

The Stamp of Character



Means

MTC

Cross Ties *Plus*—

Plus—

That security which has its foundation upon the ownership in fee of thousands of acres of standing timber—

Plus—

A stock of cross ties always on hand, assembled with foresight and held in preparedness for those who depend upon us—

Plus—

The ownership and absolute control of treating plants where value is added to the natural product, not only through the mechanical and chemical processes involved, but also through the experience, care and business integrity that are an integral part of the seller's obligation—

Plus—

A warranty that the product bearing this brand is delivered in accordance with the terms and spirit of our promises and that this warranty survives acceptance by the purchaser—and last, but greatest of all—

Plus—

The pride and ambition of all the men who stand back of this brand eager to carry on the good name of a business founded over forty years ago and to make this brand truly a present-day symbol of their very best efforts.

T. J. MOSS TIE CO.

SAINT LOUIS

THE FRISCO EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

827 FRISCO BUILDING :: ST. LOUIS

WM. L. HUGGINS, Jr., *Editor*

MARTHA C. MOORE, *Associate Editor*

WM. McMILLAN, *Advertising Manager*

VOL. III

DECEMBER, 1925

No. 3

Permission is given to reprint, with credit, in part or in full, any article appearing in the Magazine

Contents of This Issue

OUR FRONT COVER—

Scenes like that depicted on the front cover by Miss Virginia Moberly, prominent St. Louis illustrator, will be enacted in many Frisco homes this Christmas season. The title of the picture is "The Story on Christmas Night." Even though grandson sleeps soundly, grandfather continues his tale of that thrilling Christmas night he spent in the engine cab.

	PAGES
The Rookie Switchman of Cravensville—(A Christmas Fiction Story by Martha C. Moore).....	6-10
Reclamation Plant at Springfield Saves Million a Year—Part II.....	8-13
Conrad Goehausen's First American Christmas.....	14
How the Iron Horse Is Groomed.....	15
Influence of Freight Rates on Cotton Prices Is Negligible, Survey Shows....	16
"Meteor" Held While Engine Races With Death.....	17
Railroads Fail to Earn Fair Return, Despite Record Business.....	19
Frisco Son and Daughter Thrill Crowds With Air Stunts.....	20
Goggles Again Save Eyes of Machinist.....	21
Frisco Acquired Jonesboro, Lake City & Eastern Railroad on November 9....	22
Attractive Homes Built by Springfield Employes.....	23
Fuel Savers Make Admirable Record First Nine Months of 1925.....	24
America Celebrates National Apple Week, October 31 to November 6.....	26
The Pension Roll.....	27
Homemaker's Page	28-29
'The Twilight Hour, "A Radio Christmas Eve".....	30
Frisco Babies	31
Miss Frisco in Modes for Christmas Season.....	32
Among Ourselves at Christmas—A Page of Cartoons.....	33
Editorials	34
Flashes of Merriment.....	35
Views of Frisco Reclamation Plant at Springfield.....	36-37
Commendations on Frisco Service.....	38-39
The Frisco Mechanic.....	40-41

THE FRISCO EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

The Frisco Employes' Magazine is a monthly publication devoted primarily to the interests of the more than 30,000 active and retired employes of the Frisco Lines. It contains stories, items of current news, personal notes about employes and their families, articles dealing with various phases of railroad work, poems, cartoons and notices regarding the service. Good clear photographs suitable for reproduction are especially desired, and will be returned only when requested. All cartoons and drawings must be in black India drawing ink.

Employes are invited to write articles for the magazine. Contributions should be typewritten, on one side of the sheet only, and should be addressed to the Editor, Frisco Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Distributed free among Frisco employes. To others, price 15 cents a copy; subscription rate \$1.50 a year. Advertising rates will be made known upon application.

The Rookie Switchman of CRAVENSVILLE

The Story of Two Daring
Robberies and a Race With Death

2
2
2
2

How a New Switchman Proved
Worthy of Switch Shanty Gang

By MARTHA C. MOORE

THE first snowstorm of the season was coming down with whirling fury. Blinding, dazzling it was. Flakes of monster size floated to earth. The wind heaped it on banks and in crevices. The telegraph wires sang as the wind swayed them to and fro.

