
LAMBERT'S CAFE

HOME OF THROWN ROLLS



TWO LOCATIONS:

2515 East Malone • Sikeston, MO 63801
314-471-4261

Highway 65 • Between Springfield and Branson
417-581-ROLL (7655)

Dedication

Lambert's is a traditionally happy place but we are not without our share of heartaches and tragedies. We have lost three very special people---all associated with Lambert's.

My father, Earl Lambert passed away in 1976 after a brief illness. He and my mother --- with absolutely nothing but guts, founded Lambert's in 1941, and made possible what we are today.

Melba Williams worked here for 41 years. I can never remember not knowing her --- she was a friend, employee and a part of our family and I cannot say how very much she meant to all of us.

The most recent and tragic loss was our son, Todd Lambert, who died in an automobile accident January 29, 1984. He was so terribly important and dear to us that time and time only can ease the tremendous pain of such a loss. Todd worked in and around the restaurant from age 12 and acquired a self-taught talent of balloon artistry that only he could do. All will be missed but never, never forgotten.

Todd's Garden

A beautifully landscaped garden, with long walkways, was planted and a large wooden gazebo built in memory of Todd. The garden is located 8 miles from Sikeston next to the covered bridge. Feel welcome to enjoy it.

Todd Parnell Lambert



January 1, 1963 - January 29, 1984

*In Memory of
Our Son Todd Lambert*

The Rose Still Grows Beyond The Wall

*Near shady wall a rose once grew,
Budded and blossomed in God's free light,
Watered and fed by morning dew,
Shedding its sweetness day and night.*

*As it grew and blossomed fair and tall,
Slowly rising to loftier height,
It came to a crevice in the wall,
Through which there shone a beam of light.*

*Onward it crept with added strength,
With never a thought of fear or pride;
It followed the light through the crevice-length
And unfolded itself on the other side.*

*The light, the dew, the broadening view,
Were found the same as they were before;
And it lost itself in beauties new,
Breathing its fragrance more and more.*

*Shall claim of death cause us to grieve
And make our courage faint or fall?
Nay, let us faith and hope receive;
The rose still grows beyond the wall,*

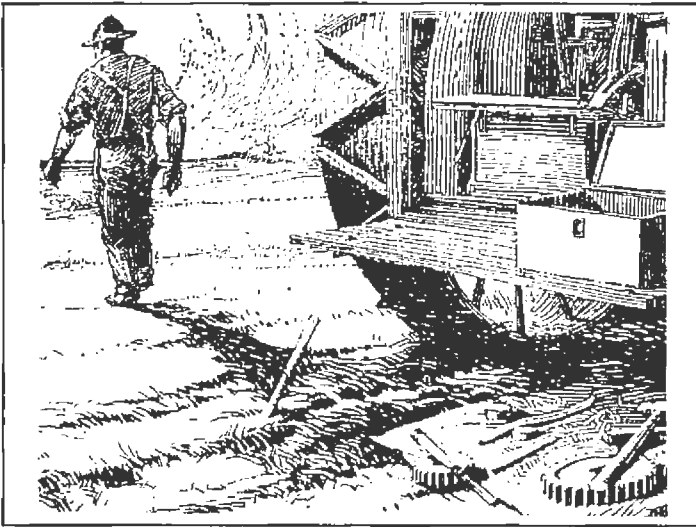
*Scattering fragrance far and wide,
Just as it did in days of yore,
Just as it did on the other side,
Just as it will forevermore.*

A.L. Frink

- Missouri Here I Come -

Mr. David Overton, the son of Mr. Frederick W. Overton, ran across the following letters his father had carefully filed away, concerning my father and the Farmers Friend Tractor Company of which Mr. Overton was a long time employee. It's hilarious and also the truth. I've heard the story many times - but without all the details and facts. Hope you enjoy it.

I'M IN A HURRY



To the Farmers Friend Tractor Company
Earthworm City, Illinois

Winfield, Alabama
October 1, 1924

Dear Sir: I'm in a hurry. I want a new main drive gear for my tractor. This tractor was formerly owned by Joe Banks of Llano, Texas, and bought by me at the auction after he died. The main drive gear in the tractor has busted and I just been over and asked the widow Banks where Joe used to buy parts for his tractors and she said she ain't sure but she thinks it was The Farmers Friend Tractor Company, Earthworm City, Illinois. So please let me know if you are the folks, and if so please send the gear at once. As I am in a hurry. It is the main drive gear. It is the big bull gear in the back end of the transmission that goes round and round and drives the tractor excuse this paper as my regular business letter paper has not come yet yours truly,

Earl Lambert

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
Makers of Earthworm Tractors

Earl Lambert
Winfield, Ala.

Earthworm City, Ill.
October 3, 1924

Dear Sir: This will acknowledge receipt of your letter of October 1, in which we note that you request us to send you a gear for your tractor.

In this connection we are pleased to advise that an inspection of our files reveals the fact that Mr. Joseph Banks of Llano, Tex., was the owner of one of our old-style Model 45 Earthworm Tractors. Mr. Banks acquired this tractor on June 3, 1915. We are changing our records to indicate that this tractor has been purchased by yourself, and we are most happy to assure you that all the resources of the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company are at your service and that we can supply you promptly with everything you may need in the way of spare parts, service and information.

We regret, however, that your description of the gear which you desire is not sufficient for us to identify same, as there are a number of gears in the transmission to which the description "main drive gear" might conceivably apply. Kindly look up this gear in the parts book and advise us the proper part number and name as given therein. When necessary information is received, immediate shipment will be made.

In the meantime, we wish to extend you a most cordial welcome into the happy family of Earthworm users, to congratulate you upon selecting the Earthworm Tractor - even though it be of such an old model - and to assure you of our constant interest and desire to cooperate with you to the fullest extent.

Very truly yours,
Frederick R. Overton, Parts Department

To the Farmers Friend Tractor Company
Earthworm City, Illinois

Winfield, Alabama
October 6, 1924

Dear Sir: I got your letter I got no parts book. I asked the widow of the Joe Banks, who is the man that owned the tractor before I bought it at the auction after he died, I asked her did they have a parts book for the tractor and she said they once had a parts book but is lost. I would look up the gear in the parts book if I could, but you can understand that I can't look up the gear in the parts book if I got no parts book. What I want is the big bull gear way at the back. The great big cog wheel with 44 cogs on it that goes round and round and drives the tractor.

I'm in a hurry because the tractor is unfortunately broke down right while I'm doing a very important job for Mr. Dyer of this city. The tractor run fine until 3 p.m. October 1, when there came a loud and very funny noise in the back and the tractor would no longer pull. We took the cover off the transmission case, and this big cog wheel was busted. Six cogs was busted off of it, and the tractor will not pull, only make a funny noise.

I am a young man 24 years of age just starting in business and expect to get married soon, so please send the gear at once as I'm in a hurry and oblige,
Earl Lambert

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
Makers of Earthworm Tractors

Earl Lambert
Winfield, Ala.

Earthworm City, Ill.
October 9, 1924

Dear Sir: This will acknowledge your valued letter of October 6, stating that you desire a gear for your tractor, but are unable to give us the parts number of same owing to the fact that you have no parts book. We have carefully gone over your description of the gear, but we regret that we have been unable positively to identify what gear it is that you desire. We note that you state the gear has 44 teeth and we feel sure that some mistake has been made, as there is no 44-tooth gear in the tractor.

We are therefore mailing you under separate cover a parts book for the Model 45 Earthworm Tractor, Year 1915, and would suggest that you look up the gear in this book, and let us know the part number so that we can fill your order.

Unfortunately we are not able to supply you with a parts book printed in English.

Nearly all of the old-style Model 45 tractors were sold to the French Government in 1915 to be used in pulling artillery on the western front. As only a few of these tractors were sold in America, the edition of English parts books was very limited and has been exhausted. We are, however, sending you one of the French parts books.

We regret exceedingly that we are obliged to give you a parts book printed in a foreign language; and we realize, of course, that possibly you may be unable to understand it. However, you should be able to find the desired gear in the pictures, which are very plain.

Kindly give us the part number which is given under the picture of the gear, and we will make immediate shipment.

Very truly yours,
Frederick R. Overton, Parts Department

To the Farmers Friend Tractor Company
Earthworm City, Illinois

Winfield, Alabama
October 12, 1924

Dear Sir: Your letter has come your book has come you was right when you said I might not understand it. I cant understand the Dago printing and I been looking at the pictures all evening and I cant understand the pictures they dont look like nothing I ever seen. So I cant give you no part number, but I'm in a hurry so please send the gear anyway. It is the one way at the back. You cant miss it. Its not the one that lays down its the one that sets up on edge and has 44 teeth and meshes with the little one with 12

teeth. The little one goes round and round and drives the big one. And the big one is keyed on the main shaft and goes round and round and drives the tractor. Or I should say used to go round and round, but now it has six teeth busted out and wont go round - only make a funny noise when it gets to the place where the teeth are busted out.

I'm in a hurry and to show you that I need this gear quick, I will explain that the tractor is laid up right in the middle of an important job I'm doing for Mr. Dyer of this city. I'm a young man, age 24 years, and new at the house moving business and I want to make a good impression and also expect to get married soon.

When Mr. Dyer of this city decided to move his house from down by the depot up to the north end of town, and give me the job, I thought it was a fine chance to get started in business and make a good impression. I got the house jacked up, and I put heavy timbers underneath, and trucks with solid wheels that I bought from a contractor at Llano. And I bought this second-hand tractor from Joe Banks at Llano at the auction after he died, and all my money is tied up in this equipment and on October 1, at 3 p.m. we had the house moved half way to where they want it, when the tractor made a funny noise and quit. And if I don't get a new gear pretty soon and move the house the rest of they way I'll be a blowed up sucker.

I'm just starting in business and want to make a good impression and I'm expecting to get married so please hurry with the gear. Excuse paper as my regular business paper has not come yet and oblige, Earl Lambert

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
Makers of Earthworm Tractors

Earl Lambert
Winfield, Ala.

Earthworm City, Ill.
October 14, 1924

Dear Sir: This will acknowledge your valued letter of October 12, and we regret exceedingly that you have been unable to locate the part which you desire in the parts book, and that consequently you have been subject to annoying delay. As it is always our desire to render the greatest possible service to Earthworm Tractor owners, we have gone into this matter with the greatest of care; and after checking over very thoroughly the descriptions given in your latest letter, and also in former letters, we have come to the conclusion that the gear you desire in the 45-tooth intermediate spur gear, symbol No. 6843, as illustrated on page 16 of the parts book. We note that you state that the gear has 44 teeth, but as there is no such gear in your model tractor, and as No. 6843 gear fits the description in other particulars, we can only assume that you made a mistake in counting the number of teeth in the gear.

Accordingly, we are shipping you by express this afternoon one No. 6843 gear, which we trust will prove to be the part desired. Assuring you of

our constant desire to render you every possible service, efficiently and promptly, I remain,

Very truly yours,
Frederick R. Overton, Parts Department

To the Farmers Friend Tractor Company
Earthworm City, Illinois

Winfield, Alabama
October 18, 1924

Dear Sir: Your letter come yesterday your gear come today C.O.D. \$41.26 and not only that, but it is no good and it wont fit. It is not like the old gear. It looks like a well made gear but there is nothing like it on my tractor so it is no good to me it is too big it wont go on it wont fit on the shaft. And if it did fit on the shaft, it would not work because it is too big and the teeth would not mesh with the teeth on the little gear, and it ought to have 44 teeth like I said, not 45.

So will you look this up again more carefully and send me the right gear and send it as quick as possible? I'm in a hurry, and I will explain to you how things stand so you can see I am no liar when I say I got to have this gear right off or I am a blowed up sucker.

