

SIDELIGHTS on the VETERANS' REUNION

ONE of the happiest veterans at the reunion was Bob Holland, 72-year-old retired roadmaster. He has just recovered from an operation at the Frisco hospital in St. Louis which restored his eyesight. "I'll never get through singing the praises of the hospital and the wonderful treatment I received there," he said. He ran in the races for men over 70 years old, and participated in all other events.

B. G. Gamble, master mechanic from Memphis, and wife were present for one day. This was Mrs. Gamble's first reunion and she enjoyed it immensely.

M. C. Costello, pensioned passenger brakeman, with thirty-eight years' service was no doubt the oldest veteran at the reunion. He is ninety years old, hale and hearty and hasn't missed a reunion. He resides at Springfield. He was present at the picnic but did not attend the sessions on the second day at the Shrine Mosque.

Louis Fisher was a visiting veteran from the Missouri Pacific Lines. He was accompanied by Mrs. Fisher. He has had forty-eight years' service as an engineer on that road and was enjoying the Frisco Veterans' Reunion with old friends.

W. L. Evans, general agent at Denver, Colo., celebrated the reunion with double force. June 1 happened to be his birthday, but he refused to divulge his age. He is a familiar figure at the reunions and has attended them all.

L. E. Martin, assistant to President J. M. Kurn, attended the first day of the reunion with his father-in-law, Mr. R. F. McGlothlan of Springfield. Mr. McGlothlan is a poet of ability and has submitted a number of poems which have been published in the *Frisco Magazine*. Mr. Martin claims 38 years' service with Frisco Lines and Mr. McGlothlan 42.

Practically every city on the Frisco was represented at the reunion. Mr. George Daniels, retired engineer of Ft. Smith, Ark., took an active part in the program and was elected vice-president of the "Old Timers Club."

When we saw Dr. R. A. Woolsey he



Mrs. James L. McCarter of Kansas City, who retired as president of the Ladies' Auxiliary, photographed on the picnic grounds at the Veterans' Reunion.

was trying to get around one of those big barbecued sandwiches. In modesty we turned our head until he got well into the "middle." He's a Frisco veteran with 26 years' service and one of the most beloved. With him was E. D. Levy, formerly general manager for the Frisco, who served the Frisco 11 years.

Mrs. John Beckerley, wife of "John," the Frisco engineer with 32 years' service, printed on her badge as her occupation "Taking Care of John." John looked well cared for.

Lee Elliott, water service engineer at Springfield, brought his father, S. E. Elliott, and sister, to the reunion. Father and sister were visiting from Pennsylvania, where Mr. Elliott, Sr., has had 49 and a half years' service with the Pennsylvania road and is a member of the Pennsylvania Veterans' Association.

Mrs. Jeanette D. Tanquary traveled further than any of the women members of the veteran association. She came from San Diego, Calif., and says that she lives from one reunion until the next and wouldn't miss one for anything. She holds a 21-year service record as agent with the Frisco at Lindenwood, Mo. On the last day of

the meeting she said she went to the post office on a "hunch," asked for mail for "Tanquary" and the man at the window handed her a card from her daughter, who formerly served the Frisco at Springfield. She advised her that everything was well and hoped she was having a good time. In answer to an inquiry as to whether she could be at the reunion or not, she said, "Sure I'm coming unless I'm crippled, sick or passed on into the next world!"

The special agent's department was well represented at the picnic. J. E. Moton, from Springfield, and D. J. Nolan, from St. Louis, together with Al Sampey were in attendance. Sampey, now with the Frisco, was former chief of detectives of the Springfield police force.

J. H. Constant, agent at Winfield, Kans., with 37 years' service with Frisco Lines says he missed two reunions—one due to a broken hip and the other due to pressing business duties.

Mrs. N. V. Allebach printed on her badge as her occupation, "Hard Work." Mr. Allebach is a veteran Frisco engineer with 35 years' service and is due to be placed on the retired list in September.

