

During the absence of J. W. Watkins, chief clerk of Car Department, who has been on his vacation, Mr. A. Chase, of Springfield, dished out the orders to this department.

Someone says a certain young man of the Transportation Department has interests upstairs or possibly in the Store Department.

Is there such thing as surprises? Yes, they come both ways. Ask Mrs. Irene Bruce White. After probing into this suspicious matter the old side kicks of Miss Bruce find she has proven an expert on keeping secrets, or one at least. One woman in America can, our hats are off to you, Irene. But listen, she gets the surprise of her young life on January 16th. One by one, two by two, they began filing in with bundles and boxes. Although it was quite exciting for all concerned the first few moments, but she finally decides to make the best of it and the evening was very enjoyably spent. Those present were: Misses Eleanor Forster, Narine Folsom, Cordelia Copeland, Nellie Davis, Leona Lloyd, Bee Masier, Mrs. Graniger, Messrs. Jno. Maffitt, Clifford Horne, Mr. Graniger and—er—three others, ask Misses Davis, Lloyd and Masier. Anyway, the girls and boys say they wouldn't mind if something exciting would happen often.

Mr. J. Forster, master mechanic, has been out of town on business for several days.

Mr. Chris Nelson, general foreman Car Department, who was an old Frisco man and highly respected by those who knew him, after a lingering illness of about eighteen months, died on January 16. He leaves a wife and five children to mourn his death, to whom our heartfelt sympathy goes out.

If by chance this misses the waste basket there is reason to believe someone will come again with a few notes for our interesting little magazine.

MEMPHIS.

(Effie D. McLaurine)

Our regular correspondent has been too busy entertaining a certain Traveling Salesman from Nashville (yes, they let him out occasionally to come to Memphis) to handle the items for the Frisco Man at Memphis. Lena, we bet that white ivory spread all over your dressing table has put a smile on your face that won't come off.

Miss Ella Kate Prow, daughter of Engineer Prow, is the latest victim in the Master Mechanics' Office.

Miss Dorothy Phillips has accepted position as Roundhouse Clerk at Thayer. Dorothy, we wish you good luck on the new job, but look out for the Memphis Time-keeper, as you know how she "raves" when errors appear on the time cards. Anyway, Dorothy, you can expect her to rave now, as she has a new bungalow 'n' everything.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to thank the Frisco employes for their kindness and help rendered during the sad misfortune of losing our little three-year-old daughter and home by fire on December 5, 1919.

Local Storekeeper,
CHAS. I. MILLER and WIFE,
Fort Scott, Kan.

Our little blonde Distribution Clerk seems to have reached the vamping stage. No one has climbed over the transom recently for a bank book. We doubt if there was a bank book, anyway, "kinder" think they wanted to use the telephone to call Walnut 1250. No use, line is busy after 5 p. m.

Mrs. Floyd Day, stenographer in the Car Department, has a ninety-days' leave of absence account of ill health. We hope Mrs. Day will be entirely recovered when she returns to work in the spring.

Miss Louise Thomas has accepted position made vacant by Mrs. Day's leave of absence.

Can anyone tell us what Mr. Breece is eating to make him so fat? They say no one loves a fat man, but Mr. Breece is a married man.

Now Miss Josephine O'Brien has started going to Birmingham with Miss Sarah Hamlett. We just can't find out what the attraction is at Birmingham. We know positively that Josephine has a regular "sweetie" in Memphis.

Miss Mary Hewitt, of the Stores Department, says someone has made a mistake when they said she was going to Texas to live on a farm, for he don't live on a farm.

We certainly would like to see the party who wrote such a sweet letter to Miss Josephine O'Brien. Strange how people can fall in love with you when you don't even know their name.

Seems the folks don't know just which one of the blonds the bank book belongs to. Call at Master Mechanic's office for full particulars.

Miss Prow says she don't go with the boys. Ella Kate, you are missing gobs of fun.

The smile on Miss Bee's face is not due to the white ivory alone. We understand "Frank" is going to have his headquarters in Memphis during 1920. Certainly is nice to have a traveling "sweetie" that we can see often.

