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The Scout

*In Penn Valley Park,
Kansas City, Mo.*

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A. N. Reece, Chief Engineer, Presiding

Improving The Railroad by Doing Work to the Highest Standard

By O. L. SPYRES,
Roadmaster, DeQuincy

THE old saying that work worth doing at all is worth doing right, still holds good, and I do not know of any place where this is any more true than on a railroad. Just the kind of work we do is the kind of a railroad we may expect to have.

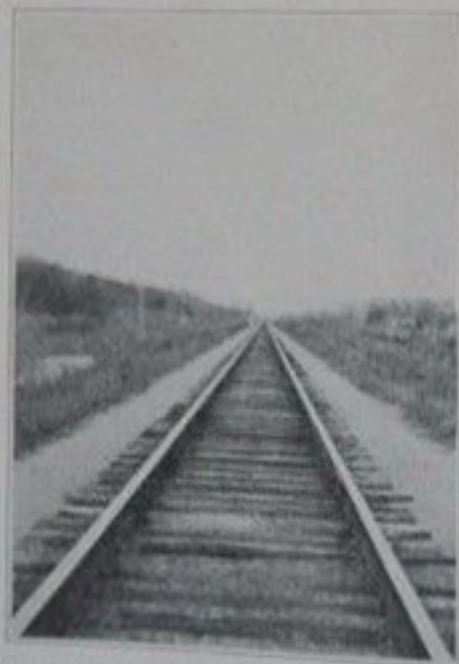
If we do our work in a workmanlike manner the railroad itself will show the results. If we program our work in an improper way and satisfy ourselves with the idea any old kind of work will do, we can not expect to see our railroad improve.

Take for instance the work of surfacing and smoothing up a piece of track. If the track is pulled to uniform surface, ties placed straight across the track, with uniform spacing, to give rail equal and even bearing, spikes driven down, ties properly tamped, track brought to proper gauge and line, and dressed up in neat manner, we have made a good job of it and one that will last much longer than if any of the above mentioned is neglected.

If the ties are left slewed and bunched, part of the track does not have the support it should have, while the ties in another part are so close together that the work cannot be properly performed between them. If the surface is left uneven, and gauge and line bad, it will cause unnecessary rocking and rolling of cars and engine, which cause other rough spots in track close by, and it will be necessary to go back and do the job over, while if it had been taken care of as it should have been at the start, the time spent could have been profitably used in doing some other work.

Don't Heel in Spikes

In gauging track, spikes should be pulled, all holes plugged, and rail brought to proper gauge with bar instead of trying to pull it to gauge by heeling in spikes, as spikes driven in this manner do not give the support they should, and after the spike has been driven down there is an open space back of it which will allow the water to get down to the untreated part of the wood and start decay at this particular place.



Looking North on Mile 268, on Foreman J. E. Duncan's section.

and all other parts of the switch applied, will not only last longer and lessen the wear on the switch material, but will also lessen the liability of accidents to trains operating over them.

Each part and piece of a switch is put there for the purpose of making the switch safe for the operation of trains over it. I have known of serious accidents happening at switches caused by cotter keys losing out, safety caps on main rods rusting out and falling off, allowing main rod to become disconnected from connecting rod, loose bolts or the absence of bolts, gauge too tight between frog point and running rail on opposite side, improper setting of guard rail, and other causes, when a little closer supervision and a few minutes work would have corrected any of the conditions which caused the trouble. Therefore, switches should be put in according to our standard plans, with all parts and pieces applied, and should have close supervision and any loose and unsafe conditions corrected, to head off trouble.

Neglecting Little Things

Oftentimes overlooking and neglecting to take care of little things as they show up cause us to have to do the big things. For instance, loose bolts in a joint, if not taken care of and allowed to run in that condition, will cause the ends of two new rails to become battered and will finally result in the rails having to be taken out, bringing about the expense of assembling other rails on the ground, changing the rails out and taking the damaged rails where they can be used. If such a job had been taken care of at the proper time, tightening up the bolts would have been all that was necessary to do.

In tightening track bolts, a wrench not longer than 36-in. should be used, the taps run up thoroughly tight, but bolts should not be strained; taps should be left square up and not with corner up, so as to give the track uniform appearance.

Ditches should be dressed up according to our standard plans and some system used, the back of ditch lined up with some accuracy, bottom of ditch cut to uniform surface and shaped to look like something. It does not require any more time to dress up and shape up a ditch as it should be if one will start with the intention of doing the job right, than it does to do the work improperly, and it will carry the water out better and longer than a ditch not properly dressed up, left with holes and humps in bottom, and paying no attention to line in back of ditch, any one of which will retard the flow of water, causing a settlement of dirt, and the ditch will have to be cleaned out much sooner than if the job had been done right at the start.