"Daddy" and "Mother" Clark were familiar figures at all sessions of the veterans. "Daddy" Clark was presented with the badge for being the oldest veteran in attendance. "Mother" Clark could not put on her famous "jig" due to an accident which she suffered this past winter. "Daddy" Clark made a fine response to the presentation of the badge and everybody was glad to see them so well and happy. "Daddy" Clark is 87 years of age, and "Mother" Clark is not far behind.

M. W. Burke, an engineer for the Wabash railroad, with 56 years' service, was the guest of "Uncle" Billy Morrill and R. E. Collett. Mr. Burke gave Mr. Collett his first job as fireman on the Wabash in 1893.

Among the veterans who were just placed on the membership list of the veterans' reunion were, Mr. N. Potts, retired section foreman of Kansas City, with twenty years' service. Mrs. Potts came with him.

S. J. Frazier, of Memphis, W. H. Bevans, of Ft. Scott, J. A. Moran, of Springfield, all superintendents and J. W. Claiborne, assistant superintendent at Chaffee, attended the reunion. The meetings were well represented with superintendents, but a little shy on master mechanics.

Louis Bangert, with his wife and granddaughter, attended the reunion from Salem, Mo. Mr. Bangert began his railroad career at the age of 12 and has piled up a 53-year service record. He is still operating the engine between Cuba and Salem and has over a year to go before being placed on pension roll.

The visitors were not too hungry to notice the six beautiful baskets of cut roses on the tables at the barbecue. They made the "eats" look very attractive, and were furnished through the courtesy of the Springfield Seed Company.

Ben McCrum, pensioned engineer with 53 years' service, attended the reunion from Independence, Mo. He brought a message from Mr. Ben Winchell, former president of Frisco Lines, wishing the old veterans a splendid reunion.

Mr. Winchell is president of the Remington Typewriter Company.

Charles E. Jones, livestock clerk of Kansas City, has had 37 years with the Frisco and is rightfully entitled to the title of veteran. He enjoyed both days of the reunion.

J. R. Crane, conductor of Springfield, Mo., with 28 years service has attended each reunion. He particularly enjoyed the picnic at Doling Park.

T. F. Wright, wife and daughter, Mary Ellen, enjoyed their first reunion. Mr. Wright is a Frisco engineer of Springfield, Mo., and has had 11 years' service with Frisco Lines. "We're not going to miss another one," he said.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Spencer, engineer, and wife of Kansas City, Mo., have attended each one of the reunions and claim that each one gets better. Mr. Spencer is a veteran with 46 years' service.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Reese of Memphis were in attendance and also claim they have never missed a reunion. Mr. Reese is a pensioned engineer with 39 years' service to his credit.



Veterans who were present at the annual playlet presented at Pipkin High School the evening of June 2 by the Frisco Men's and Girls' Clubs of Springfield, will recognize the charming Colonial Ladies who appear in the picture above. They participated in the minuet dance which featured the program. They are, top row, left to right: Misses Eula Stratton, Ethel Copeland and Pearl Fain, and below, seated, Misses Marie Devine, Ruth Usselton and Frances Rhodes.

Mr. C. W. Shank, Frisco engineer of St. Louis, with 50 years' service was one of the oldest veterans in point of service. He enjoyed both days of the meeting and hopes to be in attendance next year.

A representative from almost every branch of the service was present and we found J. D. Payton of the air room, Springfield, in attendance. It was his second reunion, and his service record totals 30 years.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Petry of Kansas City attended the reunion for the third time. They live in Kansas City, where Mr. Petry has served the Frisco for 36 years. He is employed as a brakeman.

"D" Forsythe, he of 4113 fame, was bringing one of the newest of Frisco engines into Springfield and failed to make the first day's meeting. He always serves as "Officer of the Day", and John Forster, his pal, wandered around more or less lost without him. But "D" was on hand at the banquet and the evening's entertainment, and so was John Forster, and they enjoyed the second day of the reunion together.

