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DIXIE DIGEST



DIXIE
GREYHOUND

LINES



DIXIE GREYHOUND LINES

VOLUME 6 - NUMBER 8

JANUARY, 1951



LET'S VISIT GREENWOOD! QUEEN CITY OF THE

Greenwood, now "The World's Largest Inland Long Staple Cotton Market," is located in an area which slightly more than a hundred years ago was a tangled swamp and forest. The signing of the Treaty of Dancing Rabbit Creek in 1830 threw this open to white settlers. In spite of the difficulties of transportation, the recurrent floods, and the hard work necessary to clear the land, there were many who knew the soil of the Delta would repay any trouble required to bring it under cultivation.

One of these settlers, John Williams, came up the Yazoo River in 1834 and settled near the junction of the Yalobusha and the Tallahatchie Rivers. It was soon apparent that he had chosen his location wisely, for this place became the logical shipping point for the other settlers who followed him in increasing numbers. They brought their cotton to Williams Landing, as it was then called, to ship it down the Yazoo and the Mississippi Rivers to New Orleans, and that was the first sign that this was a place on which Destiny had laid a finger.

Among those who brought their cotton here was the last of the great Choctaw Chieftains, Greenwood Leflore, and in 1844 when Williams Landing was incorporated, it was under the name of the Chief himself, "Greenwood". From that time it became clearer that Greenwood was Destiny's child, for the little town grew in importance as a shipping point.

As the planters, with their growing



A. D. SAFFOLD
Mayor

numbers of slaves, pushed back the swamps and forests to make wider fields, their wealth accumulated and they built comfortable homes, some of them beautiful and richly furnished. Greenwood was a busy place, though most of the money that came through the town was spent in lavish fashion on the great plantations around the village. In those days the owners of the plantations preferred to live each among his own acres.

When the War Between the States came on, the cotton industry was paralyzed. Bales of cotton became nothing more than potential fortifications. The rich black fields lay untended, and the canebrakes and forests began creeping back into those hard-won clearings, but the men of the neighborhood were doing their valiant best in the fighting.

Greenwood suffered sorely when the war ended, and the planters came home to find slaves gone, their fields neglected, their money long spent; but the men of Greenwood in 1865 were of the same stock as those who had come in the beginning to open up the wilderness. It had taken men of strength and vision to clear those fields, and the settlers had passed on to their sons the same indomitable determination and forward-looking shrewdness that had brought them here in the first place. Besides, the soil was still the richest in the world. There could be no better place to re-establish themselves and fight for new prosperity.

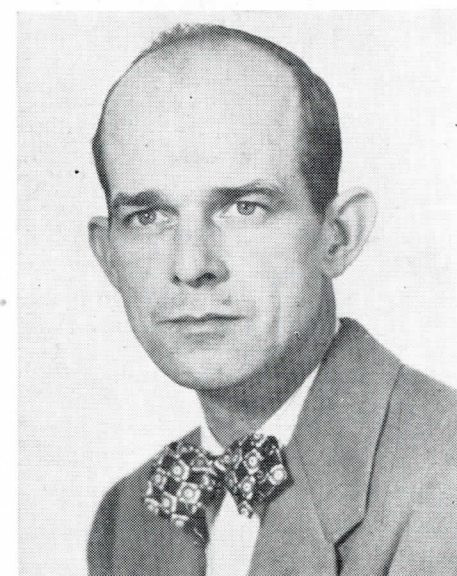
Thus, through the bitter years of reconstruction, Greenwood progressed, slowly at first, but definitely, year by year. In 1871 Leflore County was formed from parts of Carroll, Sunflower, and Tallahatchie counties and again the finger of Destiny pointed at Greenwood, for it was made the county seat of the new county. In the early 1880's the railroads came, and that meant the end of Greenwood as a shipping point. But two railroads found their junction here, and Greenwood took new life from the fact that these roads opened to the town all the great ports of the world.

Leflore County prides itself as having the best system of highways, access roads, and connecting roads of any county in the entire South. There is a hardsurfaced road to every community within the county and with the exception of about 10 miles, are constructed of concrete.

Good roads have made it possible for the plantation owners to have the social and educational advantages of the city and still give the close supervision that is necessary to their plantations. Many of them have moved into Greenwood. Avenues of lovely, well-planned homes, amid green lawns and bright flowers, bespeak the high ideals, the superior standards of living, and the intellectual and artistic refinement of their owners. Here in the midst of a clean, bustling city, the gracious and unselfish hospitality that we like to associate with the Old South still is preserved and accepted as a matter of course.



R. R. SHURDEN
Chief of Police



GEO. K. WADE, President,
Chamber of Commerce

MISSISSIPPI DELTA — YOU'LL ENJOY IT

Most of the industries located in Greenwood are those more directly related to the production of cotton; however, livestock is one of the growing interests of the Delta area and the lumber industry is a profitable enterprise.

Paced by an alert Chamber of Commerce under the direction of Mr. E. H. Blackstone, and of which Mr. George K. Wade is President, Greenwood bids high as an industrial location. There is a sufficiency of raw materials and labor and a community of a type to be most attractive to many industries.

Greenwood has a population of some 21,000 and is the trade center of the more than 600,000 people who live within a 60 mile radius of the city. It is located in the most densely populated area in the state. Most recent figures reveal that deposits in the three banks of Leflore County showed a total of more than \$13,000,000, leading all of the counties in North Mississippi.

Seven schools, housed in well equipped, modern buildings, and manned by highly trained teachers, comprise Greenwood's fine system of public schools. Many churches, beautiful in architectural design, represent the various faiths and exemplify the stress of the community on religious and spiritual well being.

A varied program of recreation and amusement is offered. There are four movie theatres, a municipally operated swimming pool, four city parks, numerous tennis courts and soft ball diamonds, and an excellent athletic stadium. The Greenwood Country Club boasts a superb golf course, swimming pool and ballroom. In addition, there are many service organizations for both men and women. Typical of the Delta, a network of bayous, forming a chain of lakes, wind through the fields and forests of the county and plenty of sport is offered for the fisherman and hunter.

