

# HOMELY BIDDY GIVES OZARK ROMANCE

*Wise were some of the men of old  
With seeming lack of intent, they  
Started and finished plans untold  
To such as would say, "Nay".*

AND wise were the men of the Frisco, too, in promoting horticulture, dairying and poultry growing in the Southwest Empire. As an adventurous experiment it was looked upon with dismay and misgiving when its agents sallied forth at first to preach a newer and better agriculture. The results of its farsighted policy are a signal tribute to the Frisco's experiment. Any compilation of carloadings or shipping figures proves beyond the peradventure of a doubt the Frisco System hauls primary agricultural tonnage far beyond the total credited to any other road with equal area and similar conditions.

But figures alone are not sufficient, for they show none of the romance that has distinguished the Frisco System's co-operation with the families who now grow fruit where they used to grow nothing, who now keep cows where none were milked before, who now raise pedigreed poultry where they formerly kept barnyard chickens—but there is romance nevertheless in what has happened on the thousands of small farms in the Frisco region.

Take the hen, for instance. You may have raised chickens yourself and surely you've seen flocks everywhere on the hillside farms of the Ozark country. They don't seem romantic to you, but they are just the same. Ask the men in the agricultural department of the Frisco who have been preaching better flocks these many years. Ask the business men of the small towns of the Ozarks. Ask the merchants of Springfield. Ask the Red Cross. Yes, indeed, the hen is romantic. She has even become heroic. The hen donated 75 million dollars toward drouth relief in the mid-west agricultural section of the United States.

Year before last when grain crops, through lack of moisture, failed to bring anticipated yields, countless thousands of farmers were forced to ship their lean beef cattle and hogs to market at prevailing low prices for unfattened animals. And last year again when even the pastures dried to an ashen waste, the children's milch cow in many instances was led to market. Farm children

## Springfield, Mo., Forwards 1,553 Carloads Poultry Products in 1930

without milk sounded like hokum to many, but when true facts in the drouth area revealed themselves it became a pitiful chant of want and suffering. On thousands of small farms the dairy cows vanished to market or death through lack of forage. But, the hen stayed on and somehow she survived the axe and multiplied.

Corn and wheat and cotton may be Kings in their own rights in some places, but in the Ozarks the farmers worship at the Shrine of a Queen and that queen is the hen. Yes, indeed, the history of the hen of the Ozarks is full of romance. She used to roost in trees. Now, mind you, she lives in a house—a chicken house of course—but in lots of instances a better home than the farmer himself dwells in.

Wherever you go in the Frisco region people have praise for Dominicker and her cousins. And, all of her cousins' relations, too, for they make up a veritable army now of big chickens and little fowls, of white feathers and black sheen and all the shades in between. It is this army of industrious hens that gives Springfield, Mo., the distinction of being the largest primary poultry market or concentration point in the United States. It is through the generosity of the hen and the foresight of thousands of farmers in twenty counties of south Missouri that Springfield also claims the distinction of being the home of the world's largest poultry plant.

The Producers Produce Company of Springfield is by any measurement the largest institution of its kind in the whole world. This farmer-owned organization is also the largest shipper in Springfield. None of the mills, commission houses, wholesalers or manufacturers approach very close to its yearly total consignment of carloads of freight. And it values of the different cargoes were to be considered in comparing shipping records it would probably take several of the next highest to equal the grand total value of the products consigned yearly by the Producers Produce Company.

The company was incorporated several years ago for \$100,000.00. C.