Miss Vera Yancey says Mr. Potts has such taking ways. Every time she deposits money on her desk for Coca Colas he takes it.

We are wondering just what place on the Mississippi River our office building will be located. Several tracks near by have located in the water recently due to the river bank caving in.

Miss Dorothy Phillips, at Thayer, has informed us that due to sleet and rain at Thayer she can involuntarily sit down easier than she can voluntarily stand up. Dorothy, why don't you come back to Dear Old Dixie, we miss you heaps, anyhow?

Last month's issue of the Frisco Man contained an item with reference to a certain machinist in the Memphis Shop, stating the girls would like for him to visit the Master Mechanic's Office. The secret is out, so we may as well tell it. It was reported that he "stored" his chewing gum behind his left ear, and the young ladies were merely trying to find out if such was true. Being Leap Year, he thought they had some designs upon him, and he has, evidently, that the office is no place for him. And the girls are still wondering about the gum!

Now, Mr. Follansbee has gone to sending our Timekeeper pictures of bungalows from California. Don't do that any more, Mr. Follansbee. She might try to bring them all to Memphis.

WANTED—An engine that will bring train 105 to Memphis on time. It may be the engineer's fault, but we would like to have 105 come in on time once more, especially some Saturday.

We wonder if Mr. Albert Beckham has located the blond lady's bank book. We don't believe he has, as he still calls at the office.

Mr. William Patterson continues his trips to New Albany. Why don't you bring her to Memphis, William. Two people can live as cheap as one? If you are in love with her, what do you care about the high cost of living.

"If you are tempted to reveal

A tale someone to you has told
About another, make it pass,

Before you speak, three gates of gold.

Three narrow gates—first, "Is it true?"

Then, "Is it needful" In your mind
Give truthful answer, and the next

Is last and narrowest, "Is it kind?"

And if to reach your lips at last

It passes through these gateways three,
Then you may tell, nor fear

What the result of speech may be.

ANON.

G. E. Buerkholtz, Traveling Boiler Inspector, paid us a pleasant visit Jan. 11.

Mr. Luke Layton McLaurine has made another trip to Mississippi. We thought Luke was through with Mississippi after having been marooned on his honeymoon in Mississippi Mud.

Miss Tommie Yancey, Timekeeper, seems to think none of us are perfect except—Robin. Could it be possible that she has found a perfect man? And she used to say that there was no such thing as love.

Miss Bee wonders why ignorant people get married. She thinks if they are ignorant they don't know what love is. Lena, Dan

Cupid never plays with sensible people. Frank even refused to meet a bride and groom.

Miss Dorothy Phillips, Roundhouse Clerk at Thayer, paid us a visit on the 14th, having come to Memphis on company business.

ST. LOUIS—DISBURSEMENTS DEPT.

(E. B. Rives)

Well, 1920 came in with everybody looking fine, some were "stewed," some boiled, some fried, but most were pickled. Soon the pickled ones will be as rare as a white crown in leap year.

C. T. Davis, head of the A & B Department, had a nightmare recently and fell out of bed. As a result he has his arm in a sling. He agrees that broken arms are not a joke.

Our old friend Mat Sparwasser is laid up at home after a little trouble with a street car. Mat is hardly recognizable, but he claims the car is now in the junk pile.

The Mo. Pac. general office lodge of the B. R. C. had their installation of officers Friday, Jan. 9, at West End Hall. After the ceremony, dancing was indulged in until a late hour. Music was furnished by the B. of R. C. orchestra, all members of which are union musicians, as well as members of the B. of R. C. E. B. Rives of this department is one of the members and played the cornet. Everybody reported a good time.

Now that everyone with political aspirations is casting his hat in the ring for the nomination for the presidency of the U. S. A., it is rumored that Eustice Walsh, of the Pay-Roll Department, is soon to resign to enter politics. Mr. Walsh, we understand, has his hat in the ring for the presidency of the Irish republic, and Tom Golden is seeking the nomination for Admiral of the Swiss Navy.

