

Returns to the Fold.

The Frisco-Man joins in the cordial welcome extended to Frank A. Wightman, recently appointed superintendent of safety, upon his return to the fold.

The good ones cannot stay away from the Frisco, and just to prove that Frank is a good one, we give the following sketch of his career:

Mr. Wightman was born in Minnesota in 1863, and moved to Springfield in 1869. He entered the service of the Frisco as apprentice in the machine shops in 1879, where he remained until 1881, when he went into the roundhouse as wiper and machinist helper. He later went to firing a switch engine, and in 1882, entered train service as freight brakeman. In 1884, Mr. Wightman was promoted to conductor, and in 1886, assigned to a mixed train on the Bolivar Branch, as conductor, where he remained until July, 1887, when he was promoted to passenger service on the main line, west end, from Springfield to Burton, Kans. In 1892, Mr. Wightman was transferred to the St. Louis Division in passenger service, where he remained until 1901, when he was nominated and elected on the Missouri State Republican Ticket for Railroad and Warehouse Commissioner for a term of six years. In 1910, he was renominated without opposition and elected on an increase of 16,000 votes over the prior election. In 1912, an act of the legislature abolished the Railroad and Warehouse Commission and created the office of Public Service Commission, and Mr. Wightman was the only member of the Railroad and Warehouse Commission selected by the Governor to become a member of the Public Service Commission. Mr. Wightman received this appointment for a term of two years, and after serving on the Public Service Commission for two years, tendered his resignation to accept the position of Superintendent of Safety on the Frisco, and went back to his home town, Springfield, Mo. Mr. Wightman saw the first passenger train enter Springfield, Mo., on the Frisco rails.

Keeps Good Company.

Postal records show that Charles A. Raines, who delivers the U. S. mail to the general offices of the Frisco at St. Louis, has, for four and one-half years, averaged 100 per cent efficient in the rating report on quality of work done.

Mr. Raines has been in the service of the Post Office Department for nineteen years, eleven years of which time he has been delivering mail to the Frisco. He is forty-four years old.

Politeness is like an air cushion. There may be nothing in it, but it eases the jolt wonderfully.

A Little History.

In going over an old file recently, H. R. Smyer, agent at Arkansas City, Kans., came across Circular A42, issued to Agents and Baggage men by W. D. Garwood general baggage agent at the time with headquarters at Station "A," Springfield, Mo.

The stationery on which the Circular was printed shows that J. W. Reinhart, Jno. J. McCook and J. C. Wilson, Receivers, were in charge of the property at the time it was issued.

Smyth of Lowell.



James Smyth, agent, Lowell, Ark., is shown in the accompanying reproduction with his wife and five-year-old son, Robert.

Master Robert is a strong Frisco man himself and thinks the Frisco is all there is on the railroad map.

Mr. Smyth entered the service of the Frisco June 1, 1912.



Frisco Yards, Monett, Mo.

Self Protection.

W. L. Shaffer, Engine Inspector, Joplin, Mo.

The time has come, it seems to me, for employes, regardless of rank or politics, to join hands, and, if possible, organize railroad men's political clubs, admitting all who wish to come in and help railroad men and transportation companies in their fight for better treatment at the hands of political spoiltakers.

The average legislator today seems to have an Axe to grind, and as soon as the body meets they proceed with the grinding process. Consequently, the rank and file of the men (usually the file) must stand for the effects of the sharp edged tool that is doing its demoralizing work.

It is not only right, but it is the duty of employes, to help bring about better conditions, not only to the railroad but to all industries large and small, and I believe by the proper organization and by the use of the ballot, this can be brought about.

I have been employed by the Frisco for the last twenty-nine years, and I want to say that if all men felt as I do, there would be no trouble to bring about this state of affairs.

The trouble with the average railroad man today is, he thinks it is none of his business, or that he hasn't the time to think about such things, and I believe right here is where the trouble lies.

The time has come when it is SOME of his business and he should take the time to study questions from the standpoint of justice both to himself and his employer. When his employer has plenty of work ahead, the workman generally has a good sized pay check.