I am new in the house moving business and I am moving a house for Mr. Dyer of this city, and Mr. Dyer is a very stubborn old cuss and he insisted that the house be moved all together - which includes the main part which is two stories high and built very strong and solid, and also the front porch which sticks out in front and is built pretty weak, and also the one story kitchen which sticks out behind. The kitchen is very frail.

But Mr. Dyer did not listen to me when I wanted to move the kitchen and front porch separate from the house. So, as I am a young man and new at the house moving business and anxious to make a good impression, I tried to do it like he wanted. I jacked up the whole works all together, and put timbers underneath, and heavy trucks that I bought from a contractor at Llano, and we came up from the depot fine - the tractor pulling good and the little old house rolling along smooth and quiet and beautiful. But at 3 p.m. October 1, just as we was going past Jim Ferguson's Drug Store on the main street of this city, there come a funny noise in the tractor, and we have been stuck ever since waiting for a new gear because the tractor will not run with six teeth busted out of the old gear.

So you can see that it is no lie that I am in a hurry, and I will explain that for 2 and 1/2 weeks, no traffic has been able to go past Jim Ferguson's Drug Store. All traffic on the main street of this city has been detoured - turning to the right through the field next to Johnson's Garage, following the back lane past the shed where Harvey Jenkins keeps his cow, and then around Wilson's Hardware Store and back to the main street, and all this owing to the stubbornness of old man Dyer making me take the porch and the kitchen along at the same time.

The porch is now resting two feet from the drug store and the kitchen just three feet from the post office on the other side of the street. If old man Dyer had listened to me and we had taken the kitchen off, there would have been

room for traffic to get past, but now we cant take the kitchen off on account of being so jammed up against the post office, but people dont figger on that and everybody in town blames it on me that traffic is held up, which is very wrong as I am doing the best I can.

And now old man Dyer says I contracted to move his house, and I had better hurry up, and he says why dont I hire some horses but I say horses would be unsafe, because when they get to pulling something very heavy they get to jerking and they would be liable to jerk the house and injure it, owing to the fact that Mr. Dyer was so stubborn as to make me leave the kitchen and the porch on the house, thus weakening it. And besides I got no money to waste hiring horses when I got a tractor already, so you can see why I'm in a hurry being anxious to make a good impression and get married.

Please send at once the right gear which has FORTY-FOUR TEETH (44), because the old gear has 38 good teeth, and 6 busted off, making 44 like I said, not 45. And the right gear is an inch narrower than the one you sent, and the hole through the middle is smaller. I am making a picture so you can see just what gear it is, so please send it at once and oblige, Earl Lambert

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY

Makers of Earthworm Tractors

Earl Lambert
Winfield, Ala.

Earthworm City, Ill.
October 21, 1924

Dear Sir: This will acknowledge your valued letter of October 18, from which we note that you are having trouble in installing in your tractor, gear No. 6843, which we shipped you on October 14.

We regret exceedingly that you have had this trouble, and to the end that the basis of the difficulty might be discovered, we have carefully checked over your former correspondence and have at length come to the conclusion that gear No. 6843, which we sent you, is the proper gear. We are therefore at a loss to understand why you have been unable to use it, and can only suggest that you may possibly have made some error in installing it.

To obviate this difficulty we are today mailing you, under separate cover, a copy of our latest instruction book on the care, operation and repair of Earthworm Tractors. We regret that this book was prepared for the new-style tractors, but as the method of installing transmission gears is essentially the same in both old-and new-style tractors, we feel sure that you will have no trouble in applying the instructions to your old-style tractor. Please study carefully the pictures and full description on page 34, and if you proceed as directed we feel sure you will experience no further difficulty in installing the gear.

In case, however, there still remains some minor trouble to interfere with the perfect operation of the tractor, we shall appreciate it if you will notify us, as we are always anxious to give owners of Earthworm Tractors the fullest possible cooperation.

Very truly yours,
Frederick R. Overton, Parts Department

To the Farmers Friend Tractor Company
Earthworm City, Illinois

Winfield, Alabama
October 25, 1924

Dear Sir: Your letter come yesterday your book come today they are no good to me. I takes more than a book for a new tractor to put into an entirely different old tractor a gear wheel that don't belong to it. I tell you again - you have sent me the wrong gear.

What I want is the big bull gear on the back that has 44 teeth. FORTY-FOUR. Not 45. And it goes round and round and makes the tractor go. It is the great big cog wheel that meshes with the little cog wheel. I bet you have sent me a gear for one of your new-style tractors - how do I know? You told me you had looked it up what model tractor I got, so why don't you send me the gear that will fit?

If you people knew what I was up against, you would get busy, and you would send me that gear in a hurry. The whole town is sore at me. And I will explain that this is a big place with trolley cars and everything.

The trolleys here run on a track, but they are not electric, they are run by gasoline motors inside, and are very modern and up-to-date like everything else in this city. And for over three weeks now the trolley from the depot has been coming up almost as far as Jim Ferguson's Drug Store, and then it has to stop and the conductor will give the people transfers. And they will get out and squeeze past old man Dyer's house, and get on the other trolley and ride on. And it is lucky they have two cars. A few years ago they only had one.

And old man Dyer says if I dont get action by the first of the week, he is going to hire horses himself, and pull the house where he wants it. And if I expect to get a cent for it I can just sue him, and he says he is tired of living in a house sitting in the middle of the street with the front porch poking into the drug store window and the people kidding him all the time. But its all on account of his own foolishness and stubbornness, because I told him he had better go live with his brother in Llano while the house was being moved, but he is a guy that you cant tell him nothing and so he is living there with Mrs. Dyer and daughter Agnes and Mrs. Dyer is cooking on an oil stove on account they don't know coal is safe in moving, and now they blame it on me because the oil stove smokes up the whole house. So you can see I'm in a hurry, and everybody is sore because the traffic is detoured, and me having to hang red lanterns on the house every night so people wont run into it, and the Police Department has served notice on me that I got until next Thursday to move the house or get pinched. And they had given me a permit to move the house. But they say a permit aint no 99-

year lease. And that just shows how it is - they all try to make mean cracks like that.

And this afternoon, old Mr. Dyer came up to me and said, "Earl, I hope you aint still thinking of getting married?"

And I said, "I sure am," because, as I told you in another letter, I'm expecting to get married.

Then Mr. Dyer said, "I may have something to say about that, young man." And I will explain that it is possible that old Mr. Dyer - whose house I am moving with my tractor - may have some influence in the matter, owing to the fact that the girl I expect to marry is named Agnes Dyer, unfortunately happens to be the daughter of old Mr. Dyer.

So you see, I want that gear, and I want it quick. I am sending back the new gear please credit me with the \$41.26 I paid on the C.O.D. I am also sending you the old busted gear. Please look over the old busted gear and send me one just like it, only with the six teeth not busted out. Please hurry and remember FORTY-FOUR TEETH, and oblige yours truly,
Earl Lambert

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY **Makers of Earthworm Tractors**

Earl Lambert
Winfield, Ala.

Earthworm City, Ill.
October 29, 1924

Dear Sir: This will acknowledge your valued letter of October 26 in reference to the trouble you are having with your tractor. We regret exceedingly that the misunderstanding in regard to the gear which you need has caused you the annoying delay which you mention.

As soon as your old gear arrives, it will be checked up and every possible effort will be made to supply you promptly with a duplicate of it.

Very truly yours,
Frederick R. Overton, Parts Department

EARL LAMBERT, CONTRACTOR **Houses Moved Safely, Speedily and Surely**

To the Farmers Friend Tractor Company
Earthworm City, Illinois

Winfield, Alabama
October 31, 1924

Dear Sir: My new letter paper has come your letter has come please send me the gear as quick as possible. I'm in a hurry more than at any time before and unless I can get this mess straightened out I'll be more of a blowed up sucker than anybody you ever seen, and in order that you may see what a rush I am in and send the gear as quick as possible, I will explain 2 very unfortunate events which has took place since my last letter. The first was last night.

Being Thursday night and my regular night to call, I went around to see Miss Agnes Dyer, who, as I have explained before, I had expected to marry very soon, and who used to live down by the depot, but is now located temporarily on Main Street just in front of Ferguson's Drug Store. It is not as much fun as it used to be to call at the Dyer's house. Formerly it was possible to sit in the hammock on the front porch, and as the house set back from the street and there was trees around and no street lights, a very pleasant evening could be had.

But at present the front porch is located in a most unfortunate way just two feet from the windows of Ferguson's Drug Store, which is all lighted up- you know how drug store windows is - lots of big white lights, and all kinds of jars full of colored water with more lights shining through. And people squeezing past between the porch and the drug store and going in to get ice cream sodas or stopping to crack bum jokes about me, which I will not repeat. So you can see that it would not be any fun for me and Agnes to sit in the hammock in the evening, even if it was possible to sit in the hammock which it is not, owing to the fact that the porch pillar to which the hammock is fastened has become so weakened by the jacking up of the house that it would take very little to pull it over and let the whole porch roof down with a bang.

So we decided that we better sit in the parlor and we had no sooner entered and I was not doing any harm in any way when old Mr. Dyer came in and there was a very painful scene which I wont describe only to say that he used such expressions as "Get the Hell out of here," and "I dont want my daughter keeping company with any moron," which is a word he got out of a Birmingham paper.

So after he had hollered around and Agnes had cried, I left the house in a dignified manner. Being a gentleman and always respectful to old age, I did not talk back to him, the dirty crook. But you can see why it is I am in a hurry for the gear.

The other unfortunate event was just this a.m., when old man Dyer went out and hired twelve horses from all over town and also one small flivver tractor to move his house up to where he wants it. He tried to get a big tractor, but there is none in town or nearby except mine which is broke down. But there is plenty of horses and there is this little flivver tractor that would not be big enough to pull the house all by itself.

So this morning they wheeled my poor old tractor out of the way, and they hooked up to the house and there was about a hundred people from the town and from round about that was helping with advice and hollering and yelling and telling Mr. Dyer how to do it. And there was I - the only practical and professional house-mover in the whole city - and none of them asked my advice about anything and so it is not my fault what happened.

When they was all ready, Mr. Dyer stands up and hollers out, "All ready, - Go!" And the six drivers yelled at the twelve horses, and all the people

standing round began to cheer and shout. And the feller on the little flivver tractor started up the motor so quick it made a big noise and scared the horses and all the horses began jumping and heaving and they jerked the house sidewise, and some of the timbers slipped, and the kitchen that I told you about, - it give a little lurch and fell off the house. Just let go, and fell off.

So that scared them, and they unhooked the horses and the flivver tractor and didnt try no more moving, and the house is still there all except the kitchen which was busted up so bad that they finished the job and knocked it to pieces and took it away in wheel barrows.

One good thing is that now the traffic can get in between the house and the post office so they dont have to detour any more. But one very unfortunate thing was that Mrs. Dyer happened to be in the kitchen when it fell off being shaken up considerable but not seriously injured so you can see that I got to have the tractor running again so I can move the house and I hope you will send the gear at once yours truly and oblige,

Earl Lambert

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY

Makers of Earthworm Tractors

Earl Lambert
Winfield, Ala.

Earthworm City, Ill.
November 2, 1924

Dear Sir: This will acknowledge your valued letter of October 31 requesting that we use all possible haste in sending you a gear which you need to repair you tractor. We are also pleased to report the receipt of one No. 6843 gear which we shipped you on October 14 and which you returned unused owing to the fact that it will not fit your tractor. We are crediting your account with \$41.26 C.O.D. which you paid on this shipment.

The broken gear which you sent as a sample has been carefully checked over by our Engineering Department. They report that they have been unable to identify this gear, and they are of the opinion that no gear similar to this has ever been manufactured by this company. We are, therefore, at a loss to understand how this gear ever came to be in your tractor. We do not make gears similar to the one you have sent in, and it will therefore be impossible for us to supply you with one. However, it is always our policy to be of the greatest possible service to Earthworm owners, and we would suggest that the best thing to do in the circumstances would be for one of our service mechanics to inspect your machine.