The three Conley brothers, O. M., from Pittsburgh, Pa., M. J., from Joplin, and H. C., of Oklahoma City, were there, meeting old friends and acquaintances.

G. F. Macgregor of Kansas City, B. R. Davidson of Fayetteville, and Gene Sutcliffe of Memphis, all missed the first day of the reunion, but answered the roll call on the second day. It was Gene Sutcliffe's first one and he said he'd be there next year—sure.

Harry Morgan, wife and daughters enjoyed their first reunion at Springfield. Mr. Morgan is one of the best known dispatchers on the system. The family have recently moved to Springfield from Newburg, Mo., due to Mr. Morgan's transfer there. Mr. Morgan attended the picnic at the park, but was unable to be present the second day, but Mrs. Morgan and daughters thoroughly enjoyed both days of the reunion.

F. A. McArthur, retired mechanical department clerk of Springfield, Mo., with 37 years' service, was enjoying his first reunion since his retirement. He is well and happy and says that between fishing and working in his tool shop he has spent many happy hours.

OLDEST PENSIONER A CIVIL WAR VET

JOHAN CLARK of Kansas City, Mo., enjoys two distinctions, which make him one of the Frisco's most interesting pensioners. He is the oldest and one of the two original ex-employees to be placed on the Frisco's pension roll, inaugurated in 1913 and he is, as far as records can be established, the only living pensioner of Frisco Lines who served throughout the Civil War.

He served the Frisco for twenty-four years as conductor, beginning his service in 1889 at Ft. Scott, Kansas. Today he has reached the age of 87 years. The things for which he is most thankful is his excellent health, his good eyesight and his memory. He is enjoying the fruits of his well earned pension and sits in the sunlight at his comfortable little home at 1410 North 41st Street, Kansas City, smoking his pipe. The pipe would seem at times to serve as a magic carpet, taking him in memory to the incidents of his life which he would recall at will.

In May 1871, John Clark says that he served as a conductor on the old Frisco, between Dixon and Springfield, hauling material for the construction gang. (His continuous service however is dated from 1889.) The construction material in those days was different than today and he recalls that the culverts were made of wooden timbers. Two lists of the items were made and one of them for the conductor, whose duty it was to check over each and every item to see that nothing was missing.

When the line was built from Seneca to Fairland, Mr. Clark was one of the first conductors into the new territory. The Indians had a burial ground at Neosho and on one occasion he took three coaches of them there. When he went to collect the tickets, each Indian grunted and said "me no got". It was with considerable difficulty that he finally secured the tickets.

The little wood-burning locomotives were common in those days and were of 16,000 to 20,000 capacity. Mr. Clark was the conductor on several early excursion trains. One he recalls consisted of two old caboose cars with benches, two baggage cars with seats, two box cars with benches and two coal cars with removable seats. This is indeed a contrast to the new room cars recently installed on the "Meteor."

To his older friends he is known as

John Clark of Kansas City, 87, Fought With Army of Cumberland—Wounded in Service

"Daddy" Clark. He acquired that title in 1880 when he organized Division No. 3 of the O. R. C. at St. Louis. He also served at one time as Deputy Grand Chief Conductor.

His eyes grow bright, and he talks with enthusiasm of the Civil War Days



"DADDY" AND "MOTHER" CLARK

and he remarked that he entered the service of the Wabash Railway in 1864 after returning from his first term of service in the Civil War, serving in the Army of the Cumberland. He was discharged on the skirmish line at Atlanta. He re-entered the service in the Cavalry under Wilson and was discharged August 15, 1865, account expiration of the War.

He pulled from his pocket a check which he had just received from the Government which comes to him monthly as his pension allowance. His recollection of Civil War days is as vivid as his recollection of his early days on the railroads. It was while in the army that he met several

of the presidents of the United States. In a conspicuous place in the Clark living room is a picture of six presidents of the United States, five of them known personally to Mr. Clark, namely, Roosevelt, McKinley, Garfield, Grant and Lincoln.