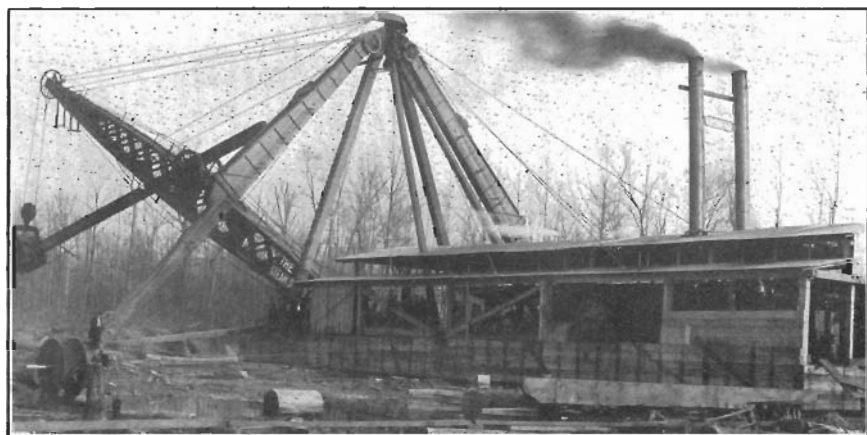
Simmered down the case seems only a matter of training the minds to be loyal to the corporation that in turn feeds and clothes its employes.

Let's all fight for better rates and better conditions.

The average country printer gets some queer "copy" both for the newspaper and for the job department of his business. The Salem, N. J., Sunbeam is no exception to the rule, and the editor has jabbed on the "set file" and filed away in "jackets" for future reference some strange and terrible manuscript. Lately he received an order to print some "Notices to Trespassers," which should be effective if there be any virtue in such warnings. The copy for these notices was as follows:

Notice

Trespassers will be persekuted to the ful exten of 2 mean mungrel dogs wich aint never been overly soshibil with strangers and 1 dubbelp barl shot gun which aint Loaded with no sofy pillars. Dam if I aint tire of thie helraisin on my property.



The dredge boat shown in the above reproduction, which was constructed at Tallipoosa, Mo., will be used to dig one of the ditches of the famous "Little River Drainage District."

It is said to be the largest dredge boat at work in the entire district. The dipper handles three yards of dirt each time and

a 1,000 Watt globe furnishes light on the end of crane at night.

The boat began work April 1, for a three-years' run, and the Frisco, it is said, will haul more than 200 cars of coal to be used in operating it.

Kochtitzky & Warner own and operate the boat.

Mules vs. Caboose.

Roadmaster Bob Holland is again out with his cold and clammy, that at one time in his career he put a number of derailed cars—we won't say how many—back on the track with a caboose.

Of course, all the roadmasters have joined in saying this was easy, but it remains for Bill Elayer, engineer on the Salem Branch, to do the real trick in this character of work.

Of course, it happened a long while ago, but the story is that "Wrecking Bill" had an engine off the track. The derailment happened on a grade. He got two mules and hitched them to a car back of the engine, pulled the car a short distance up the grade then let her go. He kept this up until the car bumped the engine back on the track.

Ornamenter.

M. L. Crawford, general foreman, Monett, Mo., is making the yards a Monett, Mo. "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." Not only is he keeping the right of way clean but is ornamenting it with very attractive little flower gardens. The same thing is being done by Foreman Winchek at Joplin. In fact, the spirit of cleaning things up is prevailing on the Frisco as never before.

D. W. Lilley, formerly piece-work checker, Enid, Okla., is promoted to rip track foreman at Springfield, Mo., effective March 18. W. F. Johnson succeeds Mr. Lilley as piece-work checker.

Roscoe Owens, formerly rip track foreman at Enid, Okla., is appointed car foreman at Joplin, effective March 17.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD TIMER—No. 11.

"You see," I explained to the boss, "there's a considerable number of clinkers in my grate bars and I need stirrin' up to get the fire burnin' again."

"I guess you want to use somebody else's coal too," said the boss.

"If I do, they'll get a receipt for it," I replied.

In response to my signal of distress in a recent issue, several of the "old timers" have come up along side to help me out in these reminiscences.

One of the best came from Mr. Frank Laughlin, of Pittsburg, Kans., a former Frisco trainman, who writes about something that we all have heard of and really know little of—our tracks in Southeast Kansas.

I give Mr. Laughlin's letter in full:

There is an entanglement of tracks included in the Frisco system in Southeastern Kansas, which are a veritable Chinese puzzle to those who are trying to get trains over them for the first time in their experience in that section.

The most of them are used for passenger and freight trains, which are run over them regularly. It is a known fact, however, among railroad men in the employ of the Frisco and by the management alike, that a crew that travels over the entanglement with a train must be acquainted with every switchboard and every spur and side track, in order to keep his train on the right rails.