Everybody was sorry to see Mr. Findlow, who has been transferred to Fort Worth, as Auditor of the Ft. W. & R. G., depart from our circle. Mr. Findlow had been with us a long time and made a lot of friends, hence his departure was regretted. However, we wish him success. Mr. George B. Davis succeeded Mr. Findlow as Auditor of Disbursements, and is very popular.

On the evening of December 31 the employes of the Disbursement Department gathered around Mr. Findlow's private office, at the instance of Mr. Chenot, who had prepared a pleasant surprise for the erstwhile Auditor of Disbursements. On looking from his office upon the gleaming faces of his employes, he was somewhat taken aback, and no doubt felt that something unusual was taking place, for he had lost his courage completely for the first time in his life to face his employes. He retreated hastily to his office and evidently was reassured by Mr. Hoxie that the employes had a surprise for him. He came forth this

time with more courage, and without any introductory remarks whatever, our able assistant chief clerk, Mr. Wiet, delivered a few well-chosen remarks, impromptu though it be, was nevertheless gratifying and highly complimentary to his youthful qualities as an orator.

On behalf of the office, Mr. Wiet congratulated Mr. Findlow on his appointment to Auditor of the Texas Lines, and voiced our deep regret that had so soon to sever the happy and friendly relations existing between him and the employes of the department.

Mr. Wiet then presented Mr. Findlow with a handsome traveling bag and portfolio, being a parting gift from the employes as a token of respect and appreciation of his paternal methods of instructing the employes in the dispensation of their duties; recalling that though it may have been necessary for some of them to be spoken to sharply, it was a necessary part of the work and was not personal.

Mr. Findlow by this time was visibly affected, and, in accepting the gift, thanked the employes for their loyal support in the past and expressed the wish that they would also stick to their guns under Mr. Davis' direction as faithfully as they stuck to them under him; stating that should any have occasion to visit Fort Worth, that he would be more than pleased to see them.

Mr. Findlow then retreated to his office and emerged some time later, after having regained his composure, with an ear-to-ear smile, wished the employes a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Those who read the comic section of the Post-Dispatch a few Sundays ago were somewhat surprised to see the item of Bob Niederluck's engagement to be married appearing in public. Guess Bob is not satisfied being miserable himself, but wants to make another poor life miserable. Well, they say that misery loves company, and that they all flop sooner or later.

Notice that smile on Earl Hatchett's face January 6? Earl came down all smiles as the ground was covered with snow. Evidently he figured the city would need his auto truck to haul snow off the streets, but old Sol beat him to it. Never mind, Earl, every dog has his day.

Since John McDermott's relegation to the 9th floor of the Frisco bldg., his official visits to the Railway Exchange bldg. are now being looked forward to with extreme pleasure. S'matter, John? Must be paying your debts.

Few in the disbursement department are aware of the fact that they have a co-worker who is a star athlete. That person is none other than "Yatz" Corrigan. His performance in the forward line against the formidable Easterners in the New Year soccer game was highly complimentary to his prowess as a footballist, and a genuine credit to St. Louis talent.

Clarence Mueller, of this department, is also an expert "footballist." He comes down all banged up every once in a while.

Noticeable anxiety amongst the weaker sex has somewhat calmed down, recently. It was just the other morning and below zero too, that one of them stepped into the office without a glove on the left-hand, displaying a sparkling gem, we do admit that Miss Bachmann is entitled to reasonable pride.

Ella is engaged to the Navy, and will soon take a long cruise on that ocean of matrimony. Sailing is good in the calm, but beware of the storm, Ella.

SPRINGFIELD—BUREAU OF OPERATING ACCOUNTS

(A "Frisco-Man" Reader.)

Yes, that was all straight dope on Miss Sutherland in the last issue, but if The Frisco-Man would look a little out, he might get something later.

We are very much afraid that Miss Burns, our "Irish" steno, will wear out her perfectly good shoes if she doesn't quit



A Freight Traffic Department Man,
as Seen by the Cartoonist

walking the aisle and gazing at a certain member of the voucher department.

