

Three coats of paint are given the glistening new bodies, the first a coat of Brown primer, and two coats of carbon black. Three days is consumed in this operation, and then the stenciler works at his trade for a few minutes and the car is ready to go into service.

In the above article the processes through which those old-time trucks, salvaged from old equipment, go in becoming vital parts of new rolling stock are set forth.

But there are other things in connection with the industry of the Yale car building yards beside the building positions and the hour by hour work.

Through a personality which combines good humor and great industry with an expert knowledge of men, "Jake" Lutz is able to make these car building records day after day and year after year.

As Lutz walks through his plant he suggests instead of commands, talks quietly instead of shouts, and there has never been a time in his years with the Frisco that he has encountered organized opposition or sawing friction.

"We've worked for a lot of men," a negro buckler said, "but Mr. Lutz is a fine boss. He knows the game himself and he knows about how much we can do. He don't rush us. We rush ourselves."

There is never an idle moment in the Yale yards. Amid the machine-gun rat-a-tat-tat of the riveting machines, as they drive thousands of rivets into steel bracings, the thunder of hundreds of hammers as stalwart workmen floorboard and sideboard the car, and the mill shop where the smell of freshly cut lumber wafts to one on the singing noise of the great saws—there is a harmony of motion that means much for co-ordinated effort and consistent results.

Among the men on the building tracks there is a friendly rivalry that is the very essence of good workmanship. It is a tradition on the building tracks that the huge Brown Hoist must not wait long for a car to be finished in one position, until it is moved to the other. If the hoist approaches the driving position, men will speed up their hammers and redouble their efforts. And in record time the engineer of the hoist will see his hook attached to the car for the short trip to the next group waiting to put it through the next construction process.

"This work means a lot to me," Foreman Lutz said. "I like to see these men work like Trojans, most of them singing or whistling as they do it, and I like to see these cars turn out day by day. They are good stalwart cars, made to stand up for years, and it makes one feel like he is accomplishing something when results can be so easily seen."

So the work at the Yale yards goes on and more "good stalwart" cars are being put into service to the tune of ten cars a day. Foreman Lutz and his men are to be congratulated. Their showing is a credit to Frisco Lines.

But not alone at Yale is this efficient work and splendid progress going forward. At no point on the system is there laxity or inefficiency today. Modern day railroading demands the best of men and material. It is forthcoming on the Frisco. And through the columns of the Magazine, various phases of the Frisco's operation will be presented from time to time.

## Car Building in Pictures

(See Pages 36 and 37)

The pictures appearing on pages 36 and 37, tell a splendid photographic story of the remarkable system with which the car building plant at Yale, Tennessee, is handled.

Reading from left to right beginning at the top row of pictures, the reader can trace through each of the building positions.

The first picture is of three sets of trucks in the "truck shop." These trucks come from dismantled cars all over the railroad, and are sorted and reconditioned for the new cars. Fifteen men are engaged in dismantling work, building back, and riveting.

The center picture of the top row portrays a unique position in car construction. The frame of the car is laid on the ground and couplers, air cylinders and all draft attachments are applied. The workmen in the picture are reaming holes for coupler and tie-straps. About thirty minutes is required on each car frame for this work.

The "fitting up" position is shown in the third photograph. The Brown Hoist has placed the underframe on the car together with the side and end bulb-angles and the steel ends. The fit up men are placing all stakes and braces, and in forty-five minutes the car is moved to the next position.

The car shown in the first picture of the second row is undergoing the reaming operation. After the fit up is completed, two reamers take the car and in thirty minutes they ream approximately 1,000 holes.

The center picture in the oval is a view of the entire plant taken from the bridge over the yards on Hollyford road. The neatness with which the entire work is handled may be seen in this photograph. Underframes are piled neatly in the foreground, and the building tracks in the distance accommodate the work of building the cars. The mill shop is at the upper left center, with the slogan "Safety—Frisco—First" above its doors.

The third picture in the center row is of the driving position. After the reamers have reamed the 1,000 holes, the drivers, consisting of four hammer men, four buckers and four heaters, take the car. In 45 minutes, the 1,000 holes are filled with rivets and the steel work is completed with the exception of the safety appliances.

