balance of the freight was delivered from cars on the siding. Demurrage was not taken seriously in those days, and car load freight in particular was frequently unloaded to suit the convenience of the consignee, often remaining on the siding for a week or ten days before being released.

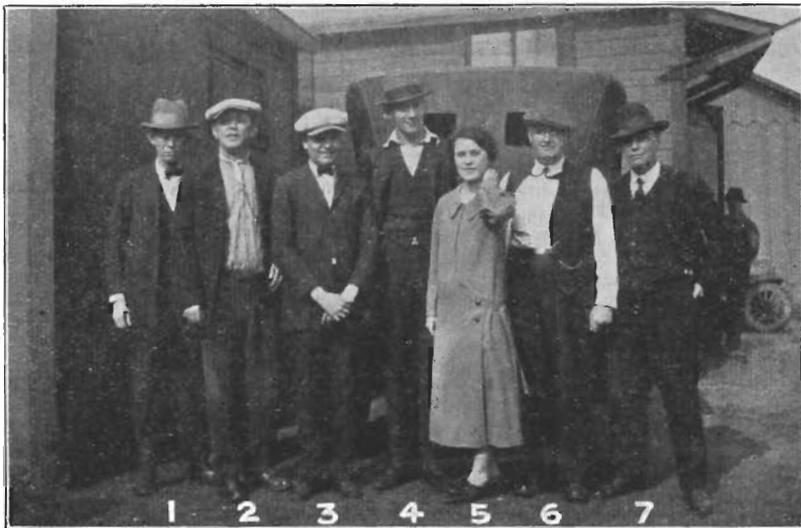
The Frisco was, as a matter of course, very popular there, for previous to the entrance of the Frisco all access to Ft. Smith was via Little Rock, the Little Rock & Ft. Smith Ry., having enjoyed a valuable monopoly, even operating the telegraph lines separately.

### 140 Degrees in Shade

Shortly after my arrival at Ft. Smith the erection of what was then considered a very commodious freight and passenger depot was started. It was a frame structure, two stories, the upper part for occupancy of the agent as a residence; an arrangement more common then, than now. I remember so well the first summer, when I suffered with the extreme heat, how the workmen came from the roof of the new depot building to eat their lunch in the box car depot, telling me that the thermometer registered 140 degrees where they were at work.

I often wonder whether any of the present Frisco employes remember the names of some of the old-time

## Fort Smith Yard Force



1.—Leonard Orton, yard clerk; 2.—R. A. Riley, operator; 3.—Alva Ball, yard clerk; 4.—Josephue Taylor, official caller; 5.—Frances Warthen, operator; 6.—G. W. Norden, general yardmaster; 7.—J. F. Foster, chief clerk.

Behold! The Yard Force at Fort Smith! Reading from left to right we have first, Leonard Orton, better known as (Jumbo) who acts in the capacity of yard clerk. This pose looks rather serious—but sometimes we do get panic stricken in front of a camera.

Next: Meet R. A. Riley, operator at Ft. Smith. His attitude is one of absolute fearlessness. Howdy, Riley!

And then comes Alva Ball, yard clerk. We'd say he was a trifle shy, but he's got such a "glad-to-meet-you" smile. Stick out your hand and he'll shake with you.

Fourth: Here's the official caller, by name, Josephue Taylor! Jo's got his collar unfastened—been workin' hard, that boy!

Now here you come to the interesting feature of the group, Frances Warthen, operator. She's just told the photographer to wait till she gets one foot squared around—but he snapped it, as she were! Glad to meet you, Frances.

Reading next is the big boy, the General Yardmaster, G. W. Norden. How do you keep that shirt so white down in Ft. Smith? Sure glad to know you, Mr. Norden.

Last—but not least—the man standing by the Ford is the chief clerk, J. F. Foster. Just about to bust into a smile he is—an' the next reel will show him smilin'.

Now, Ft. Smith, you're introduced to 25,000 people. Don't forget all our names.

officials. If I recollect correctly, D. H. Nichols was general superintendent, a man rather noted for forceful expletives, working with a vim, so characterized. D. Wishert was general passenger agent, and a Mr. Coyle was superintendent of telegraph; the latter employed all telegraph operators and clerks, for they were all expected to be clerks as well as operators in those days.