Mayor A. D. Saffold heads the governing body of the city. While published figures indicate buildings and contents insured in excess of \$20,000,000, the fire loss for a year amounted to only \$25,000, which indicates clearly the efficiency of the Greenwood Fire Department. The record of the Police Department, under the direction of Chief R. R. Shurden and Assistant Chief L. L. Hayden, is equally envious.

The good years have come often to Greenwood, often enough to build up a community rich in culture and refinement, a thoroughly modern city of beautiful homes, dignified public buildings, excellent schools, churches, and recreational centers as well as thriving commercial enterprises. A community assured of a future by its strategic location and progressive leadership of intelligence and foresight for the sound progress of Greenwood.

SAFETY CONTEST LEADERS UNCHANGED

Positions of the four leaders in the Greyhound National Safety Contest remained unchanged at the end of October, with West Ridge in first place for the second month. Buffalo & Erie, Southwestern and Dixie continued in the order named, but Northland moved up into fifth place.

The rankings of all companies, on the basis of percentage increases in accident-free miles for the first ten months of the year, are as follows:

West Ridge	54.9
Buffalo & Erie	49.3
Southwestern	45.1
Dixie	38.6
Northland	25.1
Western Canadian	22.3
Atlantic	20.5
Great Lakes (Combined)	17.8
Richmond	10.9
Pacific (Combined)	7.5
New England	7.2
Teche	6.7
Capitol	* .1
Central	* 4.5
Pennsylvania	* 7.9
Northwest	*10.8
Florida	*15.9

*Denotes decrease

Pacific dropped out of the select group of companies with the enviable record

of better than 100,000 miles between accidents, but by so narrow a margin that it can gain reinstatement with good records in November and December. Southwestern increased its lead in this division of the contest by turning in an average of 243,184 miles between accidents during October.

The mileage rankings of all companies for the year through October are as follows:

Southwestern	183,456
Atlantic	111,834
Great Lakes (Highway)	104,802
Pacific (Highway)	99,667
Dixie	86,369
Buffalo & Erie	75,875
Florida	75,256
Richmond	74,160
Teche	68,033
Northland	65,562
Capitol	62,137
West Ridge	61,485
Pennsylvania	60,692
Western Canadian	60,051
Central	55,457
Great Lakes (City)	48,010
Northwest	44,838
New England	30,567
Pacific (City)	26,240

Increases in mileage between accidents continue in comparing the first ten months of 1950 with the same period

last year. On city operations, the gain is from 34,840 to 35,972 miles, an increase of 3.2 per cent. Highway operations showed an even greater improvement, increasing 6.5 per cent with the mileage up from 72,758 to 77,462.



Clifford G. Shultz of Jacksonville, Florida, who has been elected a member of the board of directors of the Greyhound Corporation. Mr. Shultz is chairman of the board and the largest stockholder of Southeastern Greyhound Lines, which will be acquired by the Greyhound Corporation Dec. 31, 1950.





Vol. 6 - No. 8 Published Monthly By and For Employees of January, 1951
 527 North Main Street DIXIE Greyhound Lines Memphis 7, Tenn.
 L. N. WILLIAMS J. H. GALLOWAY
 Editor Staff Photographer

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
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| RAYMOND WILLIAMS.....Evansville, Ind. | DOROTHY MATTHEWS.....Memphis Office |
| ELIHU JORDAN.....Jackson, Tenn. | W. E. KENT.....Memphis Terminal |
| JO ANN COSTEPHENS.....Pyramid, Ill. | LELAND SINCLAIR.....Paducah, Ky. |
| | SIDNEY CROW.....Nashville, Tenn. |

MAKE THEM PROUD THEY WENT GREYHOUND IN '51

Always at the beginning of anything it is just natural to want to make it the best, whatever it is, and here we are celebrating the beginning of a new year when we are all busy with thoughts of making this one the best yet. Many resolutions have been made, some will be kept but no doubt more will be broken. But let all of us get off to a good start in 1951 and prove ourselves to those who ride Dixie Greyhound Lines during the year; that the resolute policies of our company are real.

The fall travel campaign just concluded by Greyhound was one of the most intensified promotions ever undertaken. The splendid advertising caught the fancy of many who were unable to travel during the campaign but who will travel during the year, and the memory will bring them to us. The groundwork has been laid.

So take the same old courtesy you've been using, polish it up 'till it shines and you just can't keep it from showing. Dress it up with a smile and a pleasant tone of voice. Take time to be nice to travelers—our guests.

Make 'em proud they went Greyhound in '51.

SAFETY MEETINGS IN PROGRESS

The current series of safety meetings, under the direction of J. A. Dalstrom, DGL Safety Director, features the showing of a film entitled "And Then There Were Four." This interesting film, a courtesy of the Sacony-Vacuum Oil Company, forcibly presents the distraction in the minds of five people and the carelessness thereby attached to their daily driving habits, climaxing in the death of one of the five.

"And Then There Were Four" is declared by those seeing it by far the most superior and entertaining safety theme the company has presented.

Mr. Dalstrom is proud of the splendid improvement in Dixie's Safety record for 1950 and urges all employees to continue their fine work as a means of returning the Marcus Dow Trophy to Dixie Greyhound Lines in 1951.



An auto had just knocked a man down and run over his toes, and the victim was claiming damages.

"Great Scott!" gasped the astounded owner of the car; "you want \$200 for a damaged foot! I'm not a millionaire, you know."

"Perhaps you ain't," tersely replied the victim, "and I ain't no centipede either."



So of cheerfulness, or a good temper, the more it is spent, the more of it remains.—Emerson.



"And as far as that Tommy Tompkins goes, I don't like him."

"But Father, you don't know how far he goes."



The man who does his best today will be a hard man to beat tomorrow.



A portly old gentleman, laden with several suit cases, was endeavoring to make a dignified exit from a crowded train.

At the door of his car, however, he stumbled on the pet corn of a brawny Scot.