Fortunately, it happens that Winfield is the nearest railroad point to the Canyon Farm, which has just purchased a Ten-Ton Earthworm Tractor. Consequently, Mr. Luke Torkle, one of our servicemen, will be at Winfield in a few days to unload this tractor and drive it overland to the farm. If you desire, we will have Mr. Torkle stop off and inspect your machine, advising

you what steps to take to put it into first-class running condition; or, if this is impossible, to confer with you in regard to turning in your old machine and purchasing one of our new models. Kindly let us know what you wish us to do in this matter.

Very truly yours,
Frederick R. Overton, Parts Department

TELEGRAM

Winfield, Ala.

Farmers Friend Tractor Co.

Earthworm Cy, Ills.

Have the guy come quick in a hurry.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY

Service Man's Report

Written at: Winfield, Ala.

Date: November 7, 1924

Written by: Luke Torkle, Service Man

Subject: Tractor belonging to Earl Lambert

Reached here 7 a.m. Unloaded tractor for Canyon Farm, and will drive it over tomorrow.

Before I had a chance to look up Earl Lambert, the mayor and prominent citizens urgently requested me to use the new tractor to move a house that was blocking the main street. This looked like good advertising for us, especially as the county commissioner here is expecting to buy a tractor for road work. Accordingly, I spent the morning moving the house to where they wanted it, and then looked up Mr. Lambert.

Found he has left town. Last night he sold his entire property, consisting of second-hand tractor, an old fliv, one radio set and the good will in a house moving business for \$450. He then took the train north with a girl called Agnes Dyer of this place.

I inspected the tractor formerly owned by Mr. Lambert. No wonder we couldn't supply him with repairs for it. It is not one of our tractors. It has no name plate, but I was able to identify it as a 1920 Model, Steel Elephant Tractor, made by the S.E. Tractor Company of Indianapolis. I talked on the phone with Mrs. Joseph Banks, whose husband formerly owned the tractor. She says her husband sold the old Earthworm Tractor three years ago to a man in Dallas. Mr. Banks owned four or five different kinds of tractors. Mrs. Banks remembered he had once bought tractor parts from the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company.

In regard to your suggestion that Mr. Lambert might be persuaded to buy a new tractor, I think this is hardly possible. It is reported that before he left, Mr. Lambert stated that he and Miss Dyer would be married and would

locate in Missouri. He was uncertain what business he would take up, but said very emphatically it would be nothing in any way connected with house moving, or with tractors or any kind of machinery.

Luke Torkle
Service Man

"After the Move"

Agnes Dyer and Earl Lambert were married, moved to Southeast Missouri, near Sikeston. They started out as sharecroppers "WITH MULES" and later worked at the International Shoe Company in Sikeston. They eventually opened Lambert's Cafe in 1942. My mother did not go back to visit her parents for over three years. - My dad never did nor was he ever welcomed to visit. Mr. Dyer died still mad and unforgiving.

LAMBERT'S CAFE

HOME OF THROWED ROLLS



People who visit Lambert's for the first time are invariably amazed at the generous portions served on each order. These generous servings along with our "THROWED ROLLS" have inspired many questions. This booklet is our attempt to answer as many of these questions as possible. We believe the statistics are rather impressive.

We cannot describe our activity in great detail, but we've endeavored to point out some of the highlights of our "Thrown Rolls" cafe. We hope you find it interesting reading.

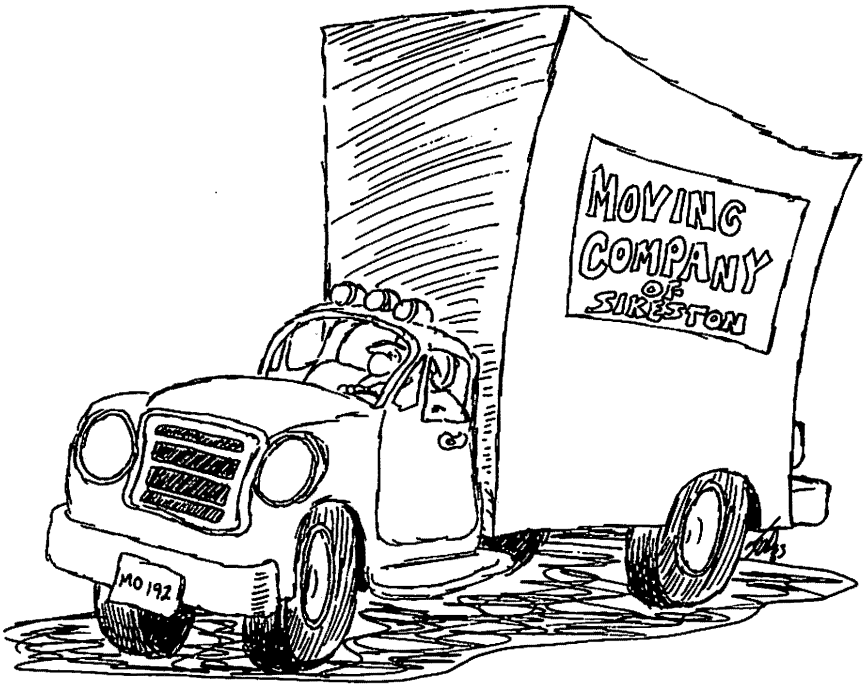
March 13, 1942

Earl and Agnes Lambert with 14 cents between them, borrowed \$1500.00 from Tish Jones and with 5 employees opened for business in a small building on South Main Street. It consisted of a 9 stool counter and 8 tables for a total seating capacity of 41 people. Their policy of serving vegetables, meat and dessert was immediately established. These were trying years for everyone, World War II and severe rationing made restaurant operation extremely difficult. The war years were greeted with many meatless days and supplies of all kinds were in short supply --- but somehow and somehow they were able to hang on.

Earl Lambert passed away in 1976, and his son Norman and wife Patti, entered into the restaurant business as partners to Agnes Lambert, who still works eight hours a day, six days a week.



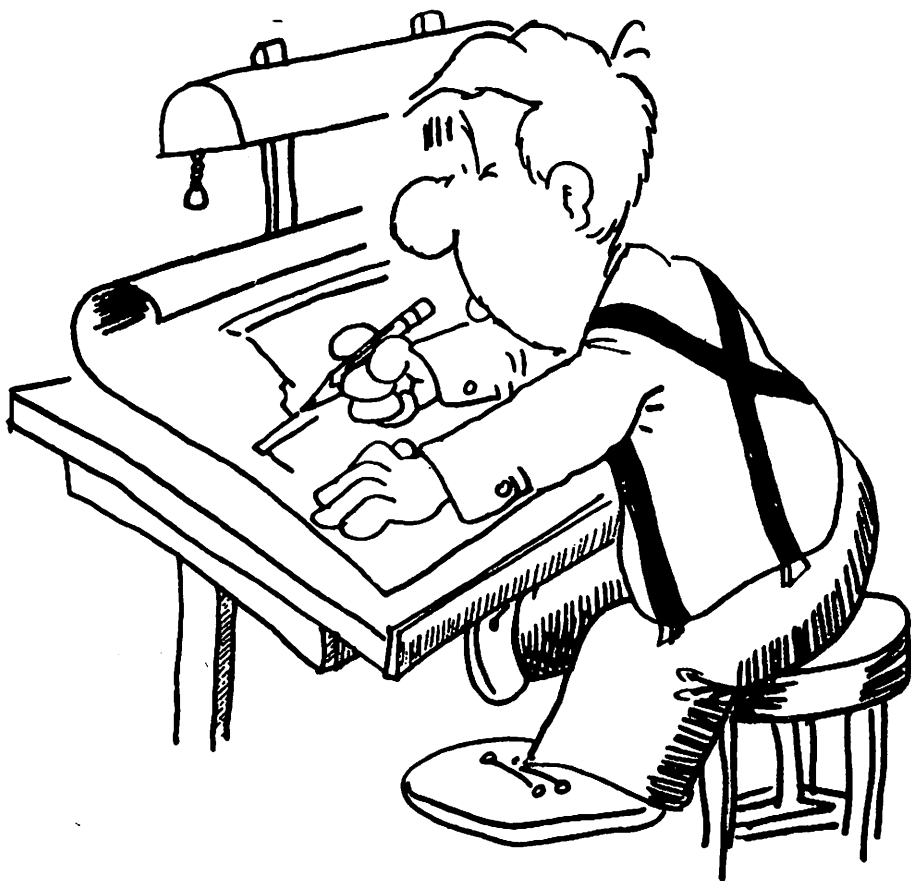
*Lambert's Cafe - Sikeston, Missouri
1942*



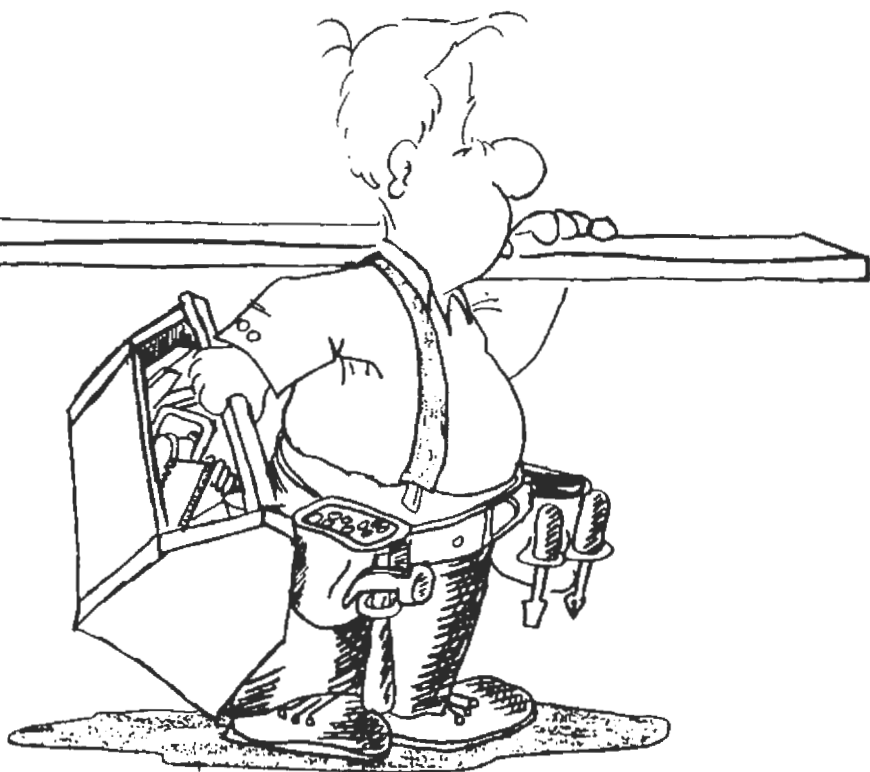
Moving Day April 20, 1981

After 40 years in the same location, time did to our old building what its does to everyone and everything. It simply wore out, so we moved to 2109 East Malone and opened for business on April 20, 1981. The seating capacity was larger and the building a little more modern but our principles were still the same. Treat every person who enters this building just as you would like to be treated --- serve plenty of good wholesome food at a reasonable price, and never use anything but the highest quality of food available.

The Dream Continues . . .



1987 - 88
Making The Dream Come
True . . .



“The One and Only”



“Home Of Throewed Rolls”

**Opened
June - 1988**



“The One Plus One”

We have always been proud to say, Yes! We're the “One and Only!” But now we have taken the challenge.

