

and the following letter from Colonel is the result.

‘Mr. Flanigan: Will you kindly hand the enclosed to our esteemed friend who gave us the good run. I was asleep when we went through Springfield at about 6:30 a. m., and when I lined up for breakfast at about 8:30 a. m. the diner was

with us. The Frisco System came through O. K. Yours, Col. J. J. M.’

“I might add,” says Mr. Flanigan, “that this train left the Union Station at 10:10 p. m., or just as soon as all the men were aboard, arrived at Springfield 6:30 a. m., and out of Springfield at 6:58 a. m.”



Letters From Our Soldiers.

The following is a letter from Alfred L. Bardgett, formerly of the Freight Traffic Department at St. Louis, and who is now in training at Camp Doniphan, Okla.

Camp Doniphan, Okla., Jan. 3, 1918.

Editor Frisco-Man:

It has been a long time since I saw a copy of “The Frisco-Man” and having nothing to do this evening, it might be a good idea to write you a few things concerning this camp for the benefit of the Frisco employees.

I enlisted May 13, 1916, at St. Louis in the old 1st Missouri Infantry and served on the Mexican Border under Captain (now Major) Carmack. When the call again came in March, I served at the water works at Baden and then at Maxwellton Park, also at Flat River in August. At that time we, that is Company “I” and “E” relieved Battery “A” there. In September we went to Nevada and from there to Camp Doniphan. In October I was transferred to the Ordnance Department and am serving as Corporal.

I have met quite a few Frisco boys here: J. F. Foshage, Frank Gissler, W. B. Thomas, W. Hartman, W. Norton and J. Lane—all Frisco men.

The Ordnance Department is called the “Army behind the Army,” because we furnish all fighting equipment to the army. It is quite interesting work as we handle machine guns of all kinds, 3-inch cannon and 4.7 and 6-inch guns, also gas masks, steel helmets, fencing bayonets and 38 and 45 caliber pistols. We also have 3-inch shells and 3-inch shrapnel.

There are 85 men in this Department or Company. We are quartered in tents, six men to the tent. These tents are half way boarded and have sibley stoves. Each tent is allowed one cord of wood per month, and we easily use that, and lots more.

For sanitary reasons, we have to take the canvas tops off nearly every week and they stay off for six hours. We have all the comforts of home, electric lights, hot and cold water. Tent inspection every Saturday at 1 o’clock.

Have regular Frisco hours, half day off on Saturday. Although we don’t make much money, we have a good time.

Would appreciate it if you will send me a copy of The Frisco-Man regularly.

Best regards and wishes to the Frisco and the “Frisco-Man”.

ALFRED L. BARDGETT.

Below is copy of letter from Guy Taylor, former ticket clerk at Fort Scott, and now with the Railway Engineers “Somewhere in France.” This letter was ad-

ressed to Mr. E. E. Dix, agent at Fort Scott, and has been forwarded to The Frisco-Man for publication.

December 6, 1917.

My Dear Mr. Dix:

We were somewhat disappointed when our turkeys did not arrive in time for Thanksgiving—same did not reach here until the following Tuesday. However, the day was observed with us and all that was possible were relieved from work. Tuesday for dinner we certainly had a feast—turkey with dressing, cranberries, sweet potatoes, figs, butter, bread and coffee. Can you imagine such a spread out here in what I might say a God-forsaken country? Believe me, Uncle Sam is a dear old man. He has given me more clothes than I ever had before at one time in my whole life. Ha! ha!

Jerry must have thought our Thanksgiving came on Friday this year, on account he remembered us that day with about a dozen H. E. (high explosive) shells. One came within 300 feet of our hut, two nearly as close; in fact they all came close enough to suit me. Makes one a bit nervous from the time you hear them coming (perhaps 30 seconds) until they light; then it’s all over. It’s fine sport when you get used to it, but that’s the trouble. The Tommy who has been here three years will frankly admit he has not gotten used to them yet. This is about the wickedest thing Fritz has.

We are equipped with the latest helmets for his gas shells, or his cloud gas, same is carried with us wherever we go, and in case the “Gas alert” signal is given, carry them in position so we can put them on in six seconds. Also equipped with a steel helmet (tin hat) for shrapnel, which gives you a possible chance for only a slight injury, or a “blighty”—but oh, you H. E.

I stated in my last letter that we were having it easier than the “other kind of chaps,” which is true. However, we stand ready to meet any emergency that might exist. Just the other day we received word that the enemy was likely to make an attack on a weak point (considered weak to the size of the army he had behind him) before the British could bring up their reinforcements. Orders were given to make our blanket rolls immediately, ammunition was issued us and for 36 hours we were prepared to leave—under heavy marching orders, with emergency rations for a day—on ten minutes’ notice, and take a position in the reserve line trenches.

