

destinies of a great movement of traffic in the click of their telegraph key.

But here it is! We invite you to follow us as we pry loose as best we can the secret of this "Unseen Hand", in whose charge we place ourselves whenever the porter closes the vestibule door.

There are 54 regular dispatchers on the Frisco Lines and six extra men, all of them worthy of an interview of this nature. But they are to be represented in this tale of one phase of the romance of railroading by H. T. Morgan, third trick dispatcher at Newburg, Mo.

"Harry" Morgan is undoubtedly one of the best known dispatchers on the Frisco Lines. For eighteen years he has filled one position and another in the operating field, and every eastern division trainman knows him.

Morgan has every requirement that goes to make up those of a first-class train dispatcher. A brief sketch of his career is indicative of that fact. He was born on October 13, 1864, at Columbia, Illinois, and entered the service of the M. & O. Railway in October, 1882, as an operator. Railroad work appealed to him. He was a born railroader and his qualifications were soon recognized, for he was promoted to the position of a dispatcher in 1886, only two years later. He worked for a number of eastern and western lines and came to the Frisco in April, 1906, as a dispatcher at Newburg.

In 1909 he left the Frisco, but returned again in 1911, and worked as dispatcher at Chaffee and Sapulpa. In 1914 he took a position with the Missouri Pacific, but returned again to the Frisco and Newburg in 1915, where he has remained since.

"Harry" Morgan was interviewed as he sat before his intricate train sheet which strongly resembles a Chinese puzzle to the uninitiated. It was a liberal education to sit by his side as he studied the approach and departure of trains from the various stations on his district, from St. Louis to Newburg and the Salem branch, which includes a branch run of some forty miles.

Train dispatching is perhaps one of the least understood of all railroad classifications. You cannot pick up a book of rules on railroad operation and find the duties of a train dispatcher defined. His job is to run the trains safely and on schedule time over his particular division.

But in order to do this he must first be thoroughly familiar with every bit of track, every curve, every siding; he must know which stations are open all night

and which are closed; must know the size of the power that runs on each train; where the engines change; the grades, the water and coal stations, and numerous other details. (It would indeed be disastrous if he headed in a sixty-car train on a siding which only had a fifty-car capacity.) In addition to having a complete knowledge of the above information, he must be very familiar with all rules pertaining to train movement; he must be familiar with schedules issued to the train and engine-men; he must know the signals, classifications of trains, tonnage, speed, care of livestock, perishables, comfort of passengers and a thousand other things.

Dispatchers are made from operators. There is only one way to tell whether an operator will make a dispatcher, and that is to put him in the harness for a year as the dispatcher's recording operator. If he can obey orders; if he has the utmost confidence in himself; if he can remain cool in times of distress; if he can make quick and correct decisions and if he possesses extraordinary ability, he has a chance of becoming a dispatcher.

"Harry" Morgan says in the last eleven years there has not been an operator promoted to the position of dispatcher at Newburg.

"According to my code, the greatest of the requirements which I have enumerated, is confidence," he said. "If there is a trying moment in the time a dispatcher is on duty which requires a quick and accurate decision on a vital matter, there is no one to ask advice of. The responsibility of eliminating dif-

ficulties remains solely with the dispatcher. He must think quick and it is that confidence in himself, and that feeling of being sure that he will do the right thing, that is the "missing" requirement in most operators, which keeps them from making dispatchers."

The office in which the dispatcher works is a small enclosure, away from noise and confusion. He works alone, only admitting the trainmaster to his sanctum, for in seconds he must be able to solve operating problems and the decisions must be correct. He cannot foresee difficulties which might arise in three seconds' time, yet he must be able to cope efficiently with them in less time than it has taken them to obstruct the otherwise perfectly running schedule.

The long train sheet, which is ever before the dispatcher is the daily diary of a large railroad. Every minute he is on duty he deals with life and death, and under his control lies the safety of hundreds of lives and millions of dollars worth of property. On the

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A newspaper reporter, calloused creature that he is, learns early in his profession that the man who holds up his hands in horror and says: "No, oh my no—you can't put my name in the paper," is usually the chap who'll buy the cigars in a wave of generosity and well-being after his name appears in the public prints. It seems to be human nature for most people to crave the idolation of the mob, yet attempt to conceal that craving by a humility that may be genuine but is more often false.