E. "Chart" Lane and others then set about to sell stock in dribbles to farmers in about 20 counties of south Missouri. When they had sold stock to the amount of \$54,000.00, they were forced to abandon their campaign to begin operation of the small plant they had purchased on Main street just north of the Frisco depot in Springfield, because the volume of business they began to do at once took all of their time. They never have had time since to sell the rest of the stock. Forty-six thousand dollars of their capital stock is still unissued. In all probability they never will sell any more, since they have financial reserves now far in excess of anticipated needs. Their plant requires the use of \$186,000.00 worth of real estate, all of which is paid for, with no outstanding obligations or mortgages. The directors pay 8 per cent annually on the \$54,000.00 of capital stock issued and all of the rest of the profits made in handling millions of dollars of produce are turned back to the farmers who actually bring in the poultry and eggs. Mr. C. E. Lane is president, Mr. A. L. Farnham is general manager. Mr. Lane (all of the farmers call him "Chart") was born and reared in Barry County not far from the Frisco Railway. He, with many others who helped organize the company, has been closely identified with every phase of its development since. "Lee" Farnham, who has won an enviable reputation over the whole United States as general manager of the Producers Produce Company, is a product of Miller County. These men, with their many associates in twenty counties of Missouri, have continuously cultivated the fertile seed sown by the men of the Frisco in the decade previous to their farm organization. Working by day and working by night, they have built the world's largest poultry plant, which is not the last but which is one of the longest paragraphs in the romance of the hen.

There are many poultry plants in Springfield. Since they all follow practically the same routine in handling eggs and live poultry it will be fairly illustrative of the way poultry products are handled in the primary market to recite some of the operations observed recently in a tour of the Producers Produce Company plant.

Last year they received, sorted,

graded, packed and shipped in excess of 125 million eggs, which is nearly one egg for each and every citizen of the United States. When eggs are received at the dock (and they come in a continuous stream all day long from the remote corners of the hill country) all cases are observed casually for outside damage. After being properly entered in record books each case is wheeled into the candling rooms, where a veritable army of expert inspectors weigh, look through and feel each individual egg. There are as many grades to eggs these days as there are varieties of hens, if not more, but the inspectors know where they belong and that is where they go. Scores of girls are employed at the Producers plant to look into and decide the fate of every egg received. They each handle about 1,080 eggs per hour, day in and day out, the year around. Their pay is good, the work is pleasant and for that reason an unusually high type of young lady is always available.

A department not found in most poultry plants is operated most of the year at the farmer-owned institution, since they have volume enough to afford the expense incident to proper sanitation and inspections. It is called the egg-breaking room, but some refer to it facetiously as the "egg-smelling" room, since each girl employed must break eggs, smell of them, and then separate the "whites" from the "yolks." These liquid "whites" and "yolks" are sealed in rust-proof containers for use in high-class hotels and bakeries. Each girl will on the average break and smell 8,000 eggs per day.

No part of the poultry business has

undergone more changes in the last few years than the job of killing and packing poultry for market via the cold storage route. All fowls formerly were dry picked in the local plants. Now before any fowl is picked it is first killed by having its jugular vein severed in the throat. Immediately following that operation a sharp dagger is run beneath the left eye and into the back part of its brain. The last surgery is performed because it renders the fowl insensible to pain, which is humane. Of more importance to the girls who pick chickens is that it flexes or relaxes the muscles which hold the feathers into the skin, thus making their removal a matter of a few quick movements of dainty hands.

Boiling water is not used. Each fowl is submerged for 30 seconds in a vat of water heated to a temperature of 128 degrees. Water that is too hot blisters the skin and turns it a reddish color, which is not as appetizing as a yellow or white cast. After the birds are removed from the vat they hang on an overhead track for five minutes to drain and cool before the girls are permitted to begin the picking. An expert picker will clean about 125 fowls during the seven-hour period they work each day. The pay is rather better than girls get for clerking in small stores or waiting tables in ordinary restaurants and by virtue of that fact it is claimed there are more pretty chicken-pickers in Springfield than there

are nurses, school teachers or stenographers.