"Hoots, toots, mon!" groaned the latter. "Canna ye look whaur ye're goin'? Hoot, toot, mon, hoot."

"Hoot yerself!" retorted the old man, "I'm a traveler, not an auto."



The reward of a task well done is in being called to a bigger task.



Bones—"What did your wife say about you're being out so late the other night?"

Jones—"Don't ask me yet. When she gets through with the subject, I'll condense it for you."



In the bus business we have a fairly accurate barometer which tells us whether we are heading into a storm of public disapproval, or into comparatively clear weather.

That barometer is labeled "complaints" . . . and by the number and type of these expressions of disapproval we can judge the quality of public feeling toward our company.

In an industry such as ours, which serves hundreds of thousands, of persons every day, it is impossible to entirely avoid complaints. Even if our service were letter-perfect, the circumstances of travel are such that passengers are sure to encounter some difficulties or discomforts for which they may automatically blame the transportation company.

It is when these complaints increase in frequency and bitterness that we must give the most serious thought to our service and to our manner of handling the traveling public.

Complaints—if we take them seriously—serve a very useful purpose. They call our attention to defects in our service which might otherwise go unnoticed. We must remember that many travelers, especially people unfamiliar with routine practices in our stations and our buses, may see things from a different angle than we do. They may be inconvenienced or annoyed by some detail of our operation which we take for granted.

It is certain that many passengers accept without comment what they feel is brusqueness or plain discourtesy—but inwardly they may be seething with anger. You can be sure that those who take their time to tell their complaint to another employee or to write a letter about it are really indignant.

It is unfortunately true that most complaints about our service fall into two classes. Those who carry their grievances to other employees are angry over the lack of courtesy by some one person. Seldom are they vindictive enough to put the accusation in writing.

When it comes to letters, we are glad to say that a vast majority are complimentary. But if the writers comment on an unsatisfactory phase of our service, it usually concerns the lack of

cleanliness in station washrooms. Every effort is made immediately by management to correct such conditions.

It is a great mistake to brush off these complaints as coming from "crackpots" or troublemakers. A few of them do come from chronic grouches—but usually such criticisms go straight to the heart of weaknesses which exist in our service—and we can do our company (and ourselves) untold good by making every effort to correct these defects.

There are two ways to handle complaints. The first, and best, is to head them off before they get to the boiling point—that is, to the stage where the patron voices his criticism or writes a letter about it. This means a higher standard of courtesy, more helpfulness to confused travelers, more complete information, cleaner stations and restrooms. A big order—but the success of our business depends upon it!

The second way is to listen to each complaint sympathetically and answer it quickly and courteously . . . put out the fire before it spreads! No matter how violent the criticism, it can usually be turned into lasting friendship by a considerate explanation.

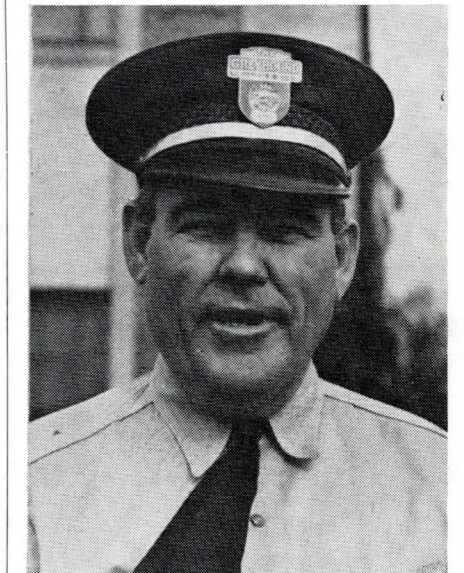
To be told, in person or in a letter, "We are very sorry—the mistake won't happen again—we are glad you called this to our attention," is enough to satisfy the average grievance. Most people want this attention, and they will gratefully accept an apology and a promise to correct a situation they consider objectionable.

A good thing for us all to remember is that these passengers are our invited guests . . . we have asked them, urged them, in millions of advertising messages, to use our buses—we have promised them comfort, courtesy and efficient service. If we keep this fact always in mind, the volume of complaints will automatically drop to an irreducible minimum.

OUR COVER

calls to our minds that we are entering a new year throughout the world. Happy, yes, in the hope that 1951 will see the return of peace to the world, yet saddened because of the needless strife

which brings us to the very brink of another great world catastrophe. May each of us contribute our utmost in our attitude toward our neighbors and our jobs, to make this a year marked by friendliness and good-will toward all.



CONGRATULATIONS!
 R. C. DAWSON
 DIXIE'S FIRST 25 YEAR DRIVER

For 25 years now, since December 1, 1925, Robert Clifton Dawson has driven a bus. These have been years filled with varied experiences, and during which "Bob" has become a familiar figure to the travelers in this territory, many of whom consider him a personal friend.

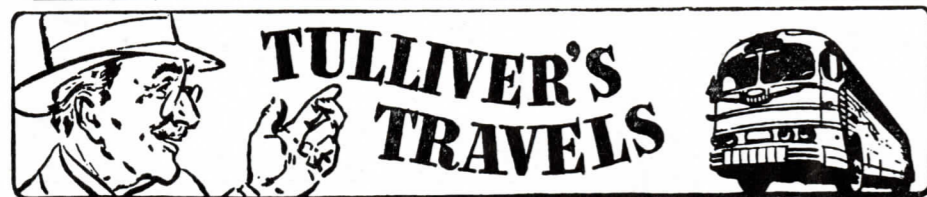
Back when Bob Dawson became a bus operator the going was pretty tough. The bus industry was in its infancy, and though the equipment was modern for the day it was far from good and the roads were worse. There were no up-to-date shops in those days and a bus driver had to be a mechanic, too. The passengers were few and the pay small. But, Bob had faith in the future of the industry.

The good times came, bus travel caught on. Bob saw his company grow from one coach to two and three and on. He saw garages and other necessary facilities equipped as the need arose. Today Bob Dawson is proud of the tradition he represents—Safety, Reliability and Courtesy—and the Company is proud of him.