Now and then a man is sincere in keeping out of the limelight, though his deeds warrant wide publicity. The greatest football players are engaged in running interference and taking out the opposing tacklers, while the Granges and Nevers of the game are running columns of print and taking wonderful pictures. It is also true in the world of drama. The playwright from whose brain the book comes is many times lost in the blaze of glory that descends on the star who parrots his phrasings.

To some "interference runners" of the business world this state of affairs is satisfactory. They are content to do the work and let another chap take the glory. These consecrated individuals are among our midst in the railroad world, too.

And this story is about one of them—a railroad train dispatcher—a man who hides away amid the seclusion of train sheets, telephone and telegraph key, and quietly and efficiently takes charge of our lives while we are pounding the steel trail.

His picture appears at the head of this article.

—W. L. H., Jr.

Strawberries Build a \$50,000 Church in Ozark, Missouri, on Frisco Lines

Church Owned Strawberry Patch—The Idea of Rev. J. J. Parten—Another Feat of the Ozark Country

By M. L. HOGAN

AWAY down yonder in the hill country, to be specific, in the Ozarks of Missouri, that are reputed by scientists to have been the first dry land millions and millions of years ago to emerge from the briny deep anywhere upon the western hemisphere, an unusual agricultural transition is taking place that revolves somewhat around, or at least took its inception from, the idea of a small town preacher.

The preacher is Rev. J. J. Parten, pastor of the Baptist Church at Ozark, Mo., on the Chadwick Branch of Frisco Lines south of Springfield, whose personal appearance and retiring mien would seem indicative of anything save fame, but Fame is Fame and fame is his. The people of the hills would have it so and it is so. Their preacher, the parson of the hills, may never have seen or preached from the gilded pulpits of the cities, but to his people, Parson Parten is all a preacher could be, and more.

Histories are replete with wonderful and timely inventions that were mothered by necessity, and after long consultations with Rev. Parten, one would naturally come to the conclusion that adversity, in this instance, drove his church board to do the thing that has since made his church and himself famous. The Parson of the Hills is fair, and he does not infer that he should be credited with even a share of the glory that is his.

Not unlike thousands of other religious institutions in America, the deacons of the Ozark Church awoke eventually to the realization that most of their young people, and not a few of the older generation, were slipping away from them to join other bodies, if not, as in the majority of cases, to be lost completely to religious contact.

It was their endeavor to thwart this tendency that brought them to devising ways and means of overcoming the dilemma of empty pews and empty alms basins.

Preacher Relates Story

To quote Rev. Parten, who is kept busy these days answering letters from people anxious to learn about the Ozarks and how they might undertake similar work in divers of the states to rehabilitate their respective churches, "After I had preached to empty pews for several years with an ever increasing evidence from month to month of irritableness on the part of my young people, I importuned our church board to do something out of the ordinary that we might enlist the moral support of our people.

"The erection of a large church building, that might at once become the social as well as the religious life of our community, struck us as a proper thing to do; and so, after some deliberation, but without any idea as to where the finances would come from, we broke ground and started construction on our present building.

"Before we had gone half way with our building program, we were financially bankrupt and in bad repute with many of our members, to say nothing of the outsiders, since they felt that we had undertaken something we could never finish. In order to carry on with our plans, we had to employ every strategy. Through the personal financial aid and ingenuity of our board, we were enabled to borrow over \$30,000, with which we finished the edifice and equipped it for religious purposes.

"All of the hopes we had cherished about the new structure were well founded. Upon its completion, ours was a regenerated church and we brought back into the fold great numbers of young people who enjoyed the mid-week social functions our spacious basement and other rooms afforded. Our program in that respect was a success. We were equipped with a \$50,000 building in a small town which, naturally, attracted most churchgoers to us, but our large debt, contracted for on a stringent basis, made life most miserable for the board and myself.

Since the Frisco Magazine has a circulation which reaches into every state in the Union but three, it is reasonable to assume that some person will read the accompanying story who has heard of the Ozark country, but is not acquainted with it.

