

Veteran Tells of Floods, Mosquitoes and Snakes in Road Building Days of '87

J. N. Goolsby, 36 Years Section Foreman, Reminiscences of Old Times in Railroading—He Remembers First Train in October, 1887

By JOHN L. GODSEY

J. N. Goolsby of Jasper, Alabama, has seen thirty-eight years service with the Frisco Railroad as section man and section foreman.

Many things have happened during his years of service and Goolsby has made an enviable reputation for himself as an expert story teller of experiences in the "old days."

He entered the service in March, 1887, as a laborer with the rail-laying gangs on the K. C. M. & B. when they were extending tracks to Birmingham and two years later was promoted to section foreman, a position he has held for the thirty-six years since his promotion.

Back in the days when Goolsby handled a shovel laborers were paid one dollar a day with working hours from sunup to sundown.

"Spikers," the highest paid men, received \$1.75 a day for their work, while the section foreman's salary was \$50.00 a month.

"I can remember when the first train ran on the line in October, 1887, and the people came from miles around to see it. That old engine sure did look funny coming down the track like a hammock rocking from one side to the other," Goolsby said in a recent interview.

"What kind of ties did you have under the tracks, Mr. Goolsby, and where did you get them?" The old veteran gave a hearty laugh as his thoughts drifted back to the old ties hewn along the right of way. They were young trees cut half in two and many times they were just small logs.

"But tamping those ties is where we had trouble," he continued. "We used the handles of our shovels, and that mud was some sticky. We had to buy our own shovels, too."

"Talk about track jacks, shucks! We used a claw bar in those days and lots of times got a young sapling and notched three or four holes in one end and placed it under the rail. Then one man would climb up to the end and another catch his feet to pull him and the lever down to raise the track."

Mud Was Stickiness Itself.

"It's a fact," continued the old veteran, "and that was the stickiest mud under those ties. It was so sticky that one time during a bad washout the ties held in place, but the gravel under the track washed away. That was up in Tombigbee bottom and the track was covered for about five miles and during that time the back-water destroyed a lot of property and live stock. It hit a drove of steers near the tracks. I will never forget those



J. N. GOOLSBY

30 or 40 steers drowning. One tried to swim out of the water, got caught between two trees that had grown close together and we went there after the flood to get him out. His feet were up about five feet from the ground.

"On the same occasion the Roadmaster attempted to get by to Amory in a skiff and was lost for two days. We thought he had drowned, but he finally crossed over and reached his headquarters at Amory.

"The mosquitoes in the bottoms were something terrible, too. The laborers were handicapped at their work and one old negro became desperate and tied quilts and strings from his trousers and as they burned he would shake about to keep his clothes from burning. The smoke would keep the mosquitoes from biting. When lunch hour came we all had to build large fires in a circle and sit in the center and eat our lunch, and I have seen hunters come from the bottoms with a trail of mosquitoes fifteen feet long following them—that's the truth, too! I will never forget the time the mosquitoes pushed me over in a creek! You know, I had a string of fish tied to a log in the creek and after work I walked out on the log to get the fish and the mos-

quitoes were so thick and biting so fast that I jumped in the water as a matter of self-protection.

Snakes! Snakes! Snakes!

"Along the right of way were large holes made by the rail-laying gangs as they would require dirt to fill in certain places. These holes were very deep and filled with water most of the time, especially during the grassing seasons. They would eventually fill up with snakes and these snakes would sometimes come out on the tracks. We began killing them and before we had gone one mile down the tracks I had counted 157 snakes that we had killed. Those old water holes along the right of way recall another incident. Sometimes a log would be floating in them and rabbits took an occasional 'joy ride' on these logs. One day we came across one and one of the laborers decided he would wade out in the water and catch the rabbit for dinner, but as he neared the log the rabbit jumped over and swam for shore. The negro plunged in after him but landed in a hole considerably over his head and almost drowned before we could rescue him."