Does anyone know what happened to Mr. Hardin's head? He says it is the effects of a rolling pin, but the writer doesn't think his wife looks like that kind of a girl.

Miss Carroll lost her muff the other day. Anybody find it?

The latest report on the Gibson-Woolfe case is that Tom was out there playing cards the other night. We are all for you Tom, but please use discretion and remember the H. C. L.

Misses Proserpi and Watts had company from St. Louis the other day. Ask Misses Mayer and Lindquist, they saw them first, but didn't seem to have much luck.

R. A. Boucher was granted a leave of absence and left January 5 for Florida. Isn't he the lucky thing?

Anyone wanting to know about the garnishment filed against Mildred by J. K. G. and T. H. E. ask R. H. P.; he has full particulars.

A number of our girls, especially stenos, are taking dancing. Why so much pep, girls?

Will anyone tell us why our Mr. Summerskill thinks he is such a hit with the ladies? Well, anyway, he made a trip to Washington and none of the rest of us have had the chance.

Misses Mayer and Lindquist made a hurried trip to St. Louis on January 4. They say no one has it on them when it comes to climbing in upper berths. "Shure am graceful."

We understand Timekeeper Lawton wants to sell the flag pole he bought on Armistice Day. Anyone need such a thing?

Johnnie, our office boy, thinks he is quite "grewed up" and we hear he is contemplating matrimony, but the girls still call him honey.

We would like to know just what J. K. D. did with that twist of tobacco he received for Xmas. Of course, now, if it had been Horseshoe we wouldn't need to ask.

We noticed in last issue that one of the West Shop boys went all the way to Indiana for a wife. What's wrong with the girls in the Bureau? Come up and look them over.

There doesn't seem to be many weddings in the Bureau lately, and its 1920 too. What's the matter girls? Timekeeper Jack Gillis got married several months ago and still says he is supremely happy. Give 'em time, friend, the year is yet young.

Miss O'Brien, one of our charming stenos, is at home under quarantine on account of the serious illness of her little sisters. We hope she will soon return as we miss her charming voice in the halls and office.

Does anyone know that poor hungry timekeeper who is always fishing for an invite to dinner? It's a wonder Miss Mayer

doesn't feel sorry for him and invite him. Will you do it, Miss Mayer?

Don Fellows says he and "the wife" are getting along fine out on "the place." Of course, he has "the car" and can bring she and "the boy" in occasionally.

R. O. J. and R. H. P. treated us all to cigars and candy on New Year's Eve. We say they are "regular guys" as we sure did enjoy them.

OFFICE SUPERINTENDENT TRANSPORTATION, SPRINGFIELD.

M. A. Walker, Chief Reclaim Clerk in the office of Superintendent of Transportation, was unavoidably late in reporting for duty at the office on the morning just before New Year. He was unfortunate in not having any trousers to wear to work, as a sneak thief had entered his residence the night before, at 997 Benton ave., and in order to make doubly sure of getting away with his spare cash, and a penknife that struck his fancy—confiscated his entire wardrobe. Mr. Walker found that the embarrassment was greater than the pecuniary loss. After finding that the confiscation of his wardrobe was so complete as to leave him in such shape that he had nothing left suitable to appear at the office, he consulted a tailor on the phone and arranged for a post-haste delivery of a suit of clothes and informed the Chief Clerk at the office of his expected arrival as soon as the tailor filled his part of the contract.

SPRINGFIELD—FREIGHT CLAIM DEPT. TYPING BUREAU.

(Mary B. Engle.)

Vida Whitsett chews her pencil at times and has a heavenly look in her eyes. "The West Shops," she mutters and finally Jennie Hasler brings a letter and lays it on Vida's desk—Vida smiles, the curtain drops.

Our suspicions were aroused as to Kitty Coughlin really having received pearls for Christmas. Now Kitty hails from Illinois, but she should be aware of the fact that we are Missourians, and were not willing to accept the excuse that she didn't have time to put them on. We cannot account for her lack of time, but we do know that she lost 20 precious minutes on the 10th of January.