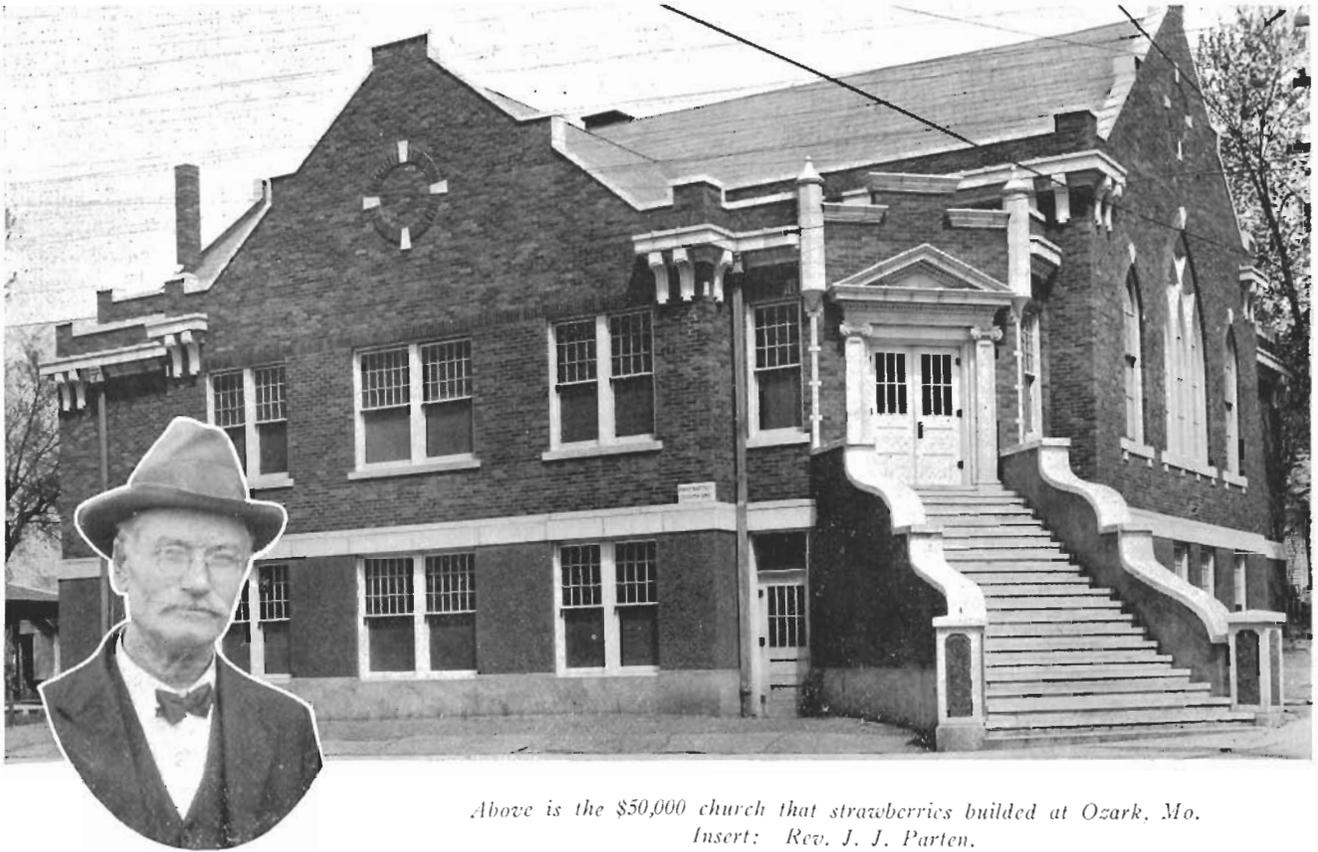
To that person this story of an Ozark preacher with an idea that builded a \$50,000 church for his flock will seem improbable, even mythical. But we wish to re-assure him. It did happen at Ozark, Mo. Reverend Parten is the father of the movement that resulted in a church-owned strawberry patch. The church is a reality as the accompanying photograph shows. And similar "wonders" are being performed in the Ozark region every day, every week and every year.