The inhabitants of the little railroad town of Cravensville calmly settled themselves to weather conditions, while the little city was quietly but surely blanketed with snow.

Down at the switch shanty of the L. M. & P. work was going on as usual.

"Sure an' its a heluva night t' be muvin' cairs."

Old Sandy McGinnis broke the silence as he stood before the fire, warming his hands. He had just come out of the storm for another order. Good old Sandy, with his Irish smile and his ruddy complexion, had been with the L. M. & P. for many years. He was a great favorite around the shanty and as good a switchman as the next man, to boot. Sandy could tell when the boys needed his advice, and they all asked him for a bit now and then, which he gave, with a piece of his mind thrown in for good measure.

He had come on just a few minutes before with the eight o'clock crew.

"Got anything for me, Wynne?" inquired Mark Morris, another one of the switchmen, as he pulled off his fur-lined gloves and leaned across the table.

John Wynne was the genial yardmaster. He looked up from his list of car numbers.

"Just got a line on No. 107. She's got engine 1451 pullin' tonight. Snow's packing down pretty good. Looks like a tough night and maybe the S. O. S. for the snow plow! There's a special car totin' government whisky in the train—been delayed over three hours now, gettin' through drifts. Be in at 10:45," and

he turned back to his desk and resumed his work.

"Sure, an' it's little of it that'll be goin' for medicine," old Sandy remarked as he opened the door and faced the blinding fury of the snowstorm, with another order to execute.

Silence reigned as the two filed out, except for the scratching of Wynne's pencil as he worked, and the singing of the stove, which cast its ruddy glow around the rude, little office.

Through the window the lanterns could be seen, swinging up and down, signalling the switch engines, while the wind whistled around the corners of the building. The snow was coming down now in blankets and waves. It was bitter cold, with a hard, north wind.

The door opened, and Jim Hasler entered. He closed it rather quietly and came up near the table.

"Say, Wynne, there ain't anybody around this shack got a red flashlight, have they?" he inquired.

"Nobody I know of," Wynne answered. "What's the matter, Jim, seen a ghost? You're as white as a sheet?"

"No—but I was switching that cut of cars down on the left wye and a coupla guys dodged around that empty refrigerator car standing there. I hollered at 'em, but they didn't stop. Spent about five minutes lookin' around, but all I really saw was the flash of a red flashlight and two dark figures. What the hell do you suppose anybody would be snoopin' 'round on a night like this for?"

"Don't know, unless they got wind of that car of whisky comin' through. Dangerous stuff to handle, but they got detectives with it, and old Barney is givin' 'em one of our agents when she leaves here. By the

way, it's comin' in around 10:45, if they don't have no more trouble. Switch it over on that left wye and cut in those two cars of meat settin' there, hook 'em onto the train and let 'er go," and Wynne made another entry in his record book.

The door swung open again. With it came Charlie Webb.

"God—it's a bad night. My street car had a collision and I had to get off and walk over to the shack. Couldn't possibly make it before, Wynne. Just this minute got here. Any orders?"

Charlie was one of the newer boys. He was kidded considerably about his polite manners by the men in switch shanty who had acquired more or less of the gusto and manner of a true switch shantyman.

Nobody knew Charlie, but his clear countenance and frank manner had instantly won the confidence of Wynne and his helpmates. He was alert and always on the job, and had a pleasant personality.

As Sandy McGinnis remarked on the day he bummed his way into the terminal just one year ago, "Sure, he's a healthy kid an' he comes from good stuff. Give him a chanct, and I'm bettin' on 'im."

There was a vacancy and he was hired. He had made good. No one seemed more conscientious. No task seemed too great and no hours too long. There hovered just a bit of curiosity around him.

He had a room at the Yonkers Hotel, the leading one in Cravensville, which, though not a pretentious place, served him well. As far as the boys could find out from his application only, for Charlie never talked, he was born in South Dakota, mother and father dead—no previous railroad experience, and gave his former occupation as a school boy. He was 23 and unmarried.