The paper shortage! It was rumored that all the paper in the U. S. burned when a big paper house was destroyed by fire some time ago in Springfield, but there is evidently some paper loose somewhere. Anyway, Orene Beatie never did believe there had been a paper shortage.

Talk about buried talent, the Typing Bureau has it. Some of it was discovered on the evening of January 7 when Gertrude Fryer entertained with a kid party in honor

of her guest Miss Eleanor Downey of Cincinnati. 'Tis great to be a kid again. Ornie Beatie received the first prize, a rag doll; and Ethel Copeland received the booby prize—she deserved it too—a box of crackerjacks. Ethel was disappointed as she wanted something she could keep and crackerjacks just won't keep at all.

Gladys Parsons is great when it comes to making the shaving machine sing. We like a little music mixed in though once in a while—makes us think we are threshing wheat instead of grinding work.



ANOTHER BRIDE.

The young lady on the right was Miss Alice Connelly until December 15, 1919, when she was married to J. C. Hoey of the Hoey Ice & Fuel Co., of Springfield. Mrs. Hoey has been File and Record Clerk in the Freight Claim Department at Springfield since May, 1912.

Since the dictaphones have been set up the limited would have an awful time keeping up with them. Will be no more danger of anyone writing 27 cylinders in 8 hours any more.

Mr. Truitt seems to enjoy visiting the T. B.—especially on days when the open corn man is here. Must have the date fixed firmly in his mind.

Lyda Gammon would make a good yell leader. It is enough to make the heart flutter when you find a rat trying to manipulate your dictaphone for you. John Highberger came in time to see the shifting of the scenery but Carl Hickman proved to be the mighty Hercules, and is recommended for another stripe on his sleeve for bravery. Lyda thinks we have to go through some terrible experiences to get

through this life. We all agree with her. Climbing tables is rather strenuous when you are in a hurry to get up. We hope John didn't feel bad about not carrying away the honors.

SPRINGFIELD—FREIGHT CLAIM DEPT.

(C. E. Martin.)

If Mr. Pursley wants either a valet or someone to fire his furnace, understand C. F. Smith and Bob Tisdale will take the jobs. M. C. Harless vouches for Mr. Pursley's hospitality and fair treatment. When it comes to serving good cats, lively conversation, entertaining games, viewing the livestock or playing with the cat. Further than that, he sayeth not.

Chief O. S. & D. Clerk, L. & D. F. C. Department, got locked up in the record room recently. Something like this:

Buzzers ringing one, then two, then one, etc. Harry Hayes—hopping about trying to locate L. L. Bangert, Chief O. S. & D. Clerk so as to have him answer the buzzer. After searching high and low, under desks, upstairs and down, peculiar racket heard in the stationery room. Door was locked, key in lock on outside. Question, who locked L. L. B. in and what for?

As predicted in the last issue, some more girls have resigned fine positions. Genevieve Smith run the gauntlet shaking hands and telling everybody goodbye. Did not say where she was going, though some came right out and asked her. Probably will have her photo and possible HIS in next issue.

SPRINGFIELD—NORTH SIDE SHOP.

(J. A. Pullar.)

Frank Sparlin, assistant night round-house foreman, expects to be back at work again soon. He was very sick for several weeks with a bad cold.

John Deckert, steno in General Foreman's office, has started to learn the machinists' trade.

J. J. Collins received several hundred pound sacks of pecans from Southern Texas and gave his friends one pecan apiece for Xmas.

Bill Schaller, air foreman, has been very downhearted the last few weeks because his girl married a soldier boy.

Boiler Foreman McGlasson still claims the Dort is hard to beat but it will not run regularly in winter time like the Buick does.

Wanted to know if anyone can tell the exact date when Machinist Mat Golden was found in the North Side Shop. There is about 15 days' difference in the seniority of him and Henry Watts. We have the dope of the time Henry Watts was found in the Roundhouse. But Mat was either 15 days before or 15 days after. All the