For decades this beautiful and productive country hobbled along under the efforts of its peoples to grow straight farm crops. The poverty of those who dwelled within the mountain slopes of the Ozarks and even along its foothills occasioned funning stories of word and mouth, coined the phrase "Hill-Billy," and "Razor-Back."

Today the best grapes, apples, strawberries, melons and other fruits and vegetables in the nation are grown in the Ozark territory. And the Frisco railroad takes a pardonable pride in the Ozark progress.

As Reverend Parten pioneered his church-owned strawberry patch, so did Frisco Lines pioneer the "New Era" of the Ozark Mountains.

—W. L. H., Jr.



Above is the \$50,000 church that strawberries builded at Ozark, Mo.
Insert: Rev. J. J. Parten.

"We discussed and pondered over the obligation so much that it became a regular bugaboo at each meeting.

"One night, when we were at the point of distraction in our dilemma over the financial status of the church, one of the board members remarked that he would turn over a cleared patch of stony ground on his farm, if we would all agree to plant the tract to strawberries and apply the proceeds to refunding the debt. Knowing that it would be futile to attempt raising the funds through subscription, we took him up and formed one of those peculiar eleemosynary bodies and called it the 'Church Strawberry Growers' Association' with myself as manager.

"In due course, we procured the thousands of necessary plants, and by the dozens and scores our people turned out and planted them among the stones on the hillside of a very cheap farm. It did seem ridiculous in the extreme to put berry plants on land that was so thickly covered with stones as to seem macadamized, yet we went ahead. None of us had much faith in the venture and it was generally agreed that the less we said about our undertaking, the better we might eventually find our reputations. During the summer, such weeds as showed up were pulled and we kept the tract fairly clean.

"Next spring the season turned out delightful and our plants blossomed full and we were the most surprised people in the Ozarks. Our field became the talk of the whole country side, which also helped the church in several ways. The stones in our tract, instead of being a liability, turned out a great asset. They formed a mulch that retained moisture wonderfully

and they kept the rains from splashing dirt over fruit.

"Our berries were sold all over the country at a high price, and after the final reckoning, we found we had made a net profit per acre of about \$310, which not only helped greatly to refund the debt but gave us a financial standing that has since made our obligation less boresome."

Reverend Parten, when he isn't busy writing and answering questions, directs the activities of both his church and the strawberry association. Their crop this year came much later than usual and their net return was not quite up to normal, yet very successful in every way.

The parson of the hills feels that the greatest blessing of all received from their agricultural venture is the regenerated spirit of the people of Ozark and Christian County, who are following suit by planting thousands of acres to strawberries and other small fruits.

His church today is the civic, social and religious center of a large territory and he feels that other preachers could accomplish the same result in their respective bailiwicks, however remote from the big cities and otherwise handicapped. The Ozark church is right now considering the building of a demonstration poultry farm on the stony hillside of some ridge, since Rev. Parten feels that poultry can be raised cheaper in the Ozarks than anywhere else on earth.

They believe in the parson of the hills, and no doubt, he will be given the opportunity to prove his latest contention.

"SUCKER-SOUR"

By SAMUEL ALLENDER

(Read at Annual Conference, Protective Section American Railway Association)

IT originated in the circus world, this term "sucker-sour." In the apt and picturesque parlance of the circus folk, a sucker is any person not connected with the show, hence a prospective or potential patron. Fully aware of the necessity of catering to the outlanders, the canny circus manager is always on the alert to discover any employee who by his words or actions proclaims that he has become soured on the suckers, or "sucker-sour." Be the soured one premier equestrienne or the lowest canvasman, there is a common fate—separation from the show's payroll.

But "sucker-sour" does not confine itself to the realm of tanbark, canvas, and that studied glamour which is the circus. It is found everywhere. Organized industry groans under the sting of it; human understanding and achievement continually are being put to the torture by it; our very right to happiness suffers daily under the lash of it. Generally it is the secret of the politician's defeat, or of the failure of any enterprise dependent for success upon the good will and confidence of the people.

Sucker-Sour Special Agents

So in the multitudinous activities of the railroads, which are at once great entertainers and great business enterprises, we behold this unlovely monster, "sucker-sour," arrogantly wallowing about, its misshapen, ungainly form ever an impediment to expeditious conduct of the affairs of organizations dedicated to public service.

