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THE FRISCO EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

827 FRISCO BUILDING :: ST. LOUIS

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THE FRISCO EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

The Frisco Employees' Magazine is a monthly publication devoted primarily to the interests of the more than 30,000 active and retired employees of the Frisco Lines. It contains stories, items of current news, personal notes about employees and their families, articles dealing with various phases of railroad work, poems, cartoons and notices regarding the service. Good clear photographs suitable for reproduction are especially desired, and will be returned only when requested. All cartoons and drawings must be in black India drawing ink.

Employees are invited to write articles for the magazine. Contributions should be typewritten, on one side of the sheet only, and should be addressed to the Editor, Frisco Building, St. Louis, Mo.

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Frisco Girls Visit Geneva, Lausanne, Venice, Florence and Other Cities On Good-Will Tour

European Trains Are Far Inferior to American Railroads and They Sometimes Long for "Home and the Frisco"

By MISSES AGNES KING and ANNA WILLIGAN

PART II

WE left you in the October *Magazine* at Paris, and we promised to take you on to Geneva, Switzerland, with us. Alright, here we go!

August 6: Our move today was to Geneva, where we encountered the usual customs officers. We had to get off the train and pass along in line, opening our bags for inspection. For some reason only a few of the bags of our party were inspected.

Arriving at the Metropole Hotel, it was interesting to see the manager and his assistants lined up to receive our group, with porters and helpers wearing bright green aprons over their chests. What a restful change from Paris! So cool, with Lake Geneva giving a picturesque-ness to the place!

We were taken to the Administration Building or the "Palace of Nations", where we heard a twenty-five minute talk by a student of international law. He gave us a clear and concise idea of the character of the League of Nations, which was most interesting to the party, but too lengthy to present here. We were also shown the library with its two thousand volumes, where is found one of the most complete collections of works on the World War.

Next of interest was the Samuel Gompers room, entirely furnished by the American Federation of Labor of the United States. Of particular interest were the furnishings of the various rooms, the gifts of different nations. We saw the memorial to Woodrow Wilson, erected by the people of Geneva. The people of this city worship the memory of Wilson!

We also visited many other historical points, including the Garden of Reformation and the Town Hall.

August 7: Left by steamer on Lake Geneva for Lausanne. On this trip we saw some beautiful views of Mont Blanc and the other surrounding mountains, which we greatly enjoyed. We were off the boat at noon and had lunch—then continued our journey by

rail over the Simplon Route and along the shores of Lake Maggiore to Milan. We arrived here about 8:00 o'clock. After dinner we took a trip through the downtown district, visiting the galleries of Emanuel II, which were erected in honor of King Victor Emanuel II. The galleries are in the form of a cross and the octagon formed at the points of intersection is 130 feet in diameter and covered with a glass dome. The gallery is beautiful and the entrance consists of a triumphal arch, the dimensions of which exceed those of any of the old Roman arches. Here there was a veritable sea of faces—peoples from all nations.

August 9: A whole fleet of Fiat motor cars arrived at our hotel to take us on a sight-seeing trip. First to the famous Cathedral. The roof is one maze of marble spires and pinnacles. It is one of the marvels of the world, being ornamented on the outside by 135 spires and 2,000 statues or monuments. It has a capacity of 50,000 persons and every step presents to the visitors rich sculptures and pictures by celebrated artists. The bronze doors are a work of art. Here

we saw Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper", painted in 1499—one of the most beautiful frescoes in the world. We also saw the Town Hall, formerly the Marine Palace, with its beautiful courtyard and valuable works of art.

A Day in Venice

August 10: Venice! The city of canals and bridges—which we reached at dusk. It is a most picturesque spot—water everywhere around us!

With a special guide and amid shrieks of laughter and some fear, we were comfortably seated in gondolas and our gondoliers steered us safely to the Hotel Danieli—the front of which is an old castle over 600 years old, with a new addition built recently. In this



Misses Agnes King and Anna Willigan

country we pay for a glass of mineral water, and long for a cup of American coffee with cream, instead of poor coffee and hot goat's milk!

Venice is called the "City of Romance" and in the quietness of the night we could feel something of this. Outside our hotel were tables, placed invitingly at intervals, where we were served cooling drinks. Every spot was crowded and there seemed to be an endless procession of visitors, mostly Americans, so we did not feel so far from our native shores.

August 11: Arising early, we visited St. Mark's Square, with its thousands of pigeons and the famous Cathedral, with its rich and rare masterpieces. We visited the prison near "The Bridge of Sighs", and then were free to shop and roam. At least thirty-five shawls were safely added to our list of gifts purchased here. We also took another gondola ride. The streets where we shopped were so small we couldn't walk more than four abreast.

In one store we were unable to find anyone who could speak English. We explained we were Americans. At once the only two intelligent words to strike our ears were, "Americans—Dollars!" That is what we stand for, with those people. It is chiefly Americans who tour the old world, enabling thousands to live on what we spend over there.