After a twenty-minute job of floor boarding, the car is moved to another gang of six men who side board it. This operation is shown in the first picture in the bottom row. Twelve side boards are used to a car and their dimensions are 2½ inches by 9¼ inches by 42 feet. Fir lumber is used and the car is sideboarded in approximately 35 minutes.

After this position the hammerman, buckler and heater put on safety appliances and drive all rivets in corner bands and steel ends. The car is then cleaned up for the painter. A coat of paint a day is given each car, first one coat of Brown Primer, then two coats of carbon black paint. The center picture at the bottom shows the car painted and stenciled, and ready to proceed to the Alabama coal fields for duty. The last picture is of a "unit" of material which comes from Birmingham. A unit of three cars is received each day. Two cars are loaded with underframes from the Tennessee Coal Iron and Railroad Company, and the middle car carries fabricated parts. Seven underframes come in each car.

# Conductor "Alec" Ham Leaves River Division Run Named for Him Years Ago

*Famous "Ham Run" Named by Trainmen in Honor of Venerable Conductor—He Will Captain Trains 801-802*

WHEN train 802 pulled into the Union Station at 6:45 p. m. on the evening of August 4, A. C. Ham, the conductor was the first man to step to the platform. After he had assisted the passengers down the steps and had taken pains to see that they had the right luggage, he turned and studied the station for a few moments with a meditative look.

"This is the first time I've brought a train into this station in twenty years. One of my first positions with the Frisco was conductor on trains 801-802, Memphis to St. Louis and return, and now, after twenty years and after covering about 1,600,000 miles, here I am back on my old run," he remarked to a friend.

Mr. Ham is one of the most interesting conductors on the Frisco system. For the last several months he has been assigned to motor car run 3,000 on the River Division, running from Campbell to Brooks Junction and intermediate points. Before that, and for twenty-one years he served on what is known as the "Ham" run. His return to trains 801-802 was due to two of his daughters desiring to attend school in and around Memphis and he decided to make Memphis his home, so that he would be near them.

There is a little romance woven firmly around Mr. Ham and his unique "Ham" run which will live forever on the Frisco. His transfer from the branch line to main line service will be deeply regretted by his many friends with whom he has been associated for so many years.

Every railroad man in that part of the country knows the story of how the "Ham" run got its name, however there are others who do not know the circumstances and perhaps wonder at its oddity.

"Alec" C. Ham, for whom the run was named, began his service with the old Cunningham road as a brakeman in 1901. The road was later known as the St. Louis, Memphis & Southern. In 1902 the Frisco took over this line—renamed it the St. Louis, Memphis & Southeastern, and Mr. Ham was promoted to conductor in 1903.

For the last twenty-one years he has had this particular run with his home, Campbell, Missouri, as a tie-up.

The itinerary of the original Ham run follows: the train left Campbell in the morning and went to Kennett, Mo. From Kennett it went to Leachville and from Leachville back to Kennett. Leaving Kennett, the train proceeded to Caruthersville; from Caruthersville to Hayti; from Hayti back to Caruthersville and from Caruthersville to Kennett. Leaving Kennett the train returned to Caruthersville; from Caruthersville to Hayti; from Hayti to Caruthersville and from Caruthersville to Kennett. The final lap of the run was from Kennett to Campbell.

This itinerary covers only one day's run and in that time, the distance recorded was over 200 miles. The train picked up connections from the main line trains on the River Division, delivered passengers to connecting points and as a side line it might be mentioned, that each separate move was shown on the time card and each move was given a number. Therefore during the day, Mr. Ham, the one conductor on all these runs filed out reports covering trains 821-822, 823-824, 817-818 and 818-819.

In referring to the run it was much easier to say "The Ham Run" than to enumerate the eight or more trains it constituted, and so the nickname given by the trainmen was gradually taken up by the officials who made up the time card, and the name "The Ham Run" was generally adopted.

"Alec" C. Ham has practically grown up with the Frisco, and in the last twenty-five years he has seen remarkable improvements in the road and its holdings.

