

City to New Orleans via the Frisco to Memphis, thence Illinois Central, is 877.7 miles. The distance from Kansas City to Pensacola via Frisco Lines all the way, will be 919.5 miles, a difference of only 41.8 miles. You all know that it is approximately 100 miles river sailing from New Orleans to the Gulf and while the City of New Orleans is now, commercially speaking, one of the best ports in the country, it is to have a worthy rival in Pensacola. With its wonderful harbor that allows ships to come right to its docks under their own power, and with its advantageous location on the Gulf which gives vessels clearing from Pensacola 48 hours shorter sailing time to the Atlantic, and with its close proximity to the coal fields of Alabama where there are great deposits of bunker coal, I can see one of the brightest of bright futures for Pensacola, Florida, with the Frisco's entrance.

"We are putting all the energies of a large organization on the Frisco behind this port and I know that the great commercial market of Kansas City will join 100 per cent in co-operating with us to attract to Frisco Lines the business which is intended for export passing through the Kansas City gateway.

"But it is not only in a greatly expedited export of its products that Kansas City will gain from this move of ours.

"The question of import through Pensacola and on to Kansas City via Frisco Lines is important.

"The business to and from the West Indies and the Latin countries of South America is becoming of tremendous importance to our nation. There is, to my mind, no reason why the central portion of the United States should not go after this business in competition with the seaboard interests. It is my firm belief that the manufacturers now in your community, as well as those who will later come to your city, should join us in a campaign which will result in a greater interchange of the commodities as produced in the Middle West, for those produced in the Latin countries and the West Indies.

"We have already begun relationships with steamship companies which will operate into and out of the port of Pensacola. We are going to attract to that port a large tonnage of products of foreign countries. We expect, further, to have coastwise steamship service between Pensacola and the West Coast of Florida before many months have gone by.

"And now let me tell you, briefly, of the Southeastern Empire itself.

"To my mind there is no section of America that offers greater possibilities for returns than the Southeast to be traversed and serviced by our new road. Its people are of the highest order, and eager and anxious to extend the hand of welcome and a proffer of con-

structive assistance.

"One of the greatest bituminous coal fields in the world is in the Southeast, and that alone should mean a great deal to Kansas City and the district she represents.

The ore fields of Alabama today are the base of the successful operation of the great steel industries and the reports of the mineral resources of our country show an availability of ores in Alabama south of the Tennessee River which will take care of expansions in our steel industry for generations to come. In fact, these ore deposits are claimed to be the greatest in the world.

"We have made sure of our ground in this project. Careful and repeated surveys of the possibilities of the southeastern country have convinced us of the fertility of its soil—a soil of the kind that will produce the splendid fruit and vegetable crops of the Ozark country with which we are all familiar. There are great timber lands waiting to be cut and delivered to your milling interests here for planing and manufacture into finished products.

"I hope I have been able to give to you some of my enthusiasm for the Southeast alone, and for its relations to the Southwest which you represent here in Kansas City.

"To my mind it presents a perfect interchange of sectional production. Your export will clear through Pensacola with the products of your packing houses, your wheat and your grain. We will bring from the Southeast, coal and ore, lumber and imported products.

"Considering how important the steel industry is to the further growth and development of our country and realizing that the steel industries are bound to locate their plants with reasonable proximity to its consuming fields, why should not the movement of the Alabama ores and pig iron over your railroad and ours—the Frisco—be of tremendous importance to the further growth and development of Kansas City.

"Kansas City is firmly in her stride, but she has not yet reached the top. It does not take an idle visionary, which I assure you I am not, to readily picture that in time Kansas City will be a city of tremendous international importance. And we believe that the Frisco is destined to play a major part in the unfolding of this commercial drama.

"That is why we are today building our railroad to the end that we can help you to make that day possible—a greater and a more brilliant Kansas City and in connection, a finer and more constructive Southeast.

"And now in closing let me pledge you that my activities and those of my organization are directed toward an accomplishment which will work to the end of a continued growth and prosperity."