My salary was \$55.00 per month, supplemented by meagre commissions on the sale of tickets over foreign lines, a practice long since abandoned. The agent secured the greater commissions, but on account of the intense competition for certain passenger traffic, passenger representatives of foreign lines made me a tender of a side commission of 50 cents each on tickets on which the agent received \$2.00. The big scramble was always on when Federal prisoners were sent to Detroit, Mich., usually in batches

of 25 to 40 at a time. I believe, without doubt, that the criminal docket at Ft. Smith was more heavily burdened than that of any other United States District Court, for Indian Territory criminals were brought into Ft. Smith from almost the whole territory, the Wichita, Kansas, Court having a small part, and the Paris, Texas, District Court was not at that time established. Wm. H. H. Clayton was the U. S. prosecuting attorney, and I firmly believe he was successful in having more men sentenced to hang, during his tenure of office, than any other attorney holding that position. Thomas Boles was United States marshal, Cassius Barnes was his chief deputy, later appointed the first governor of Oklahoma when admitted as a state. Colonel James A. Brizzolara was one of the United States commissioners, and Stephen Wheeler, the other. Wheeler was also correspondent for the Globe-Democrat.

# Modern Air Brake Brings Complete Safety and Comfort to Railroad Patrons

*Development of Device Since Introduction by Westinghouse in 1869 Has Been Remarkable*

By F. A. GEISTER

Folks who complain of inability to sleep in Pullman cars are becoming few indeed these days. That is a tribute to many perfections in train operation, among them the air brake. With its facility of application, an engineer can slow gradually, yet quickly, pulling to a standstill without a jar or bump to annoy those in the cars behind. In this article, Mr. F. A. Geister, a representative of the New York Air Brake Company, who lives at Springfield and supervises the air brake equipment on the Frisco Lines, tells of its growth since 1869, and explains some of its working principles.—W. L. H., Jr.

People of this continent have become so accustomed to taking everything as a matter of fact, that the great things going on in our daily lives and the things that are making them possible have appeared to most of us as insignificant.

Were it possible for us to place this generation back fifty years, and disregard all that has transpired during this period of time, so that we could have the pleasure of imagining this vast mid-western country as it was, say in 1875, with cities such as Tulsa, Oklahoma City, Kansas City, and Denver in the great expanse of country west of the Mississippi River, either as unthought of, or merely small trading posts, and then coming back to the present time, where almost every wish for almost anything under the sun is possible, but few of us realize that this is made possible by our great transportation systems, the railroads.

Practically everything that has transpired toward improving civilization and living conditions during the last fifty years of development has been made possible only by the railroads and the pioneering spirit of the men who built them. There is no country in the world where so much has been accomplished in so short a time as has been accomplished by the transportation of people and their products, in our western states, of the United States.

The railroads have developed from the little eight-wheel engine and its train of two passenger cars, the freight car of one-ton capacity and later on the sleeping car introduced by Pullman, to the present monster freight locomotives with trains of more than one hundred cars, and the passenger trains, like Frisco No. 9, with its train of 15 to 18 all-steel cars with every modern convenience for passengers. How many of us realize that all of these things that we take as a matter of course were made possible by the introduction of the air brake, or the means of controlling the speed and stopping these great monster trains of the present day?

Since 1869, when the air brake was introduced by Westinghouse and was

applied to a train on the Pennsylvania Railroad, to the present modern equipment, millions of dollars have been expended in developing a device that permits the operation of trains at unthought of speeds, and with safety.

What has been accomplished in the improvement of the air brake has been in turn accomplished by the railroads in the manner of improvement to transportation facilities. Increasing dimensions and weight of equipment, both in freight and passenger service, together with high speeds demanded by the people, call for refinement and the absolute safety and certainty of operation under all conditions, and in all kinds of weather, in any climate.

We are able to go from place to place, covering at times long distances, on trains for several days, starting from one extreme of climate, and arriving some time later, with another extreme change in climate—with no thought of anything but absolute safety.

A freight car may be started from some point in the state of Washington, equipped with the air brake. It may wander all over the lines of railroads in the United States and Canada, under all kinds of climatic conditions, from the heat of our desert country, where the temperature registers 120 degrees in the shade, to the extreme far north, where the temperature has dropped to 45 degrees below zero, but through all this the air brake on this car will have functioned properly at all times, no matter on what part of a train it has been a member, nor is it particular as to the railroad over which it runs.