So, deservedly we salute Robert Clifton Dawson, Bob to us, on his 25 year service anniversary.

Willard H. Dawson, chief baggage agent at the Memphis terminal, is Mr. Dawson's son.





THE THIEF



I was pretty much impressed with a brief human drama I saw enacted on a bus leaving the big city at rush hour one afternoon a few weeks ago. Bulging with bundles and packages, a weary housewife and her young son boarded our coach—only to discover that there were no two seats together.

"You sit here, Henry," she told the boy, as she chose another seat across the aisle, next to a dozing man. This man, I had noticed, was a middle-aged laborer who was probably employed on a road construction gang somewhere — and presently en route home in his working clothes.

The bus ride wasn't the most pleasant I've ever had. Many people got on and off. There were people standing. The bus started and stopped, and the traffic was heavy . . . so that we were pretty well jostled by the time the woman noticed her stop, jumped up, gathered her packages and her son, and hastily edged towards the door.

"Wait a minute!" she cried suddenly from the doorway, "my purse—it's gone!"

Back into the bus she bounced, with her son by the hand, and worked her way back to the seat. The purse was nowhere in sight.

"I'll bet that man stole it!" her little boy piped up, pointing his finger at her former seat companion, who was now blinking his eyes as he roused from the nap. The housewife quickly took up the child's suggestion. "Have you got my purse? I'm going to call a policeman!"

"Just a moment, ma'am," a calm voice intervened. It was the bus driver who had followed her to the rear of the coach. "Let's take a look under the seat," he said.

Sure enough, the purse was there, and the driver proceeded to turn it over to the woman, who beat a hasty retreat out of the bus, with son in hand.

"Gotta excuse some of these excitable shoppers," the driver winked at the man in overalls; as he returned to the wheel.

That, in my way of thinking, is a nice example of keeping cool in a warm situation . . . and what's more, it pretty well illustrates a small but neat slice of everyday "good will towards men."

Tully



By CLAUDE HOLMES

Our sympathy is extended to Tom Egan and family in the death of his son, 20-year-old Pfc. William J. Egan, Normandy, Missouri. He was home on leave when fatally injured in an automobile accident. Tom is night foreman at the St. Louis Garage.

Our sympathy is extended to Mrs. Celta Costephens, of Pyramid, in the death of her father at Poplar Bluff, Missouri. Also, Mr. Costephens, whose father is a patient at Christian Hospital in St. Louis.

Lenora Richards, coach cleaner at the garage, fractured her elbow in a fall on the ice on the way to work. We wish her a speedy recovery.

Irene Banghart, information clerk, received a leg injury in a cab wreck at Wellston, Missouri.

Mollie Smith plans a visit with her daughter at Scranton, Pennsylvania.

Willanna P. Gaudette, auditor at the office, is still off sick.

William Goodman is a new employee in the baggage room.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Her-



PATRICIA ANN LUMPKINS

bert Lehde on their 29th wedding anniversary, November 19, 1950.

Who said Mr. Breidenthal did not attend the Michigan-Illinois football game at Champaign, Illinois.

Superintendent Gus Gockel of Cape Girardeau said these snowy and icy days that we are having would divide the boys from the men. Did Mike LaSusa lay off the Wednesday that it snowed so hard?

Operator Kenneth Davidson took his St. Louis relief day to go hunting with Operator Matthews in Southeast Missouri.

Operator C. O. Blackman has returned to work from his vacation. He intended to do some quail hunting but his daughter received injuries in an auto accident, and his wife had a minor operation. These kept Charles busy doing home chores.

Someone overheard Operator Ralph Jenkins calling his father at Kinmundy, Illinois. The conversation went: "Hello, Dad, this is Ralph. Will you tell Mom to have plenty of food cooked. I am coming home tomorrow." He said he planned on bird hunting also while home.

Frank Lawson, gas man at the St. Louis garage, has passed his physical and is on his way to the Army.

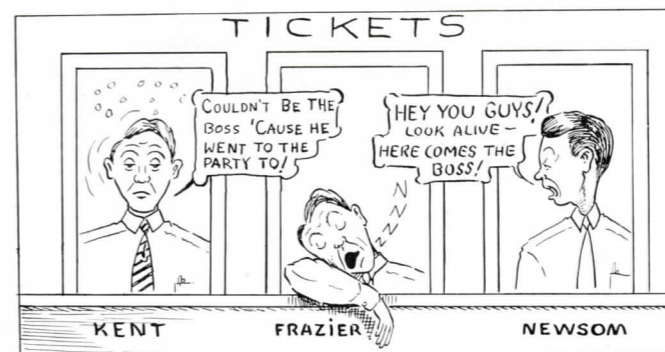
Roy Wright, apprentice mechanic, who was in the reserves, is back in the service now.

Rumors are that Orville Stilley, baggage room employee, was recently married.

This month's picture is of Miss Patricia Ann Lumpkins, 17-months-old daughter of Operator and Mrs. J. H. Lumpkins, of the St. Louis board.

MEMPHIS TERMINAL

By Earl Kent



GREYHOUND TRAVEL AGENTS ON TOUR OF MEXICO

The "snapshot feature" of the month was taken about 8 A.M. the morning following the annual terminal Christmas party. It was really a nice party and everyone wants to thank B. J. Kinney for the good time they had.

H. B. Savage is working at the Memphis Terminal now. We all want to express our deepest sympathy to Savage and his family in the loss of his father.

Mattie Lou Alexander has just returned from a conducted tour of Old Mexico—given by the Greyhound Corporation to all the Travel Bureau managers all over the United States. The accompanying photo is of the group

that Mattie Lou was with. Her itinerary was pretty much as follows:

Left San Antonio 8 A.M. on the morning of the 20th. Spent night in Monterey, Mexico. Second night at Hotel Taninul. Reached Mexico City on the third day. 4th day—toured Mexico City—5th day—made trip to Puablo—6th day—visited Pyramids and went to the home of Mr. Griffith, manager of Wells Fargo—saw bull fight.—7th day—went to Taxco, spent night there. 8th day—returned to Mexico City—left immediately on return. Stopped over in Ft. Worth for opening of the new Southwestern Bus Station—next stop—home!