For a moment Wynne regarded him thoughtfully. This husky, brown-eyed boy had never gotten into the swing of the switch shanty lingo—somehow, he didn't exactly belong. But he never balked at a job, and Wynne thought that for a year of service, he could go up against Slim, or Mark, or even Sandy, when it came to delivering the goods.

"Jim, give that order to Charlie for 107. Consignment of government whisky, and cut in those two meat cars on the wye track and let her move on out without much delay. Delayed three hours n' over now. You get on 121, Jim, when she comes in. Train of stock. See if everything's OK, then switch in that cut over on the delivery track—four loads for Lynchville," Wynne said and turned again to his work.

"Hit the zero point yet, Jim?" Charlie asked as he warmed his hands.

"Hell, yes, busted the thermometer, I think. Feels like forty below!" and Jim buttoned his coat to face the winter night.

"Where's this whisky comin' from, Mr. Wynne?" Charlie slowly pulled on a glove.

"Comin' from the North."

"A n y b o d y guardin' it?"

"Y e a h, t h r e e special men."

"Oh," and with that he picked up his lantern and swung out the door.

Mr. Wynne gazed at his retreating figure a moment and then, with a sigh, wrote

down another row of car numbers on his record book. Number 107 was late.

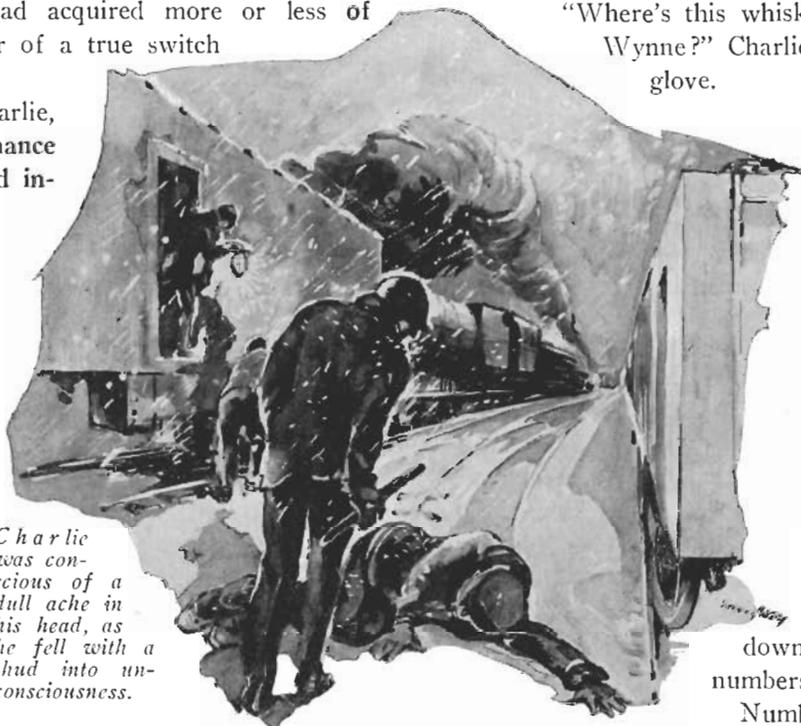
Charlie met it as it slowed down the main track and branched off into the yards, its headlight attempting to pierce the blinding storm. Clouds of steam rose in the air. The tender was packed with snow and every crevice which was not touched by steam or heat, told the tale of her heroic plowing through with a minimum delay of three hours.

In the yards she stopped and the engineer and fireman hastily opened lunch boxes to snatch a bite while the train was broken and made up again.

Charlie walked back to the sealed car. Near it were two government men.

"Hey, Bud," one of them called to him. "How long we here for and why cut us off?"

"Orders. We switch in two more cars in front of this sealed one. Ride it down the yards, only take about ten minutes," and Charlie cut the connection between the sealed car and the balance of the long freight.



Charlie was conscious of a dull ache in his head, as he fell with a thud into unconsciousness.

"Any place to get a cup of Java? Lord, I'm stiff!" remarked the second one of the pair, beating his arms around his waist.

Charlie ventured the information that there was a little restaurant near the station, just across the tracks, directly to the right.