March 1, 1994 Lambert's will open a second Lambert's Cafe near Branson, Missouri. The Country Music Capital of the World. If you plan a trip to Branson you will see us on Highway 65 South, Junction CC & J, Ozark, Missouri. That's about 18 miles before you get to Branson.

We'll have the same food, service and atmosphere that we have in Sikeston, Missouri. We welcome you with open arms at either place. Buses are always welcomed.

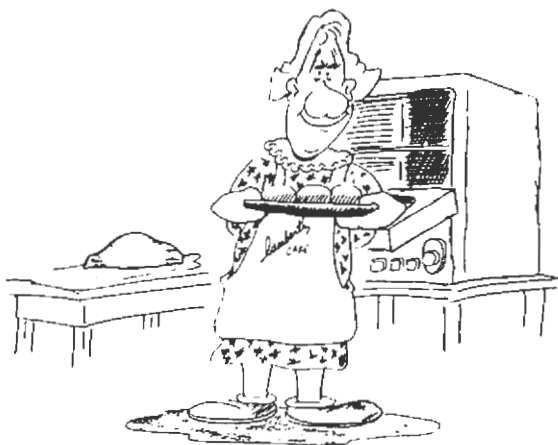


Thrown Rolls

People have asked many times --- “how did you start throwing rolls?” Well, to make a long story short --- necessity. In 1976 while still in our old building, I would try to pass out our hot rolls in the traditional manner. You know, real nice like, by saying, “Would you care for a hot roll?” This was really awkward and uncomfortable to me so on an extremely busy day, when getting through the lunch hour crowd was impossible, a customer said, “Just throw the ★★ ★★ thing!” I did and everybody else joined in. We started throwing rolls May 26, 1976 and have continued ever since. This was more suited to my style. What once was a job was now fun. The help liked the atmosphere this created and the customers for the most part do too. We have never been, nor ever will be, a suit and tie joint. We prefer that you come hungry, leave full and hopefully have a laugh or two.

Hot Rolls

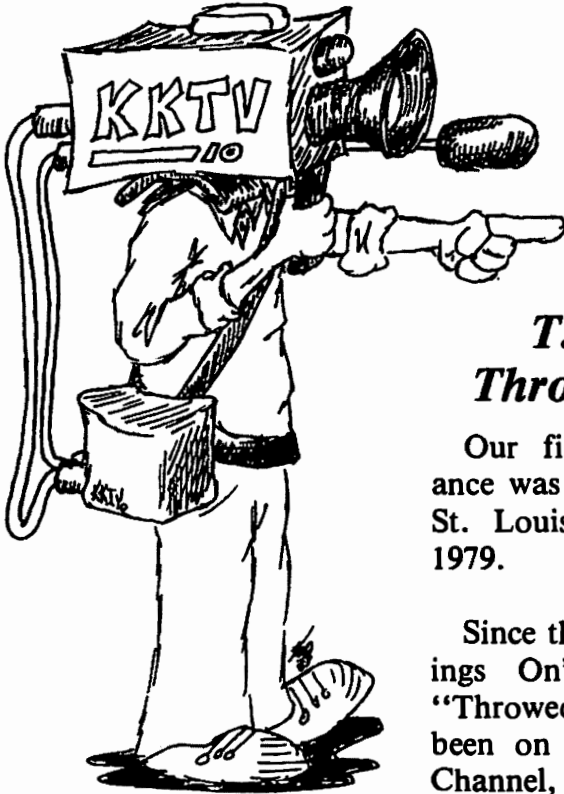
More than half the people of the world depend on wheat as one of their basic foods and more of the earth's surface is covered by wheat than any other food crop. Of course, the most popular wheat food is bread, which brings us to Hot Rolls. Our ovens turn



out rolls from 9:15 a.m. to 9:00 p.m. usually without stopping. With this in mind we thought you might be interested in the following: last year we averaged baking 520 dozen rolls per day, for a grand total of 2,246,400 individual rolls.

Our rolls are 5 inches in diameter and if we laid all the rolls that we baked in one year side by side, we would have 177.27 miles of rolls. In the past 21 months we have baked enough rolls to reach 300 miles. That's the distance between St. Louis, Missouri and Memphis, Tennessee.





T.V. and Thrown Rolls

Our first T.V. appearance was on Channel 9 in St. Louis, MO, in May, 1979.

Since that time the "Goings On" at Lambert's "Thrown Roll Cafe" has been on every local T.V. Channel, all of the National T.V. Networks, the Armed Forces Network, as well as a German T.V. station.

Yep, we probably were the one you saw on T.V.



I WANTA BE THROWN WHEN I
GROW-UP!... YEA!!!



Newspapers



Our two Sikeston newspapers, The Daily Standard and The Democrat Advertiser, were the first to run news stories featuring the unique atmosphere at Lambert's "Thrown Roll Cafe."

Our fame spread to other major newspapers. Nationally syndicated articles written by Jane and Michael Stern and other famous writers, have appeared in newspapers throughout the 50 States.

Three of the articles can be found on the following pages.

joe
aaron

Morning Assignment



*At home of throwed rolls, you don't have
to worry about being beaned . . .*

I have dined, both man and boy, in many a strange and outlandish eatery across this wacko planet, and I wish to read that testimony into the record as sort of preamble to today's dissertation.

I believe it will add more authority to what I will eventually have to say.

As a scholarly youth both poor and ravenous, I often took my meals in the chancy dives along Skid Row in Albuquerque, N.M., where a whole plateful of hell's-fire enchiladas retailed for 75 cents and winos with their appetites appeased often slept with their faces resting in their plates.

ONCE ON A mountainside in Southern Illinois I dined with phony heartiness on fried rattlesnake meat, an experience that can be likened to gnawing on a broomstick that has been deep fried, and once in Mexico, as a gustatory experiment that I have no desire to repeat, I took a few half-hearted nibbles on stringy little portions of raw squid that had the consistency, though not the wholesome taste, of marinated rubber bands.

Having no clear understanding of what I had ordered, since the menu was written in a language that baffled me, I once ate tripe in France — and while crossing the English Channel I grandly ordered steak bearnaise, only to find when it was delivered to me with a continental flourish that not only was it a steak cooked rare but it was a steak cooked not at all.

And though it still makes me sick to my stomach to think

about it - but nowhere near as sick 27 years later as it did at the time - I was required, in the interest of a story I was writing, to eat a fried grasshopper, smack down to his bony little legs and shoe laces.

ALL OF WHICH, I believe, will hint at the breadth, of experience that is mine because of the varied places I have dined in.

Now let me tell you of Lambert's, in Sikeston, MO. It may be the most unusual diner of all. I'm pretty sure of it, in fact.

Its food is excellent and plentiful but its ways - well, its ways make a rational person wonder if he has wandered by mistake into a battle zone.

Here listen a minute:

We first became aware of Lambert's as we drove northward from a vacation trip that had taken us to the fringes of Memphis, Tenn., and our awareness was in the form of a billboard:

"Lambert's - Home of Throed Rolls."

Well, we gave that a lot of thought, since none of us knew what a throed roll was, nor could we even speculate on it with any great intelligence.

We supposed it had something to do with the special recipe by which it is made, perhaps after the fashion of perpetual pancakes or corncob jelly.

We saw the same mystifying message repeated on subsequent billboards as we drove along, and to say that our curiosity was simply piqued is something of an understatement.

It was piqued smack into a crocked hat, which is one of the higher elevations of piquability.

SINCE SUNDOWN found us in Sikeston and we were hungry, we decided to spend the night there and investigate these peculiar rolls that Lambert's serves.

After waiting our turn at the tail-end of a depressing line of people in a similarly investigative mood, we were seated at a table and leaned back for a sampling of their unusual bread.

It was a mighty short wait, because all of a sudden a hot roll of a satisfying substantial weight and shaped something like a

tiny chief's hat, went whizzing past my ear, to be caught by a diner a few tables away who held up his hand like a center fielder.

I whirled in my chair to determine the origin and saw a gentleman, who later identified himself to me as Norman Lambert, prop. and gen. mgr., with a whole big panful of rolls on a cart before him.

And every time somebody wanted another roll, Lambert would throw him one.

That, then is what a "throwed roll" is, it is a roll sent sizzling through the air, often to astounding distances across the room.

And during those rare moments when nobody wants another roll, Lambert goes from table to table with a ladle and a big pot of beans, or a big pan of fried okra, or maybe a jar of sorghum molasses for your rolls.

Except he doesn't ASK if you need more of something; he determines it by a visual inspection, as when he decided I needed more beans and plopped a ladleful smack in the middle of my plate.

THEN HE SAID, "Why, I don't believe that's going to be enough to fill you up" — and plopped down another ladleful, so that my gastrointestinal distress that night would have lifted a box kite to an approximated altitude of 38,000 feet.

Lambert, dressed in a derby hat and a gaudy set of galluses, told me his unique delivery of bread started off innocently enough one evening when a diner wanted another roll and Lambert was having trouble getting to his table, because of the crowd.

"Just throw it to me," the diner said. So Lambert threw (or throwed) it to him.

"Throw me one too," somebody else said, and Lambert complied.

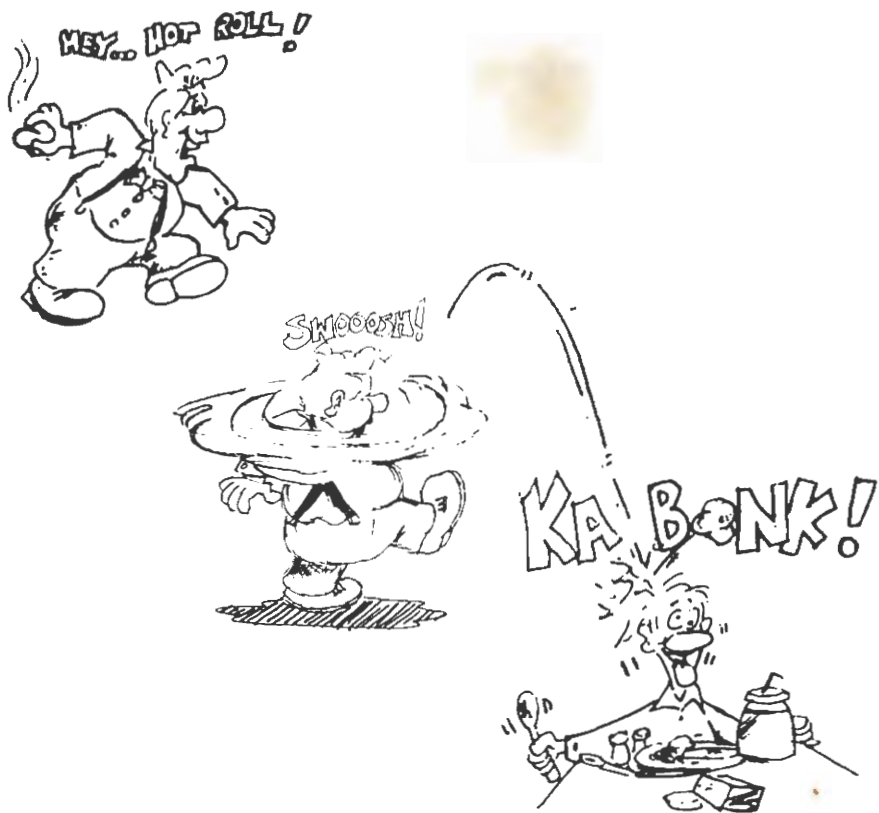
Nowadays, on an average, he throws almost 2,500 rolls to his diners each day — and to the best of his knowledge has never beaned an innocent bystander with a missdirected shot — though on the night I was there he got fancy and showed how he could lob perfect throws between the two chains that held up

a sign saying "Restrooms."

Lambert said that a long time ago when he was a little boy and his father owned the business, he absolutely detested the restaurant, because he was always in the kitchen washing dishes or taking personal responsibility for the garbage cans.