There are in this country today, something like 3,500,000 freight cars, all equipped with air brakes. These air brakes are so complete that if all of these cars were coupled together, it would make a train more than 25,000 miles long. An emergency application of the brakes made on one end of this train would propagate entirely through the train and return, for this train, if it were made up would extend around the world.

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## His Last Engine Run

Engineer Joseph N. Chitty Retired from Service February 6, 1925

In the picture you see Engineer Joseph N. Chitty and Conductor O. R. Underwood standing by the engine on train 117 at Fort Scott, as Engineer Chitty was preparing to leave on his last trip running an engine. Engineer Chitty was 70 years of age February 6th, 1925, and required to retire from active service.

Chitty hired to the Frisco November 27th, 1897, as a locomotive engineer and it is a curious coincidence that he had Conductor O. R. Underwood on his first trip on this date, and also on his last trip February 28th, 1925.

Engineer Chitty had a number of years of railroad experience before coming to the Frisco. He started his railroad career as an engine wiper for the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy at Galesburg, Ill. He worked at various jobs around the roundhouse and finally went to firing for the Iron Mountain at Little Rock, Ark. He



ENGINEER JOS. N. CHITTY AND CONDUCTOR O. R. UNDERWOOD

was promoted to an engineer for the Missouri Pacific at Sedalia, Mo. He then came to work for the Frisco at Fort Scott (it was then called the Memphis road) worked here a few years and went to the Iowa Central. However, he could not remain away from Fort Scott and the Frisco, so he came back to stay on November 27th, 1897.

**Western Electric Thanks Frisco for Holiday Season Aid**

**Expedited Service on Replacement Equipment in Storm Area Complimented**

The Frisco played an important and efficient part in the rehabilitation work of the Western Electric Company throughout Missouri, following the terrific damage done to poles and lines and other equipment during the blizzard of the recent holiday season.

In an article in the "Western Electric News," describing the manner in which his company coped with the havoc caused by the storm, F. B. Gleason, general telephone sales manager for the Western, pays tribute to the prompt action of Mr. J. R. Koontz, vice-president in charge of traffic, in making a special concession to a Western official for the prompt distribution of equipment.

"A special permit was issued by the vice-president of one of the railroads (Frisco)," the article states, "to enable one of the telephone company's representatives to ride in the caboose of a freight train in order that he might supervise the unloading of a car of material that was to be unloaded at eight different stations."

The freight train referred to left St. Louis for Springfield under red ball billing, with cars of poles and copper wires. The Frisco allowed the telephone company's representative to unload at Rolla, Cuba, Sullivan, St. Clair, Lebanon and other towns en route.

The Frisco handled one hundred cars of poles, ten cars of copper wire and other replacement equipment under expedited service to aid the company in its urgent work.

The following letter was received by Mr. Koontz from W. H. De Witt, Jr., general traffic manager of the Western Electric:

"Mr. J. B. Shay, our St. Louis manager, has informed me of the very valuable assistance and co-operation given by you in arranging for special service and expediting shipments of pole line material to repair and replace lines damaged during the sleet storm of December last. I assure you that your efforts in assisting us to restore telephone service are very much appreciated by all of our officials.

"The excellent attention and co-operation given by Mr. P. W. Conley, superintendent of terminals, Mr. E. H. Burrows, night yard master, and Mr. G. J. Malone, chief clerk in Mr. Lawler's office are largely responsible for our success in getting material to its destination, and they are to be highly commended. We should be pleased to have you extend to them our sincere appreciation of their service."

Since the automobile has come on the scene—it appears that about the only use that some of the folks find for their feet is a means for showing off the latest style of footwear.

**A Bit of Philosophy of Sorts**

By SAM HUGHES

When we are weary and discouraged, half-beaten and downcast, there is, we think, no better tonic than the philosophical doctrine of life which comes from that famous old Frisco man—Sam Hughes.

He is one of the best-known men throughout the Frisco System, and for every gray hair in his head, Sam Hughes has learned a truth about life that enables him to carry a verve and spirit of youth and hope that is manifested in the accompanying article.

We wish you would read it. It will do you good.—W. L. H., Jr.

Now is the hour of our discontent.