It is rather embarrassing to me to try and explain why I did not do a

piece of work right. I sometimes think that I would rather try to explain why I have never attempted to do a job at all.

Doing work is like any other habit. You can cultivate and practice a habit of doing work right and get to where you are not satisfied with doing it any other way, or you can cultivate and practice a habit of doing sloppy work until you can go right along doing work in this manner without even noticing or feeling that you are not doing the right thing, that you are not playing fair with either yourself or your employer, or the men who are working under your supervision.

Habit of Doing It Right

So let us cultivate the habit of doing the thing right and feeling better over it. If you have any pride, you will want to do your work right, and doing one job right will cause you to want to do another job right.

Fixing up one mile of track so it rides and looks like something will cause you to want to fix up another, and so on until you get whatever part of the railroad you are responsible for in a little better riding and appearing condition than anyone else. Try it and see; you will not regret the effort which it took to bring about this condition.

The man who does not properly perform his work only needs a few scattered jobs at different places to keep him busy running from one job to another, doing over and over again what he should have done right in the start, and the remainder of his work is being neglected.

The majority of our laborers have been with us for a considerable length of time and are pretty well skilled in track work. They can and will do the work right and a reasonable amount of it if given to understand what is wanted, and will have more respect for the man who requires them to do their work in this manner than they will for one that allows them to loaf on the job and perform their work in an improper way.

Must Do More Thinking

We are going to have to get down to hard thinking and economizing, and doing a little better class of work in order to bring our road up to the high standard which we hope to see it. Do not waste your time; figure out how to use it in the most profitable way; study your work; know today where you are going to work tomorrow, what you are going to do and how and why you are going to do it; also what material you expect to use; and if it isn't on the ground, take it with you as you go and avoid running back to tool house or material yards after it.

When you start in on any of our seasonal program work, start it with the intention of doing the job right and finishing it on time or a little ahead of time and do not start in with a feeling

that you do not know whether you will finish on time, or whether you will ever finish.

Keep the ballast cleaned up and evened up; it is much easier to keep a job up than it is to catch up after it is all run down. We should not be satisfied with holding our own, but should endeavor to make some little noticeable and permanent improvements, such as building mounds around our roadway signs, filling up holes and leveling up grounds around station and section house, planting flowers and shrubs, draining water holes, building up weak spots in dump, and many other things that can be done.

Water standing near the track and lean dumps cause soft spots and weak track, and when you get rid of the water and get the dump built up to what it should be, you have corrected a thing which was responsible for bringing about a track condition which had cost much more in trying to keep the track smoothed up to what it should be than it cost to take care of the condition which was causing the trouble.

If you have a piece of track that requires an unusual amount of time trying to keep smoothed up, find out what is causing the trouble and get it taken care of, and you will find more time to spend on other work.

Let's Not Disappoint Them

Our road has spent considerable time and effort in building up a safe and sound organization and in educating their men to be good workmen, and naturally are expecting to see some good results and will be disappointed if we are unable to bring our road up to a higher standard.

I have tried to bring out some of the advantages of doing work right and some of the evil effects of doing work in an improper manner. Much more could be said on this subject, but summing it all up in a nut shell, this is what it means: stay on the job, work hard, do your work well, be honest, do the ordinary things plus a little more, do not work for a salary, but work for the interest of the individual, firm or corporation which is paying you your salary, and you will put the job over.

Discussion

Messrs. Hooper, Lank, Box, Sanders, Blades, and Stephenson entered into the discussion of this paper.

The Chairman cautioned attempting to draw track to gauge by means of the spike, when installing ties and working on track. Such a practice is contrary to all track laying and rail laying instructions, as spikes must be driven vertically. They are frequently found to have been driven down to within an inch of the rail, and then heeled in, leaving a space that the spike does not fill. This will not only allow the traffic to push the spike

back, but will also permit water to enter the hole not reached by the creosote, the latter result offsetting the value of the tie treating process.

Many European railroads are getting 35 to 60 years of service from creosoted ties, while in America the average life has been generally considered as ranging from 16 to 20 years. The opinion has prevailed that American roads either did not use enough care in applying the treating material, or the track forces were too much inclined to use the pick, and to neglect to plug the spike holes. Such treatment of creosoted ties exposes the timber to destruction by decay.