The negro laborers were very strong and Mr. Goolsby related an incident when two of his laborers wagered one could not carry a half rail from one telephone pole to another. The distance was great, but the bet was only one dollar and old Sam Wilson picked up that rail and walked to the next telephone pole without any difficulty at all and then carried it back to where he had started from with a man on his back as well as the rail.

Negroes Easily Led

Negroes were easily influenced sometimes, which Mr. Goolsby proved when he told of the derailment of train 106 one night just below Amory. He had secured a number of his men to go down and clear the wreck. They were working in the early hours of the morning and Mr. Goolsby began missing a number of his men and finally did not have enough to work. Along the roadway was a large patch of sage grass.

"I thought they were over in that patch," he continued, "so I took a few ashes over and set fire to the grass and you never saw the like of negroes scrambling to get out of that burning grass. They had gone over there to sleep."

"You have a white pass, don't you, Mr. Goolsby; do you ever use it?" the interviewer asked.

"Well, sometimes I run down to Birmingham," he replied, "but in all my 38 years service I have only been off twice. One time I took a ten-days vacation and another time I was off for twenty-one days when I went to Detroit for a convention; so, in all those years I have only lost about one month."

A limited space would not suffice this old veteran and his many experiences, nor would a brief sketch tell of his career as a section foreman, and no one could conclude without an honest and sincere, "Well done."

ON ROAD TO HEALTH

Hazel Stroud, Formerly of Frisco Telegraph Office, Fights Steadily Against Tuberculosis

"I Don't Look Sick, Do I?" She Writes From Sanitarium at Edgewater Beach, Colo.—Sends Regards to Friends

THE accompanying snapshot is of Hazel Stroud (in front) and her "buddies", now confined in a sanitarium at Edgewater, Colo. It will be recalled that Hazel is the girl who was formerly connected with the telegraph office in St. Louis, and who, because of ill health, was sent to Phoenix, Ariz. Her expenses were subscribed by officers and employees of the Frisco at St. Louis.

Some two months ago Hazel was reported "cured" in Phoenix and expressed the desire to find employment. The late Mr. Melvin Wilkinson, of Scruggs - Vandervoort - Barney Dry Goods Co., St. Louis, stated he would be glad to place her in his Denver, Colo., store. She went to Denver, but contracted a severe bronchial cold enroute, which caused a set-back in her condition and made it necessary for her to go to the sanitarium at Edgewater.



The picture belies the fact that Hazel is ill, and in fact she won't admit that she is. Nevertheless, the chief surgeon at the sanitarium has only now permitted her to take some exercise—which consists of walking one block per day.

All who know Hazel have learned a good lesson from her. She is perseverance personified. She has been fighting now over a year to regain her health. The climate in Phoenix has restored her lungs, her main trouble now being a congestion in her bronchial tubes, which she feels is being overcome slowly but surely.

Her Frisco friends are fighting with her and pulling for her in every way. Her one desire seems to be to become well again, so that she may go to work and support herself, although

The "How" of Electrified Statistics

THE general offices at Springfield, Mo., claim one of the most interesting departments on the railroad in their system of "Electrified Statistics", installed in the office of the operating department statistician. In the office are Hollerith tabulating, assorting and key-punching machines, used for compiling various locomotive, freight and passenger car mileage and tonnage statistics.

which are also indicated by codes on the cards.

Next comes the assorting machine. The cards are put into this machine, passing through it by electric motion, and are assorted according to symbols or codes, by dates, directions, states and even by numbers of locomotives. This assorting can be accomplished at the rate of approximately 175 cards per minute which would be equal to a little over 10,000 an hour.



The process of obtaining the tremendous volume of such statistics by the use of the machines is very simple as well as rapid. It is accomplished by the use of a card (size $7\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ inches), containing various rows of figures from 0 to 9 in numerical order. The figures that represent the items constituting the statistics desired are punched out of the card by the electric key-punch machine.

The office receives approximately 300 passenger conductors' wheel reports per day; 500 freight conductors' wheel reports (from which tonnage, freight and passenger car mileage are compiled) with a corresponding entry on dispatchers' sheets (from which reports of locomotive mileage is compiled). It can readily be seen that to punch a card for every move represented in the entries on the dispatchers' sheets and conductors' wheel reports would take in a month's time approximately 80,000 cards. The figures themselves are by no means all that is desired; various separations are required, such as dates, directions, sub-divisions, classes of service, states and numerous other separations

she need not worry so long as her good Frisco friends are on hand.