He was born November 10, 1877, in Berry County, Tennessee. The first railroad he ever saw was in Hickmond County, an adjoining county near his home. This road was a little narrow gage line, but through the eyes of a boy of eleven, it was a scene never to be forgotten.

His father was engaged in making charcoal and working in the iron mines. There were five brothers and two sisters in the family and "Alec" left the little

### "Ole Mistah Chittlin's!"

*Most River Division folks have heard this story on their friend "Alec" Ham, but for the benefit of the rest of the Frisco family it should be written here. The truth of it is vouched for by many of his friends.*

*One of Ham's friendly customs is to pass the time of day with his passengers as he takes up tickets. An elderly negro was on the train one day and Ham vouchsafed his usual hearty "Good morning," and called the old darkey by name.*

*"Good mornin' suh," replied the negro. "Howcum you'll know mah name?"*

*"Oh," replied the conductor easily, "I know you, Sam. You've ridden with me many times."*

*"M-m-m," said Sam, reflectively. "Ah sho' don' know yoah name, Mistah."*

*"Tell you a good way to remember it, Sam," said Ham as he stuck the check in the negro's battered hat. "My name's just the same as the best part of a pig."*

*A great light dawned on Sam and a smile wreathed his face.*

*"Sho. Sho. Sho 'nuff," he chuckled. "Yassah, Ah know you now! You'se ole Mistah Chittlin's. Dat's who you is."*

—W. L. H., Jr.

home at an early age, after finishing an eighth grade education, and took a position as switchman with the Buffalo Iron Company of Allen Creek, Tenn., in the year of 1898.

He later went with the Nashville & Chattanooga road as a brakeman, and with the Cotton Belt in 1899 as a fireman.

"I'll hate to leave these folks that I have known so long," he said, as he made one of his last trips on motor car 3,000. "I have seen this swampy country grow, until now the fields are well under cultivation—the land is drained and folks are beginning to really live. Long ago before the drainage ditches were built, the houses were all on stilts. In 1903 when the levee broke, it washed the tracks right up and stood them against trees and the road had to be practically rebuilt. Drainage has done wonders to this 'Nigger Wool Swamp.' In the old days I recall my first pay check on the old Nashville & Chattanooga was \$1.50 a day," he continued. "There was no air, only hand brakes

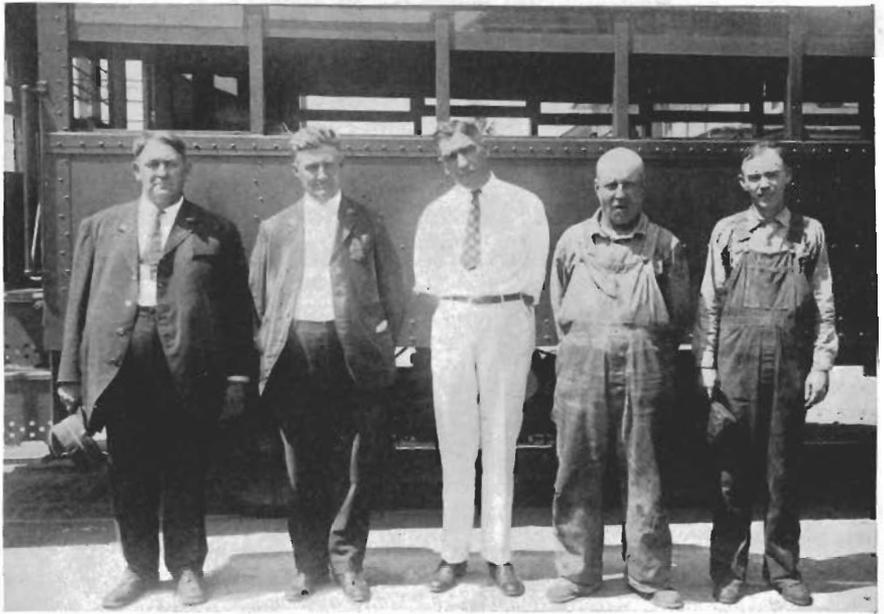
and every caboose was equipped with switch chains. The old engines had huge smoke stacks, immense at the top and dwindling down to a cone. Those were the old wood burners. We used to stop on the line and cut some wood, when we ran out, and we made friends of all the farmers and they usually came out and helped us. Those were the days when we had little thirty-five pound rail. It was very common to see deer and wild cat and some few bears near the track—especially in winter.