Installing Switches

The importance of installing switches properly was also stressed by the Chairman. The material should be properly spaced and placed; track in good line and gauge; all cotter keys in; and all other work required should be up to the standard. A switch that is installed right and according to our standard, seldom causes any trouble, but if cotter keys have not all been applied, or nut locks are used between clip and rail instead of using bolts, or other work is carelessly performed, it results in insecure fastening and troubles will later arise. If necessary, the switch rods should be taken out and rebored so the clips fit accurately against the switch points. The rods should be put in properly for the bolts, and only the nutlocks that are supposed to be used for the switch applied. Failure to work out switch points so they will fit accurately without the use of nutlocks behind the clips is one of the worst offenses in ordinary track work. The nutlocks are sometimes improperly used on a bolt, which should not be done, either in a yard or on the main line, as two nutlocks are worse than one. The right bolts should be used in every case.

The importance of tightening bolts at road crossings was emphasized by the Chairman. It is a small job in itself, but important. We are prone to be somewhat lax in keeping these bolts tight. If they are allowed to become loose and remain that way for a considerable period it results in battered end rail.

In discussing the matter of ditching the Chairman explained that where the roadbed has become narrow, or a ditch becomes deep at the outlet ends, it is frequently found that we do not have enough roadbed to hold the ballast. Where dirt is taken from the ditches and placed on the shoulders of the fills, the gravel at such places should be thrown up and the standard berm brought level to the bottom of the back of the ditch and the ballast replaced. This may mean that the ditch will have to be widened at that point, but the importance of keeping the roadbed uniform must be borne in



The force in the office of the Freight and Passenger Accountant at Kansas City in 1913, when the General Offices were located in the Thayer Building. Those in the picture, from left to right, are: Fred Oetkin; C. Sanders; W. C. Ford; Mrs. Smith; R. P. Palmquist; P. A. Holly; Fred Wooding; G. Taylor; D. E. Cleary; R. Maloney; next two not identified; Chas. Lut; M. C. Ouse; G. T. Emerson; Ted Ellison, and Harry Robbs.

mony, he opened the box—and, behold! Instead of the giant Cake Eater bar, there lay therein, neatly wrapped, a portion of paving brick such as might be found in Santa Fe street. Only a photograph could tell the story from there, surprise, disappointment, “/”)(“x;”/ and such. A careful examination of the box developed no indication of its having been tampered with, and the conclusion was reached that the letter found its way to someone with a real sense of humor.

But wait. Along about 11:30 a. m., there appeared mysteriously on each desk in the office, including Otto's, a generous slice of a giant Cake Eater Bar. How come? How should we know? Even Otto is still in the dark. The candy was delicious, so read our letter to Loose-Wiles. Finis.

And on top of all that, the very same day, while we do not know so much about those things, quite a stir was created over a semi-windblown and a couple of finger waves more or less equally distributed between E. J. H. and A. T. Anna offered to save us the flaxseed for future reference.

That same afternoon ushered in Ray and Marguerite Johnson from Shreveport, with Shreveport's (or did he say Louisiana's) best baby, Bud. Bud's smile will get him in any place and, of course, he takes that after his parents.

A recent news item in the paper commenting on the outelassing, in noise, of an airplane motor by a jazz band, brings to mind an office nonaday discussion of non-Hebrew musical instruments on May 15.

We are not insinuating that Harding has a branch in this building, but we overheard the following in the hall not so long ago:

"Hello, Polty."
"Hello, Birdie."

W. H.: "Has anyone an extra K.C.S. Clerk?"

M. D. B.: "I'll have one in about fifteen years."

Fish! We have been reminded that the fishing season will soon be at hand, which reminds us that way back on the 23rd of April some porcupine quill floats were brought in at noon by D. L. W. Before the whistle blew we had our statistician fully convinced that they were toothpicks for sharks.

Ted says the office is all shod for the spring plowing, still there isn't a gold digger in the bunch. Possibly we may unearth a few fish worms. Not that plowing particularly enters into it, but this department has gone in pretty strong for golf this season.

O. E. S.: "When I have a telephone put in it's going to be one of those with the receiver and mouthpiece on one section."

D. L. W.: "If you ever get a phone in your house it will be a pay phone."

Getting back to this cake eater business, the Chief Clerk says his idea of having a good time involves two Cake Eater Bars and a gallon of water. Then for the other species, not the bar type, V. M. S. came in a day or so ago with a rosy tint on the "roof," indicating beyond any doubt that he has discarded his hat while promenading in the sunshine.