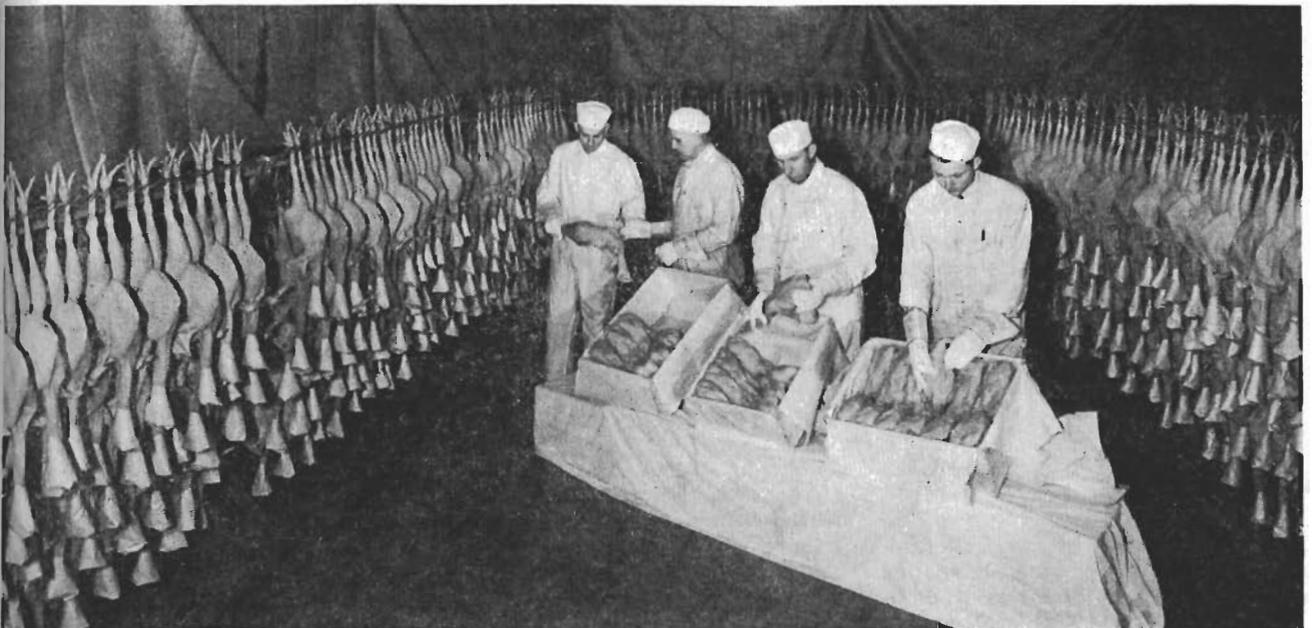
Most of the plants put all poultry received on a fattening ration for two weeks prior to killing. The Producers Company has one floor devoted exclusively to that phase of the business. They keep about 50,000 head of poultry on feed at all times.

Considerable of the poultry received at Springfield is shipped alive in comfortable poultry cars to eastern markets. A man to do the feeding and cleaning en route accompanies each car leaving the primary market. He sleeps and eats in the car and gathers all eggs, which he has the right to sell.

Figures are not available now for twenty years ago, but between 1920 and 1930 figures are available that show an increase of over one thousand carloads. The hen is a great contributor to the commerce of the United States. At the farmer-owned Producers Produce Company plant alone it took 350 employes during 1930 to handle the 1,553 carloads of poultry products received, sorted, graded, packed and shipped to markets everywhere in the United States. With the usual complement of engines, etc., that number of cars would make a train more than twelve miles long. If you'll just hearken back now to the time when you used to take your eggs to town in a market basket and then not very often, and if you'll reflect a moment on the fact that the Producers Company last year handled in excess of 125 million eggs in their one large plant at Springfield, you will agree there is plenty of romance in the daily doing of the domestic and busy hen.

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*Chickens ready for the final inspection and packing in the cooling room of the Producers Plant at Springfield, Mo.*



# A CAREER OF RING AND RAILROADS

**R**AILROADING? Yes, he began his eventful career at the age of 16.

Circus life? He's seen it all and calls the greatest equestrienne of the ring today by her first name, as well as all other important personages under the "big top."