Others of the Frisco official family who attended the
(Now turn to Page 43, please)



PRES. J. M. KURN

Frisco Good Will Tourists Abroad Make Rounds of Interesting Points in Famous Cities

Diary Reveals Visits to Genoa, Lucerne, Frankfort, Amsterdam and Belgian Cities—British Empire Next Month

By MISSES ANNA WILLIGAN and AGNES KING

PART III

The Birthday Tour participants left Frisco readers in Rome at close of the second installment of the diary written by Misses Anna Willigan and Agnes King appearing in the November Magazine. This month's installment takes them into Genoa and through another travel of delight and education through the old-world empires. The concluding installment will appear in the January issue of the Frisco Magazine.

AUGUST 17: Our song seems to be "Where Do We Go from Here." The reply from our guide was "Genoa," and in getting to this place we are to take our longest and dustiest train ride, after spending several days in Rome. When we boarded the train for Genoa, we again found red velvet seats and a hot sun shining. Our long trip began, to the birthplace of Columbus. It was a jolly party in spite of the heat and the early rising. All our lives we have read of the leaning tower of Pisa. Enroute to Genoa our train passed through Pisa, Italy, where it paused for a moment and we viewed this tower, which leans about thirteen feet, is 178 feet high and 50 feet in diameter. It is one of the wonders of Europe. The evening brought us to Genoa, and oh, how lovely it looked. We were driven to the Miramore Hotel, with its flowers and shrubbery, a relief from the long ride. Each of the rooms had a balcony, and we gazed over the Mediterranean Bay. The city seemed to have been built in a semi-circle and the buildings were all white with red roofs, making a picture well worth remembering. Our American Consul, John Ball Osborn, met the Jefferson party at the train and extended a welcome and also an invitation for a luncheon with the National City Bank representatives of New York as our hosts.

Birthplace of Columbus

August 18: Our day always begins at 9:30 a. m. with private cars and a native guide, with the history of the city at his finger tips, to escort us. This morning we drew a very eccentric one, who made us "walk the chalk line" as they say. When he announced "Ladies and Misses" he wanted attention, and he usually got it. The most interesting place we visited of course, was the birthplace of Columbus which was built in 1446. It was a tiny, two story house, underneath which was his father's shop. We also visited

an old Cathedral, the St. Laurence, built in the eleventh century, of Gothic style, in black and white marble. In this we found some splendid pieces of art and paintings of rare value. A particularly interesting chapel in this church was one where no woman is ever allowed, because one woman long ago had asked for the head of John the Baptist. This chapel was donated by men. The ceiling of these churches is always a work of art. From here we drove to the Genoa branch of the National City Bank of New York, managed by a Mr. Richardson, who was our host at a luncheon served at the Lido, a summer hotel. Facing the blue waters of the Mediterranean with Mr. Osborne, supervising American Consul and many vice-consuls, we enjoyed a perfectly delightful meal with our compatriots. From 12:00 noon until 2:00 p. m. all business in Genoa is closed, and therefore we were taken to another art gallery after lunch, and then free time was given us to shop.

To Lucerne at Dusk

August 19: Again we are on our way—this time to Lucerne. Some of our party were obliged to ride second class and upon examination of the difference in service we noted the lace scarf on the back of the chair was missing, and the upholstering was leather and velvet. At noon time, luncheon was announced and we were served at a station restaurant. Returning after a satisfying meal, we showed our passports for the fifth time and we found gracious treatment and we did not have to carry our baggage out for inspection. We are placed in chair cars, almost as comfortable as our own back home, and we continued our journey to Lucerne. We played hide and seek with seventy-five tunnels through the Alps, and it kept us busy counting them. We came to the largest one, St. Gothards, just before tea time which took us just fifteen minutes to pass through.

The scenery was very beautiful—some of the mountains were snow-capped—others green, all with varying points and peaks. Occasionally we could see a trickling stream. Just at dusk we came to Lucerne, Switzerland. We were loaded in big busses bound for the Palace Hotel. Through our hotel window we could see Lake Lucerne.