With the picture, she writes: "My bed is where the last girl is standing. The doctor's office is to the left by the tree. I don't look sick, do I?"

And this last remark brings out the spirit of fighting obstacles that Hazel has always manifested.

She'll win, and when she does, there will be great rejoicing among her Frisco friends.

Last, but not least, we have the tabulating machine with which five different columns of figures may be added simultaneously by electric motion with perfect accuracy at the rate of 144 items in each of the five columns per minute.

Therefore, three very important things are acquired by the use of these Hollerith machines for statistical purposes:

First, speed; second, accuracy; and third, preparedness.

The picture shown above is that section of the office of the operating department statistician at Springfield, Mo., used for the operation of the Hollerith machines. The group represented in the picture are the operators of the various machines and reading from left to right, they are: Herman Plumb, Mary Prophet, Evelyn Manning and Dorothy Leake.

Alluvial Land on Frisco Is Richest in World

(Continued from Page 7.)

striving more and more to lend its influence and aid in building the country further. Through the traffic department, the Frisco is prepared to render thorough and immediate assistance in the matter of information, both in the way of location and for the development and cultivation of the land. To interested parties it will gladly furnish booklets and other information going more into detail as to land for sale and agricultural possibilities.

This is but one of the examples of the fine public service work rendered by your railroad.

Lost in Mexican Jungles and Whirled Earthward in Parachute Gives Thrills Aplenty

**Harry Glascock Leads Exciting Life as Army Aviator—
His Father a Frisco Employee at Sherman, Texas**

FOR twelve days and nights in the mountains of Old Mexico, Harry Glascock and his lieutenant guarded two U. S. planes that had been lost.

The only place for them to sleep was in the planes and the only food they had was what a passing plane now and then threw down to them.

Frequently a band of Mexican bandits would come along, and the men would hardly breathe until they had passed.

When finally the planes were rescued and they returned to the United States, Glascock said: "Thank God for the Stars and Stripes. They are a wonderful protection and I love and reverence them."

under Mr. K. P. Guin.

Failing in his attempt to secure a place as an apprentice in the mechanical department, he joined the Air Service.

He was first stationed at Love Field, Dallas, for some three months and then transferred to Houston, Texas, where he was put in charge of a fire truck. On account of his quickness and ability, he was promoted. Entering the school for mechanics, he passed his examination and was given a diploma.

On June 22, 1922, when his time had expired, he re-enlisted and was transferred to Hampton, Va., where he is now located.

Youth craves adventure and it



"The most dangerous part of the work to be done on an aeroplane is cranking the motor—or as we say, 'pulling the prop,'" says Harry Glascock, former Frisco employee—at right in the above picture.

The above story is only one of the many which Harry Glascock, son of E. E. Glascock, section stockman in the store department at Sherman, Texas, shops, could relate to you, since his enlistment in the Air Service, June 22, 1919, at the age of eighteen years.

He was reared on a farm near Raleigh, N.C., and grew up a rugged, healthy country boy. He had two interests: one in outdoor life, and the other in machinery.

In 1907 the Glascock family moved to Sherman, Texas, where Harry completed his high school education.

Later he was hired by the Frisco as extra man in the store department

seems that Harry Glascock's life has been one thrilling event. He has made several trips by plane to Washington, D. C., and has taken part in a number of plane demonstration races.

He has gone to bombing expositions, where they would bomb at targets in the ocean at night. This, he admits was thrilling and so far he has never had a serious accident.

In May, 1925, Harry made a trip in a bombing plane from Hampton, Va., to San Antonio, Texas. It was a sensation, he said, to pass over the Frisco shops at Sherman, Texas, and see the men viewing the planes.

"The most dangerous part of the

THE BATES FAMILY



Everybody around Enid knows Road Foreman F. E. Bates, but we doubt if you have met the best looking part of the family at that.