But when he threw that first roll — or "threwed" it, as we used to say back in New Mexico — it changed his whole attitude.

And it didn't do a whole lot of actual damage, I daresay, to his bankroll, because people come from miles around just to reach up and snag a roll as if it were a fly ball and they were Willie Mays, back in the glorious days when he was making the impossible look easy.



TRI-STATE

THE COMMERCIAL APPEAL



**RHETA GRIMSLEY
JOHNSON**
Commentary

Cafe society likes mules, thrown rolls

Sikeston, MO - James Arness, Elvis and Clint Eastwood have all chowed down at Lambert's Cafe.

And if Eastwood had said, "Make my day," or for that matter, "Kiss my foot," somebody would have thrown a roll at him. Rest assured.

That's what Lambert's is famous for. "Thrown rolls."

Owner Norman Lambert and the rest of the waiters throw rolls at everybody, not discriminating for sex, age, creed, color or celebrity.

On May 26, 1976, Norman was pushing a cart of his popular homemade rolls around the dining room and a customer got impatient for service.

"Throw me one," the customer said.

Norman did. He liked it. The customer liked it. The cash register liked it.

Soon Norman was perfecting

his pitch and hefting hot rolls all over the place. The television and newspapers picked up on it. Reporters are always anxious for what's known affectionately in the trade as a "lite-n-brite," some catchy something for tense Dan Rather to smile about at the end of his tense telecast. So the reporters wrote and talked about it.

And soon people started driving from miles around to get food thrown at them. Norman's pitch became his pitch. Home of the "thrown roll" became his slogan. The little cafe that Norman's father and mother started on a \$1,500 loan in 1942 became regionally famous. It outgrew its nine stools and eight tables and strictly local emphasis.

You cannot fault the place for relying on a single gimmick to draw customers. It does not. Anyone who can stand the noise level will get food to eat, all of it good, make no mistake.

A piped-in medley by Danny Davis and the Nashville Brass will instill the first three measures of 32 down-home hits in your head forever, or at least until you wash it out with a good dose of rock.

Even the best medley is a taunt; by the time you are ready to hum along, some smart aleck changes songs. The green, green grass of I can't stop loving you. It makes you want to throw a hot roll at

the speakers.

This is the perfect restaurant for those who love to eat, don't care who sees them do it and who don't mind screaming children, popping balloons, flying rolls, magic tricks during a meal and hearing the same brief part of the same songs over and over.

It is not a good restaurant for honeymooners who want a nice romantic, candlelight dinner; for snotty food critics who sniff wines, or for pretentious sorts who took three quarters of French and think they know the food and language. This is more like crashing a children's birthday party in McDonald's, where the only thing French you are likely to encounter is a fry stuck in your ear.

But Lambert's is fun, if not for a steady diet. Waiters are fabulously attentive, bringing by buckets of hot food you did not order and adding it to the already heaping portions on your plate. The white beans, red pepper relish, slaw, fried potatoes,

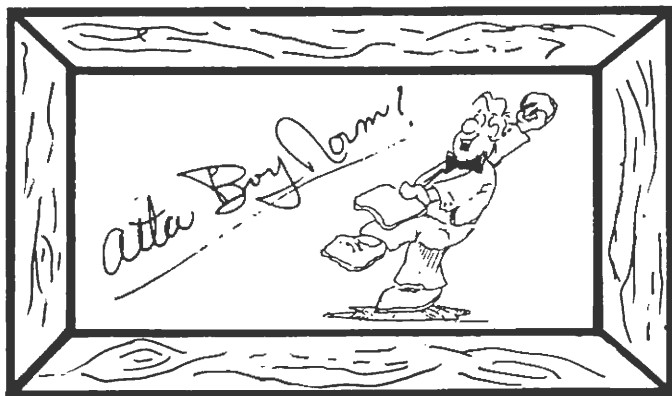
cooked apples and rolls bigger than softballs all are extra. No charge.

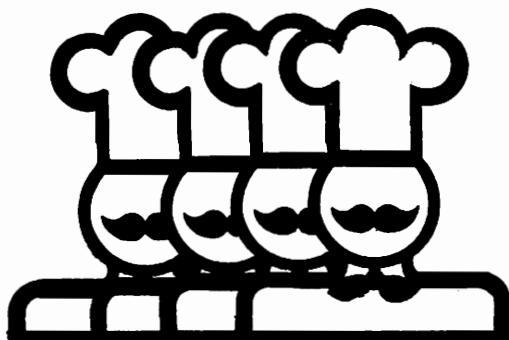
The only way to lose your appetite along with your waistline is to read some of Lambert's literature, which brags that the flatulence level from the 20,800 pounds of white beans served last year could power a city, or notes that the restaurant used 42,000 sheets of toilet paper a week and just 23,700 napkins.

There is also the matter of the mules on the wall. Norman collects mule pictures. So while you are spared the fake country motif so popular these days - rusted snuff signs, horse collars and other cutesy interpretations of life behind a split-rail -- there are plenty of pretty pictures to occupy the eye while the mouth works.

Or, objects d'art, some would say.

But then nobody says that kind of thing here. It is mules, not jackasses, that Lambert's specializes in.





Show Me Dining

By
Mister Mo

Lambert's Cafe

Sikeston, MO

314-471-4261

There may be better down home country cooking somewhere in Missouri than Lambert's, but I haven't found it. And, there can't possibly be a restaurant that is more eccentric than this one in the midwest. Lambert's is a Bootheel institution and is not to be missed. Located at 2515 East Malone in Sikeston it is easy to find.

Go to Lambert's with a field hand's appetite and brace yourself for an atmosphere of hysteria. Lambert's is famous for "throwed rolls." You may think that "throwed" has something to do with the preparation of dough. If so, you're wrong. "Throwed", is what is done with the rolls in the restaurant while you're eating. These large, light and yeasty creations are thrown from a serving cart to customers at their tables.

The sight and smell of flying bread are the major components of Lambert's atmosphere. So you catch a roll. Immediately a good ol' boy materializes at your table with a can of sorghum. Of course you let him slop a spoonful on your roll which is already dripping with butter. This all sounds very messy and it is. It's also delicious. Two rolls and a trip to the restroom to get your hands unstuck and you're ready to order.

The menu lists the country staples, basically chicken or ham with choices of vegetables and salads. In addition to the vegetables you choose, you will be the recipient of "pass arounds," freebies that appear from time to time.

I ordered fried chicken wings and was told that I could have

as many as I wanted because wings weren't all that popular. Actually the wing is the best part of the chicken for frying because it can be done quickly. I settled for a half-dozen to start with accompanied by greens and coleslaw along with ice tea served in a large mason jar.

The chicken was superb, crisp on the outside, moist on the inside and seasoned perfectly. The greens - in this case turnip greens - were ambrosial. Dark green, heavy and ham flavored they included some pieces of turnip root. I wished for some cornbread and a bowl of potlikker, but then I suppose that the Bootheel is not quite deep enough south for this delectable combination. And given a choice I would opt for the Sunday dinner yeast rolls of Lambert's over cornbread any day.

The "Pass Arounds" were white beans and fried okra. The beans were saved from mediocrity by an accompaniment of red pepper relish. Given the time and a visit by the proper muse I would attempt to write a rhapsody in praise of the okra. I suspect that the popular prejudice against this delectable pod is the result of its so often being ill prepared. Without a doubt large pods boiled and slimy are unappetizing if not sickening and pieces fried in a batter that does not adhere and then left to sit and get soggy are hardly appealing. But tender pods sliced and fried in any egg, buttermilk and flour batter and served immediately as they are at Lambert's are the quintessential southern vegetable, irresistible, not very healthy and contributing to gluttony.

Three more rolls, another half-dozen chicken wings, a second serving of okra and a gallon of tea later, I contemplated the lumberjack sized slices of chocolate and coconut cream pie and fruit cobblers with dismay. They were clearly made with love from scratch and should have been sampled, but I was guilty of too much, too soon, and had to pass.

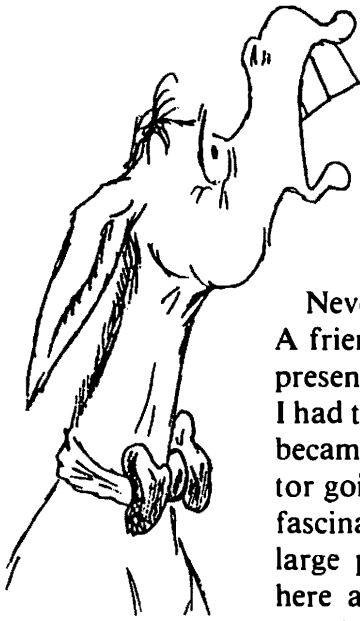
Lambert's decor is not distinguished except for the many pictures of mules that hang everywhere. The background music is a brass band playing such oldies as "You're a Grand Old Flag" and "Deep in the Heart of Texas." The service which appears at first glance to be slapdash is really quite efficient, and to say that it is friendly is an understatement. I left Lambert's feeling

as though I were related to the staff.

Lambert's is not for the fainthearted, but if you're looking for the best in country cooking and don't mind the hilarity you should stop by and tie on the feed bag. Give Lambert's four hats.

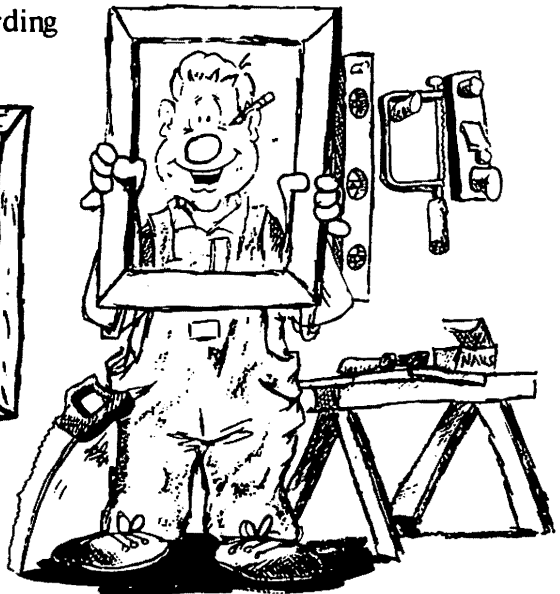
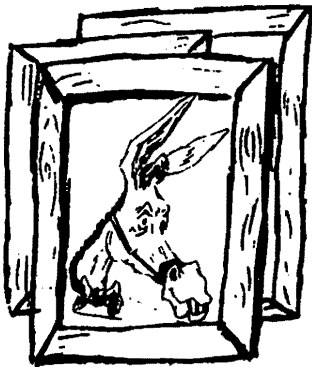


WHO WANT'S BEANS?



Mule Pictures

Never accept a mule picture as a gift! A friend who knew of my love for mules presented me a mule picture and instantly I had to have another, then another until I became a full fledged mule picture collector going to extremes to find such. It's a fascination I can't seem to control. A large part of our collection is displayed here at the cafe. Many are not. The pictures are by both professional and amateur artists. Lambert's Words of Wisdom, "Before you become a collector, become a picture frame maker!" Collecting is enjoyable to me, a pleasure to many people and a terrific waste of money according to my wife.