The sick list for the past month includes: Mary Ponder, Hazel Hicks, G. Alexander, yours truly, and I'm happy to report we're all back to work.

Mary Nell Wallace was recently married to Bill Lumpkins, former Dixie driver. From all reports, Mary Nell thinks there is nothing like married life.

Latest report on Dawson—he says we should have told him about married life some forty years ago instead of letting him remain a bachelor.

Lucille Gray just returned from her vacation which I understand she and Robert spent visiting their families.



"I made it out of an old bus horn, but instead of moose I keep getting people with suitcases!"



"I'm glad you're on time. I'm half frozen!"



PADUCAH



By LELAND SINCLAIR

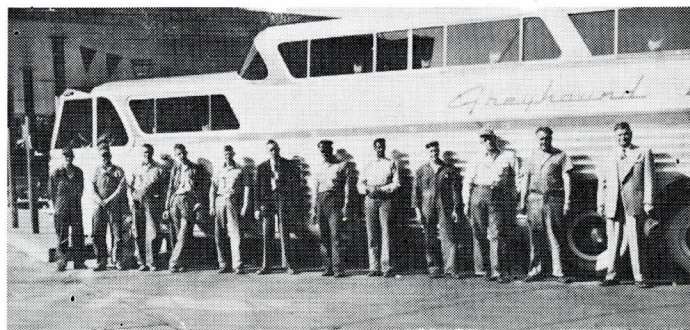
Christmas is over! Old Santa has come and gone and now that we have tolled the bells for 1950, we can again return to our daily routine. Father 1950 took with him many of our laughs and tears and not only has he taken someone who might be dear to us, but someone who was loved and respected by many, namely: Mr. L. B. Davis, whose memory will linger on. Let us greet "51" with a spirit of forgiveness for all past grievances and hope of bringing happiness to others as well as ourselves. There is a feeling of depression as we bid farewell to the Old Year, wondering what Fate holds in store for us as we venture forth into the New. Our sincere wish is that each of you will find Health, Happiness and Prosperity ahead.



JAMES A. TERRELL AND
CAROLYN SOWELL

Does anyone recognize the gent behind the glasses? He has been with the Greyhound for quite some time. This was made the day the Scenicruiser paid a recent visit to Paducah. Many turned out to view this luxurious coach which is the last word in motor transportation, with its spaciousness, reclining chairs, glare-proof windows and rear observation portion which is equipped with a card table encircled by leather upholstered seats where a fellow traveler may enjoy full relaxation as well as a few hours of recreation. Among those turning out to see this Cruiser was Carolyn Sowell, (nee Carolyn Terrell) whom we might add, is related to Operator J. A. Terrell.

Leroy Baumgardner, who was asso-



GARAGE EMPLOYEES — PADUCAH

ciated with our Maintenance Department, has resigned to accept a position with the Claussner Hosiery Company. His vacancy has been filled temporarily by J. E. Hicks, Operator, who is on sick leave.

Thomas H. Kenney, a former employee of Greyhound, has returned to the garage as mechanic.

Since we seem to be featuring the Scenicruiser this month, we are very proud of the above snapshot as here we have the day shift of garage employees, to whom much credit is due, as they keep our buses rolling. On the extreme right are Shop Supt. Leonard Loveless and Yours Truly

Operator J. V. Riley, who has recently been confined to Riverside Hospital, is able to be out again. Hope it won't be long until you are able to return to work J. V.

Mrs. Ross Rutter, wife of ticket agent, is a patient of Barnes Hospital, St. Louis, having undergone major surgery. Ross, who remains at her bedside, is greatly missed by all Terminal employees and we are anxiously awaiting the good news that Mrs. Rutter is again on the road to recovery.

Operator H. M. Sledd is back to work after a week's vacation.

Mr. Leonard Loveless, Shop Supt., who was unable to hunt pheasants this year, is taking his vacation in installments hunting (?). So far we haven't seen a feather for proof of his kill.

As you may recall we mentioned in our December issue of the Digest that Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Benoski would vacation in New York. Due to heavy snows and icy roads they were unable to get any farther than Effingham,

Illinois, where they did an "about face" and headed South.

Inez Talley has replaced Stella Wilson and is doing a fine job of keeping our buses Spic and Span.

Mr. J. A. Dalstrom presided over a Safety Meeting at the Irvin Cobb Hotel, Paducah, on December 14th, which was preceded by a banquet consisting of Turkey and all the Trimmings. There were twenty in attendance.

Paging Operator O. C. Wright! Anyone seeing Oran C. Wright will please try to learn his technique in securing a charter for the Greyhound. A certain Department Store entertained its employees with a Christmas Party in St. Louis but there was a stipulation in said charter which made it compulsory that said bus be driven by none other than O. C. Wright. Thanks Oran and more power to you in the future.

R. L. Spiceland, son of Mrs. Reecie Spiceland, Greyhound Post House, has returned to active duty with the U. S. Army and is now stationed at Camp Breckenridge, Ky.

Our recent visitors included: Mr. J. H. Galloway; H. G. Eichhorn; J. W. Cable, Bill Newsome, A. R. Steele and Bill Azbill.

May we offer our Congratulations to the following who observed Birth Anniversaries during December?

- 2nd James A. Terrell
- 19th E. C. Williams
- 20th Blanche Sowell
- 29th C. O. Blackman

If you have made that Resolution, it must be good so KEEP IT!



By JACK HUGHES

Operator Lloyd Claburn has just returned from a duck hunting trip to Sardis. He reports ducks scarce, weather cold. What! No coffee royal, Mr. Claburn?

Congrats to Bob Dawson, first Dixie Driver to reach twenty-five year safety record. A good job, Bob. A big hand from the rest of us.