The above pictures Mr. and Mrs. Bates and their two children, Francis and Harry.

Better Service Contest (Continued from Page 13.)

Read This Winning Letter

Miss Flanagan sent in the finest, most comprehensive general letter among the lady contestants, and was awarded the women's prize. Her letter follows:

"We have one of the finest railroads in the country, and we are going to have a better one if we have a few more 'Better Service Contests' and all of the employees realize that they are really a part of this great railroad of the Southwest. Their officers are back of them and it is the duty of each and every one to be true blue and at all times have the interest of the railroad at heart with 'Better Service' as their motto.

"If there is anyone who thinks there is no chance for better service in his particular line of work, that person is mistaken. Everyone is a link in this great chain, each link must be strong, and it is up to each individual to see that there is no flaw in his link which would weaken the chain.

"The clerks in the office, by doing (Now turn to Page 44, please.)

work to be done on an aeroplane is cranking the motor—or as we say, 'pulling the prop,' he said smilingly, as he gazed at the picture, reproduced herein.

"Don't you wear some special uniform?" he was asked.

"None for us. All the mechanics wear union-alls!"

There is one experience which in his mind is placed above the rest for a 'thriller'. One day he jumped out of a plane, three thousand feet in the air.

The parachute opened, and he landed safely.

And—Harry is still having "thrilling" experiences.

Another Lesson in Safety First



A few months before this picture was taken, the Marmon automobile shown, cost Clifford Bodanski, age 22, of Springfield, Mo., about \$3,000. Who'll bid for it now?

Bodanski was slightly injured and his handsome car reduced to scrap, when he drove in front of Frisco train No. 7 at the Central Street crossing in Springfield, at 9:10 a. m., July 4. No. 7, driven by Engineer R. Tierney, was moving at about 15 miles an hour when the accident occurred. His brakes were set and his bell ringing, and he had twice whistled for crossings.

Even though the track was visible for more than 200 feet each way, this accident occurred, almost costing Mr. Bodanski his life.

This should be a stern reminder to all that "He who watches trains go by, will live to watch them another day".

Kansas City, Mo., Business Men Make Inspection Trip of Terminals

Instructive Trip on June 30 Took Party to Frisco Terminals and Rosedale Yard

A complete and instructive trip, of practically eight hours' duration was made on June 30, by the business men of Kansas City, in inspecting the switching facilities of the various railroads entering that city.

The trip was made in open cars, so they would miss nothing of interest. During the round of inspection, the party visited the Frisco tracks, and our Rosedale yards, and included the following points: Sheffield, Belt Junction, Leeds, Big Blue Junction, Air Line Junction, Lydia Avenue, Burlington Bridge Junction, North Kansas City, Santa Fe Tower (in the Central Industrial District), Edgewater, Fairfax District, New Jersey Avenue, Kansas City Terminal connections, Argentine, Chicago Junction, Kansas City Terminal Tower, Union Pacific State Line tracks, Armstrong and Rock Island Junction.

The Frisco was represented by the following delegates who were in the party: Messrs. Jack Flanagan, superintendent of terminals; F. E. Morgan, assistant superintendent of terminals; R. L. Mackey, terminal auditor; W. L. Coleman, commercial agent; P. J. Rose and L. W. Warner, solicitors.

NEW MAILING LIST

A complete new mailing list went into effect with the July number of the Magazine.

It is the desire of the Magazine Department to make this list absolutely flawless, but to do this we must have your co-operation.

We have already been notified of several omissions, which we have corrected. By a personal check, every request for magazines in this office, was filled, and mailed, and if there was some error in the receipt of the copies, we feel sure it will not occur a second time.

If you did not receive your quota, we would like for you to check your list and let us know of any changes. Also, to facilitate handling, advise us through what source you were to receive your copies, that is, through the superintendent's office, the master mechanic, or by direct mail.

Co-operate with us in reporting changes and corrections and we will be able to iron out all the difficulties.