The day when James Ashley called for 75,000 volunteers at a meeting held in a grove in Sylvania, Ohio, after the firing on Ft. Sumpter, is a vivid memory to him. Mr. Clark was but a boy at that time. After Ashley's impressive address, Mr. Clark turned to a friend who had come with him and said that three times 75,000 men would not win the war in three years. Ashley heard him and coming down from his platform denounced him as a fool, a rebel and a traitor to his country. In reply Mr. Clark told him that he had come north for the express purpose of going into the army.

He decided to enlist in the 14th Ohio Infantry. He stood watching the recruits drilling and the officers were holding books in their hands to see how to give the commands. Thereupon he decided that their ignorance in military tactics was appalling and so he went to the 18th U. S. Infantry where they had trained officers, most of them from military academies.

On the wall of the Clark home hangs a certificate of the Army of the Cumberland of which Mr. Clark was a member. This Army of the Cumberland was of the north, assigned to protect the territory from Mississippi to Kentucky and was organized at Louisville, Mo., in '61. Its commanders were, General Buell, General H. Thoma, Thomas Crittenden and Alec McCook. Mr. Clark served three years in the 18th United States Infantry and six and a half months in the Third Ohio Cavalry. There are twenty-four members of the Third Ohio Cavalry still living and each year they have a reunion and Mr. Clark is hoping that he may be able to attend this one, which is some months off at this writing.

He was never taken prisoner, but he received a wound which was most serious. A shell passed across his chest, taking off an index finger on his hand and tore the skin from his chest, finally exploding in a nearby bank. He was in the hospital for some time and the doctors at that time considered the case a most unusual one and they did not see how Mr. Clark had survived the shock. He was

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TWENTY-NINE YEARS WITHOUT MISHAP

DEEP down in the smoky interior of the blacksmith shop in the West Shops plant at Springfield, Mo., a husky blonde German, who signs the payroll with a bold "Gus Engelkamp", has a job that few men on Frisco Lines envy. He is the boss-man of the largest steam-hammer on the whole railroad,—a big, black-shafted giant of a hammer which hits a blow of 8,000 pounds and towers thirty feet or more up toward the smoke-stained roof of the shop.

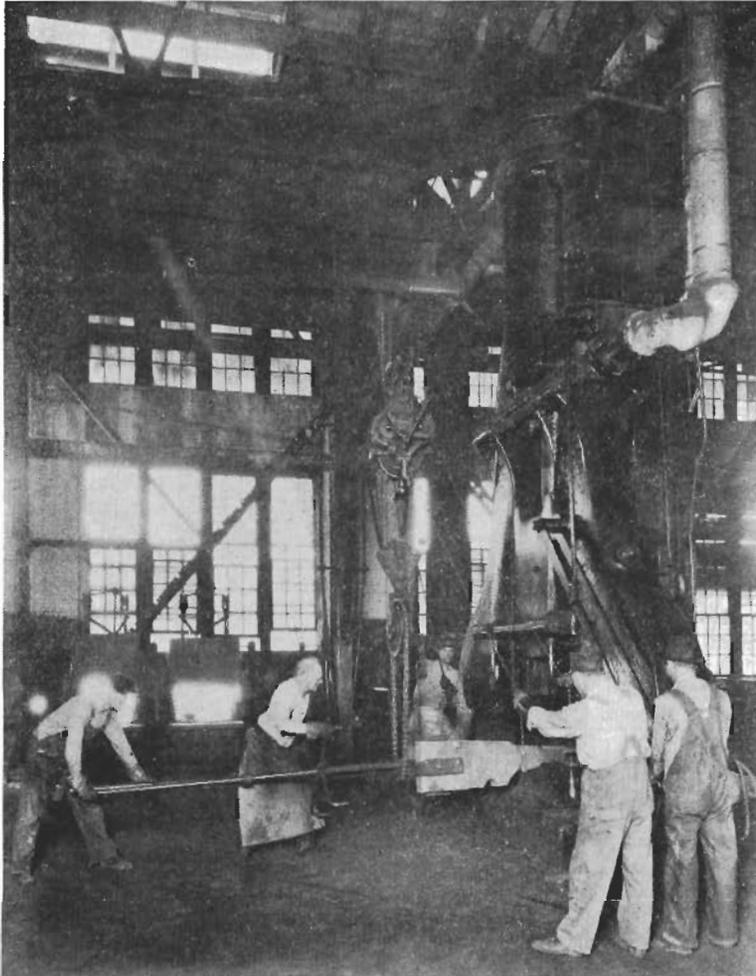
On March 6, 1901, Gus Engelkamp came to Frisco Lines as a hammer smith, and took charge of the predecessor of this giant steam-hammer. Until three years ago the original hammer remained on the job and Gus bossed it well and efficiently. Then the powers-that-be bought the new hammer, bigger, better, and, although Gus hates to admit it, harder to handle.