Not so long ago we had a complaint that one of our special officers had been discourteous to a patron. Investigation revealed that the patron, learning that our man was a railroad employe, had inquired of him the time of arrival of a certain train. Our man had told him to ask the stationmaster.

Now the words, "Ask the stationmaster," may be uttered in a hundred ways. They may be smiled, grunted, snarled, or bellowed. Everything depends upon the manner of utterance.

Our man had rasped out the sentence, making an insult of each word. The patron's complaint was justified. This was a case of "sucker-sour."

Another time, a traffic manager for a large merchandizing establishment called on me in a high dudgeon. He had been crossed by an officer we had sent to arrange for witnesses for a criminal trial. Upon inquiry I learned that the traffic manager had ample cause for indignation, for our man had suddenly succumbed to "sucker-sour" and had told the traffic manager that such witnesses as might be needed would have to attend court, regardless of the wishes or convenience of their employers.

Now, our man was speaking the truth as all of you know. But there are as many manners of speaking the truth as of saying, "Ask the stationmaster."

Spurning Lay Assistance

A passenger conductor, who happened to be one

of the oldest of the active employes of our railroad, mentioned to me one day, when I was riding with him that he had a month previous given one of our special agents a bit of promising information about a robbery case. The conductor's manner indicated to me that there was more to the incident, and upon questioning him I found that he felt hurt and somewhat indignant because of the treatment our man had accorded him. He related that our man had assumed an air of mystery and superiority, had acknowledged the conductor's promising story with a grunt begrudgingly given and two weeks later when my friend the conductor had asked my man if anything had developed he got a curt response to the effect that he should be about his business.

Here we have "sucker-sour" in one of its most aggravating manifestations—churlish contempt of other employes who have a commendable interest in the welfare of the railroad.

The chief special agent of one of our Eastern roads was telling me some months ago of a complaint he had received. A patron of his line had suffered the misfortune of having his wallet stolen by pickpockets. A railroad police officer who was on the train heard of the theft and hunted up the victim. When the officer had learned the particulars, he launched into a dissertation on the folly of carrying one's wallet in the hip pocket (where the victim's had been) pointing out with unconcealed disdain that the breast pocket of one's coat was the only proper place to carry a wallet. "He seemed more concerned about properly lecturing me than in catching the thief and recovering my property," the victim complained.

"Sucker-sour"; comment unnecessary.

A patron of our road whose baggage had been pilfered and who had filed a claim, complained of the discourtesy of the investigating officer who had called to inspect the trunk. Inquiry revealed that the claimant had asked the officer about the practice of the railroad in settling claims and that the officer had gruffly replied that settling claims wasn't his job—and let it go at that.

Here we have it again—"sucker-sour."

Before we attempt to correct a condition, an inquiry into its nature and cause is advisable.

I am convinced that this attitude designated as "sucker-sour" is simply a manifestation of absence of sympathy. We use "sympathy" in its literal sense, which is "fellow-feeling." Sympathy, while primarily an individual condition, a matter of temperament, is a state which may be heightened or lowered—the result is not always the same—through constant contact with humanity.

We are not dealing here with the hopelessly morbid cases, but with those employes who have allowed themselves to get out of touch with humanity and as a result have become liabilities to their departments.

Therefore we shall attempt to classify a few factors contributing to this condition.

One of the great dangers, especially with young officers, is that tendency to attach too great importance to one's authority—to take oneself too seriously. Now, policing is a serious business, likewise an honorable and an exacting one. But the calling is subject to abuses the same as others are, and when an officer becomes engrossed in displaying and parading his authority as such, he is missing the real significance of police authority; his mental edge has become dulled, and he bids fair to become obnoxious to the wrong element.

Aggression Alien to Police Idea

The police idea is an outgrowth of the efforts of an established society to protect itself from the aggression of forces which it deemed inimical to its existence. Police power is peculiarly an agency of protection. Aggression is alien to its true function. There is danger ahead for the officer who disregards this fundamental principle of his job.