Into each and every life there comes a time when we realize that we have erred, that we have done things we ought not to have done and left undone those things we should have done, and in consequence there is much shortage in peace and serenity throughout the world. This law follows as the night, the day, and not alone does it invade the home circle, but into the business life, and the professional and political as well, comes that feeling of unrest and discontent, which has always prevailed, and is everywhere in evidence, and can be traced back into the dark ages.

We are constantly searching for something—we know not what. It is a self-established and unwritten law of human kind by which the great majority is governed, and why? Because, we are searching and aiming higher, both spiritually and physically—we rush into space as it were, and grasp that something we know not what, nor whither we are drifting.

**Melville L. Wilkinson, Frisco Director, Dies at St. Louis**

Head of Big St. Louis Firm Passes Away March 15

The Frisco Lines suffered the loss of a director, in the death of Melville L. Wilkinson, of St. Louis, on Sunday, March 15. Mr. Wilkinson was one of the most prominent and successful business men of the city, and had been a director of the Frisco since October 27, 1916. He was president of the firm of Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney Dry Goods Company, a banker and prominent civic leader. President J. M. Kurn and Mr. F. H. Hamilton, vice-president, secretary and treasurer of the Frisco Lines, were honorary pall bearers.

**How Dare You!**

Pretty Girl: "I live at 515 East Lynne Street—now don't you dare follow me!"

—College Comics.

Ambition, is the answer, and upon the result of this depends the world's happiness and progress. In music and learning, and in the field of economic, social and industrial science, the same spirit prevails and spurs us on to greater efficiency and achievement. Without this spirit there would be nothing but stagnation, and the wheels of all human progress would cease to function. The great inventions of the master minds are but the product of unrest and discontent, together with that dogged determination to win, and so it was with Adelaide Proctor, who sat silently and sorrowfully at the organ, reflecting upon the disappointments of this life, when suddenly there came into being the "Lost Chord" and it only remained for Sir Arthur Sullivan to transpose the words into music, bringing fame and honor to this woman.

"'Tis the Coward who yields to misfortune,

'Tis the knave who changes each day,

'Tis the fool who starts like a whirlwind,

Then throws all his chances away. The time to succeed, is when others show traces of tire,

The battle is won on the homestretch, and won twix the flag and the wire."

**"Save a Day—Mail on Florida Special"—Advice of Kansas Cityan**

Wm. E. Morton, K. C., Mo., Postmaster, Urges Frisco Service to Business Men

Every business man in greater Kansas City received advice to "Save a day in the delivery of your mail in Dixieland by using the Frisco 'Florida Special'", in a letter sent out by Wm. E. Morton, Kansas City, Mo., postmaster recently.

Urging the business men to "get the best results from your investment in postage by taking advantage of the early mail dispatches", Mr. Morton urgently recommended the "Florida Special".

"Pack your trunk with summer clothes and go to the land of sparkling springtime, flowers and brilliant sunshine," Mr. Morton's letter read. "But first instruct your office force to post your mail in time to connect with the Florida Special for the sunny south, leaving Kansas City at 6:00 p. m."

The letter also included a complete list of the important connections made at Springfield, Hoxie, Jonesboro and Memphis.

**Grown-Ups  
Please  
Be Quiet**

# THE TWILIGHT HOUR

**A Page  
Just For  
Children**

## THE COOKIE THIEF!

Little Katie Brown  
Liked cookies so well,  
Went into the pantry  
Just for a smell!

She went for a smell,  
But they smelled so good,  
eyes!

She raised her  
Where the cookie jar stood.

Just raising her eyes  
Wasn't quite enough,  
So she got a chair

And she started down!  
A minute too late.

Mother was standing  
By the door,  
And poor Little Kate,  
Was far from the floor.

Mother lifted her  
And right then and there!  
Katie's dress,

Turned up  
And SPANKED! U know where!

Hello, Little Folks:

How many of you like May? My goodness, all of you—I can't see a hand that isn't up. I know why—school's out—you can play for three whole months without readin', and writin' and 'rithmetic!! Sure I'm glad for you—who said I wasn't? I'm jealous—'cause I wish I were you!

I believe we have a lot of little bashful boys and girls on the Frisco because they don't write to the Twilight Lady very often.

Once, not so long ago, I was in Birmingham and I met the sweetest little lady. Little Miss Camp. She and I became good friends and she read the Twilight Page the last issue of the Magazine and she sent me her picture and wrote me a lovely little letter. Maybe she won't mind if I let you read it. Her father is a dispatcher at Birmingham.