The prize ring? He helped train Bob Fitzsimmons in his younger days; started Battling Nelson on his road to fame; personally knew Corbett, and Jack Dempsey is one of his best friends.

Thousands of Frisco employes will instantly know that this story is to be of "Uncle" Charley Baltzell, 66-year-old Frisco veteran, once train dispatcher, trainmaster, superintendent and now director of accident prevention at Springfield, Mo.

Since his acquaintances in both the circus and the prize ring were made following his first work with a railroad, that part of his career will necessarily be related first.

He was born in Topeka, Ill., August 24, 1865. His father was a blacksmith, and a noted heavy weight lifter. Mr. Baltzell remembers his first job at the age of nine at Mason City, Ill., where he was employed in the Ben Riner's Livery Stable, driving the traveling men of that community from one town to another. Then he next found employment in a book store run by a Mr. Onstott, who formerly worked for Abraham Lincoln. He worked as clerk nights, mornings and on Saturdays, while he attended school in the day time. The post office was located in the book store and it was his task to deliver the mail to the C. and A. train and bring the mail for the town back to the store. Sometimes he would arrive at the station early, and the staccato of the telegraph key caught his ear. Leaning against the station building he watched the telegrapher receive and send messages.

"You can learn telegraphy," the agent told him. "You're interested in it, I know." And he wrote off the alphabet on a sheet of paper. Returning to the station 24 hours later, this lad told the agent he had it down "pat", and added "Try me". The

## C. H. "Uncle Charley" Baltzell Has Been Fighter, Circus Man and Rail Official

agent called for various letters and they were given perfectly. The agent suggested that after the store close this boy come to the station and practice.

When Mr. Baltzell's family heard



"Uncle Charley" as he is today (left) and Jack Dempsey. This picture was taken at Columbus, Miss., November 10, 1930, at a "Dempsey Day" celebration arranged by Baltzell.

of it, they warned him to stay away from the station. They said those railroad men were rough men, who "cussed", and it was no atmosphere for a boy. Mr. Onstott kept the store open until 11:00 at night so he could not go to the station. After consulting with the agent, this lad told all concerned that he had decided to give it up. The store closed next night at 9:00. He went home, through the kitchen, down the alley and to the station. For two weeks this continued, and then one day the agent offered him a job as messenger at \$10.00 a month. He was getting

\$14.00 at the book store. There was an explosion at home when he announced the news, but he took the job.

Three months to a day later he came in the office one day after delivering a message and found a telegram addressed to himself. He opened it and found he had been given charge of the Mason City office at night. He ran outside, jumped on his big-wheeled bicycle and tore home. Waving his telegram at his mother, he was speechless until she had read it. The position paid \$42.50 a month. He took a bath, put on his Sunday suit, a flower in his buttonhole and took charge of the office! And no fifteen-year-old boy ever worked harder than he did to make good.

He was sent out on special jobs, sending reports to the newspapers on famous murder trials, and three years later he decided he would take a leave of absence of thirty days and visit St. Louis. While there he went to the offices of the old Iron Mountain (now the Missouri Pacific) and was offered a job at De Soto, Mo.

His career went on and on, and he climbed higher and higher until he became a chief dispatcher and then a trainmaster. He came with the Frisco, at Thayer, as chief dispatcher in 1907 and two months later was made trainmaster. Then he served as superintendent on the Ozark division, at Ft. Smith on the Central, at Sapulpa on the Southwestern and in 1926 was used in legislative work by the Frisco. He came to St. Louis as special representative of the general manager in 1928.