In contrast to our number 1 man, Bob Dawson, is Operator Erwin, the St. Louis pest. Better known at Mon Joy's Square Deal Hotel as "Little Iodine," Last-on-seniority-list-Erwin has made many friends here. Glad to have you, Iodine.

Eddie and Ethel Coger have been to Hot Springs for a week's vacation. Good vacation spot, says Eddie. Hotel accommodations good, food fine, caught lots of fish. Wonder if Ethel had to bait his hook?

Bob Cherry recently took sojourn into the wild woods of Cheatham County, Tennessee. A companion reports Bob heard a rattlesnake in the bushes, insisted companion look for it. Bob stood at a safe distance while hunting partner routed "big dangerous cricket." After getting lost in the wilds for two hours, killing no squirrels, and dodging those "big bad bugs" he was ready for a vacation. Take a Flit gun next time, Bob.

Operator Howard Burress has just married and says there is nothing like it. He says his appetite has increased to an enormous standard. So will your bills, Mr. Burress.

C. I. Marsh and J. C. Hatler have bought a couple of bird dogs. Mr. Marsh will not brag on the dogs and refers comments to J. C. The price of lemons comes high when they are in the shape of a dog. Just kidding, Boss, I don't want any demerits.

Robert Watts has bid the new run originating in Imboden, Arkansas. This reporter has received word from extra operators pulling the run that Bob will have to bring a bus load of daylight each day as daylight is piped to Imboden, but the pipe broke. Just a little humor for the Arkansas boys, no offense meant.

Operator "Fibber" McGee is sporting

two black eyes caused by his wife applying brakes suddenly while driving his car. Good brakes, hmmm!

Operator "Suitcase" Medley is on the go again. He was rolled off the Walnut Ridge run and has taken the Blytheville local. The old saying, "A rolling stone gathers no moss," does not apply to Mr. Medley.

The drivers' room is hot with rumors of wage increases, wage decreases, wage freezing and wage defrosting and now and then the fairer sex is mentioned.



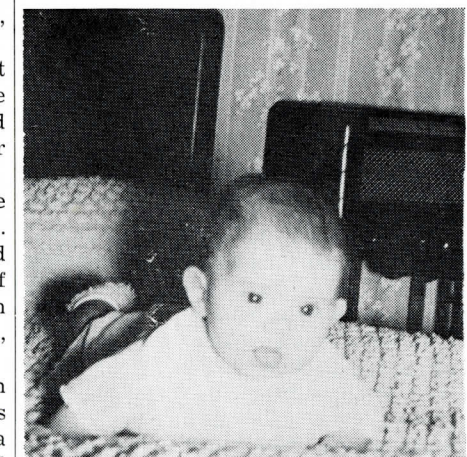
By DOROTHY MATTHEWS

Here it is a New Year and I haven't put 1950 to bed yet—am I ever behind in my business!!

We strictly wound up the year with some dizzy doings.

Nina Jones creeped wearily into the kitchen one morning and put on the coffee pot only to discover later that she had used oatmeal instead of coffee. Well, all I can say is it's cheaper anyway! And Josephine Bland made cornbread with soap powder instead of meal—and Maida Grisham popped corn with clorox instead of Wesson Oil. I am turning down all invitations to eat except at my own home and I don't know if that is safe.

Wedding bells rang for Ralph Page (That's the one I hinted about.) around Thanksgiving. Our best wishes to Ralph and Lillian, always.



The cute little miss in the picture is Sherrie Lea (Pretty name, isn't it?), 3 months old daughter of Juanita Burkett of Mr. Eichhorn's office.

We dust off ye little old welcome mat for Janie Payne, ticket sorter, and hope

she will like it here. Also we want to say hello to Charles Mobley, mail clerk. Charles came from Osceola and we hope he too will like it here.

No sooner do we say welcome than we have to say farewell. This time it is Edith "Stinky" Russell and we sure hate to see her go, for she is a lovely person (I won't mention the trick or treats you pull this time, Edith). Edith is going home to knit little things—in other words, she is a member of the "stork club."

Taking over her job is Mace Reeves. Yeah, Mace is back again, same as ever. Welcome, Mace.

Then we have another farewell, Dorothy (Bull) Vinson of the Traffic Department. We sure will miss Bull and wish her success in her new job.

Having a tonsillectomy on a vacation is not my idea of fun and neither is it Vernie Mae Walker's but that is just what she did. Vernie Mae is cashier and while off Mrs. McClure took over.

This month seems to be all about people changing jobs. Here's another—Terrell Clayton, who was in Mr. Dalstrom's office, resigned to take another job AND guess who took over—Martha Clayton, Terrell's wife. We sure were sorry to see Terrell go but at least we're keeping it in the family. Welcome, Martha.

Ronald O'Bannon, late of the Traffic Department is the proud father of a little girl.

A long weekend in New York is in store for Nondece Parks. She'll celebrate New Years in the big city and find out how nice that Yankee land is (sometimes).

My resolutions have dwindled to just one this year. That is to try to get my column to Nolan Williams on time.



By RAY WILLIAMS

Maybe I will get this typed up today and maybe I won't. Old man winter done set in with a bang and my hands are stiff. Oh, well, knew it was coming but not so much or so soon.

So the round trip contest is over and we are wondering just how everything wound up. Guess we will all know before this hits print. Patience is our middle name, sometimes.

(Continued on next page)



Our snap this month is none other than the "Chief MOGUL" himself, Mr. J. B. Hodges. Sure do wish this could have been in color so you could see that tie. Really a honey! Incidentally, you should see the shorts that "Hodge" bought the other day, man, are they it! One pair is made like a leopard skin.

I joined Operator Fred Ross in a little bus ride Thanksgiving day. That is, it was to be a little ride, but after the sleet and the crowd going from Morganfield to Sturgis after the football game it almost turned into an all night trip. Nope, we didn't have the trouble, it was the cars in front of us. Boy, that turkey was really cold by the time we reached Fulton. To top it all off we had one of these characters with us and, of course, that didn't help matters any.

It's another girl for the H. L. Shafers. H. L., now Lt., was formerly Head Baggage Agent here.