"And," he added, "I've got orders to switch these two cars in. Get a bite to eat while I'm doin' it, and I'll ride the car for you. It's colder'n blazes tonight."

Of course, orders were orders and these men were instructed to stay with the car, but on a night like this the chances were against a holdup attempt, and anyway, their trip had not allowed for delay. Stiff and cold as they were, the lure of a hot cup of coffee was too tempting.

"Thanks, Bud. Don't let 'er get away from you—years in the stir—you know the rest," and they swung off toward the restaurant.

"Don't know anybody who'd want to hold up a car a night like this," thought Charlie as he swung on the car and signalled the panting switch engine to move on down the track. The wind cut his face as the car gained momentum. He passed the two meat cars and gave the signal for a stop.

Stepping to the ground, he cut off the car while the engine stood ready to back on to the wye track and hook the two meat cars.

Hardly had he given the signal to move on, when a gun was jabbed in his back. He was relieved of his lantern by someone, evidently familiar with signals, who swung on the engine as it slowly moved away.

"Lie down on the ground—one word and I'll kill you," a voice commanded.

Stupified, Charlie remained standing, gazing in the direction of the retreating switch engine.

"Work fast—damn you," and Charlie was conscious of a dull ache in his head as he fell with a thud into unconsciousness.

The switch engine gone, two men quickly broke open the sealed car, and unloaded thirty-four cases of bonded King George IV Scotch, while a third and fourth man relayed it to a waiting motor car.

A signal from a red flashlight brought the engine back to the spot and the "switchman" alighted and disappeared.

The crew waited for a signal. Finally, Engineer McClure got off his engine and walked back. He could see no one near the lantern. Making his way toward it, he stumbled over something. Reaching down, he discovered the body of a man. A few feet further on, he picked up the lantern and returning, found Charlie, his head lying in a pool of blood, his hair tousled and matted.

Hurrying back to the engine, he called excitedly,

"Jim, Jim, quick! It's Charlie!"

Jim, the fireman, followed in somewhat of a stupor. Neither he nor Engineer McClure were aware that Charlie had not been signalling, so perfectly had they been given.

"Poor kid—who did this?" Jim demanded.

"Don't know—can't figure it out—we never hit him, look where we're standing! Anyway, he's cold—Let's get him up quick." McClure and his fireman carefully lifted the boy up and carried him to the switch engine.

Neither of them ventured an opinion. Stopping at the yard office, they carried him in out of the storm, and laid him down near the fire.

Wynne jumped to his feet as they opened the door.

"Found him near that government car of whisky. He'd been givin' us signals up until a few minutes ago. He's cold—car's been broken into—don't know how many cases are gone," panted Engineer McClure.

Wynne took in the situation at a glance and knew they must work fast. "McClure, locate the agents that came with that car, quick. You, Jim, phone for an ambulance and get Charlie out of the way," and he grabbed his cap and coat. "Where's the car now?" he flung back as he opened the door, pausing on the threshold.

"Down by the north wye—there's a pool of blood on the snow where we found Charlie," and Jim reached for the phone.

On his way out, Wynne ran into Sandy McGinnis. "Com-mon, Sandy, there's been trouble!"

"For the love of Mike, where and how?" and Sandy hobbled after Wynne.

There was no one around when Wynne and Sandy reached the spot.

"Sure, and there's been some bad work here tonight. Where might the agents happen to be that was going to be with the cair?" Sandy asked.

"Yes, where the hell are they," Wynne replied sarcastically. "Here's the pool of blood where Charlie got his. A slick job they did, too. About half the car gone in twenty minutes."

A few seconds later the officers came up on the run, together with a third man, Larry Connor from the railroad special agent's office.

"What's happened," one of them asked.

"Where in blazing hell have you been?" Wynne bluntly asked. "There's a lot will happen when this case is reported. Where are your orders to leave this car in transit? You might explain to ME why you left it, but you can't to the Government."

"—but the boy? Is this a frameup?" one of them thundered.

"Got knocked in the head. Our switchmen ain't supposed to be armed to run up against a gang of