Fritz must have had a hunch that we were coming. Ha! ha! Any ways, thanks to fate, it did not happen. This was the first time I was proud of my old souvenir (rifle). I thought to myself: “Now, if I could only get four Huns to my credit, then two for you, two for John and two for Tommy Cooper, let come what may, I’m ready.”

The Frisco-Man

By the way, I should hear from Tom on the strength of this; but no joking, it would surprise you how cool the boys took it. I made special note of this and you can't tell me that Sammy has not got the same spirit his forefathers had. At any rate I would gamble he would run them a close second.

Tell Mr. Ryan I see his nephews quite often, as they are camped with us right now. They are enjoying good health and are certainly fine boys. Also many thanks for the treat. I suppose it would be very intelligent information for him to say: "They have moved from where they were to where they are now," etc.

I have mailed you some Paris newspapers and also John some post cards, and hope they will reach you in due time. Sincerely yours.

GUY.

The Frisco-Man is in receipt of the following letter from James C. Lee, a former Frisco employe at Kansas City, which may be of interest to other employes.

Somewhere in France, 12-13-17.

The Frisco-Man:

By request of some Frisco employes, I am writing a few lines for the benefit of the boys "back home." We are members of the Twelfth Engineers, organized in St. Louis, and have been here for some time operating light railways, handling rations, supplies and ammunition to the front. Fritz makes things exciting at times, but

we don't mind that. The huts we live in are as comfortable as can be expected, and we eat "hard tack" and "bully beef" like old timers.

We don't get to see much of the bright lights, except that of artillery and star shells at night, but I don't think there is a man willing to return until victory is ours. The old timers of the link and pin day have nothing on us, but we get supplies on good time, we are anxious to get Fritz's iron rations to him on time. It takes a good bit of work and noise to get them to him, but we don't want to neglect him, you know.

At the beginning of the war the German wanted a "place in the sun," so they said. "I don't see why they want to stay here if that is all they want." No one that has never been out here can realize the tremendous amount of material and men it takes to carry on a war of this kind. We keep busy all the time. The time goes fast, and we are hoping this time next year will see us back on native soil and the Germans back on the other side of the Rhine, making kraut instead of ammunition.

While I write this the hut rattles every few seconds, and its not from wind either. We are used to that by this time.

We are just doing railway work, but are always ready to fight, just as the occasion demands.

Well as it is late and the bugler will soon call "Taps," a call we all like to hear after a busy day and I better get ready for it. I send my best regards to the Frisco—there are many Frisco employes with us, both from St. Louis and Kansas City.

JAMES C. LEE.



Howard P. Harding, formerly statistical clerk Auditing Department, now with Hospital Corps in France.

Fred A. White, formerly bag-geman on Rich Hill Branch, now in training at Camp Doni-phan.



James H. Coke, formerly Frisco fireman out of Memphis, now Air Pilot in 126th Aero Squadron.

Have You Helped?

In the December issue of *The Frisco-Man* a special appeal was made for subscriptions to the **Frisco Soldiers' Tobacco Fund**, which fund is to be used to buy "SMOKES" and other little luxuries that the Government does not furnish, for the boys now in the service of Uncle Sam.

To date a good showing has been made, a full report of which will be given in the next issue, however it is desired that all Frisco employes be given an opportunity to subscribe to this fund, therefore it will be kept open for an indefinite period.

It is felt that once this fund is given due publicity among the employes, subscriptions will be forthcoming sufficient to supply the "makin's" to the boys "out there."

Remember, almost one thousand of our former fellow employes, and hundreds of thousands of other boys have joined the colors. "Out there" it is practically impossible to obtain tobacco and other luxuries, so it is up to us to supply them.

We want to send these boys all the tobacco they can use, and we want every one of you to help pay for it.

L. O. Williams has been appointed Treasurer of this fund, all donations to which will be acknowledged in the next issue of *The Frisco-Man*.

Any amount is appreciated. Make all checks or money orders payable to

L. O. WILLIAMS, Treasurer,
Room 912 Frisco Bldg., **St. Louis, Mo.**



Freight Claim Pointers.

By J. L. McCormack, *Traveling Adjuster.*

When the movement to reduce claims was started, it was a business proposition and the Company asked of its employes no more than it had a right to ask and expect, a condition existed which was causing an expenditure that could be and was materially reduced, the result could be and was estimated and determined in dollars and cents, the saving meant profit, profit meant dividend, and dividend money for the stockholders and investor. In other words, it was a dollars and cents proposition, which after all was the only object of all business at that time.