From 1880, when he first entered railroad work, until 1907 he took several leaves of absence from railroad work, once to serve as trainmaster for the Hagenback circus and also to engage in athletic events. It was in the first mentioned work that he became acquainted with circus folks, and if there is a circus within fifty miles of him now, he can scent the saw dust, and when he steps onto the lot, its "Hey, Jim", "Hello, Mabel!" He keeps track of his friends through the famous publication, the Bill Board. Letters telling of the success of the show on the road arrive at his



### Milestone Photographs in Career of "Uncle" Charley Baltzell



(Above) This photograph of Mr. C. H. Baltzell was taken in 1902, while he was employed by the Iron Mountain at Little Rock, Ark. It shows his marvelous physique to splendid advantage.

(Above) The young man in tights is Mr. Baltzell in the heyday of his career. The medals represent those won at various athletic contests, for there were few events of boxing, baseball, bicycle riding, and whatnot that he did not enter in competition.



(Below) Baltzell and Carl Morris, a fighter who was called the "White Hope" and who had ambitions to whip Jack Johnson, then World's Champion. Carl Morris ran an engine on the Frisco's Southwestern division in 1910, and the photograph was made in that year.

(Below) The man at the left, in the picture below, is "Uncle" Charley Baltzell, shaking hands with "Ruby" Bob Fitzsimmons, former World's Champion heavyweight. The picture was made in 1907 at Pine Bluff, Ark.

(Above) This is a picture of which Mr. Baltzell is extremely proud. It is a splendid likeness of both himself and "Battling" Nelson, whom Mr. Baltzell found waiting on tables at Hot Springs, Ark. "Uncle" Charley arranged for his first bout with Adam Ryan, and from that one exhibition, "Battling" Nelson went up the ladder of success until he held the Lightweight Championship for twelve years. This picture was taken when "Battling" Nelson was in his prime.



office daily, and each one receives an answer.

During the time that he was serving his apprenticeship as an "OS" operator, he took great interest in baseball and boxing. In fact, when he was breaking in on the extra heavy job at De Soto, T. W. Kennon, then superintendent of the Iron Mountain, was a great baseball fan and the day of his arrival, Mr. Baltzell went to a ball game between the office nine and the city team, and as luck would have it, he was invited to play and made a line hit, which brought in the winning run. And everybody gave this "kid" operator a helping hand until he got onto the ropes. He was too good a ball player to lose!

He remembers his first fight at Knobel, Ark., with a big lumberman, and they fought with two-ounce gloves. After the first round there was no more ringing of the gong. The next round lasted ten minutes. There were no knockouts and the result was a draw.

About 1884 Mr. Baltzell began to meet some of the famous fighters of the day. "Don't say boxers, say fighters," he said and one would not give the title of boxer to either contestant in the memorable fight on July 8, 1889, which Mr. Baltzell witnessed between Sullivan and Kilrain at Richburg, Miss., when they fought for seventy-five rounds in the blazing hot sun with bare knuckles.

"What did their hands look like?" he was asked. "Hams!" was his reply.

In 1891 he first met Jim Corbett in Kansas City. He was out with a play written for him entitled, "Gentleman Jim". Mr. Baltzell and Corbett put on a boxing exhibition in Kansas City at Chief Hale's Fire Department for the benefit of the boys on duty.

And Mr. Baltzell slid forward in his chair as he recalled the instances surrounding the time Corbett and Bob Fitzsimmons were matched for the championship of the world. The fight was to be staged at Dallas, Tex., October 30, 1895. Mr. Baltzell was with Fitzsimmons in his training camp preparing for the battle. But Governor Culberson of Texas railroaded a bill through, making it a felony to stage a prize fight in Texas. Dan Stewart, a New York sportsman, had built a huge coliseum at Dallas for the fight and the bill prohibiting the fight, ruined him financially. Negotiations were then carried on for the fight to be staged in Hot Springs, but as the two men approached the border of Arkansas, they were met by officers who all but arrested them.

Mr. Baltzell and Fitzsimmons then

traveled over the country, making one night stands and giving exhibitions of boxing.

March 17, 1897, Fitzsimmons and Corbett met for the great fight at Carson City, Nev. Fitzsimmons won in the fourteenth round with his famous left to Corbett's solar plexus. They used five ounce gloves and the purse was \$45,000 to the winner.