L. W. Poncik, reclaim clerk, and E. C. Lindeman, station accountant.

After their return, the business men expressed their appreciation of the trip, which gave them a much better insight into the intricate workings of a railroad and especially of the freight handling division.

FRISCO CELEBRATION

Association of Metal Craft and Car Department Employees Hold Picnic

Lincoln Park at Pittsburg Scenes of Jollification on June 22—Another Party Soon

"THE biggest ever, and best yet," was the comment of General Chairman W. M. Underwood, of the Frisco Association of Metal Craft and Car Department Employees, in speaking of the big picnic staged in Lincoln Park, Pittsburg, Kans., on June 22. Local number one of Springfield, Mo., entertained.

This was the third annual picnic of this association, the two previous having been held at Springfield, Mo.

A special train left Springfield depot at 6:00 a. m. On arrival at Monett, Mo., guests from Local number six boarded the train. A number were also picked up at Neodesha and Ft. Scott, Kans.

The Frisco band was on display as the train drew into Pittsburg, and led a big parade through the town, which ended at Lincoln park, a beautiful sixty-eight acre tract, which was the chosen spot for the picnic.

The Mayor of Pittsburg delivered the address of welcome, followed by a short talk from Mr. Ford Harper, secretary of the Pittsburg Chamber of Commerce. Mr. G. W. Moore, assistant superintendent of motive power, and Mr. Wm. Underwood responded.

There were concessions of all kinds on the grounds and accommodations for all those who did not bring baskets. The lunch hour was called promptly at 12:00 noon.

At 1:00 p. m. the band played a most enjoyable concert and did justice to its already splendid reputation.

A number of prize races were to be held promptly after the concert, but due to the immense crowd, so scattered over the grounds, these were eliminated.

However, at 2:00 p. m. a ball game was called between the Frisco White Sox and the Kansas City Southern Grays, which was hard fought and finished with a score of three to one in favor of the K. C. S. team. After this game, the Monett team played Springfield, with a final score of two to one in favor of Monett.

During the afternoon, those who did not wish to attend the ball games enjoyed the dancing in the pavilion—to music furnished by the Frisco band.

The Pittsburg Chamber of Commerce co-operated in every way with the picnic committees.

Mr. J. K. Gibson, assistant to the superintendent of motive power handled the transportation problem, assisted by Mr. F. A. Beyer, superintendent of the west shop and Mr. L. J. Leysaht, superintendent of the south shop.

A LETTER FROM IRELAND

Engineer Dennis Mullane Writes of Experiences on Recent Trip

He Found Former Friscoan, M. J. Leahy, in Motor Car Business at Listowel

DENNIS J. MULLANE, popular Northern Division engineer, is enroute home from his native land, Ireland, after a month's visit with his parents in Althea, County Limerick, Ireland.

Mullane wrote a highly interesting letter to the Magazine Department concerning his trip, and many old friends of M. J. Leahy, former yard engineer at Kansas City for the Frisco, will be glad to know that he is prospering in the motor car business in Listowel, County Kerry.

"Our voyage on the Baltic was a pleasant one," Mr. Mullane writes, "the weather beautiful and the sea like a sheet of glass. We left New York on June second, and the pleasures of voyaging are confined to rope skipping, dancing and concerts. We had some very 'rare' talent on board and the length of the voyage was materially shortened by their entertainment.

"The night before land is sighted is always made a gala one and none of the passengers retire, as it would be impossible to rest. At daybreak, land was sighted and we all rushed on deck. It would be impossible for me to describe my feelings at that moment as my eyes again feasted on the land I left as a boy. What a multitude of thoughts kept rushing through my brain as I anticipated the joy of old associations, old friends and the super-joy of again seeing my parents.

"As the morning broke, I thought it was the most beautiful scene my eyes ever dwelt upon. The bay looked like a sheet of silver under the soft rays of a full moon, and Queenstown, with its tier upon tier of houses, resembled some huge fairy palace in the background. The day impressed me with the smallness and yet the beauty of the Irish fields. Accustomed to the vast fields of grain in Kansas and its rolling prairies, I was impressed with the contrast in the small fields there. They are beautiful, however, gaily bedecked with the flowers, and I doubt if even the expensively kept lawns of our millionaires can equal these nature-kept fields of my native land.