Surely the Campbells are coming, with some excitement in store, for we heard a shrill voice, "Hoot, Mon! Cease!" But it just turned out to be someone calling Rube Monsees to the telephone.

If you would like to get out off short, call Elmridge 1494-J. John says these want ads sure do bring results.

It is our hope by this time, that is, the date of issue, Safety Inspector Moore will be out of the hospital at Fort Smith, well and happy.

The absence of the cushion from the

secretary's chair was noted and commented on, which brings to mind it was taken home for application of non-loosing-of-feathers ointment. Moral: If you have a cushion at the office, suitable as to size for a poodle dog bed, which cushion needs repair—don't have it repaired.

Virgil on Car 98 wants to know if there is anything good for hicoughs other than having someone pull out the tongue and hang onto it.

Inspector of Transportation McCarty, who was parked at Leesville on May 13, says as the men of old, "It's a long road that has no turns." The favorite strip of paved road at Leesville seems to be between uptown and our station, and many round trips a day are made by the pleasure riders, from uptown to the station, back uptown, and then do it all over again.

With this true story, we quit: A colored fellow stepped up to the ticket window in Beaumont station and the following conversation took place:

The Colored Fellow: "Boss, I wants to get some info'mation."

Ticket Clerk Johnson: "All right, what will it be?"

The same C. F. again: "I wants to put in mah complaint to de Pullman Company foh a job as potah."

Possibly you do not understand the first item in our notes. Maybe we can explain. Certain.

Personnel Department

HENRY O. WEILAND

Correspondent

FORE!

That is the cry to be heard in the Superintendent of Personnel's office almost any time you happen in during those bright sunshiny days. If you wish

Lloyd will eloquently and authoritatively explain the best way to play the especially "tough" St. Andrew's Golf Course, for as you all know, the Big Tournament is on, and the Personnel Department is in it, as well as everything else, almost 100 per cent. We have four very enthusiastic golfers, J. M. Prickett, E. C. Thompson, Lloyd R. Squires and Henry O. Welland, and they say the Personnel Department is going to bring home the bacon.

Speaking of Golf—While demonstrating some difficult shots at the lunch hour a few days ago, (using his umbrella for a club) Lloyd came to grief. He posed in the approved fashion and made a wide swing at an imaginary ball, crashing the desk with the umbrella and the expected happened—the handle broke off. When we came back at noon we found Lloyd sitting woefully at his desk trying to stick it back together with glue.

While I'm telling them, I better tell this one on myself before someone beats me to it. The writer is not only an ardent golfer, but is a devoted golf ball HUNTER. Not long ago he lost a brand new "six-bit" ball in a small patch of grass, and although the rule book says five minutes is ample time in which to search for the ball, he hunted for forty-five minutes. Finally giving up in disgust, he stepped on the elusive ball and very nearly turned his ankle. And to top it off, he had to do no end of talking to smooth the matter over with his wife, who was playing with him at the time.

They say there is no rest for the wicked. Judging from this old adage, John Gunther must be a pretty bad egg, as he certainly gets no time to rest around here. Just about the time the show was over and Johnny thought he would be permitted to slide back in his chair and draw a deep breath, along came the new orchestra and asked him to help them put over the ticket sales for the dance. As Roy South would say, "Such popularity must be deserved."

We feel that this is a good time to tell the folks a little about the orchestra

and "what it's all about." We feel that no modern business is complete without a good orchestra, and we feel that the K. C. S. is modern to the 5th degree, having a new magazine and everything. After we have given the dance at the Ambassador Hotel we hope to have enough money in the treasury to be able to buy some good music and settle down to real hard work practicing during the summer months, and really surprise the folks this fall. Everybody is invited to join, and anyone who cares to get in the orchestra while it is still in its infancy, can apply to the writer of this column, who is also the director of the orchestra. The personnel of the orchestra at the present time consists of the following:

Henry Welland, director.
Herb Fader, piano.
Bob Williams, piano.
Paul Creal, trumpet.
Glen Lowell, trumpet.
Earl Williams, trumpet.
Neal Aikins, trombone.
Terry Clement, saxophone.
Horace Sanders, saxophone.
Emil Jonach, saxophone.
Raymond Ehrhart, piano.
Lawrence Rogers, saxophone and flute.
Adolph Myers, banjo.
A. H. Coleman, drums and xylophones.
L. J. Boulware, drums and traps.
C. S. Bailey, bass.
Miss Edith Wain, violin.
Warfield Graves, violin.