August 20: Early this morning we made a rush to get some American money changed into small denominations for shopping, as our stay in Switzerland

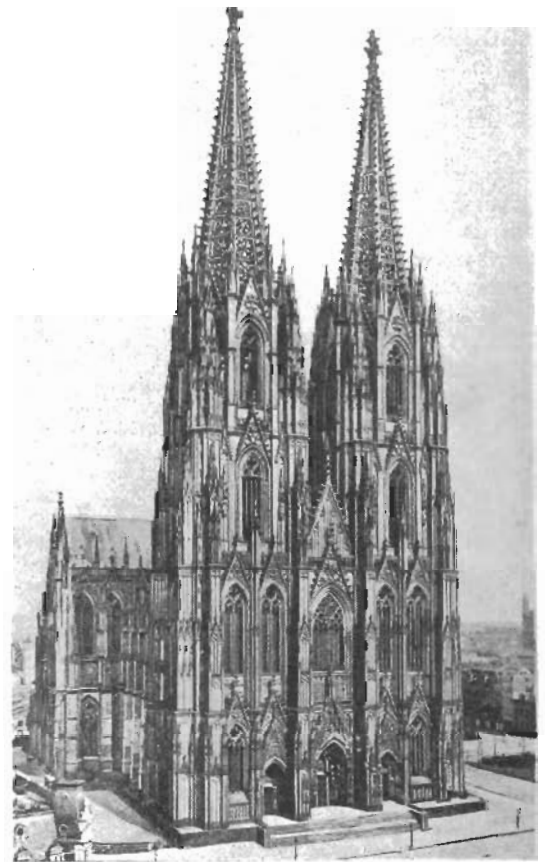
was to be short. After a brief shopping tour, we boarded a steamer to visit Mt. Rigi, 6,800 feet high. Landing at the foot, everyone bravely took the cars, which carried us up this steep grade and we were rewarded by the glorious view which we obtained on top. From this height the towns below looked like doll houses. We were partly enveloped in clouds which obstructed some of our view. There are many interesting places in this old city. There are many legends about it and its inhabitants. We noticed many mountaineers climbing to the top. After a delightful day, we started back to our hotel over the clear green waters of Lake Lucerne. Here we found many summer hotels, and a promenade along the walk gave us an idea of the number of guests. At dinner we had our first real cream since leaving home. One interesting object was "The Lion" carved out of one piece of gigantic rock in memory of the Swiss Guards who died trying to save Louis XVI's life. We spent a pleasant evening in the hotel, enjoying a concert and meeting Consul George R. Hukill and Mrs. Hukill, who called to extend courtesies to the Jefferson party.

August 21: Baggage out at 6:20 a. m., breakfast at 7:00 a. m. and now we are on our way to Frankfort, Germany. We are located in comfortable chair cars and we spent the first part of the morning gazing at the beautiful scenery. The call "All Passports," reminds us that we are now in Germany. Here we were kindly treated and our baggage passed inspection without being disturbed. We arrived in Frankfort at 8:30 p. m. and Mr. Blaybourne, American consul met the party at the station. Plans were made for a reception, but as we were leaving early in the morning, he extended his greeting to us, and his regret at our brief stay.

August 22: Up again at 6:00 a. m. and after a short ride we found breakfast awaiting us at Mainz, where we were told the dining room was all ours. We enjoyed this meal very much and after we had finished, we began one of our most delightful steamer trips to Cologne down the Rhine River. On our journey down this river we saw some interesting sights. Old castles near Coblenz, where our soldiers spent some time. Then Bingen, and the well-known rock, Lorelei. The legend of this rock is that it was once a water spirit, and sailors were enticed toward it, only to be dashed to pieces by the rapids nearby. The waves, when they hit this rock are said to re-echo thirteen times. At 5:00 p. m. we reached Cologne, Germany, 2,000 years old. At the station J. W. Chapman, vice-consul, was awaiting the arrival of our party. He informed us we were to report immediately to one of the Rhine restaurants called "Die Bastei" for tea. There we found two representatives of Burgo-Meister, Consul L. B. Morris, Vice-Consul Chapman and two others, with Dr. Merrill and their wives, to informally greet us. One of our most pleasant recollections is the



The Birthday tourists had tea in this beautiful German restaurant at Cologne. It is named "Die Bastei". At right: a view of the world famous Cologne Cathedral, the third largest in the world, through which the tourists were shoten.



cordial manner in which we were received at this tea. We found that there were 30 employes in this important office and, that over 1,200 immigrants are handled out of here monthly. It is needless to say how fine the menu proved to be, and we had some of our first delicacies since our trip began—whipped cream and pie.