"The bustle of landing cut short my day dreaming and a voice with a rich brogue gave us our first touch of Irish humor. The voice inquired of a lady voyager, 'Trunks, Ma'am?' 'Yes,' said the lady, 'I guess so.' You'd better be sure, and never mind the guessing," the voice returned.

Safety on Irish Railroads

"I left shortly for Killarney on the train and paid close attention to their

system of railroading. Safety first is certainly their motto. All the engines have vacuum brakes on passenger trains. The freight train equipment is more obsolete, having no brakes except on the engine and hand brakes on the caboose. The couplings are steel links with hook and eye. Their roadbed, however, is surely the finest in the world. The rails are bolted on each side to the tie with a steel plate above and underneath the tie (called fish plates), so that it is practically impossible to turn the rail.

"After spending four days at Killarney, I took a train for home, arriving at the nearest railway station, Listowel. I had 8 miles to go by road and asked a person how to go. You can imagine my delight on inquiring for a motor to be informed that M. J. Leahy, my old friend and Frisco employe, could supply me with a car. He is in the motor hiring business at Listowel and I know his many old friends on the Frisco at Kansas City will be glad to know that he is doing splendidly. I don't believe there was a single one, either switchman, fireman or engineer, that he did not inquire about and ask to be remembered to."

FRISCO HONEYMOONERS



MR. AND MRS. N. P. DUFFY

Nathaniel P. Duffy, machinist at the Lindenwood shops, St. Louis, and Miss Annie Cluff of Killarney, Manitoba, Canada, were married in St. Louis recently. Mr. and Mrs. Duffy will make their home in St. Louis and start housekeeping with the wishes of their many friends for a happy and prosperous married life.

A FREIGHT AGENT'S PRAYER

PROBABLY no freight agent on the Frisco is better known than E. A. Heil, newly appointed traveling freight and passenger agent for our line, at New York City. He was formerly located at St. Louis. Mr. Heil contributed a bit of copy to the Magazine this month which is in turn humorous and tragic! It is called, "The Traveling Freight Agent's Prayer", and Heil repeats it often (he says). The prayer:

Oh, Lord, look with a forgiving eye, we beseech Thee, on the shipper who lies to us about the fast service our competitors give them; strengthen the memory of those shippers who are always going to route a car our way next time. Lord, soften the hearts of the shipper who, as soon as we come in, gets as busy as a hen with one chicken and keeps us standing around until our feet warp, and then gives us a short haul and wants it rushed. Good Lord, curb our tendency to flirt with the married women; the single ones don't count and they expect it anyhow. Surround with Thy power, oh Lord, the Superintendent, Chief Dispatcher, Trainmaster, Train Crews, et al., so that our trial car won't get lost and we have the shipper cuss us out even to our ancestors. Teach us not to complain of the roller towel on which the multitude have washed before we get there. Lord, give us digests like alligators that we may digest the steaks cut from the neck where the yoke works. Teach us to be thankful for the sump water served us and called coffee. Toughen our hides, that we may sleep soundly in beds already inhabited. Cause us to look with a charitable eye on our competitors who are a sorry lot anyway. Help us with our expense account, which never comes out even, and soften, oh Lord, the hearts of our employers who tell us about cutting it down. We beseech Thee, oh Lord, to teach our wives patience, so that they will wait for our salaries till we get them. Oh, Lord, overlook our absent-mindedness when we get out on the road and forget about being married and, in conclusion, we beg Thee when we have made our last trip, please don't send us below. We have had our part of that place here on earth. Amen.

FRASER-VADDARO

The old Fraser home in Frankfort, Ind., which had been re-opened for the occasion, was the scene of a very pretty wedding on June 17, when Frances Fraser, daughter of J. H. Fraser, general manager of Springfield, Mo., was given in marriage to Leo Vaddaro, of Forrest City, Ark.

Mr. Vaddaro is in the lumber and plantation business in Forrest City, where the young couple will make their home.