The run of some of the regular trains is called, "around the horn," and in order to make it successfully, the crew must know just exactly where they are headin' and around and what switch to open to keep in the right direction.

The "around the horn" is started at Fort Scott, thence to Girard, Pittsburg, Weir City, Weir Junction, Cherokee, and back to Fort Scott again—and it is usually made in a day. In making the trip, sometimes the train is going and sometimes it is coming and at all times is mystifying to a new man, making his first trip over the route.

Several years ago, shortly after the Frisco and Old Memphis merged into one system, Conductor Bert Underwood, now in passenger service, and Ike Summerfield, now a passenger engineer—both Old Memphis men between Kansas City and Fort Scott—were started out of the latter town with a heavy train of way freight with orders to run via Girard, Pittsburg, Weir City to Cherokee and then to Baxter Springs. Conductor Underwood knew something of the route, but was not thoroughly posted on it, but his engineer was making his first trip and was depending upon the train crew to get him through—and Underwood was the only one of them who pretended to know anything about the trip. At Pittsburg they received a meeting order for Weir Junction. They took siding at the designated place and were waiting. After about ten minutes had elapsed, and the conductor and his brakemen were resting on a pile of ties at the roadside, they noticed the engineer climb down from his cab with his watch in one hand and time card in the other.

"Where are we now?" he asked, as soon as he got close enough to be heard.

"Weir Junction," replied the conductor.

"Where are we going?"

"You know as much about that as we do," said Underwood jokingly.

"What town is that over there?" the engineer asked.

"Weir City."

"Well, what's that over there coming down this way?" asked the engineer, as he pointed to a train coming over a track across the prairie, about a mile away.

"Don't know," answered the conductor.

"Well, what is that over there?" the engineer asked again, as he pointed to another train coming in another direction.

"If they pass us on that track there," answered the conductor, "it will be the train we are to meet, but if they shunt off to the right, it ain't the one."

"I'm goin' back on the engine," said the engineer disgustedly, "and when you are ready to go have the head man open the right switch and give me the right sign."

A boomer brakeman left for Fort Scott one morning for a trip "around the horn." He knew nothing of the lay of the land or the country and was working in a mystery all day, but like all experienced railroad men said nothing when going over the road for the first time. As the train was running towards Fort Scott that night, the conductor remarked, "We'll tie up when we get in." At the last station out from Fort Scott the boomer approached the other brakeman with, "Say, Bud, I have a pie ticket on one of the best beaneries in Fort Scott and if you'll lift me at this place where we expect to tie up, I'll let you eat it up when we get back to Fort Scott." He was told that he was going into Fort Scott right then—and he never made another tip over the route.

One day a north end crew was sent to Baxter to get a train of stock of twenty-eight cars. They started back with the train and were making good time. When they slowed up at Mackie Junction for the conductor to register, the head brakeman, thinking he knew the road, headed the train in over the track to Weir City. None of the crew, including the engineer and conductor, knew any better and the engineer did not know the difference until the headlight began to show the yard boards in Weir City. The train pulled into the station right in the face of a passenger train. As far as the station agent and passenger crew knew it was a ghost train. It took siding and it was

nearly an hour before the dispatcher got the train out of the entanglement. He had been expecting a report from it in Cherokee when the Weir City agent wired him that he had a strange train on his hands and asked what to do with it. Orders were sent to send the train to Cherokee and send a pilot along with it. This was done and the pilot left it in Cherokee with the engine's nose pointed north. The train dispatcher was afraid to trust the green crew with the train between Weir City with so many off-shoots to contend with.

Several years ago when Superintendent Mitchell took charge of the Northern Division as a new man, he was escorting a special train carrying some of the Eastern stockholders over the road from Joplin. He was not as familiar with the road in that section of the country as he was later after long service. His crew was also new to the south end, and were running without a pilot. At Mackie Junction they took the branch over to Weir City, and ran into Weir City before the Superintendent realized where his train was. When he looked out he noticed the station and when the train stopped at the platform, he hurried in to the agent, who was peering through the window, and asked, "Is this Weir City?" He was answered in the affirmative.

"Well, get us out of here and don't say a word. It's one on me."

He didn't want the stockholders to know that he was lost. He was given orders to run to Cherokee and before the train got out of Weir City it was switched onto what is now known as the Pittsburg and Columbus branch, by the crew under the impression they were correct. The train was run into Pittsburg, and Mitchell put on a bold front and spent an hour showing the party around the town and over the Company's property. He could not say anything to the crew for they would have told on him and it