August 23: In the morning we visited the Cologne Cathedral, the third largest in the world, with its rare paintings, inside and two slender towers outside which reach far above the city. At noon we bade goodbye to this ancient city, and we were facing a new country

that same day—Holland!

We always seem to land in our new hotel just about dinner time and now we have reached "The Hague" and have no international questions to be settled! Our first evening we spent in window shopping. The streets are so narrow we must walk on the pavement and, Oh, the bicycles! We are told there are 110,000 of them, and at noon a traffic cop has to direct the rush. The population is about 400,000 and one-third of the land has been reclaimed. Private cars conveyed us to "The Palace in the Woods", which was built in 1640. The furnishings were exquisite in this Palace of the Queen, each room being more wonderful than the last. The Japanese room in lacquer and gold—one room furnished by the Chinese with

walls embroidered in silk, also chairs and an ebony table inlaid with mother-of-pearl. A drive to one of the beaches, and then a trip to the building which interested us most, the Peace Palace. This building was a gift of Carnegie and cost \$1,500,000.00. It is kept up by another American. Since it was only open from 2 to 4 in the afternoon, we were unable to visit it. We saw the palace of Queen Wilhelmina. The Queen was away.

The art gallery received our closest attention as masterpieces of Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Reubens Potter and others were pointed out to us. This concluded our sightseeing tour and we had only time for luncheon, as we were to leave at 2:30 p. m. for Amsterdam, one hour's journey away, by rail.

August 25: Just one month since we left our native shores and what a lot we have seen! The buildings in Amsterdam are so different from any other place, being small, with a store in front and running into a peak, while canals are all through the city. It is called the Venice of the North. The city is eighteen feet below sea level. We noticed the cattle grazing and the manner of fencing was unique, and consisted of a small canal. This is the home of the Holstein cow. Windmills are all around, and they carry the surplus water caused by rains to higher land, finally emptying into the North Sea. We visited the Edam cheese factory. We boarded the train for another little ride and when we alighted, people in native costumes greeted us—wooden shoes, lace caps, and the little folks have similar costumes and are dressed just as the grown-ups are. Imagine a small village wearing the same dress since the Middle Ages! The men wore bright red shirts and real full trousers, just as you see in pictures. Fishing is their main occupation. A visit into a native house showed us how extremely neat these little toy houses were. The beds are built in the wall, and close up like a cupboard. Luncheon was served here—then another sail to the Isle of Marken in the Zuyder Zee. The natives marry and intermarry so there are only about thirty-two names, and

1,200 inhabitants in all. Some of the grown-up folks have never seen an automobile nor have they been away from their quaint little villages of Marken, Edam and Volendam. We returned to Amsterdam, after our visit to these quaint fishing villages with the order, "All baggage out at 7:00 a. m. for Brussels."

August 26: We are speeding into Belgium. Here again our passports are demanded and stamped, and our baggage passed. We are now in this land, so well known to us from 1914 especially. At noon we stopped at Antwerp for luncheon, and having a few hours, visited the cathedral, which dates from the thirteenth century. We went back to our train and soon we had reached Brussels, the capital of Belgium. We went directly to the Hotel de Ville. We

learned that in this city it takes seven weeks to get papers all arranged before one can marry and this civil ceremony has to be arranged for and carried out in conformity with the custom, so as our stay was limited, if anyone had plans (!!!) they were immediately dismissed! Next the Palace of Justice, which was a very imposing building and we saw where brass from this

building had been carried away during the war by the Germans to make ammunition. The King's Palace was next seen, with guards on duty patrolling it. King Albert I was away, we were told. A great treat it was to visit the "Musee Wiertz", and when told the history of this artist, it was left for us to decide whether he was a madman or a genius. We saw some of his work, all of which he painted from scenes of his own mind and he used no models. The Arch of Triumph, erected in 1905, commemorating the 75th anniversary of the freedom of Belgium, was indeed worthy of our attention, but most of all we were thrilled when we visited the Royal Museum on Rifle Range and were shown the spot where Edith Cavell, the English nurse, was shot during the war by the Germans. Soon we returned to the hotel for luncheon, then to spend the balance of the day as we wished, before we bid the city adieu—the city we had enjoyed so much during our brief stay, where every courtesy had been given us.