Auditor of Revenues' Office

W. E. YOBE AND M. E. WARDEN

Correspondents

Mr. Buechner spent the week of May 2, in Atlanta, Ga., attending the Railroad Accounting Officers Association's Convention.

Several months back, Jerry Donnelly received a statement from a clothing firm for an extra pair of trousers to a suit which he purchased. Jerry refused to settle, as he claimed to have never received the "pants." A few days ago Jack Dempsey, in taking an inventory of the vault, discovered a neatly done up package addressed to J. J. Donnelly. Jerry was all smiles, a pair of trousers for "nothing," but the box contained only the tissue paper. Now, who's the laugh on?

Any one wishing a few pointers on betting on the dog races, see Miss Greene, she always picks the winner.

Mrs. Nitches says she was not "peeking" through key holes, nor did her husband use the rolling pin. She unfortunately contracted a piece of steel in her left eye, which caused her considerable agony. Dr. Scheer finally succeeding in removing it.

We don't know what Frank Kelley had to drink on his way home the other night, but it must have been good stuff. Anyway, here's what happened. Frank, reaching home, thought he would take a short nap. Awakening very suddenly he looked at the clock, saw it was eight o'clock. "Late again," thinks Frank, he dresses hurriedly, rushes down to the restaurant remarks how dark it is this morning, and much to his delight, discovers it is only 3:00 p. m.

Again this office contributed well to a worthy cause. This time being the Salvation Army for the new citadel. The total amount subscribed being \$119.58.

The new signal buttons on the elevators, greatly improve the service. This again goes to show that this management is always endeavoring to make our working conditions as pleasant as possible.

John and Herman Powell have the sincere sympathy of the entire office in the



James Austin McGee, 19-month old son of W. J. McGee, boiler-maker of East Kansas City.

loss of their father, who passed away Friday, May 13, 1928.

Mr. Atherton spent several days in St. Louis the past month looking over the new Hollerith accounting machines. D. A. says they are a wonderful piece of machinery.

The play "O Captain," presented by the Port Arthur Route Players was well attended by the office. Every one says their money and time were well spent.

T. E. Anderson, accountant, spent several days at Port Arthur, assisting the station force in compiling their storage and elevation reports. On his return, Earl did not show any effects of the "big mosquitoes."

Correspondence indicates that Guy Daugherty, general agent at Dallas, is doing a "Gertrude Ederle." He goes under, but doesn't swallow much water.

The only thing that worries Guy is whether "Bill Jones" is "healthy, wealthy and wise," or does the picture depict him the "morning after?"

Freight Claim Department

MISS CHARLOTTE CLARK

Correspondent

It is too bad we all can't afford to have several complete outfits of clothes to wear to the office. W. D. F. came down the other day with the latest in a dark blue suit, and when asked if he had a new suit he replied, "Oh, no, just one I had to dig out of the clothes closet; all my others needed pressing."

Just think! Amon Budd has been married since New Year's and he hasn't showed us a black eye yet. Never mind, Budd; some of these days you'll be too quick for you.

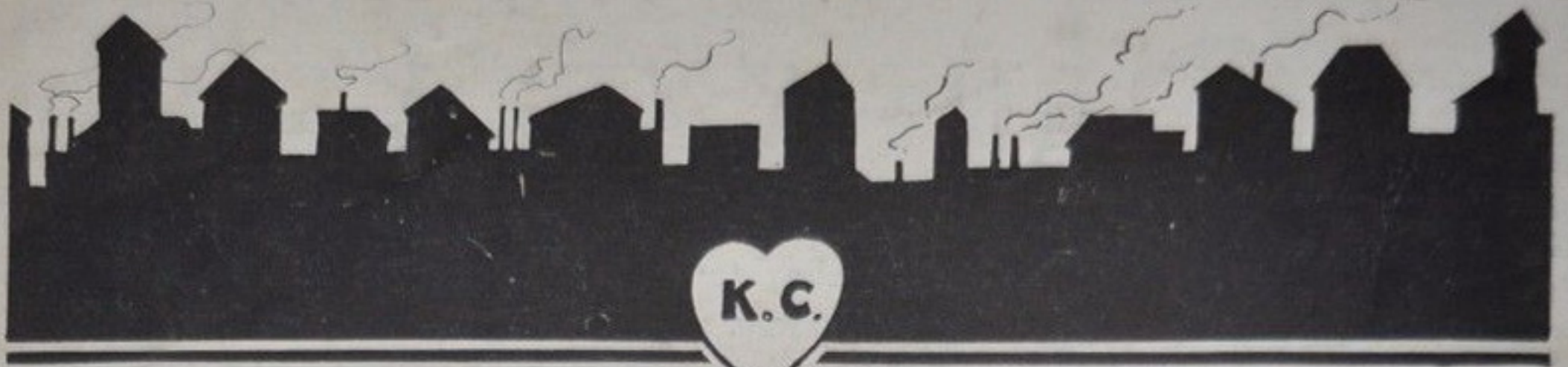
Clarence Coyler, blushing admits that had he known Chief of Police Shreve was going to leave town in such a hurry and create a vacancy he would have placed his application. No doubt Clarence thinks he is a detective just because he can run down his heels.