"Bob Fitzsimmons was a very unusual man, both mentally and physically," Mr. Baltzell said. "He was originally a blacksmith, born in Cornwall, England and at the time the two men met he weighed only 163½ pounds, while Corbett weighed 183 pounds. The first seven rounds were all in favor of Corbett. Then the fight turned in favor of Fitzsimmons. He grew stronger. He was cut to pieces by Corbett's wicked lefts, bled profusely and was frequently on the floor on his knees. Corbett tired rapidly at the beginning of the eighth round. It was a grudge fight, and a great one."

In 1903 Mr. Baltzell met "Battling" Nelson in a cafe in Hot Springs. Nelson had heard that he was arranging boxing contests and asked him if he could arrange one for him. Two weeks later Adam Ryan, lightweight boxer of Philadelphia, came to Hot Springs to take the baths and the match was held at the Capitol Theatre, Little Rock, Ark. Mr. Baltzell, at the insistence of the audience, refereed the bout, "and in all my life", he said, "I have never seen 15 rounds of fight anything like that memorable battle of 'Battling' Nelson. I called it a draw, which was a popular decision. 'Battling' Nelson amassed a quarter of a million dollars in two years of fighting after that, with something like 400 fights to his record. He was one boy who never took a step backward, and they called him the 'Human Billygoat'. He is now in his home town of Hegevisch, Ill., broken in health."

Baltzell met Dempsey in 1921 while in New York, and their mutual interest in the prize ring drew them together and made them friends from the start. He was in his training camp both before the fight with Carpentier and Tunney, and only 90 feet away from the ring in the latter fight, unofficially kept time for Jack Dempsey on the knockdown.

But let "Uncle" Charley tell in his own words the story of the seventh round: "When Tunney went down, I clicked the watch. When he got up I clicked it again and it was 14 seconds. The details of the seventh round I do not care to discuss. The whole thing was positively in-

describable. The next morning I saw Jack, none the worse for wear except a wound over his eye which he kept dabbing with the cork of a bottle of medicine. The conversation was about everything but the fight of the night before. Then he called me aside and said: "'Uncle' Charley, don't you think that count was a little bit slow last night?" I said, Jack, is that all you have to say about it, and he replied, 'It seemed to me like it was a little bit slow'. He was the gamest loser the world has ever seen in the ring, in my opinion."

Dempsey makes frequent trips with Mr. Baltzell over Frisco Lines, and calls the Frisco the friendliest road in his travels.

Possessor of an iron-clad constitution, there have been few times when "Uncle" Charley has been on the sick list, but once he went to Mayo's, where they kept him for five months. Drs. Charles and William Mayo, still claim that his operation was one of the most unusual ever performed at that institution, and more than 150 members of the medical profession were in attendance to witness it.

"Uncle" Charley had what is known as diverticulum of the oesophagus. As he describes it, "my oesophagus had a 'blowout'." A huge bag hung from the side and when I swallowed, all the food went into this bag and did not reach my stomach. What little the bag could not hold, went on down and sustained me. Five operations were performed, one each month from February, 22, 1922 to June 9, 1922. The first lasted for one hour and fifty-three minutes. I did not take ether and by means of mirrored ceilings, I watched it through. The incision was made in my neck and my head was cut one third of the way off. Dr. Charles Mayo reached in with his gloved hands and loosened the tissues which held this 'bag'. I could see the blood, but felt little pain until the local anesthetic had worn off. But I stood it, as well as the others. The doctor said the bag would hold one pint and it is now preserved in alcohol at the Mayo institute."

Perhaps it is his strict adherence to exercise which has kept him in such fine physical condition. He can referee a bout, run a foot race or swim today, and make a younger man look to his laurels.

His interest in boys has kept his mind young and he has taken any number of them on trips over Frisco Lines, conducting educational tours for boys during vacation time, to Pensacola, Fla.