"On the River Division in the old days I remember when the water used to come up around the wheels and the passenger trains would separate, and we would have to pull them through the water with safety chains.

"The winters were severe. The trees would bend over the track, making a regular archway through which our train slowly steamed its way. Sometimes a tree would block our passage and we would have to get out and cut it off the track."

In those days the territory through which the "Ham" run was routed, was the refuge for criminals from Kentucky, Illinois, Tennessee and Missouri, and often Mr. Ham was forced to haul some "tough customers." They considered it great sport to shoot from the windows of the train and as most of them were drunk, it was his duty to handle them to their destination without trouble.

"I was running on trains 801-802 during the yellow fever epidemic and there was a lot of travel. I also remember the flu epidemic before prohibition," he remarked. "Everybody was going into the swamps to get whiskey. They thought that was the only thing that would cure the flu. They brought it back in kegs and barrels—and as many bottles as they could get, they stuffed in a gunnysack. Women, with babies in



The crew of Motor Car No. 300 posed one warm August morning with their superintendent. We wish John Reynolds had lost his "chaw" before the picture was taken. The men are, reading left to right—A. C. Ham, conductor; Charles Lewis, brakeman; J. A. Moran, Superintendent of the River Division; John Reynolds, motor car engineer, and W. G. Murray, messenger.

their arms hung on the lower steps of the coaches, riding to nearby towns to get it," and he smiled as he recalled those days.

"Did you ever have any drunken women on your train during this flu epidemic," he was asked.

"Yes, I had several. One woman got very stubborn, so at one of the junction points I just put her off and stood her up against the station and went off and left her," was his reply.

To say that Mr. Ham is well known would be a mild statement. There is not a farmer, a shipper or a man in that section of the "Ham" run territory who has not at least heard of him, and they call him "Uncle Alec." J. A. Moran, now superintendent of the River Division used to give Mr. Ham train orders when he was the operator at Hayti, Mo., and Moran's endorsement of Ham is a wonderful tribute.

"As far as I know," Mr. Moran said, "Mr. Ham has never received a demerit mark, his accounts have never been questioned, he has never been brought before any official for any cause whatever, and he has always handled the business of the Frisco as if it were his own. I don't know another trainman on the line who is so universally well liked as 'Uncle Alec', and he is an asset to the railroad."

Mr. Ham is aware of the esteem in which he is held by his fellow-workers, his superintendent and his patrons.

"I am deeply appreciative of the good things people tell me they think of me," he said. "But I've done nothing unusual to earn it. Every employe should give to his employer loyalty and efficiency, and to the patrons of his company courtesy, service and every ounce of his ability. I have done that. But so have thousands of other Frisco workers. It is a Frisco habit."

# Three Oldest Frisco Telegraphers Recall Days of Long Hours and Few Facilities

*J. A. French of St. James, Knoal Kinney of Rolla, and George Burney of Mansfield Have 137 Years Total Service*

**N**OW that the word "veteran" is on the lips of so many of the Frisco employes and the reunion, which has just passed has brought about so many meetings of old time friends, it is interesting to know of three men who have worked for the Frisco a total of 137 years, combined service.

This story is not of a train crew, nor yet of three engineers, but of three men whose work constitutes an equally important cog in the great wheel of transportation.

It is the story of the three oldest telegraphers in point of service on Frisco Lines, J. A. French, 48 years' service, St. James, Mo.; Knoal Kinney, 45 years' service, Rolla, Mo.; and George F. Burney, 44 years' service, Mansfield, Mo.

As you sit on the observation end of a train, speeding across the country—passing up the little station, with its crowd of spectators, watching the "limited" pass through, if your eyes are keen you will see the telegrapher or operator, take down the telephone and give the man at the dispatcher's desk a ring, and tell him the exact second the train passed his station. Keeping the track clear is one of the many important duties the telegrapher performs.

