



FRISCO SAFETY FIRST TEAM, MEMPHIS.

Left to right—Schalch, umpire; Owens, pitcher; Smith, short stop; Kouhblac, first base; Young, catcher; Laysbat, manager; Murphy, second base; Heckinger, left field; Lemm, captain and third base; Laymon, center field; Foley, pitcher; Davis, right field.

The Frisco Safety First team of Memphis, photograph of all but eight of the players herewith reproduced, is burning 'em up having won six games and lost four. Played all but two games on the road and losing two games of the four by one score.

Following are the games played and scores: Southern R. R. of Memphis, 5; Frisco Safety First, 3; Frisco Shops, 5; Frisco Safety First, 15; Springfield North Side Shops, 13; Frisco Safety First, 7; Mammoth Springs, 5; Frisco Safety First, 4; Hessig and Ellis, 3; Frisco Safety First, 6; Steele, Mo., 6; Frisco Safety First, 8; Blytheville, 3; Frisco Safety First, 8; Steele, Mo., 6; Frisco Safety First, 5; Hayti, 5; Frisco Safety First, 14.

Owens, the latest pitching find, has not lost a game and Young, the catcher, is hitting close to 400 and has six home runs to his credit which certain-

ly looks as if he is poling them out or is faster than most catchers.

Captain Lemm is working tooth and toe nail to keep the lick up and it is rumored has a penant winning team in the making.

Umpire Schalch has made good in every town he has worked but before closing this we would like to get a quick decision on this play that was pulled at St. Louis recently:

Mage on second, Alexander pitching, Dolan at the bat. Dolan knocks a slow ball to the pitcher, Magee streaks for third. Alexander fields the ball faultlessly and turns to make the out at third but decides that he cannot beat the runner, then he turns and throws to first but too late to catch Dolan.

Does Dolan get a hit, does Magee get a stolen base, or does the pitcher get an error?

Its easy boys if you know the rules and you do.



Flash-light photograph of development meeting of bankers and farmers at Hickory Grove School House, six and a half miles from Seneca, Mo. This photograph was taken at eleven o'clock at night at the close of the meeting.

The photograph reproduced above illustrates an important step along practical lines taken by the banks of the Ozark Bankers Development Committee in furtherance of the plan for the development of the Ozarks by co-operative work between the farmers, bankers and other business men.

The plan of the banker and business men going into the country among the farmers to discuss the problems of mutual interest, is an entirely new one. At meetings such as the photograph represents, the various phases of agricultural development work are discussed. Possibilities are arrived at, and plans for their consummation are made.

In the working out of this plan, the farmer gives to the banker first hand information with respect to conditions and possibilities, in exchange for which the banker gives the farmer the benefit of his information and judgment as to how these possibilities and resources upon the farm may best be utilized along business lines and made to yield a profit.

The banker sees and understands where, to whom and for what purpose his loans are being made, and advises with the farmer with respect to the

most profitable method of employing the money.

One of the greatest benefits so far apparent is the building up of a confidence and understanding between the banker and the farmer, upon which continuous business relations can be securely based. In addition to this, each becomes equally interested in the work the other is doing, and between them they are sure to work out the problems, the solution of which, are vital to both the farmer and the banker, and which solution immediately results in the development of the country.

The meetings thus far held are only the beginning of a series which will extend throughout the winter, during which time the matter of cultivation, proper soil preparation, soil building, harvesting, dairy work and live stock raising will be thoroughly gone into.

In addition to these, an even more important matter to the farmer—that of successfully marketing his products—will be thoroughly gone into. In other words, it is proposed that these conferences held at the various country school houses shall result in profit to the farmer, therefore profit

to the community, as well as develop every possible resource.

So far, it is interesting to note the interest of the newcomer in these meetings. A great many are surprised to find a country where such practical work is going on, and where a real human interest exists among men in the welfare of their neighbors.

Joseph Scherman

The reproduction herewith is from a photograph of the late Joseph Scherman, who passed away recently, after



more than thirty years service in the blacksmith department of the Frisco. An announcement of Mr. Scherman's death, together with a notice regarding his years of service, was published in the last issue of *The Frisco-Man*.

Mr. Scherman had a large circle of friends among Frisco men at all points, by whom the news of his death was received with deepest regret.

Safety Anagram

The Frisco anagram on the back cover of the August issue has brought forth several suggestions, one of them is on the order of an ode to Safety First and is somewhat as follows:

Forethought—the prevention of accidents.

Remind—the man who is careless.

Income—the wage of carefulness.

Safety and sanity of the bulwarks of income and life.

Carefulness—comfort and cheerfulness.

Opportunity—always to those that practice safety.—*W. C. Dalrymple*.

Two Bosses

A section foreman as a rule reports only to the roadmaster in charge of his district, but Foreman J. S. Singer, of Marionville, Mo., has an additional boss to whom he must report each evening.



Harold M., Mr. Singer's seven-months-old son, demands his full share of attention, and sees to it that "Pa" does not overlook the fact that he has obligations other than taking care of track.