We are all wondering what has happened to Charles LaRue, or did I miss seeing him? If not, come on up, Charlie, poker deck's getting cold.

It's good to hear Mace Reeves is back with the company. We are all looking forward to seeing Mace again and make it soon.

We have all kept busy writing up slips for the various servicemen who have been delayed and don't want the guardhouse for Christmas.

Next time you see Will Edd Seavers, ask him when he is going to start his law course. During one of the recent storms, Will Edd was informed by a party that as a lawyer he was going to sue the station as we had to cancel a schedule. Get to it, Will Edd, we need legal representation.

Guess this ice and snow has kept the visitors away this month, haven't seen a one. Only one I've seen was Gene Jones's wife who came from Lebanon, Missouri, to see him. Gene is with the local Post House.

Oh, yeah, next time you see Charley DuRall, ask him to give you a light, boy, is that a dainty little thing he uses. Yeah, about like a medium tank. Holds a can of fluid at one filling.

Gotta do some shopping for the Mrs. so will see you later, or sooner, or some time, maybe.



By BRUCE CULP

With the ending of the Round Trip Contest but still no word as to who is the winner in our group, I believe there is no doubt in anyone's mind about Evansville and Mayfield being the winner in their groups. We heard that Jackson, Tennessee, edged us out in the last nine days but we aren't admitting defeat until we get the official word from Mr. Ray Williams. If, now mind you I said IF, Jackson did win, they know they have been in a contest and did not run away with the prize as did the winner in the other two groups. The same thing goes for Clarksdale if we win. We had to work hard to keep that narrow margin over them all the way. We do feel sorry for Mr. Minton though, because we know he will take a lot of ribbing from the Evansville group. We offer our congratulations to the winners and hope we will be able to shake our own hands.

Mr. Earl Smith and Mr. J. W. Cable paid us a visit this month on their return trip from Greenville, Mississippi. We were very glad to see them and hope they will return real soon.

With the end of Fall Round-Up of Travel Bargains came the end of fall weather for us here with snow, sleet and ice. It had a telling effect on our business because it really was slow for a few days. I believe that only the people that had to went outside their homes. Some of the old drivers coming out of Memphis said they had driven on ice and sleet before but nothing like that. The slickest they had ever seen on Highway 61.

Gus Leird passed through on his way home the other day and was returning from "big shelby" on business. I am



planning to go down to see Gus this spring about strawberry time to eat all those berries he is raising in his garden.

Agent Pat Adams, Vicksburg, Mississippi, was in Clarksdale last week visiting her daughter, Carrol Jones. I believe Pat likes to get away from it on her day off because she didn't even come by the station and say howdy.

Superintendent and Mrs. Tarrant made a flying trip home the other night to see some visiting relatives and planned to return late that night but just as they left to return, it started snowing and the trip which normally takes a little less than two hours took them nearly four and they thought all the way home they wouldn't be able to make it.

The picture this month is of Miss Moonyene King, eight month old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles King, the new Post House managers here in Clarksdale. It looks as if the young lady is stretching her muscles on the post in the picture. She is very small for her age but one thing you will never see is a frown on her face. She smiles all the time.



By ELIHU JORDON

Your writer has just returned from vacation so I am short on news. About the time I started my vacation a blizzard came, so I just stayed at home. Went squirrel hunting one time and managed to kill six.

Agent Fesmire spent his vacation in Lexington and Jackson. He is having a new home built and it should be completed at this writing. They already

have the roof on.

Agent Frances Goodrich has started her vacation and she plans to travel by Greyhound to see relatives in Oklahoma and Colorado. She will probably run into some cold weather in Colorado this time of year.

We extend our sympathy to Opr. and Mrs. T. E. Hutcherson in the death of Mrs. Hutcherson's mother, who passed away recently at Selmer, Tennessee.

Supt. Doyle Crowell is expecting the stork to come flying around to his house some time around Christmas. He wants another boy.

Well, the round trip contest is over and we are anxiously awaiting the winner. Mayfield has won in their division and Evansville in theirs so the only question is the race between our station and Clarksdale, Mississippi. Sure hope we win.

Clyde Wilcox has been on the ailing list with a cold, but is able to be out again.

Agent O'Neal Reeves from Clarksdale was through our station recently on his way to visit relatives in Lexington.

JACKSON, TENNESSEE TERMINAL COMPLIMENTED BY STARS

Roy Rogers, famous cowboy actor and his wife, the equally famous Dale Evans, with their show troupe, lunched at the Jackson, Tenn. Post House, Dec. 2. Mr. Rogers stated that this station had the best food, best service, and was the nicest station of any he had seen in 33 days of touring by Greyhound.



By SIDNEY CROW

This month we have pictured Pete Bradford, employee at the bus station and Colonial Hotel at Brownsville, Tennessee. Pete is one of the oldest in service and certainly one of the best liked. Any Nashville driver can vouch for Pete as he is always ready and willing to assist them in every way. His connection with the company began in April, 1927, when he came to work for Mr. H. W. Stratton, agent in Brownsville for Smith Motor Coach Company at that time, and has continued through



By JO ANN COSTEPHENS

The picture is of H. H. Haun, former dispatcher at Pyramid, who has been in the St. John's Sanatorium at Springfield for over a year. We are glad to hear that Howard is on the road to recovery.

Operator and Mrs. Claude Holmes celebrated their twenty-fourth wedding anniversary on the third of December, by having a few friends in for dinner. Here's hoping they have as many more happy days together.

We are glad to have Operator W. H. Dunkerson back on his run from Paducah to St. Louis after a thirty day leave.