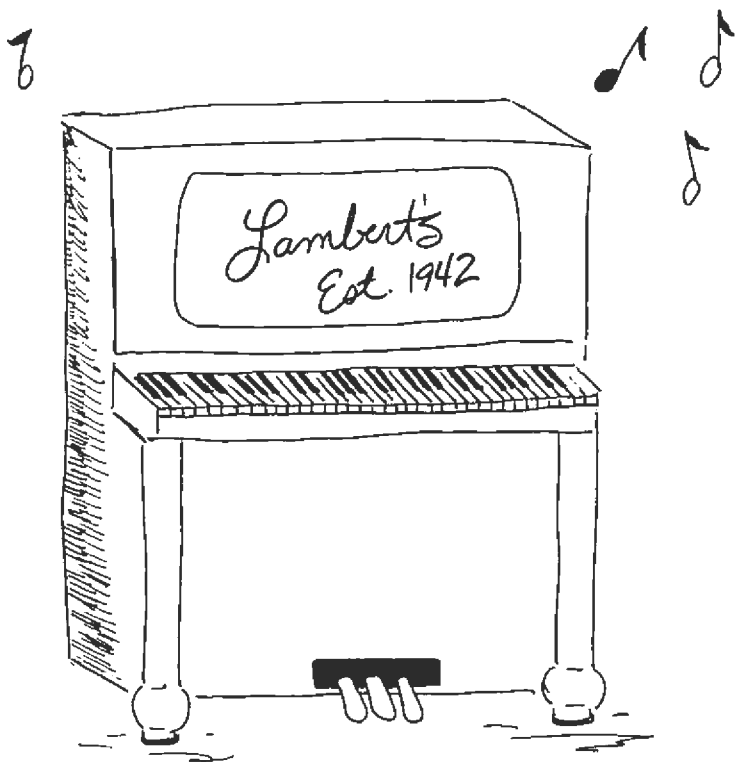


Mules

You've heard of the Missouri Mule? Well, I had one when I was young and I have one now. The mule is a fascinating animal, one which we in Missouri respect and admire. William Faulkner, noted author from Mississippi, in his book *The Reivers*, has a cheerful bit on the mule which follows:

(Faulkner has just ranked animal intelligence, the rat #1, the mule #2, the cat #3, the dog #4 and the horse #5.) "The mule I rate second. But second only because you can make him work for you. But that too, only within his own rigid self-set regulations. He will not permit himself to eat too much. He will draw a wagon or a plow, but he will not run a race. He will not try to jump anything he does not indubitably know beforehand he can jump; he will not enter any place unless he knows of his own knowledge what is on the other side; he will work for you patiently for ten years for the chance to kick you once. In a word, free of the obligations of ancestry and the responsibilities of posterity, he has conquered not only life but death too and hence is immortal; were he to vanish from the earth today, the same chanceful biological combination which produced him yesterday would produce him a thousand years hence, unaltered, unchanged, incorrigible still within the limitations which he himself had proved and tested; still free, still coping."





Geneva Bolen

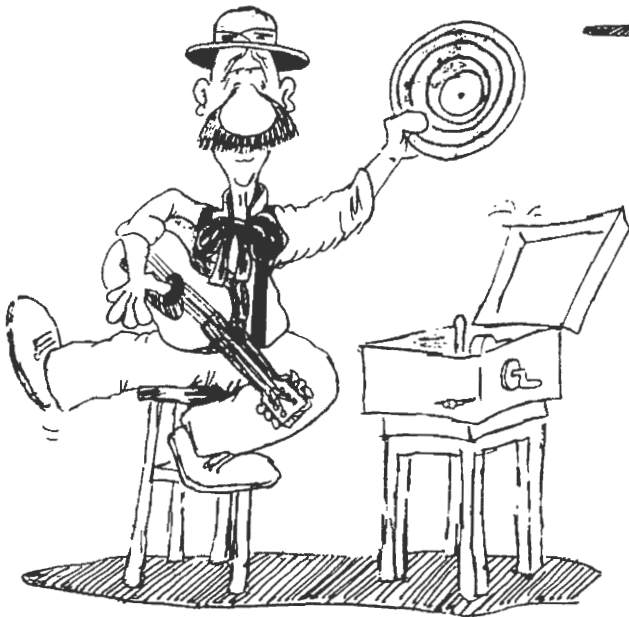
Our home grown piano player, Geneva , has never had a piano lesson, can't read a note of music, but has the God given ability to play anything she has heard one time!!

Geneva can carry on a conversation while playing the piano. What a great talent! Geneva splits her time between our Branson location and Sikeston location. She has played over 8,000 hours of music to the patrons of Lambert's.

We're very proud of Geneva and what a great addition she has been to Lamberts!

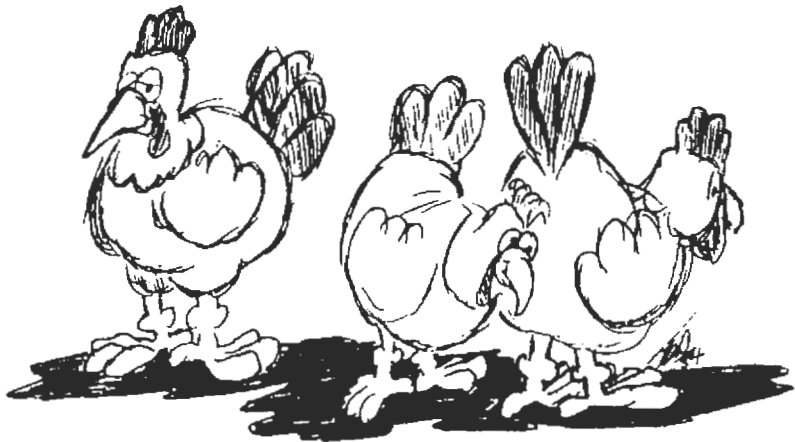
Music and Balloons

The colorful, festive like atmosphere at Lambert's is set by scores of floating balloons. All in all Lambert's is a pretty hard place to forget.



Chickens

180,000 lbs. of chicken breasts and legs were cooked in our two chicken fryers. We also cooked 73,980 lbs. of chicken livers. (The OTHER parts went somewhere else!) Lambert's cooked a grand total of 253,980 lbs. of chicken last year.



Eggs

Talk about eggs --- last year our cooks, bless their hearts, cracked and cooked 368,940 eggs.

Fish

We served fish every day and cooked 48, 409 lbs. of fresh Mississippi pond raised catfish. That's no fish story!



Shortening

To fry our meat we purchased 18,176 gallons of vegetable shortening. That's 302, fifty-five gallon barrels a year.



White Beans

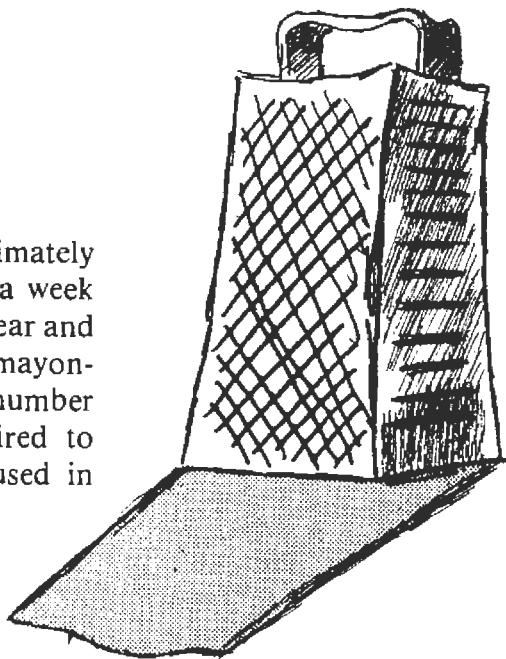
48,960 lbs. of white beans were served to our customers last year.

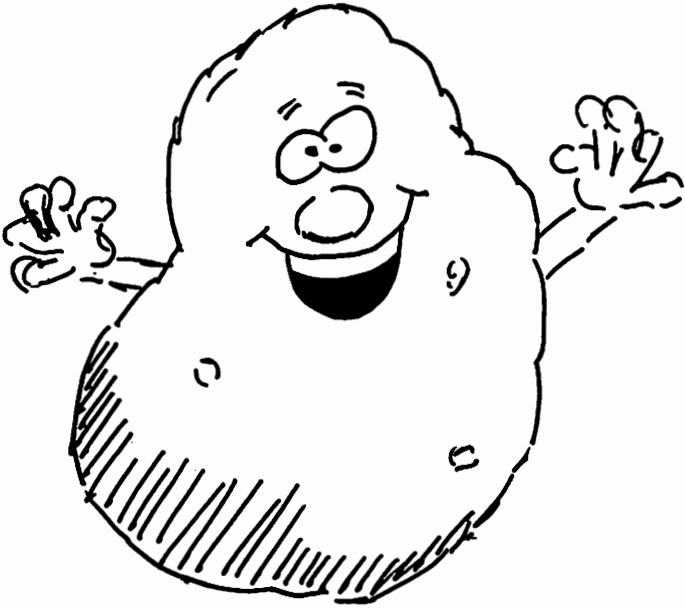
Relish

We used 8,496 gallons of red pepper relish to doctor these beans.

Slaw

We use approximately 302 gallons of slaw a week or 15,728 gallons a year and 2,509 gallons of mayonnaise. Think of the number of man hours required to shred the cabbage used in our slaw.





Let's Talk 'Tators

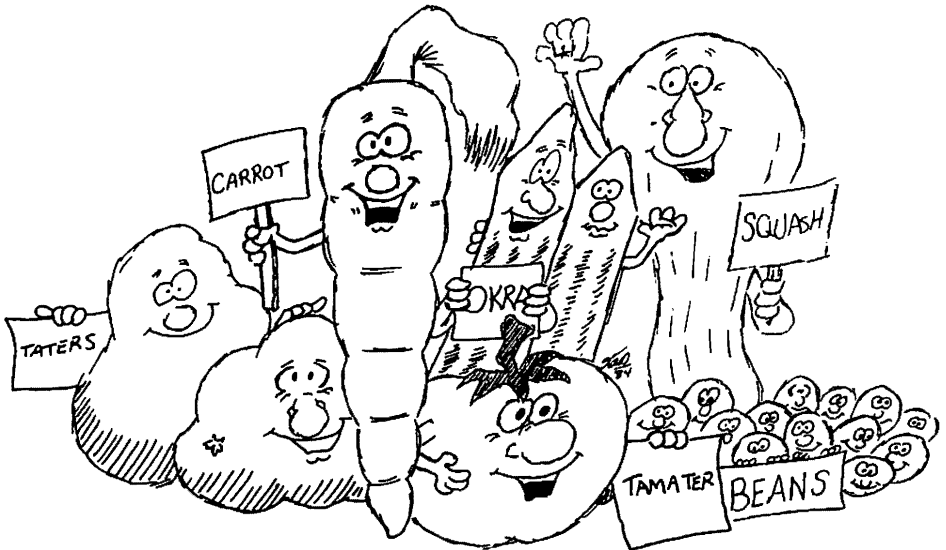
We hand washed, wrapped and baked over 68,000 potatoes. Along with 33 tons of French fries. Also we used over 130,480 pounds of onions in ole Norm's fried potatoes. That'll bring a tear to anyone's eye!

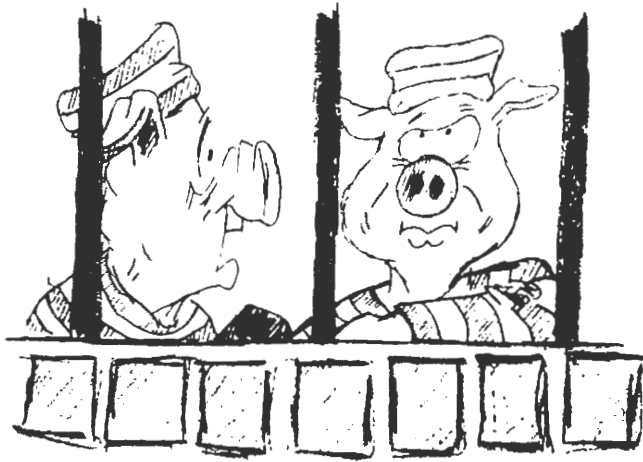
Okra

What started as a lark turned into a gigantic job. We used to pass okra on occasion but the patrons of Lambert's Cafe decreed that it should be passed every day, at every meal, and so last year we cooked and fried 73,440 lbs. of Arkansas okra which was distributed to our customers.