It was not always as easy as it is now to relay the message to the dispatcher, for forty years ago telephones were not used, and the stupendous task of railroad operation was far more difficult.

J. A. French of St. James, the older of the three, was born in Quapaw, Oklahoma, September 20, 1858. His father was an Indian agent in that part of the country. Before the Civil War broke out, the French family moved to Springfield, Mo., where French went through the public schools and studied one year at Drury College. Telegraphy appealed to him, and he decided to learn the art and secured work in the West-

ern Union office where he prepared himself for a position as telegrapher.

His first position with the Frisco was in 1878 when he was employed as messenger boy in the Springfield, Missouri, dispatcher's office and his pay was \$15.00 a month. But he was happy, and fifteen dollars in those days was good money for boys.

At odd times he used to ply the keys and send messages, and when he became good enough, he was sent out on the road to serve at different stations. He claims his first real service began in 1879 when employed as operator and station helper at Lebanon, Mo. This combination job paid him \$30.00 a month.

He worked at various stations in this same capacity including the towns of Rolla, Mo., Oswego and Fredonia, Kans. For four or five months he went on the road as a brakeman on the Eastern division between Pacific and Dixon, but he returned to Pacific, Mo., as an operator in

1883, where he remained another year.

From 1884 until 1907 he worked as chief clerk to the division superintendent at St. Louis, superintendent at Newburg, superintendent of the Kansas division, and trainmaster at Neodesha, Kans.

In 1907, due to the confining nature of his duties he came to St. James, Mo., as agent where he has remained ever since.

"I've had some wonderful experiences in my day," this Frisco veteran remarked, as he recalled the early years of his career. "All our train orders used to be handled by telegraph. Everything was slower. St. James is about 100 miles away from St. Louis, and yet freight shipped from St. Louis today will be in St. James, ready for delivery at 11:00 o'clock tomorrow morning. Years ago service such as that

*M. T. Fullington, chairman of the Frisco unit of the Order of Railroad Telegraphers, is really the author of this story, although "M. T." won't see a line of it until he reads this issue of the Magazine. One day the genial chairman dropped in the editor's office for a chat and mentioned these three telegrapher-veterans.*

*"They're three wonderful old-timers," Fullington said, "and you'll not find three more loyal boosters for the Frisco anywhere on the system. They've grown up with the road since its swaddling clothes and what they don't know about the phase of it they've been connected with isn't worth knowing."*

*The telegrapher at his key, transmitting and receiving train orders that mean safety to thousands of waking or sleeping passengers, has been the subject of many a sketch in word and picture. It is a pleasure for the Magazine to give its 30,000 Frisco readers this story of the three oldest telegraphers in point of service on Frisco Lines.*

*—W. L. H., Jr.*

was never dreamed of. Yes, I've been with the road all my life—never have been away from it except for a vacation and one time I took a leave of absence for about a month."

During his first days at Lebanon when he and the agent had full charge, they would work in the passenger station all day, and load hogs from the platform until late at night. They had no hours and no overtime.

"The cars and engines were small, and the trains were all held by hand—I mean they had no air brakes such as they have now. I think one of the most wonderful things of the present age is the automatic block signal system. And with the improvement in the equipment and service, I have seen the Frisco grow until now it is one of the most wonderful, if not the most wonderful railroad in the world.

Do I love it? I wouldn't give my little job here in Saint James for one on any other road for twice the pay. Of course I like my work, but the associations with friends which I have made while on this line mean everything to me."

The station and grounds at St. James are neat and the grassy plot, in the little iron fence enclosure is thickly planted with red rose bushes. The Tuesday Club of St. James planted them and also have taken full charge of caring for them. They are a source of constant comment from the passengers who pass through on Frisco trains.

"I've even had people write me from all parts of the country, asking for a little slip that they might start a bed of roses, such as we have here," French said.

Mr. French has a beautiful little home in St. James, where he and Mrs. French reside.

