



Great credit is due to General Foreman H. L. Worman for the attractive entrance to the Fort Scott shop grounds and it is a wonderful and cheerful addition to the surroundings.

The Frisco-Man is in receipt of a photograph of this entrance, showing two attractive flower pots on each side. This was done in colors and the reproduction herewith does not do it credit.

The Northern Division seems to be taking a leading part in this beautifying of grounds. Similar work has been done at Pittsburg, Kan., and various points along the line.

The photograph reproduced in the last issue of *The Frisco-Man* showing park immediately adjoining superintendent's office, speaks for itself.

952's Crew

The crew shown in the accompanying reproduction were snapped in the Armory yard, while in charge of engine 652, train 952, between Amory and Aberdeen, Miss.



Reading from left to right may be seen, L. L. Griffin, conductor; R. Beckem, yard clerk; V. H. Wallace, fireman; and W. V. Stanley, engineer.

Amory Park

The Frisco's campaign for keeping yards, shops and terminals clean and attractive is certainly bearing fruit at Amory, Miss., and the flower gardens in the yards and in the Frisco Park, just back of the terminal, are among the most attractive spots to be found along the line.

Through the co-operation of the employes and the town people, the Frisco Park has been made a pleasant resting spot, not only for the employes, but the traveling public as well. The lighting fixtures alone, for this park, cost in the neighborhood of \$500.00.

Good luck is the willing hand-maid of upright energetic character and conscientious observance of duty.—Lowell.

Will the Light be White?

Oft, when I feel my engine swerve,
As o'er strange rails we fare,
I strain my eye around the curve
For what awaits us there.
When swift and free she carries me
Through yards unknown at night,
I look along the line to see
That all the lights are white.

The blue light marks the crippled car,
The green light signals "Slow,"
The red light is a danger light,
The white light, "Let her go!"
Again the open fields we roam,
And, when the night is fair,
I look up in the starry dome
And wonder what's up there.

For who can speak for those who dwell
Behind the curving sky?
No man has ever lived to tell
Just what it means to die.
Swift toward life's terminal I trend;
The run seems short to-night.
God only knows what's at the end—
I hope the lamps are white.

—Cy Warman.



L. C. Jones, foreman, Section E-2, Mounds, Okla., has just equipped his hand car with a gasoline engine, and is now using it every day between mile posts 444 and 450, under the supervision of Roadmaster John Ladon of the Red River Division.

Speaking of the saving brought about through the use of the gasoline motor, Mr. Jones says:

"By the use of this engine each man can put in ninety minutes more work on the section instead of pumping the car, which, figuring on a basis of four men to a crew, means six hours a day work on the track.

"It now takes me only fifteen minutes to get to the point of my work, where in most cases it would have taken me from forty to sixty minutes, and, when I get to the work, the men are not tired out pumping the car.

"Aside from this, in cases of emergency, I have many advantages; one which just occurred I will use to illustrate. I was called to assist a section crew at Kiefer—a distance of four miles from where I was working—to get an engine on the track. I took my men the four miles, and was back in forty minutes, and that against a high gale, which I never could have made with the hand

car under one and a half hours, all things being favorable, and it would have taken five or six men at that. This particular instance must have resulted in a great saving to the company, as the delay caused by the trouble was shorter than it would have been otherwise.

"In another instance I was on a passenger train coming from Beggs, Okla., when I learned that eight miles south of Mounds the track was on fire. I came on into Mounds, got out my motor car and went back to the fire, and covered a distance of sixteen miles in forty-five minutes from the time I discovered the fire. Two poles, thirty ties, about one hundred acres of meadow, and possibly other material, were saved by being able to get to the point of the fire against the high gales we have here frequently, without loss of time."

Mr. Jones has been in the service of the road for thirteen years, ten years of which he has served as foreman. He has been in charge of Section E-2 for the last four years. He is a firm believer in safety first, last and all the time, and was the first foreman to be appointed Safety Committeeman from the track department on the Red River Division.

Genius is nothing but a continued attention.—Helvetius.

Man's great actions are performed in minor struggles.—Victor Hugo.

FORTY YEARS YOUNG

M. C. Whelan, Blacksmith Foreman, Kansas City, Mo.

While notable improvements have been made to buildings, yards, tracks and grounds surrounding Frisco property over the entire road, there is no more amazing example of what has been accomplished along these lines than the condition of the shops and grounds surrounding them at Kansas City, Mo.

At some of the newer shops and repair yards the changes wrought have been wonderful, but the Kansas City

The brick walls of the main buildings have been robbed of the signs of decay by thorough repairs, and the coating of paint as a finishing touch, has placed the shops in the class with the attractive places worth seeing around Kansas City.

While the general appearance of the property has been attended to thoroughly, the modern and efficient methods of handling work at the shops have taken greater strides. Work



A "beauty spot" in the south yard, Kansas City, Mo., which previously was a dumping ground for trash. Overhead is a viaduct for street car and wagon traffic. The view is enjoyed by all who pass.

shops and yards, which have seen some forty winters and summers, have, through the energy of the present officials in introducing methods of efficiency and friendly rivalry, surely found the fountain of youth.

Where once there was a pile of rubbish, now stands a sightly plot from which the perfume of flowers is wafted to the passer-by. Where once there was an unsightly frame building, there is now to be found a ground spot of beauty or a neat and attractive workshop.

that formerly required simply main strength, is now performed with intelligence and ease. Where previously a half dozen men lifted and tugged to load or unload a steel bolster, or other heavy article, it is now picked up by a hoist and placed where required by one man.

Formerly material was piled on the floor promiscuously around machinery and other equipment. Now it is neatly piled so as not to endanger the lives and limbs of the workmen, and after necessary work is performed all ma-

terial is delivered to proper destination.

Small buildings and discarded box cars, which were formerly utilized for individual work and storage, rooms have been destroyed and in their place a substantial building to accommodate all has been erected.

place for rust and dirt. Now two places are assigned for the storage of material—the store room and the scrap bin.

The sanitary condition at the shops today is something of which to be proud. Instead of buckets all over the floor or piled in corners, after being



Adjoining the new oxy-acetylene plant at Kansas City, Mo. On the left, finished bolsters; at right, bolsters unfinished. Center shows air hoist from gib crane. Underneath is narrow gauge track and car which runs into the shop and serves three operators.

A modern oxy-acetylene plant with a 17-foot gib crane has been installed to load and unload heavy repairs, with a narrow gauge track and car to serve the operators. Each operator has gib crane and chain hoist which carries work between car and forge.

Formerly each individual had his little storage corner for material which he thought might come in handy, but which in most cases was a breeding

kicked over to empty them of dirty water, a good sanitary wash room with cupboards for each man has been erected in each of the shops.

It would require too lengthy an article to enumerate all of the wonderful improvements made, but the round house, car and coach yard have all kept up with the progress and all of those who have performed their part surely deserve credit.

There is no more opportune time than the present to better freight handling. Will you help?

It is easier to prevent errors in freight handling than to correct them, and it is less expensive, too.