Fresh and Canned

The grocery department is no small part of Lambert's operation. In fact, it would keep your corner grocery store well stocked. The average yearly figures are: celery, lettuce, cucumbers, radishes, tomatoes, onions, and cabbage - 8,677 lbs. a week or 451,200 lbs a year. We use over 226 tons of vegetables, fresh and canned every year.





"WHADDA YA MEAN *Lambert's*,
... AND WHAT'S HAM?"

Pork

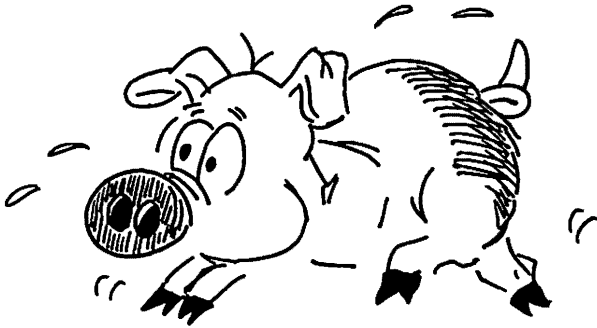
52,322 lbs. of ham, country ham, and pork steak were served in this calender year.



"HOPE YA DONT HAVE ANY
PLAN'S LITTLE
FELLER!"

Pork Chops

Pork chops have been a great addition to this past years menu. In this time we served 71,900 pork chops. That ain't good news for the hog!!



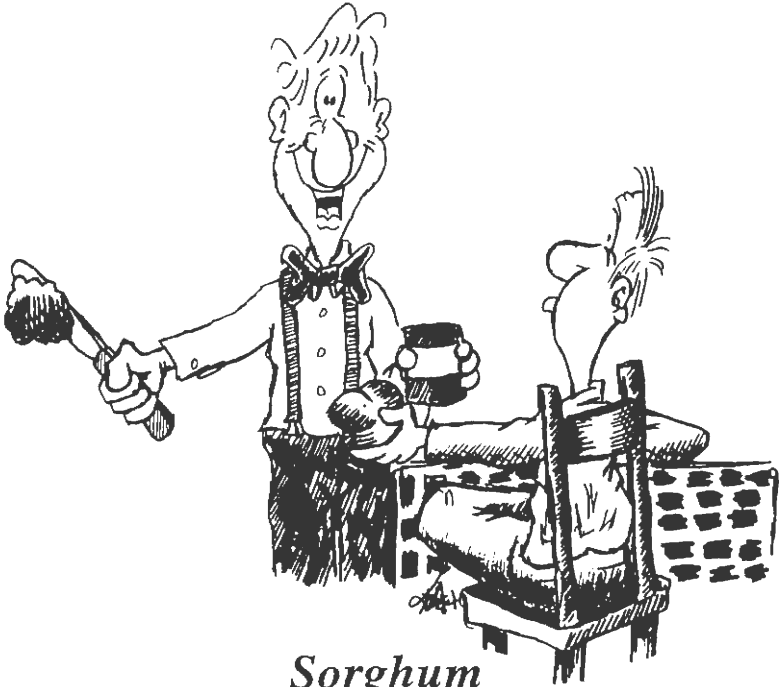
“Hog Jowl”

Once we just served jowl for breakfast but for the past year we have offered it on our dinner menu. What a response hog jowl received. We now serve over 399 pounds per week or 20,785 pounds a year. It's sugar cured and aged to perfection and to just be honest - bacon just “don't” compare. Try it on your next visit.



Beef

Last year we cooked 132,743 lbs. of choice round beef. It took a herd of 265 USDA choice steers to serve our customers!



Sorghum

On Lambert's homemade "Thrown" rolls last year, we used 23,760 - 44 oz. cans of sorghum molasses.



Milk

15,900 gallons of milk are used annually as a drink and for cooking and baking. We've been told that it takes approximately 17 cows, working night and day to supply the milk we use at Lambert's.

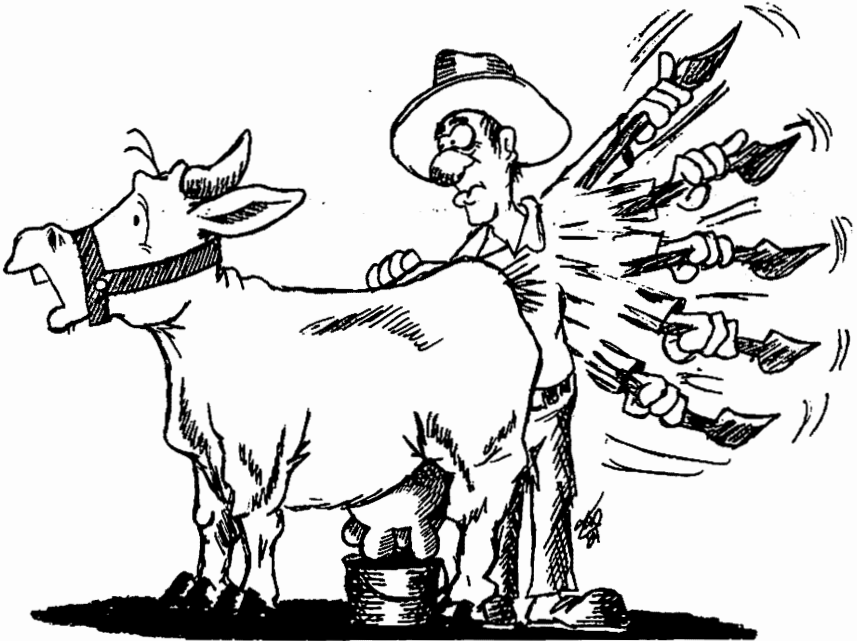


Cinnamon Rolls

Every week we bake over 2,400 of the biggest, tastiest cinnamon rolls that ever passed your lips. Sooooo...big we call them "Hubcaps".

Butter

Our supplier said we used 501,930 lbs. of butter for cooking and to butter our hot rolls. We served to customers, 2,313,360 little butter patties last year.

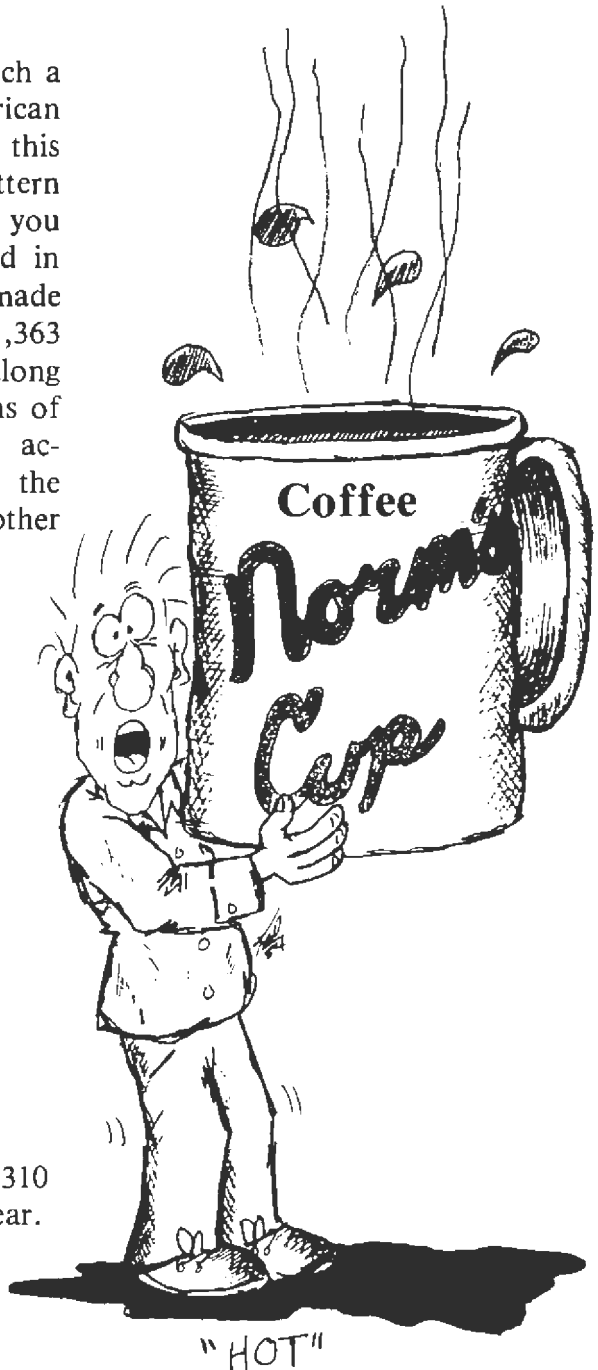


Cobblers

Last year we served approximately 33,150 servings of cobbler.

Coffee

Coffee is so much a part of the American way of life and to this cafe's daily pattern that we thought you might be interested in this statistic. We made and poured 571,363 cups of coffee, along with 48,470 gallons of tea. We have no accurate record of the cocoa and other drinks.



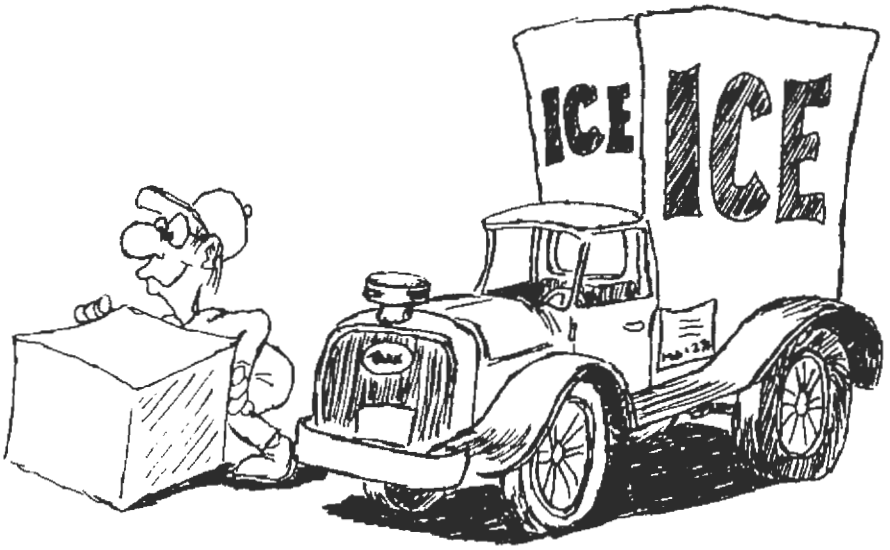
Sugar

We use over 41,310 lbs. of sugar each year.



Napkins

Well over 4,896,000 napkins were used in this calendar year.

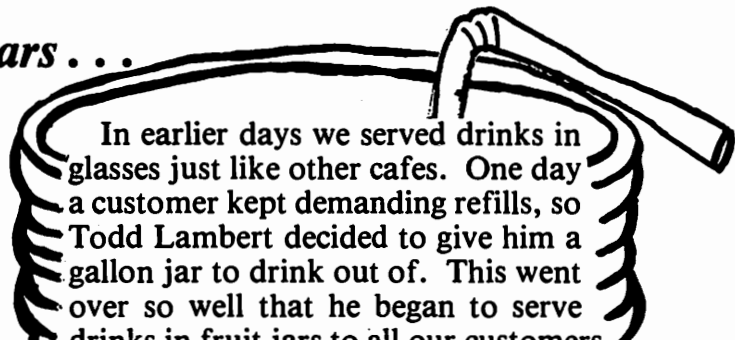


Ice

Approximately 960,048 lbs. of ice were used to cool our drinks, which are served in fruit jars.