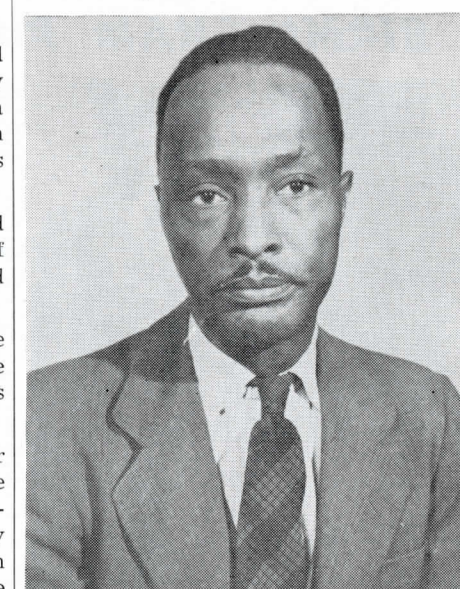
Operator E. A. Lindeman passed through Pyramid en route to Mt. Vernon where he spent his day off with his family.

A welcomed visitor this month was Mr. C. I. Marsh. He hope to see him again in the very near future.

As rabbit season is here again, Don Bradly has been trying his luck. We wish to report that he has the best luck at night. Don is an employee in the Pyramid garage.

Operator C. O. Blackman has recently had a bad case of ICE-ITIS but has kept on the job. Claude Holmes also had the

(Continued on page 12)



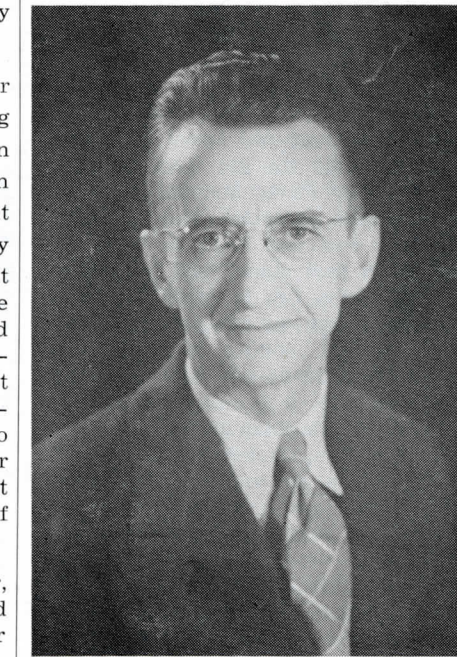
the years with Greyhound. Pete has become popular with all Greyhound travelers as he is always attentive and courteous, especially to women and children traveling alone. Our hats are off to Pete.

We extend our sympathies to Doc Daniels and Miss Jackie in the recent loss of their mother. Had she lived until December 20, she would have been 92 years of age.

Operator Robert Cherry has been off recently to be with his brother who is confined to the hospital in Nashville. We don't know how serious the illness is but do hope he is up and about by now.

We have been having rough weather up Nashville way again. Thanksgiving night I was on my way up to Dickson with my family to visit my mother when we were caught in a snow storm at Camden, Tennessee and had to stay over night. This might sound bad but it turned out fine (for us, that is). We were rescued and taken in by Mr. and Mrs. McCullough, our agents at Camden. They are just about the nicest people I ever met anywhere and certainly the most hospitable. I want to thank Mr. and Mrs. McCullough for turning what looked like one of the most miserable times in my life into one of the most enjoyable.

We are starting another new year, 365 days to go until another year and I hope that every day will be a better one than last year's for everyone.



PYRAMID

(Continued from page 11)

same trouble but couldn't take it as well as Cob.

H. C. Eichhorn, superintendent of maintenance, had business in Pyramid this month.

Former Operator Doherty and his family stopped in at Pyramid to say hello.

Operator C. D. Walters returned from his vacation which he spent visiting friends and relatives.

Guy "Bunk" Pierce, former garage employee, is planning to depart for California within the next week where he will spend the winter with his daughter.

From me to you: HAPPY NEW YEAR.



By PAULINE AYCOCK

Mr. Leroy Knight was in the Magic City for a few days. We are always glad to have him with us.

Mrs. Perry Nelson has been quite ill at her home on Rhodes Circle. We are glad to learn she is much better.

Mr. J. H. Drinnon is on vacation in Morristown, Tennessee, visiting with his mother.

Mrs. Ed Rogers and daughter, Paula, have just returned home from a week in Jacksonville, Florida, visiting Mrs. Rogers' sister.

Operator Hale and wife were lucky people in a way. Although their car was stolen, the thief did leave it in good condition, only the gas tank empty.

The Tacky Party Marion Darby and her husband attended was a "wow." Wouldn't you just love to have seen Marion in that shawl and the antique furs she wore, not to speak of the hat and shoes? Anyway everyone had fun.

We are all looking forward to the Grand Opening of our new Bus Depot on January 15. It is really something to make all Birmingham proud.

Mr. and Mrs. Chandler went deep-sea fishing while on vacation in Panama City, Florida, and had a wonderful time.

Mr. L. T. Smith, baggage agent, has returned to work after being out sick for a few days.

Miss Bernice Mate spent her vacation in New York City, sightseeing and visiting with relatives.

BIRMINGHAM PICTURE GALLERY



Corp. Perry Nelson and Niece Suzanne Holly Marsha Sherrill Glass, 3 Year Old Daughter of S.E.G. Operator and Mrs. H. L. Glass



Billy Marshall Taken in Boot Camp in San Francisco, Cal.



Mary Clyde Aycock, Niece of Pauline Aycock



November 16, 1950

Dixie Greyhound Lines
Memphis 7, Tennessee

Gentlemen:

I just want to write and say to you that I more than appreciate the kind of drivers you employ between Clarksdale and Jackson. Without exception, they are courteous and kind and efficient. I am a passenger many times during the year, and I have yet to notice one

discourteous word or act. Congratulations on such good men.

The name of Mr. J. R. Wicker draws special recognition from me, because of work and service done to me, "over and above the call of duty." I left my raincoat on the bus, and had no right to ever expect to get it again. He found it on the bus miles after I left it, and brought it all the way back to Clarksdale, and returned it to me. This sounds to you like a small thing, but to me it is large, and I shall ever remember him.

It is a pleasure to ride your buses.

Sincerely,
F. K. Horton, Pastor
Clarksdale Baptist Church