It is interesting to get from several police officers opinions concerning the nature and demands of their vocation. That no two of them will have exactly the same conception of police work is to be expected; but too frequently we discover the officer who has not taxed himself with thinking about his job, who never has attempted to arrive at any decision regarding the significance of his work and its relation to those about him.

Then, too, there is that particularly distressing type of officer who, laboring under the delusion that he is thereby attaining the ultimate of perfection and usefulness, throws about himself a well-nigh impenetrable cloak of mystery, holds himself darkly aloof and pursues the tenor of his way as one apart from the usages of society. This begets a sourly-introspective state of mind and the victim soon comes to be regarded as a grouch, as a full-fledged victim of "sucker-sour."

Or perhaps the officer is one of long experience. If he is, unconsciously or otherwise he classifies men, motives, and manifestations. Let him beware lest he permit his classifications—born of experience though they may be—to induce fallacious prevaluations, or the formation of premature opinions which may render him blind to facts or intolerant of the theories of others, be they colleagues, or persons outside of his department.

Experience alone is a deceitful mistress. The experienced banker is bilked by the confidence man; the experienced aviator crashes in his plane; the experienced lawyer finds himself bested by a stripling out

of law school; while the experienced handler of firearms accidentally shoots himself. You argue that these are exceptions. They are—and costly ones; and they illustrate our contention that experience may act as a sedative to the discriminatory sense, rendering the individual careless or even conceited, and result to his hurt or ruin. Experience should supplement sound reasoning, but never should supplant it.

We must frown down this attitude of self-sufficiency. Everybody likes to play detective, and the formation of divers opinions concerning some crime is to be expected. I never have known of a detective to solve a case by refusing to listen to the opinions of others; but I know of many cases that have been solved through thoughtful attention to the suggestions of persons outside of police circles. Mind you, I am

not urging the police officer to rely on others for his opinions, nor am I counseling him to scrap his own ideas in deference to the ideas of others unless there be a logical reason for doing so. But I am condemning as foolish and short-sighted this tendency to turn a deaf ear to the ideas of others. Any idea represents a measure of thinking, and we human creatures who hold our position in the physical world by the sheer force of thought can ill afford to ignore the fruits of the exercise of that force, regardless of the state of the physical instrument in which the force operated.

Mechanical Police Work

You may find in tracing a case of "sucker-sour" to its source that the officer failed to realize that the loss of freight or baggage or other goods is a distinct and often harrassing inconvenience to someone. Perhaps it never occurred to your

investigator that the victim of pickpockets is entitled to sympathy; that the man whose suitcase has been stolen has been wronged. "Sucker-sour" results when the officer ignores the human side of his job, which is the most exacting side, and rests content with the performance of the purely mechanical functions. A ninety-eight-cent alarm clock may run for years and do a right creditable job of getting its owner up mornings; but if we are to believe the cartoonists, generally it is the first choice as a missile to hurl at an offending nocturnal tomcat.

And then, there is the monotony, the day-in-day-out regularity of a job that palls one's ambition and deadens initiative. There is danger of stagnation—that condition peculiarly conducive to slimy growths. Fight mental stagnation and you will be fighting "sucker-sour."

Our medical friends group therapeutic methods into two chief divisions; radical treatments, or treatments

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When Mr. Samuel Allender was chief of detectives for the City of St. Louis, Mo., one of the notorious criminals of the times said of him:

"Watch out for Sam Allender. He's like an auger. He goes straight to the point. He wouldn't recognize a round-about way if he saw one."

In the accompanying article Mr. Allender, now chief special agent of Frisco Lines, bores straight to the point with his creed of courtesy and sympathy. He does not advocate third degree methods to produce an attitude of politeness on the part of Frisco people, but he requests such an attitude. In his opinion a "Sucker-Sour" employe is a liability and he urges a sympathetic understanding to correct this acid condition. And he gives good advice in:

"And then, there is the monotony, the day-in-day-out regularity of a job that palls one's ambition and deadens initiative. There is danger of stagnation—that condition peculiarly conducive to slimy growths. Fight mental stagnation and you will be fighting 'sucker-sour'."

Every employe on this railroad will be a better worker for his company and himself after reading Mr. Allender's article.

—W. L. H., Jr.