"Lulu-Belle" seems an incongruous name to apply to so deadly a piece of machinery. The terrific punches of "Lulu-Belle", as she pounds her fat snout into a white-hot piece of metal, make one think of that comic-strip character, "The Powerful Katrinka." And then Gus gives a slight motion of his hand to the man in charge of the steam lever, and "Lulu-Belle" seems almost to caress the gradually cooling steel driving rod, as she smooths out an angle here, straightens a curve there.

"During 1929 this hammer turned out 516 new drive rods, besides doing all the other heavy work in the shop," Gus confided while waiting for the oil forging furnaces behind him to heat the next rod to the required heat of 2,300 degrees. "So far this year (up to June 1) we've made 128 of them. Believe me, the four boys who work here with me, and myself, think

"Respect for Your Job Saves Accidents," Says Gus Engelkamp, Steam Hammersmith

a lot of this hammer. She's almost human to us—just like a locomotive to a hog-head. She can hit an 8,000-



pound lick, or she can almost kiss that steel. Most of the time, though, we give her all the head she wants. Here comes the next rod. Now watch while the ol' baby does her stuff."

The furnace doors opened with a roar and a blast of searing heat. Under Gus' leadership the four-man crew advanced to the furnace doors, and grappled with the huge, oblong piece of glowing metal, white hot from the fire. Pulleys adjusted, the metal was guided to the hammer and placed in position. Gus grasped the handles,

noded to his helpers for attention, gave a signal with one elbow.

Wham! Bam! Lulu-Belle was pouring it on! Steam hissed savagely as the full 8,000 pounds pressure struck the steel. Gradually the metal seemed to elongate, to assume shape. A brief pause while Gus measured his angles. More pressure, gradually subduing, until

Lulu-Belle was delivering love pats to the cooling steel, and in a few moments another drive rod was added to the day's pile, ready for a waiting iron horse and a freight train.

An accident with the huge hammer? Gus Engelkamp gave a hearty laugh. Not in twenty-nine years. Never a reportable or non-reportable injury from either the boss hammersmith himself or any of his four men in the crew. No, sir, they play 'em safe with Lulu-Belle.

"There's a reason, too," Gus said. My helpers here, Jim Black, H. D. Owen, Bill Harwood and R. F. Carroll, are family men. Myself, I've got the Mrs. and three daughters. There's Julia who works in Mr. Moran's office, and Dorothy and Mary Louise. I'm the only man in the family and it just would not do for me to get hurt. So the boys and I play it safe here. We've got the proper respect for Lulu-Belle,

if you know what I mean. Fooling with that old gal would be just like flirting with a buzz-saw, or like a Ford trying to knock a 4200 off the right of way, or, maybe, like you trying to knock Jack Dempsey's eye out! I'll tell you, anything that can hit 8,000 pounds worth isn't going to get a chance at me."

Gus Engelkamp was born in Lengo, Germany, 53 years ago and came to America when he was six years old. With the exception of two weeks in

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