Conditions, however, have changed in so short a time that when we reflect upon it we can scarcely comprehend its meaning. Our country, yes, practically the whole world, has become involved in a war, the greatest and most disastrous of all wars. More than seven hundred and fifty employes of the Frisco have left the engine, cab and caboos, the yard, station, shops and offices, to do and perhaps to die for eternal right. Many times that number are preparing to and will go. One troop train after another is being rushed over the main lines, some taking the boys from their homes and places of enlistment to the Army Schools and Cantonments, others are carrying them from the Schools and Cantonments to the Seaboard where they are embarking for the Battle Fields and Trenches of war stricken Europe.

How long the war will last no one can tell, how soon the call will come for us to go no one can say. All that can be said is that two mighty forces or theories of government so diametrically opposite, that both cannot survive, are at war. Democracy and Militarism can never become reconciled and the war will continue until right triumphs and the last

vestige of Militarism is crushed to the earth to rise no more.

Soldiers and munitions of war alone will not win the war. Our armies must be clothed and fed as well as armed, not only our own armies but those of our associates in the war and their dependents and families too must be clothed and fed. The war has devastated their countries and they look to us to supply them. Therefore, in order to meet the obligation that is placed upon us, it becomes necessary to sacrifice and conserve.

The enormous funds raised by subscriptions for the Red Cross and Army Y. M. C. A., the generous subscription for Liberty Bonds, and the voluntary establishment of Wheatless and Meatless days demonstrate how nobly the American people have responded to the agonized cry of Freedom to prevent her assassination.

Therefore, while claim prevention, which after all is nothing but conservation, was always a duty, it should now be a religion, the real value of food stuffs and raiment is no longer a matter of dollars and cents but one of human life and perhaps of National existence. Therefore, we appeal to you all in a spirit of earnestness and patriotism to work with redoubled vigor and determination to protect and conserve. Think when you are preparing a car for loading with flour that a protruding nail which one stroke of a hammer would remove, will perhaps result in a loss of one-half or more of a sack of flour, that it is not the money alone that the Company will have to pay for it that is lost, but that our Country's and our associates' in the war resources are reduced just that much.

Remember when inspecting a car for live stock loading that a defective door or hole in the floor may result in the loss or death of one or more head, that a pro-

truding nail may cause the death of a horse or mule being shipped to the Government for cavalry or artillery use, that the payment of the resulting claim may appease and satisfy the shipper but that it cannot restore to our Country's resources that which it had taken from it.

See that stock cars are properly bedded, that the stock in mixed loads are properly separated and partitioned, that a partition in exact accordance with the provisions of the live stock contract is installed by the shipper. Do not permit cars to be overloaded, even though the shipper agrees to assume the loss or damage resulting therefrom.

For the same reason, enginemen and trainmen should use every possible effort to prevent striking live stock upon the right-of-way, and when it does happen, which it will sometimes, remember section foremen and men that the price is higher and leather more scarce than ever before known. The day may be cold and your fingers may ache with pain while skinning the animal, but the hide will make the leather which is needed for boots, shoes and leggins, gun straps, saddlery and harness, all of which are necessary to help win the war.

Remember agents and warehousemen that a rat or a mouse can destroy enough food stuff in one night to save a human life in Belgium, that perhaps had you gone over the platform or through the freight house the evening before and placed the sacks or packages susceptible to damage by rats and mice upon the top of goods that could not be damaged in that manner, or had secured a mouse or rat trap or poison, that loss could have been prevented.

There are so many ways in which losses can be prevented and property conserved that it is impossible to enumerate or even conceive of but a few. The only suggestion that we can offer is to resolve firmly and promise yourself that you will put forth every possible effort to prevent the

loss or destruction of property from any act of commission or omission on your part, and that you will use your influence towards others to make themselves the same promise, keeping in mind the first paragraphs of Mr. Biddle's letter appearing in the last issue of the Frisco-Man:

"Our Railroad like all others is operating under great disadvantages. We feel keenly our obligations to give the best possible service to our country and to the public.

"There are many things that we can do aside from the performances of our regular duties."

And, when it happens that we are called upon by our Superiors in Authority, or through a realization of the circumstances making it necessary to do things outside of our regular duties, let us do them because they are necessary and it is right that we should. Let's do them without feeling of resentment or hope of personal reward. In these turbulent and troublesome times we should be willing to do more than our share, and the satisfaction of knowing that we have done our duty should be sufficient reward. Whether we shall do much or little for our country and our Allies may depend upon circumstances and opportunity, but we can all make a conscientious effort, and no matter how small the benefit from the service rendered, it will help.



The -----Less Days.

Submitted by M. J. Kinneburg, Afton.

My Tuesdays are meatless,

My Wednesdays are wheatless,

I'm getting more eatless each day;

My home it is heatless,

My bed it is sheetless,

They are all sent to the Y. M. C. A.

The bar-rooms are treatless,

My coffee is sweetless,

Each day I get poorer and wiser;

My stockings are feetless,

My trousers are seatless;

My God! how I do hate the Kaiser.