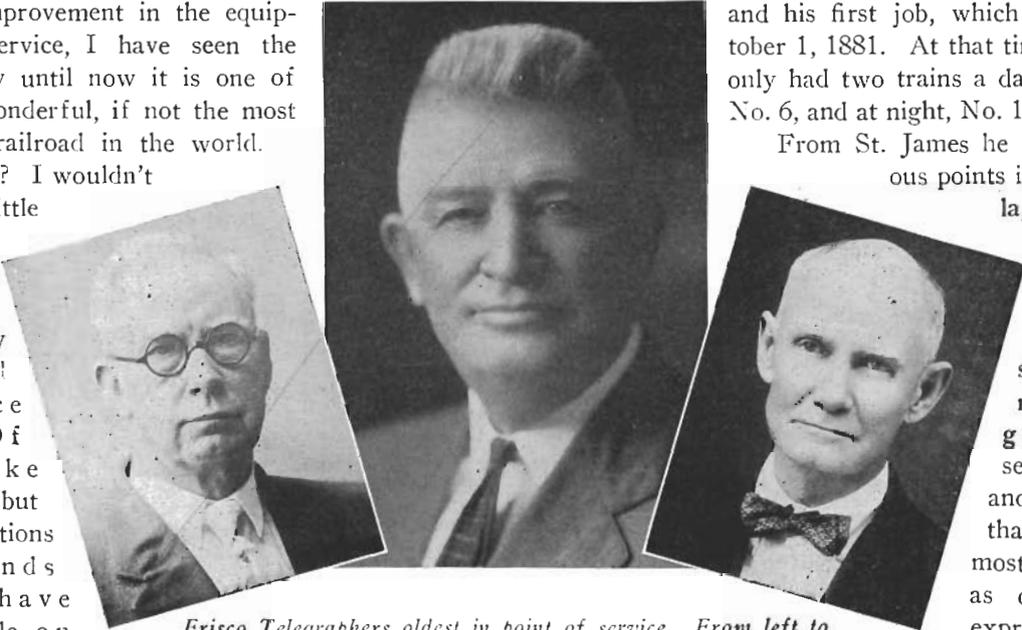
**Kinney Began in 1881**

Knoal Kinney, operator at Rolla, Mo., is the next oldest in point of service. He was born in Union City, Tennessee, May 15, 1866, however, he was reared in Springfield, Mo., and received his education in the grade schools of that city.

The early days of Mr. Kinney and Mr. Burney are linked, since they attended a telegraph school at Springfield, operated by the Western Union, at the same time.

After completing the six months' course, Kinney began his service in the North Springfield dispatcher's office. He often got a chance to receive or send a message under the guidance of the dispatcher and one day, W. D. Littlefield, then superintendent of the eastern division ordered him to go to St. James and take the position as operator. He insisted he did not know enough, but the dispatcher informed Mr. Littlefield that he would be patient with him, and so he took train No. 6 for St. James and his first job, which was on October 1, 1881. At that time the Frisco only had two trains a day, No. 5 and No. 6, and at night, No. 19 and No. 20.

From St. James he went to various points including Rolla, Joplin, Conway, Strafford, Kirkwood, but somehow he managed to get to Rolla several times, and it was here that he served most of his time as operator and express agent and he is there now,



*Frisco Telegraphers oldest in point of service. From left to right: George Burney, Knoal Kinney and J. A. French.*

on the trick from 8:00 a. m. to 4:00 p. m.

**Most Thrilling Experience**

"Do I remember the most thrilling experience of my career? I should say I do." He leaned back in his chair while he related an incident the third or fourth night he had the station at St. James, his first position.

There were no semaphore lights at that time, and as he had an order for an east bound train, he left the lantern on the platform, which was the proper signal and meant for the train to stop. On this particular night, the wind was high and blew the light out. Busy in the performance of his other work he did not notice it until the train had passed his station, whereupon he became almost rigid with fright. Luckily there was a water tank three-quarters of a mile down the track where the engine stopped for a tank, and before the train came to a dead stop, Mr. Kinney was climbing into the caboose, excitedly ex-

*(Now turn to Page 23, please)*