Since man to man is so unjust
I hardly know what man to trust;
I have trusted many to my sorrow,
So pay today and trust tomorrow.

—B. M. Helper, New Shops,
Springfield, Mo.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD TIMER—NO. 7

"Your sketches are a trifle spotty," said the boss.

"Meaning what?" says I.

"You tell a lot of different things and then you ramble," he replied.

"I've got a lot of different things to tell," I said, "and, if you'll look at my complexion you'll see I'm a natural crimson Rambler."

While it is true that the European war occurred after I started my reminiscences, it is equally true that I had nothing whatever to do with the trouble between Germany and France. However, it does seem that column 2, page 26, of my July articles of faith, have caused a small ruction between Ireland and Holland.

As these ready letter writers say, "I am in receipt" of letters from Jim Shea to Bob Holland and from Bob Holland to Jim Shea.

Jim accuses Bob of knowing better and Bob says he is not guilty. It appears that the editor of *The Frisco-Man* did not change something I said about knowing all about the duties of a section foreman in a week and Jim came to the conclusion that Bob wrote it and that was sufficient to rouse Ireland from Cork to Dublin.

The section foreman today is a mighty different man from what he was thirty years ago, some of them are thirty years older and sixty years wiser, while others are thirty years older and no wiser. Be that as it may they did not have to do near the amount of thinking then that they do now, did not have to have track for near as heavy trains nor near as high speed.

Understand me, I'm not crawling, the editor let what I wrote go and I have to stand by him, but neither Bob Holland nor Jim Shea will have a chance to argue this out with me one forninst the other. What I in-

tended to say—before I was interrupted by the thought of Jim Shea's fist—was that the intelligent man can learn the fundamental principles of taking care of track in a week and spend the rest of his life learning how best to apply these principles.

I occasionally ride over another road which has rock ballast as deep as a grave under the track and its lined up with a neat little string so that one rock does not stick an inch out of line and I often think of how a few of our section foremen could have done that job and how much money they could have saved doing it.

Anybody can do things with plenty of money but it takes a real two-legged, pants wearing, shirt bulging creature to do a lot of things with little cash but a big gold reserve of brains, energy and nerve.

However, I am glad to hear from Jim and Bob, and, though I am touched up often by other road men, I really like it and cannot hear from them too frequently—so fire ahead.

In reading over what I've written it looks to me a little like I was sorter shufflin' and tryin' to lay my troubles on the editor, but I don't mean anything of the kind and when I've said anything I stick to it—unless the boss tells me to take it back.

This, what they call temporizing business, leads to a lot of trouble—it reminds me of what the foreman of a section gang on the Northern Division said once when I was stand-

ing by. It was at Everton and he has been with the Frisco as long if not longer than the town and I know his name and I can't recall it to save my life. Anyhow, he was talking about some man that he had let go and said, "when I fire a man he never fails to understand, as far as I am concerned, he is fired for this life and the life hereafter." Its the same way when you can't do anything for a man, tell him you can't and have it over.

I remember my Cousin Bill. Bill's father was one of the best men in the world and as usual in such cases Bill was about the most worthless. He struck me for a job and I was delighted to get some of the old stock and put him to work but in a little while I found that Bill's likeness to the old stock was only in eating and sleeping.

Of course, as he clattered down the road with the can tied tightly to him, he wound up at my diggings and before I realized it I did that deadly temporizing stunt and told him that I would see if I couldn't get him another job, though I knew, as well as Jim Shea knows my name or Dunlop knows engines, that there was no chance.

From that moment my troubles began. Bill had a legitimate excuse for loafing around my place. I had promised to try and get him a job and he was staying with me until I did.

I feel certain now that, if I had told Bill I had a good hard job for him, I would never have seen him again, but I didn't and before long he began to make a few gentle touches to tide him over until he got the job, and then he would drop around about meal time and before very long he began to get my goat and to intimate that it was up to me to do something for him steadily and satisfactory, and,

dog gone it, he was like a waiter in a swell restaurant you were sorter ashamed not to hand him a little something occassionally though he had done nothing on earth to deserve it.

Bill might have been living on me yet but one day he got drunk and kicked up a row with the result that he was placed on the inside looking out.

That broke the spell. I sent word (I did not dare go to see him) that he had disgraced the family and I never wanted him to come near me again.

I am certainly glad that Bill disgraced the family and busted the the charm, but he taught me a good lesson and now I am more than blunt, I'm plumb frank and when I can't do anything there is no excuse for misunderstanding me.

Sometimes you learn more about a job after you leave it than when you were with it.

I recall that a piece of precious information came to me one rainy night when we were wrestling with the Canadian and she was doing everything her own sweet way, which, believe me, is some way. I sat there watching chunks of the bank take their course down stream and acres of drift from up stream bat against the piers with a full 300 per cent average and it occurred to me for the first time that whether that durned old bridge was used or not it required a terrible lot of work to keep it so it could be used when we wanted it.

I then began to figure just how much work we had done to bridges because of wear and tear of use, and how much because of rain, drift, general cussedness and decay.

The upshot of my calculation was that we spent more than nine-tenths