Our next stop will be London! We are anxious to arrive. We had heard much of that city and as we shall be there several days, we will undoubtedly find much of interest to write about.

We are not anticipating much pleasure in the voyage across the English Channel before we reach London. We have heard of its rough water, and we are wondering if we will be the victims of seasickness.

But here goes! We'll try to keep our heads and stomachs free from "those dizzy spells" until we land.

We shall leave you here in Brussels until next month,



Springfield Employee Builds \$6,000 Home With Own Hands for Total Cost of \$2,500

Wm. C. Bush of North Side Cabinet Shop Worked After Hours by Lantern Light to Complete His Residence

WHEN Wm. C. Bush, an employe of the cabinet shop in the north shops at Springfield, Mo., purchased a lot at 903 South Fort Street, Springfield, Mo., in the fall of 1923, he had very definite plans. And those plans materialized.

On the afternoon of October 10, 1926, when he was visited by a representative of the *Frisco Magazine*, he proudly led the way through a completed eight-room bungalow of two stories, with hardwood floors, modern plumbing and complete furnishings, which he had built for \$2,500 in materials. The house is valued at \$6,000.

At the end of three years he had accomplished his purpose, and his plans and dreams of a home are realized.

But the "how" of it, is intensely interesting. In fact, it is an incentive to anyone, and the story of just how Mr. Bush built his home, without the expenditure of one penny for labor is a story as unique as it is unusual.

"I didn't have the money to put out for both the labor and material. I didn't have the money for the material, to be frank," he said smilingly, "but I was determined to have a nice home for my wife and eight children, so I first bought the lot, 85x175, paying \$10.00 down a month."

This was the start. Then Mr. Bush bought \$160.00 worth of material and built a small house on the back end of the lot to live in during the building of his residence. He now uses the rear structure as a woodshed and garage.

In October, 1924, one year after he started payment on the lot, he had it completely paid for.

"I then made arrangements to borrow the money to buy the material and during Christmas week of 1924, I had my foundation all started and ready for the erection of the house," he said.

In the spring and summer of 1925 every spare moment away from his work was utilized. He would rush home from the shops and work until darkness came. Then a lantern sufficed to light the way, and the nailing and sawing and hammering continued well into the night.

On September 1, 1925, the house was so far completed that the family moved into it, but it was not



*Above: Home of William C. Bush.
Inset: The home's owner and builder.*

until October, 1926, that the electric wiring, inside finishing and papering was completed.

The floors are all hardwood, and the rooms large. A sun parlor is one of the attractive features of the home.

Mr. Bush has the advantage over many of the employes, who, reading this article, will want to build a home for themselves, for his trade before he came with the Frisco was that of a carpenter.

Bush joined the Frisco at the north shops on October 2, 1922, as a cabinetmaker, without previous railroad experience.

Besides all his work on his new home, he found the time to take an active interest in the Frisco Association, and now holds the position of president of Springfield Local No. 1.

It seemed that no obstacle was too great for this little family to overcome, once they had determined that they wanted to have a home all their own. During the time that the house was in the early stages of construction their eighth child was born.

"There is one thing that I want to mention," Mr. Bush said, as he held his smallest child in his arms. "My wife has been by my side every minute that I have been working on our new home, and so have the children, for that matter. One of my boys is 15 years old, and he is a great help to me. But I didn't believe that a woman could be of such help until we started this undertaking, and now that it is all finished, I am sure that our little family will get a great deal of pleasure out of our own home, knowing the sacrifices we went to in building it."