Fruit Jars . . .



In earlier days we served drinks in glasses just like other cafes. One day a customer kept demanding refills, so Todd Lambert decided to give him a gallon jar to drink out of. This went over so well that he began to serve drinks in fruit jars to all our customers. Soon fruit jars became a part of Lambert's decor.

Most folks never drank from a fruit jar until they came to Lambert's cafe. These folks don't know the historical significance of the fruit jar.

Away back before the War between the States, engineers were hired to lay out some boundries. Two of the most important fellers doing this was Mr. Dixon and Mr. Mason. They went across the country from west to east laying the Mason-Dixon Line. Being stuck out in the woods, they sometimes got awful thirsty. They were drinking out of two old jelly glasses that were just alike. Now Mr. Dixon was a real persnickety fellow and was careful about not drinking after anybody else. So they were always arguing about which glass was which, and not spending much time working.

One day their straw boss had enough. He said, "If'n you fellers don't quit worryin' about these jelly glasses we won't never git finished with this line before the war starts. Now Dixey, (he called Dixon Dixey 'cause it made his eyes bulge), you'n Mason throw them jelly glasses away. Here's a jar fer Mason and a cup fer you! Now git gone 'n git done." Well sure enough that did the trick. Before long old Mason and Dixon had their line drawn and the job done.

And if it hadn't been for that straw boss coming up with Mason's jar and Dixie's cup, so we could tell the north from the south, we might be eating cream of wheat instead of grits!

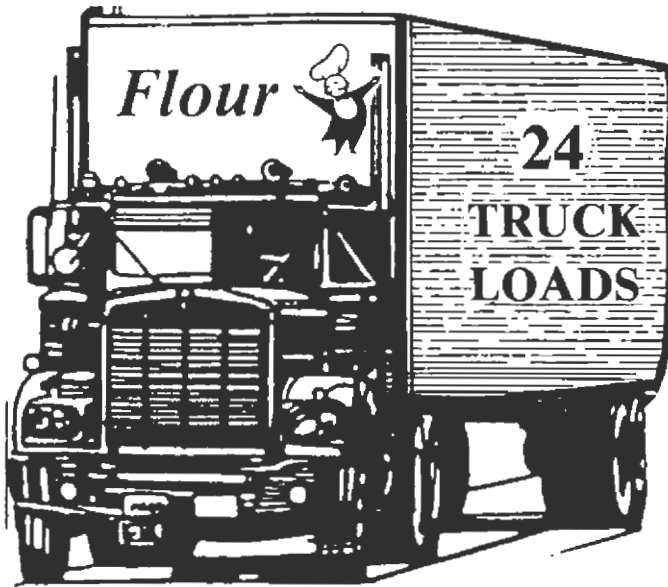
Ketchup

We used approximately 23,400 bottles of ketchup last year.



Flour

Yearly we use 367,200 lbs. of flour in our baking operation. That takes our suppliers 24 tractor trailer trucks to haul! 24 eighteen wheelers!!!

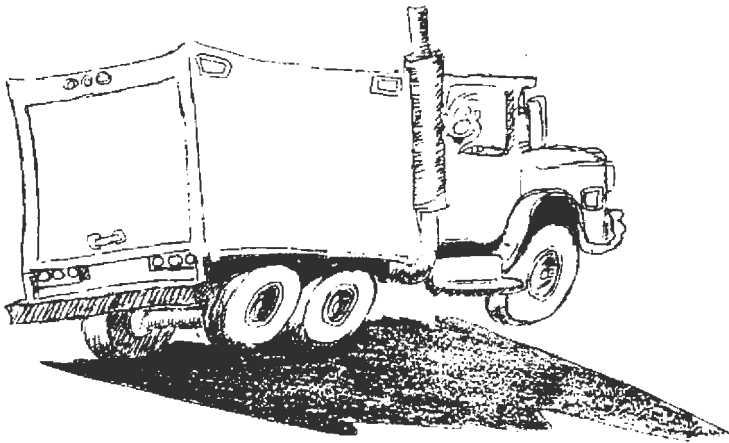


Gloves

It takes 122,400 gloves a year just to throw our rolls.

Trailer Truck Loads

Our suppliers estimated that it would take 110 trailer loads to handle all our supplies. That's a truck convoy 2 miles long.



Clean Up

Now to clean up this battle zone it requires the purchase of 2,925 gallons of detergent plus many, many hours of labor. Of the statistics we've compiled, the most impressive to me are these . . .

Last year we used 22,500 feet of roll towels a week! That's 1,170,000 per year!



And . . .

We purchased 4,896 rolls of toilet paper, 600 feet to the roll for a total of 2,937,600 feet of toilet paper --- that's 587 miles --- *587 miles!!!*





Our Customers

Over the years we have served people of all kinds, shapes and forms. We have had a few notables pass through our doors. James Arness, Amanda Blake, Conway Twitty, Elvis Presley, The World's Tallest Man, The World's Heaviest Man, Tammy Wynette, Stan Musial, Dennis Weaver, and Clint Eastwood -- to name a few. But the people we enjoy the most are the everyday people. Every person is interesting and unique in their own special way and we try to give everyone special treatment. We appreciate each person who walks through our front door and we hope you enjoy your stay.

Nostalgia . . .

These signs were displayed at the first Lambert's Cafe.

Good Cooking
Good Folks
Lambert's

We gots a maitre d'
Lambert's

We pack up stuff to go
Lambert's

Our fine crystal by Kern
Lambert's

Friendly service, we gots
Lambert's

Banquet Facilities for 4
Lambert's

Norm's . . .

*We had been on a tour
And were on our way back.
It was raining at Graceland
And I lost at the track.*

*When the tour guide announced
We were stopping at Lambert's (Norm's)
My legs were as stiff
As my back and my arms.*

*Then I saw the line waiting
But was too tired to fuss
Cause I really was glad
To get out of that bus.*

*But the line did move quickly
And soon we were in.
We were served in a back room
That seated just ten.*

*Though we didn't quite know
What it was going to be,
Eight traveling companions
My misses and me.*

*Then our waitress came in
Quite a true Southern Belle
So polite and so friendly
And real pretty as well.*

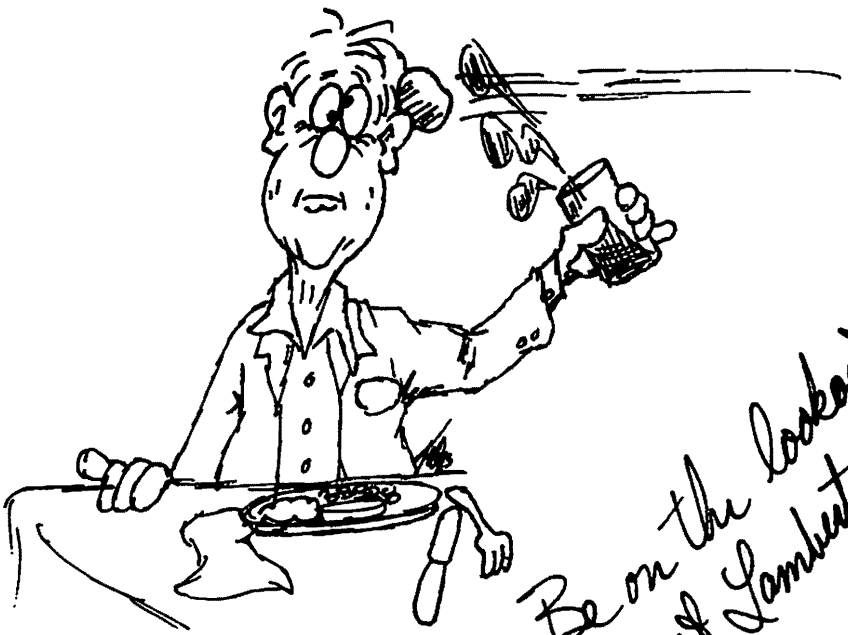
*Then some lad did what I've wanted
To do all my life.
He drew back his arm
And threw a roll at my wife.*

*But all kidding aside
Let me honestly say
It was the best meal I had eaten
In many a day.*

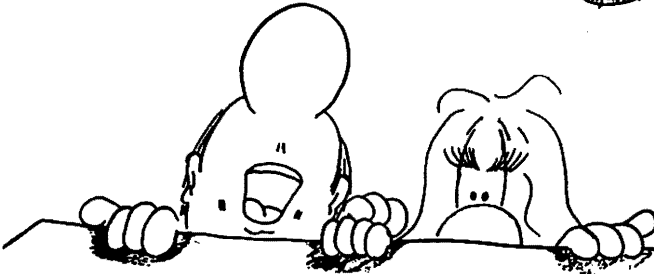
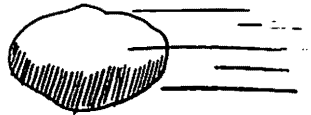
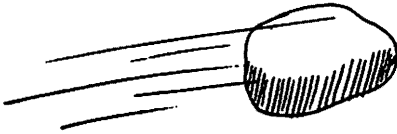
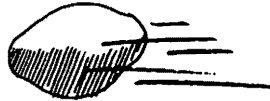
*From the okra and peas
And those tasty white beans
That great apple-peach cobbler
And those fine turnip greens.*

*But there's just one thing, Norm
And it bothers me yet.
What the hell did you do
With that damn cigarette?*

Charles R. Coleman



*Be on the lookout
at Lamberts!*



Lamberts - a very lively joint

Lambert's

*A cafe along side of the road
An eating place, the whole town knows.*

*When you enter in, it's so unique,
You take a stool, or any seat.*

*The yellow table cloths are such a cheer;
Almost as nice as the person you are near.*

*The hustle, bustle is so much fun;
A roll is throwed to everyone.*

*The tomatoes piled high on the plate -
Ice tea served, even while you wait.*

*The music seems, so smooth and clear,
Even if it's from that 30's year.*

*The walls are decorated so neatly so;
With Jack-asses, cards and people you know.*

*The owner himself . . . A special kind of guy!!!
Sporting his blue jeans, garter and tie.*

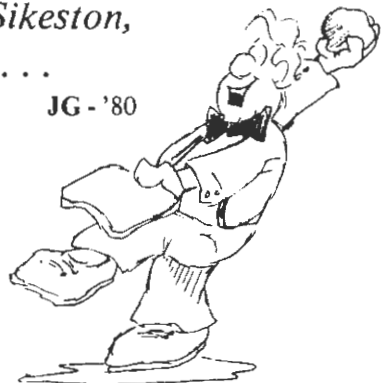
*Service with a smile, unbeatable wit,
He'll even do a magic trick . . .*

*I've been all around Chicago,
Eating the best that money can buy!*

*But I'd still come back to Sikeston,
For a piece of Lambert's Pie . . .*

JG - '80

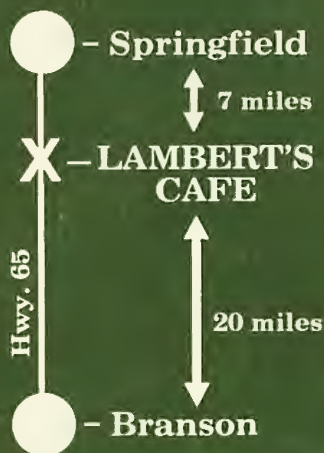
425 E. Main
Norris, IL 60450
The Graves



Heads up ole' man!



Your satisfaction is our number one goal! If something don't suite you, tell us, we'll fix it! Need more of anything, just ask, we'll bring it!



LAMBERT'S CAFE

HOME OF THROWE ROLLS

TWO LOCATIONS:

Located between Springfield &
Branson, Missouri on Highway 65
(7 Miles from Springfield & 20 miles from Branson)

Located Halfway between St. Louis & Memphis
in Sikeston, Missouri