Evidently Mr. Sarasin thought it would be more economical to just buy tickets for the play "O Captain" and



Russell Sleyster, of the Car Service Department, is the artist responsible for this picture.

OPENING THE DOORS OF THE WORLD



From the throbbing heart of earth's greatest nation, the Kansas City Southern Railway forms the shortest lane to the sea.

Through the fertile soil of Missouri it leads, tapping ingeniously the vast coal, lignite, lead and zinc deposits of Kansas, Missouri and Oklahoma.

The stock and dairying country, where registered herds graze on the green slopes, is penetrated.

Into the "Land of a Million Smiles" the glistening rail-trail goes. Here Nature, the eternal sculptor, molded tree-trimmed, stream-laced and rock-jeweled hills for humanity's inspiration.

The horn of plenty empties its luscious stores along the Port Arthur Route. Finest strawberries, peaches, apples, cantaloupes, and all varieties of vegetables, are whisked away to market over our rails.

Farther on, the exciting romance of "black-gold" is lived.

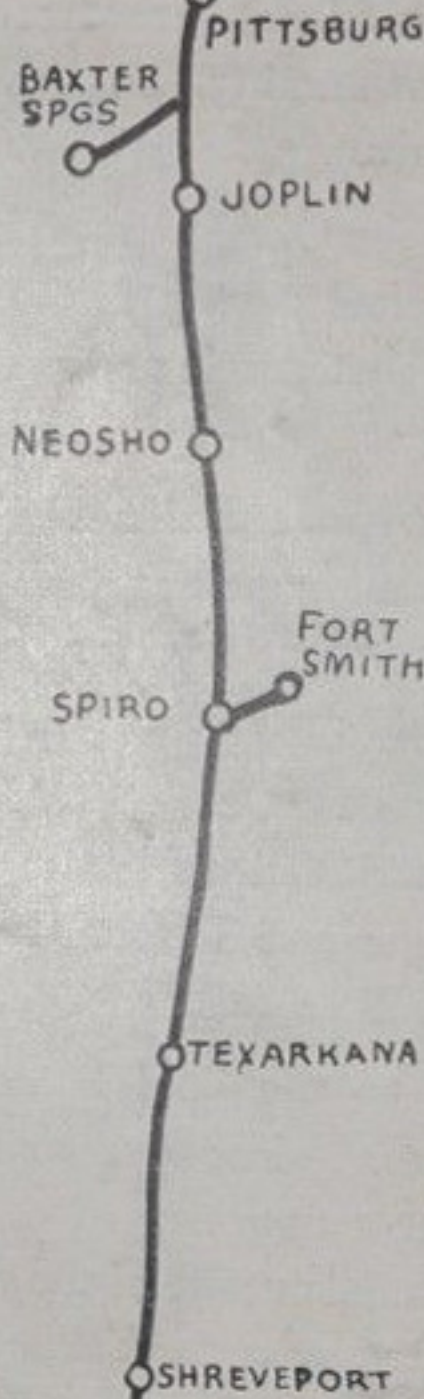
Oil—oil—trainloads of oil are rushed daily from the seemingly limitless fields of Oklahoma, Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas to great refineries, thence to world-wide destinations.

The "Land ob Cotton" brings to mind tales of the old South. Much of this indispensable product is grown along the Kansas City Southern Railway.

Magnificent forests give us their treasures for the shelter and comfort of mankind.

Waving fields of rice are seen. The fragrance of orange groves comes, and soon the tang of the sea.

Ships from far-away places ply the deep waters to Port Arthur, Beaumont and Lake Charles. Cargoes of every conceivable commodity are transferred from giant ocean vessels to K. C. S. trains, and from K. C. S. trains to mighty ships.



The Doors of the World

Are Opened By

THE KANSAS CITY SOUTHERN RAILWAY CO.