This is what Mary Angeline Camp wrote me:

"Dear Twilight Lady:

I am just another little girl of the Great Big Frisco Family. We get the Frisco Magazine every month and enjoy it very much.

I was so glad to find that I really knew the Twilight Lady—you know it makes the page so much more interesting—and mother will always read the page to me from now on.

My big brothers like the pictures of the Frisco engines best—my mother likes the Homemakers' Page and my daddy (Riley) likes it all.

Must tell you that my dolly is as dear as ever, and that I have a nice buggy to ride her in. My kitty is my only pet.

Must say bye-bye now, dear Twilight Lady.

Your little friend,  
MARY ANGELINE CAMP."



MARY ANGELINE CAMP

Wasn't that a sweet little letter? Now I want a letter from every one of my other children! Sure you're my children—ask mother if I can't have you for a whole hour—every time you read my Twilight Page! Remember, you belong to the Twilight Lady every time you turn to her page. My, but I'm going to be the old Lady in the

Shoe, am I not, instead of the Twilight Lady?

But—we were talking about May! Let me tell you a really true fairy story! The other day I went downtown and bought a beautiful bright red tulip! The weather wasn't very warm yet and I was so anxious for the flowers to come up I bought this beautiful tulip and set it in my window at home. The other morning I was just opening my eyes—getting ready to get up and the sun was shining on my red tulip and you can't guess what I saw! The most beautiful little fairy perched on top of a tulip bud and she had a little stick and she was opening up a tulip bud so it would be a big tulip and so I could enjoy it.

I was almost afraid to move! She was beautiful—her hair was golden and it fell all over her teeny, weeny little shoulders. She wasn't as big as your hand, Mary Ann, just imagine. I almost didn't see her. Pretty soon she looked around and smiled and I sat up in bed.

"Howdy-do," I said, and I was scared that I'd run her away, but she just smiled and of course she was so tiny I didn't hear her voice so far away so she came over to me on a sunbeam. I put out my hand and she lighted on the palm of my hand—just imagine how tiny she was. I held her up close to my ear and she said:

"Tell the little Frisco Folk that this is May. There are going to be more fairies in May than any month there is because they have to go around and wake up the flowers. Tell them that every time they say they don't believe in fairies, a little fairy dies, and when they say "I do believe in fairies", one is born. Oh, please, Twilight Lady, tell them to believe in fairies! We love little children and we're going to be in every flower and in every moonbeam and every sunbeam in the world so they can all see us—if they really want to. Don't forget!"

I called after her to wait—but there she was floating away on the sunbeams—back to the tulip and I didn't try to follow her—because, who ever caught a fairy? You just have to wait until they come to you!

But, I've told you what she said, haven't I, and you watch out for the May fairies—and the first one that sees a May fairy write me, won't you?

Course I believe in fairies! Didn't she ask me to? Keep saying this over and over again and maybe she'll come to you—but you have to believe it. Say it now,

"I BELIEVE IN FAIRIES!"

Bye, THE TWILIGHT LADY.



FRISCO BABIES

1.—Harold James; son of George Blumenstock, West Shops; Springfield, Mo. 2.—Julius, age 3 years; son of Julius Brignardello, Memphis, Tenn. 3.—Edith Drusilla Lollar, age 9½ months; daughter of Benjamin F. Lollar, Sullivan, Mo. 4.—Bobbie Stalder, age 6 months; son of Fred Stalder, Enid, Okla. 5.—Walter May, age 2 years; daughter of Walter Smith, engineer. 6.—Joanne, age 6 months; daughter of Frank Meidell, Enid, Okla. 7.—George Westphal, Jr., age 15 months; son of Geo. Westphal, Oklahoma City, Okla. 8.—Arlie Ebright, Jr., age 2 years; son of Arlie Ebright, Monett, Mo. 9.—Clauris Virginia, age 4 years; granddaughter of B. P. McCaslin, Monett, Mo. 10.—Charles, age 5 years, Howard, age 10 years; sons of J. J. Stowe, Springfield, Mo. 11.—Marrium Junior, age 9 months; son of J. M. Odom, Cape Girardeau, Mo. 12.—Irene, age five months; daughter of W. P. Franklin, Ft. Smith. 13.—Kathleen, age 9 years; daughter of E. B. Nelson, Enid, Okla. 14.—Laura May Mutz, age three months.