Our greatest treat was a visit to Lido, the famous resort, where, after a half hour's journey on the Adriatic Sea, we found a veritable fairyland palace called "Hotel Excelsior". It was palatial indeed—tables arranged under the heavenly canopy, with myriads of soft lights, beautiful trailing vines, a four-spray fountain on which colored lights played—surpassing in beauty anything we had ever seen. Here we danced to the music of three separate orchestras. As one finished a refrain, a second orchestra struck up another, so we had plenty of music and whiled away a very eventful evening. Among the visitors of note were Florence Walton, a dancer, and the famous Peggy Hopkins Joyce, whom everyone knows through our press.

Then there was another delightful ride through the waterways of Venice, viewing for the last time the



"Giddy-up, Napoleon!" Riding in this phaeton of ancient extraction in Florence, Italy, is simply the "cats," and that's all there is to it, declare the returned Frisco tourists. The girls are, left to right: Miss King, Miss Mary Mannix of Chicago, Miss Willigan and Miss Esther Hempelman, delegate from St. Louis of the Wabash Railway.

romantic city via the gondolas, and a short, hot, dusty train ride occupied our time to Florence—the great leather goods city!

Here we are! So this is Florence! Again exclamations of delight to find a cool room, with its balcony and French doors where we had a view of this old and ancient city. One of the most interesting items of our tour, is the great commotion and bustle when our party of twenty-five arrives. The manager escorts

us inside where everything is ready and our cards for our rooms are at once handed us and within five minutes we are ascending the "lift" to our rooms.

We find that water and other beverages, also baths, are extra, with a luxury tax and service tax additional, so at once our thoughts flash to our own "Land of the Free".

We were soon in the dining room, where we had one of the best meals we had enjoyed since leaving Geneva.

We spent a restful night, and in the morning private cars arrived at 9:30 a. m. and conveyed us to the Baptistery, which is the only building in this city which was not destroyed by the Romans. We were shown the three bronze gates leading to this building, which, on account of their exquisite beauty have been aptly termed the "Gates of Paradise".

In the afternoon we were taken for another drive, when we wound around the city, with its high stone walls enclosing villas of the wealthy class. The evening closed with our last night here at the Hotel Italie, and our remembrance of the Uffizi and Pitti galleries, containing masterpieces in sculpture, tapestry and paintings.

August 13: We were loaded on a train and continued our journey by rail to Rome. This was Friday the thirteenth, and we were warned not to put our feet on the seats or we would be fined. Soon the heat of the day caused many to be drowsy and all instructions were forgotten. Very soon a lively discussion arose and we found an Italian soldier was trying to collect a fine of twenty lire because one of the girls had put her feet on the seat! Our guide made a settlement with him—otherwise he was determined to arrest her.

Just a word about the trains in Europe. The seats



The "mayor" of Paris (or whatever they call his nibs), had just finished an elaborate greeting of the American Birthday Tour party when the photographer took this picture. Misses King and Willigan are positively in the forefront of this one. The bored looking gentleman in the grey suit standing in the third row, is the party's "guide" through Paris.

are red plush with lace scarfs, six seats to a compartment. There are no screens in the windows, no ice water, and the meals on the train are hardly appetizing, because of the foreign custom of heavy noonday meals. There are no carpets on the floors of the cars—no Pullman porter to care for our wants.

On one of our jumps in two days we never did see the conductor.

We contrasted this mode of travel with our own clean Frisco trains—comfortable Pullman with "George" on the job to give us a pillow, move our suitcase for us—put the window down when we go through a little tunnel—and we all fell to talking about our railroads and, of course, we Frisco girls led the discussion and brought to the attention of the girls, the great contrast in traveling via Frisco Lines and via foreign rails in Europe!

We wanted badly to tell the conductor about Frisco Service—but we didn't see him—nobody was on the job. I presume he must have taken up our tickets at the start and then amused himself the rest of the time.

When the train stopped at a station, we got out and walked around a bit, nobody came to see if we were all on and they could have left a dozen of us and never missed us until the train had reached its final destination and we were counted by our guide!

So, you see, we are never far away in our thoughts from you all, though we have the pleasure of traveling "Primo Classe" (first class) through Italy.

Nightfall brought us to the "Eternal City"—ancient Rome!

We were soon comfortably domiciled in the Hotel Excelsior. We were delighted with our cordial reception, and we were royally received.

August 14: This day dawned fair and bright. The Misses Frances Maher and Maud Walker, of Kane, Pa., and Pittsburgh, Pa., respectively, went to the American College to obtain permission for an audience with His Holiness. We were unable to get an audience until Monday. Rt. Rev. Monseigneur Burke, Rector of the American College, personally presented the Jefferson Party to His Holiness. It was a solemn occasion. All the ladies were dressed in black mantillas and veils. Through our interpreter His Holiness delivered a special message to school teachers, commending them for their work in training the young.

St. Peter's Cathedral next held us spellbound. The magnitude of this edifice, its rare paintings, where we found art treasures of great value. We spent two hours here and heard the Sistine choir sing the mass.

We paused beside St. Peter's statue in bronze, and